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INDEX FOR JULY-DECEMBER, 1965

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JULY to DECEMBER, 1965

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THE
NATION
1865 Centennial Year 1965

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'Madness and Civilization'
Norman Reider

The Protestant Computer
Ralph Caplan

LSD: The Contact High
Howard Junker

LETTERS

Student discontent

Madison, Wis.

Dear Sirs: Mervin B. Freedman ["Roots of Student Discontent," *The Nation*, June 14] is justly concerned with student dissatisfactions. However his solutions sound like more of the same, if not worse. . . . He wishes the students to understand themselves so they will not "fall prey" to the wrong leadership. He does not ask them to understand the "many features of the society they were about to enter" so that they may achieve the freedom that comes with that understanding. There is no use in understanding ourselves if the same abuses continue to exist in the university and the society. . . .

I agree with him that there should be smaller classes, more faculty-student rapport and more interdisciplinary studies. But he does not say how this is to be brought about. This fault indicates that he does not understand the problem. The question is one of control and authority. The present American university is an authoritarian institution which seeks to control the mind and behavior of its students in social, intellectual and political contexts. As a dean, Dr. Freedman proposes the usual solutions from above without the slightest hint that a little good old American democracy might help. . . .

Stephen Levine

New York City

Dear Sirs: I have read "Roots of Student Discontent" by Mervin B. Freedman and would like to tell you that I feel this article is brilliant.

Mr. Freedman has done a remarkable job of analyzing the problem of student discontent, which is really the problem of our discontent, the modern man's discontent.

Dr. Anne Steinmann

Early friend

Canton, O.

Dear Sirs: While you are celebrating the 100th anniversary of your renowned weekly, you may be interested in knowing that our daily newspaper, the Canton (O.) *Repository*, celebrated its 150th birthday on the 30th of last March. . . . In 1865, when our paper was celebrating its 50th anniversary, its founder, John Saxton, did his utmost to secure subscribers for your weekly long before it appeared.

The bound volume of the *Repository* for 1865 shows that he printed *The Nation's* prospectus . . . many times before your first issue appeared in July of 1865. He heartily endorsed the objectives for which *The Nation* was being launched. Several of these, namely, "to stress the importance of public education . . . to spread the principles of democracy . . . and to offer sound and impartial literary and art criticism," undoubtedly reminded him of the promise he made to his readers in the first issue of the *Repository* on March 30, 1815: "Truth shall be my guide, and public good my aim."

The bound volumes of the *Repository* of 1815 to 1865 show that he kept this promise. For instance, when in the summer of 1839, William H. McGuffey, later famed for his McGuffey Readers, lectured in Canton to stress the democratizing influence of the public school system, his audience was very small. Saxton, an ardent champion of the then unpopular common school system, publicly scolded the indifference of his townsmen. Saxton's impartiality in literary matters is shown by his publishing many of Walt Whitman's earlier prose works while that writer was unpopular elsewhere. . . .

The files give an intimate account of John Quincy Adams' canal trip through Massillon, O., when the canal was opened shortly after 1828. Again, the *Repository* volume for 1840 contains an account of Gen. William H. Harrison's Presidential campaigning by stagecoach, and description of log-cabin parades. . . .

Decades ago, one of your readers, George F. Milton, of Chattanooga, Tenn., while gathering material for his book, *Eve of Conflict*, appealed for help through your columns. He was referred to the files of the *Repository*, where he obtained the desired information. . . .

Microfilms of the *Repository* are available at Canton Public Library.

J. W. Hughmanic

Suspicion of power

Strasbourg, France

Dear Sirs: In his article, "The Student Left" [*The Nation*, May 10], Jack Newfield listed Irving Howe and Lewis Coser—along with a number of persons described as "revisionist liberals" —as hostile to the new student Left. This is both inaccurate and unfair. It is quite true that both have expressed skepticism about various aspects of the new movement (including some things criticized by Mr. Newfield himself), but they have done so from a consistently radical position. Memories are short. When some in the elder generation were announcing that Eisenhower's America was, in effect, the fulfilled revolution—Coser and Howe were launching *Dissent* magazine, which earned them nothing but patronizing contempt from some of the "revisionist liberals." Coser and Howe . . . are intrinsically suspicious of all organized power, and they see no reason why criticism should stop at the door of their comrades' house. The New Left ought to distinguish these totally admirable traits from the satisfied conformity of others. . . .

Norman Birnbaum

THE NATION

Monday, July 5, 1965
Volume 201, No. 1

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EDITORIALS

The Squeeze

Judging by his every action since his election, the President consistently and habitually thinks of foreign-policy problems in terms of domestic politics. If he is capable of a larger view, he has not demonstrated it. His swift reactions when the rebellion broke out in the Dominican Republic showed how his reflexes work. He could hear, as if they had already said it, what the Republicans would say if he failed to act fast, and with overwhelming force. In Vietnam, likewise, his successive escalations indicate that he fears the Republican right wing more than he fears the critics in his own party—and not without reason. If domestic political alliances are to be the governing factor and the President is unwilling, or unable, to take a statesmanlike stand on foreign issues, the Republicans can cause him more trouble, in the immediate future at least, than the intellectuals and their friends in Congress.

The Republicans, having so far "gone along" with the President on foreign policy, have staked out a position which they can sooner or later exploit to great advantage. Like all effective political ploys, it is an either-or proposition. As the build-up in Vietnam continues, the Republicans can at some point beat their breasts and cry that they never suggested the United States should get involved in a ground war on the Asian mainland. Did not another Democratic President get us into such a war in Korea, and was it not a Republican President who got us out and warned against a recurrence? All we wanted, the script will read, is aerial bombing, in which we are supreme, and that is what you, LBJ, started to do but then you chickened out for fear of Chinese reaction. So much for the "either" part; the "or" is equally simple. Should the President finally find someone to negotiate with, the Republicans will scream sell-out, and equate negotiation with appeasement. Addressed to the thoughtless and the violent, it will be a convincing argument, since concessions will have to be made on both sides if the war is to be ended, and such groups are never satisfied with anything but total victory.

Precisely because he translates foreign policy into domestic tactical moves, the President should ponder well the horns of this dilemma, and look ahead to where it leads. Better that he should stand up manfully to the charge of being, of all things, a negotiator, than that he should stagger into a full-scale war on the mainland of Asia. The longer he maintains his "hunkering" posture, which, as he himself says, is the posture of a Texas mule, the greater the risk of an uncontrollable escalation at the end of a series of controlled escalations. We have witnessed a steady, one-way progression. We have poured in more and more men and materiel, and steadily enlarged the fighting, we have bombed to little effect and we will bomb in larger and more dangerous areas; because what we have done has not sufficed, we must always do more. If the President does not stop "hunkering" and start negotiating—with the Vietcong—the Goldwater faction will have him where it wants him.

N.Y. Discovers the Hudson

We are a bright, perceptive, ingenious people. We perform prodigies of engineering and our love of technology is matched only by our love of apple pie. We are all set to send space vehicles to the moon and, even before we get there, we are planning to explore Mars, some 150 million miles away. But in the relatively simple matter of water management—which is no more than orderly ecological housekeeping—we are monumental incompetents. We know what should be done, but in a tangle of conflicting interests and pursuit of the fast buck we too often fail to do it.

The disgrace is national, but just now the spotlight is on the City of New York, the seat of the United Nations and in many ways the center of Western civilization. In this supposedly great metropolis one must ask for a drink of water in a restaurant, a matter of 8 fluid ounces, and feel a little guilty in asking. Fountains and swimming pools, even though the water is recirculated and only moderate amounts must be added to make up for evaporation, are shut down by official edict. Car washing and lawn sprinkling are banned. More stringent regulations are in store if the drought continues. Yet it is not a very severe drought; in an area normally blessed with 40 inches of rain a year, an average deficiency of about 10 inches has occurred in each of the past three years. The Los Angeles area, where something like 10 inches is the annual precipitation, would in its best year envy New York in its worst.

There is no water shortage, actually, either over the nation or in the New York area; the problem is one of misuse and waste. The Water Commissioner of New York has just discovered the Hudson River as a possible source of water. The Hudson is one of the country's great rivers, with an inexhaustible supply to be had for the pumping, but of course it is polluted, as are practically all our great rivers. The Hudson was turned to once before, during the 1949-

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated July 19, Aug. 2, Aug. 16, and Aug. 30.

50 drought, and a pumping station was built at Chelsea, about sixty miles upstream from the city and above the tidal limit. The plant cost about $3 million and never produced any water, because by the time it was operative more upland sources had been developed and it was felt inadvisable to mix treated water with the Croton, Catskill and Delaware water New Yorkers are accustomed to, and which is admittedly of the finest quality. It would be a pity to dilute it, but there is no sense in being fanatical in such matters. The plant was dismantled in 1957, on the theory that the upland sources would be adequate for all time. Eight years later, there is another crisis. It was a mistake to take the equipment out, but the building stands and should be re-equipped as a stand-by source, with whatever chemical treatment may be required to make the water potable.

The real solution, of course, is to purify the Hudson not only as a water supply but because it is one of the country's great recreational and aesthetic resources. The legislature did indeed approve, speedily and unanimously, Governor Rockefeller's $1.7 billion pure-water program. A billion-dollar bond issue must be voted on in November and the voters should be given full information on the need for its passage, lest the penny-wise-pound-foolish policy continue.

Lovestone's Foreign Policy

In this issue Sidney Lens, most of whose adult life has been spent as a trade union organizer and official, lifts the curtain of secrecy and silence which has long obscured the role of Jay Lovestone in what *Business Week* calls "labor's own version of the Central Intelligence Agency." More than one observer has been astonished that a man of Lovestone's background should, for so many years, have played a key role not merely in orienting the American labor movement well to the right on foreign policy issues, but in setting up a world-wide intelligence network which, throughout the cold war, has worked in close liaison with the official CIA and unofficial militants. On reflection, however, it is not as surprising as it appears. After the labor movement conducted the great post-1947 "purge" [see "Labor and the Cold War," *The Nation*, Dec. 10, 1955], the ascendancy of an embittered anti-Communist with past leadership experience in the Communist Party was a natural sequel.

But in itself this does not explain the unqualified willingness of labor's Meany-Lovestone faction to back the cold-war program. With only isolated exceptions, labor has made its political policies conform to its day-by-day economic interests. It has dismissed as irrelevant counsel like that of Sen. Wayne Morse, its best informed and most consistent friend in the Congress. In his eloquent assault on the foreign-aid program, Senator Morse no doubt had the Meany-Lovestone machine in mind when he said: "Too many American labor leaders seem to think that we can justify these millions of dollars in foreign aid because 80 per cent of the money is spent in the United States and thereby makes jobs for American workers. Let me say to American labor, 'I do not intend to support your program in the advocacy of blood money.' I yield to no man in Congress or in the country in support of the legitimate objectives of organized labor. But if it is a make-work program for the arms industry which labor desires—what an immoral premise on which to stand."

But Senator Morse touched on only one aspect of labor's reactionary foreign-policy position. It is not only that its Washington leadership supports the arms program as a make-work scheme; it also resists alternative policies and programs that promise to yield better long-term dividends to unions and their members. The ironical result is that big businessmen are generally more progressive than big labor leaders. It is Thomas Gates, chairman of the board of Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, who advocates reconsideration of our China policy, not George Meany. It is the U.S. Chamber of Commerce that would explore means of expanding East-West trade, not the AFL-CIO.

Perhaps the latter's policies are too benighted to prevail much longer without stirring up opposition. In May, Lovestone found it necessary to conduct a series of regional conferences for U.S. unionists to justify the AFL-CIO views in the foreign field, and to rebut arguments that the United States should give more attention to its domestic problems. Now and then opposition comes out into the open, as when U.A.W. treasurer, Emil Mazey, denounced American policy in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. These voices are in the minority at the moment, but they are evidence that some sections of the labor movement have begun to feel that the AFL-CIO serves neither abstract justice nor the interests of its own members by expediting, and sometimes even instigating, the stratagems of American foreign policy.

Obstacles to Voting

One of the standard laments about the state of our democracy is that even in a hot national election less than 65 per cent of the supposedly eligible voters cast their ballots, while in off-year elections a 50 per cent turnout has never been reached. What is not generally realized is that nonvoters include not only those who don't care, but also millions who are disqualified on technical grounds. In addition to those who are barred because of their race, citizens ranging from migratory workers to relocating executives and professional men lose the right to vote. If the latter groups stay put they become voters once more, but the migrants may never gain a chance to vote.

Rep. Robert Kastenmeier has performed another of his public services by calling attention to an article bearing on this subject by Rep. John R. Schmidhauser, which appeared in the *Michigan Law Review* of February, 1963, when Mr. Schmidhauser was professor of political science at the State University of Iowa. Since 1900, the U.S. population has been increasingly on the move, and under our present laws moving often results in disenfranchisement. Most recent census figures show that persons who do not live in the state of their birth increased by 5.7 per cent during the sixty-year period beginning in 1900; among the nonwhite population the rise was 12.2 per cent (accompanied by a large increase in their percentage of the total population). State laws prescribing voting eligibility take no account of geographical mobility. They were passed to deal with "floaters" at a time when respectable people mostly lived where their ancestors had lived. Thus twelve states require a minimum term of residence of six months, four exclude newcomers for two years; the majority — thirty-seven — stipulate one year. (The total of fifty-three is accounted for by Guam, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands.)

The American Heritage Foundation has analyzed the causes of nonvoting and finds that at the time of the November, 1964, elections 104 million adult citizens were of voting age, and of these 8 million were mobile adults unable to meet state or local requirements. Eight million is surely not a negligible number. If all these citizens were free to exercise the franchise, our 62 per cent top might rise to a mark comparable with Denmark's 87 per cent, 85 per cent in Finland, 81 per cent in Israel, 79 per cent in Norway, 77 per cent in Great Britain, 72 per cent in France, 71 per cent in Japan, etc.

Two states have taken the initiative in seeking a remedy for geographical disqualification. In 1963, the Connecticut legislature passed a law permitting former residents to vote by absentee ballot for Presidential and Vice Presidential electors for fifteen months after they had moved from the state or, within the same period, until they had fulfilled the residency requirements in the state to which they had moved. In the same year, Wisconsin passed legislation allowing new residents to vote in Wisconsin if they were eligible in their former places of residence. Several other states have taken action on either the Connecticut or Wisconsin pattern. In 1962, the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws adopted a proposed act embodying the Connecticut plan. Representative Schmidhauser favors federal action to clear up the confusion.

In a commencement address at the California Institute of Technology, Dr. Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, characterized our whole electoral system as a horse-and-buggy affair. He called for a twenty-four-hour election day, with the polls opening and closing at the same time all over the country. Registration would be automatic, permanent and nationally valid. Voting would be electronic, and counting would be done by computers. Dr. Stanton believes these measures would bring out the vote and cost less in the long run.

Since 1865

The first issue of *The Nation* appeared on July 6, 1865. Since the date of this week's issue falls closest to that of the actual centennial date, we have included (pp. 17-21) some of the messages and greetings we have received in recent months. The special Centennial Issue, of approximately 350 pages, which will go to all subscribers, will be published on September 20, 1965. It will contain the first complete history of the publication, a section devoted to memoirs by various staff members, editors and others, and a section of essays surveying selected aspects of American life and culture over the last century. Among the contributors will be: Mark Van Doren, Sen. Ernest Gruening, Harvey Swados, Dalton Trumbo, Barbara Tuchman, Howard Zinn, Freda Kirchwey, Leon Edel, Lewis Coser and many others. The survival of *The Nation* for a century must be regarded as one of the major miracles of American journalism. But it is a miracle that has been made possible by the support of many thousands of friends, subscribers, advertisers, well-wishers, readers and contributors down the years; to all these go our thanks for their continued loyal and generous support.

Russia vs. China

CLASH OVER VIETNAM

Isaac Deutscher

London

The latest Chinese attacks on Soviet policy and the Russian reply in *Pravda* of June 20 put an end to the ideological truce between Moscow and Peking which, despite occasional snipings, has lasted since Khrushchev's fall. "We had hopes regarding the new Soviet leaders," the Chinese say, "and we have watched and waited for several months." But the waiting period is over, because the present Soviet leaders have proved "incurable revisionists," arrogant power politicians and chauvinists, whose aim it is "to rule the world in partnership with the American imperialists." As Trotskyists and at one time even Titoists used to say, so the Maoists now claim that the opportunism of Soviet foreign policy has had its source not just in the mistakes of individual leaders but in the interests of a quasi-bourgeois "privileged stratum" which dominates the Soviet Union. (It should be noted that Peking uses Trotsky's formula "privileged stratum" rather than Djilas' "new class," a subtle difference to the layman, but a significant one to the specialized student.)

The Soviets have replied to this

Isaac Deutscher is the author of many books on the USSR, among them The Great Contest: Russia and the West, *and a three-volume life of Trotsky (both Oxford University Press).*

that "a Communist who rejects joint action in the struggle against the common enemy, under the pretext that there are differences of opinion, is not fulfilling his sacred international duty."

It is over Vietnam that this new Soviet-Chinese crisis has come to a head, after a long and intense tug of war behind the scenes. While it is broadly true that the Russians stand for moderation and that the Chinese argue from revolutionary irreconcilability, the sharpness of the present discord is due to a more specific and more complicated issue which is of crucial importance for the immediate future.

To intervene or not to intervene? Paradoxically at first sight, Moscow is eager for intervention in Vietnam, while Peking objects to it. A first indication of this was given last March, when the Chinese were reported to have stopped at their frontier Soviet arms transports for North Vietnam. The Russians protested then and the Chinese, it was said, yielded and allowed the transports to pass. It now appears that they opened the road to only some of the Soviet transports, and that others had to return to the USSR. The affair is enigmatic, for both sides are extremely reticent about it, but it is virtually certain that the trains the Chinese allowed to pass carried only supplies of munitions. The mysterious cargo that returned to Russia is said to have consisted of military specialists and advisers detailed to Hanoi. According to information coming indirectly from a Chinese source (but not confirmed from other sources), Peking denied transit to no fewer than 20,000 Soviet specialists and advisers. If this report is correct, then the Chinese Government has vetoed and, for the time being, frustrated a Soviet attempt to build up in Vietnam a military establishment that might match the American establishment.

Such an action may appear inconsistent on the part of Peking. The Chinese have repeatedly denounced Russian reluctance to aid North Vietnam and the Vietcong; why then do they themselves sabotage Soviet aid? On the other hand, how is one to square Russian "moderation" with Moscow's willingness to commit itself so heavily to direct intervention in Vietnam? These contradictions may not seem so strange if the following points of the Russo-Chinese controversy are considered:

(1) The Chinese believe that the Vietcong can win the war in South Vietnam by its own forces. For this it needs generous aid in munitions, but no Soviet military establishment with thousands of specialists and advisers. Peking argues that with the support of an overwhelming majority of the local population, the Vietcong will be able to drive into an impasse any American expeditionary forces, even ones far larger than are at present engaged in Vietnam. They draw a parallel with the Algerian War, in which a French army, half a million strong and superbly equipped, could not defeat the partisans. The Vietcong is in this respect even better placed than was the Algerian FLN, which had to contend with the hostility of a huge mass of French settlers and *colons*.

The Russians are less confident of the Vietcong's chances. Nor do they believe that President Johnson will ever be able to afford admitting defeat and withdrawing in the way General de Gaulle admitted defeat and withdrew from Algeria. Moscow fears that the United States will go on pouring men and munitions into Vietnam and raising the stakes as long as its military power is confronted solely by the Vietcong. Only the presence of a Soviet military establishment in Vietnam, so the argument runs, can deter American escalation and eventually allow the Vietcong to obtain advantageous terms through negotiation.

(2) The Chinese suspect that through their specialists and advisers the Russians may obtain control of all the key positions in North Vietnam, turn the country into its satellite, and eventually strike a bargain with the Americans at the expense of Hanoi's and Southeast Asia's revolutionary interests. The Russians do in fact favor some new version of the 1954 Geneva settlement. The Chinese, who at the time endorsed that settlement, now think that it gave undue advantages to the anti-Communists; and they refuse to repeat the experiment. They do not wish to be involved in any international bargaining, for they are convinced that in any such meeting the Vietcong will be "betrayed." They have vetoed Russian plans to appeal to the United Nations and the Security Council, and all attempts by neutral governments, especially by India, to act as umpires or mediators. The real belligerents in Vietnam, so the Chinese argue, are the Americans and the Vietcong; and the Americans and the Vietcong should be the only partners in any negotiations for armistice or peace. The Russians reply that as the Americans will never consent to such a loss of face, a negotiated settlement can be achieved only at an international conference, to which the Vietcong is brought by the major Communist powers.

(3) Moscow and Peking disagree also over the prospects of American escalation. Here the Chinese are in a sense more moderate than the Russians. They fear that Russian intervention may precipitate escalation just as did Khrushchev's intervention in Cuba, and the installation of a Soviet missile base there. During the Cuban crisis they criticized Khrushchev for his "adventurism" (in needlessly provoking the United States), as well as for his "opportunism" (in meekly climbing down). "We want neither your adventurism nor your opportunism in Vietnam," the Chinese now say to Kosygin and Brezhnev.

(4) Peking maintains that the Russians are secretly negotiating a Vietnamese settlement with the Americans. Hints to the same effect come occasionally also from authoritative American sources. It is difficult to say just how much truth there is in them; but even if Russo-American soundings are taking place, their effect has so far been negligible, because Moscow has had little or no influence on what is going on in South Vietnam.

It is therefore logical for Moscow to try to increase its influence by establishing a closer contact with the North Vietnamese Government. Only the other week a delegation from Hanoi was received in the Soviet capital with a great show of cordiality. The North Vietnamese are in a quandary: they must show Moscow their gratitude for the aid received; but they are wary of antagonizing Peking, and they hardly wish to see legions of Soviet "advisers" and "specialists" in Vietnam.

For the time being, everyone in the Communist world is waiting to see just how much ground the Vietcong gains through its offensives in the monsoon season. Some of the points at issue between Peking and Moscow may be resolved by the time the rains are over.

Censorship: Fanatics and Fallacies

The Anonymous Smut Hunters . . . Norman Mark

Chicago

The saturation of our civilization with obscenity and pornography shackles and enslaves to lust and depravity. It is necessary to slip these surly bonds. This means it is necessary for each person in America to become a citizen for decency.

That is the vow of Charles H. Keating, Jr., founder and co-chairman of Citizens for Decent Literature, a nation-wide organization devoted to book-shelf purification. Claiming 300 chapters throughout the nation and untold numbers of followers, CDL's statement of policies says that its purpose is "the creation of an awareness and knowledge among the peoples of the world of the quantity and nature of obscene literature. With this background of awakened public opinion we expect law enforcement by duly constituted authorities against the illegal activities of the obscenity peddlers."

The emphasis is on "law enforcement" and, because of this orientation, CDL pursues its goals with a fervor mixed with sophisticated caution. It is against "smut," but prints no lists or guides for merchants—thus avoiding court charges of prior restraint. It is for legal action, but tries hard not to become a party with the prosecution—thus avoiding costly countersuits. It says it is against boycotts, although it has been frequently accused of suggesting them at meetings of the membership. It is for orderly judicial processes, although it has been accused of trying to influence judges and prosecutors by such tactics as letter-writing campaigns and courtroom packing.

Although called Citizens for Decent Literature and Motion Pictures, Inc., the organization concentrates on paperback books, magazines and tabloid newspapers. Keating, who founded it in Cincinnati in 1957, is billed in CDL literature as an attorney, father, former all-American swimmer and fighter pilot. According to one pamphlet, "Keating's concern over the flood of printed poison was galvanized one day in 1956, when he noticed youngsters at a newsstand snickering over a display set apart from the rest of the magazines and paperbacks. Moving over for a look, Keating was shocked. Beside the 'girlie' magazines featuring nudes in suggestive poses, dozens of publications depicted not only raw sex but stories of abnormal sex behavior. By any decent citizen's definition, this was pornography, dirt for dirt's sake."

After some success in enlisting the Cincinnati police chief and mayor in an anti-obscenity campaign (climaxed in 1959 by a "Decency Day"), CDL became a national organization in 1962. By 1964, it claimed 200 chapters and a year later listed 100 more. Although it never defines a "chapter" (is it 100 people or one letter-writing lady?), and although understatement is not a CDL weakness, it must be classed as a major force for censorship in this country.

It has three informal levels of membership. At the top are Keating and the Cincinnati group, the strong chapters in Fort Wayne, Ind., Chicago, New York, parts of California and other towns. On the next level is the unknown number of people who send $5 to CDL headquarters and receive *The National Decency Reporter,* containing stories of victories over pornography and advice on how to fight it. Below the dues payers are the hundreds and thousands of people who have been subjected to CDL programs and movies, and may be considered the hidden strength of the organization.

An evening with CDL was described by one of its founders:

> *We'd volunteer to address any group that would have us: PTAs, fraternal orders, women's clubs. After we had described the problem, we'd pass around to the audience a typical group of pornographic publications. Invariably, everybody would be shocked. They would say, "But we don't have this kind of magazine in Cincinnati; this is from New York or Los Angeles. Our children don't see this horrible stuff."*
>
> *Then the CDL speaker would drop the bomb: "I bought these magazines half an hour ago at the newsstand just around the corner."*
>
> *The outraged listeners would demand immediate action. "Let's picket the stores," they would say. Or "boycott the newsstands!" or "Burn the trash!"*
>
> *The cool legal minds of CDL had a much better solution.*
>
> *"Write a letter" was our answer every time.*

A magazine publisher has claimed that the magazines shown at CDL meetings are made to look dirtier than they really are because CDL members paste black paper over the areas of the body that they find offensive even though the girl pictured was dressed in a bathing suit.

City officials who have received letters from CDL after such meetings say that they range from polite thank-you notes (sent before the bewildered prosecutor has instituted any criminal action) to vile hate notes. Most are signed, but none carries CDL identification.

Much of the letter writing is conducted by CDL's youth group, and that presented a vexing problem to a writer in the Christmas, 1964, issue of *The National Decency Reporter*. There is an "iron-clad rule" that "great care must be taken to insure that no one in the youth group is exposed to the material in any way."

"So how do they recognize the

Norman Mark covers city hall for the City News Bureau of Chicago.

enemy—or even know why it is an enemy—when they have never met it in person?" the decency writer asks, only to neatly solve his conundrum in the next paragraph: "Well, that's where all the complimentary adjectives come in, like 'mature,' and 'intellectually competent,' and 'reasoned.' All these citizens know enough to keep covered when it snows, though few of them have experienced pneumonia. They can recognize communism as an enemy of human freedom, though none of them has debated with Mao Tse-tung or flown a U-2 over Moscow."

Speakers at CDL public meetings often echo far-Right lines and inject a strong religious appeal. Fight smut and you fight for God and against communism. Keating has called CDL a religious crusade and has written: "The question posed by this onslaught of evil is not one involving freedom or censorship. The question is the survival of Judeo-Christian civilization. If the decent citizens of this nation continue lethargic and apathetic in the face of this pernicious enemy, the families of Western Civilization will live under the anarchy of the libertine, and 'the plum soon thereafter will become ripe for plucking' by Communism."

Films have recently been added to the public programs and are available for $25 on four-day rental. Their titles are *I'd Rather Have a Paper Doll* (how a marriage is ruined by a young husband's penchant for pornography), *Perversion for Profit* (exposé of the pornography racket) and *Pages of Death*. The last is described as "a dramatization of an actual sex crime by a 16-year-old boy, which traces the stimulation of his act to exposure to obscene magazines and paperback books: THIS FILM IS SUITABLE FOR SHOWING TO ALL AGE GROUPS OF HIGH SCHOOL LEVEL AND ABOVE. ALSO RECOMMENDED FOR TELEVISION SHOWING." (Their caps.) A national magazine publisher has complained that "hundreds of little old ladies in gym shoes have gotten their first sexual kicks in years from this film."

Besides encouraging a positive public attitude toward censorship, CDL conducts a secret campaign for stricter law enforcement. Booksellers never know when they have become targets, prosecutors never know if the individual letter writer is expressing his opinion or the group's, and judges never know if the innocent-looking person taking notes in the back of the courtroom is representing CDL, a church group or just wants to be titillated when an allegedly dirty book is read aloud to the jury.

The guerrilla campaign begins with a group of women visiting a bookstore or a drugstore. They look through the magazines and books and suggest that certain ones be removed from the shelves. If the owner demurs, there are veiled threats of boycott or legal action.

Sometimes the visit is a conscious attempt at entrapment, as described by Joseph W. Faulkner, president of the Booksellers Association of Greater Chicago:

> *The other day an expensively dressed North Shore matron type pushed her son into Main Street Book Store before her and, after much prodding by mommy, sonny asked for a copy of* Candy. *The salesman refused to sell the boy a copy and, after much more prodding by mommy and insistence by the boy that he be sold a copy, the salesman told the lady that he would be glad to sell her a copy but not one to her son. They left without exploding their booby trap.*

Was the lady a member of CDL or just a mother who sincerely wanted her son to read *Candy* (a book unofficially banned for awhile in Chicago)? No one knows. In fact most booksellers claim that they have never met anyone who identified himself as a CDL member.

State attorneys, city officials and police receive books and magazines mailed to them by individuals. Other individuals meet with them from time to time to encourage more stringent enforcement of obscenity codes. Citizens for Decent Literature never *officially* does any of these things.

Lawyers have complained that after several CDL members spend hours in a public official's office arguing against smut, it seems that a large segment of the community is up in arms. The official gets an inflated opinion of the support for an anti-smut campaign.

Even in a city like Chicago where CDL claims a certain degree of success in its campaign (newsstands near public transportation purged, several obscenity convictions now being appealed, a friendly attitude on the part of public officials towards CDL), Chicago chairman and national executive vice president Edward Recruciak admits that less than thirty people do the work, give the speeches and make the decisions about what is or is not obscene.

The pressure for prosecution, even in the face of Supreme Court decisions, is relentless and intense. Some attorneys have said that CDL is helping foment a lower-court rebellion against the Supreme Court. Elmer Gertz (see page 7), who defended *Tropic of Cancer* and *Fanny Hill* in court, has warned that in addition to the great expense booksellers must incur to prove points that have already been ruled upon, "this flouting of the law by the lower courts is the greatest menace to freedom of the press in this country. In obscenity actions there is as much rebellion among Northern local and state courts against U.S. Supreme Court decisions as in court tests of integration in the South."

Others have complained that CDL picks only on the "little guy," the corner drugstore, the neighborhood newsstand, and avoids rich hardcover publishers or large booksellers. CDL claims that the prosecutors choose the targets.

In any case, once an anti-obscenity campaign is started it is hard to stop and hard to prevent excesses from happening. Just as CDL claims that once a boy is "hooked" on men's magazines he will graduate to the wildly smutty; a drive tends to begin with pornography and end with literature. As one attorney said, "Parkinson's law applies. When a group is established to fight pornography, it has to go out and find business for itself."

Once a case is in court, CDL offers experts to testify that youth is indeed harmed by pornography (with the defense usually claiming that the problem with most juvenile delinquents is that they don't read at all), offers attorneys as friends of the court, organizes letter-writing campaigns, and has representatives in court to take notes and attempt to advise the prosecutor at every recess.

In early 1962, when an obscenity ruling on *Tropic of Cancer* was being appealed, CDL prepared and distributed a pamphlet containing the nineteen dirtiest passages from the book. Elmer Gertz pointed out: "This pamphlet, which was supposed to show how bad the book was, had no plot, no redeeming qualities. While fighting pornog-

raphy, CDL had actually created a piece of pornography."

Some authorities have claimed that CDL gains false strength through a confusion of its name with that of the Catholic Legion of Decency. Booksellers, lawyers and others say that it is a front group for the National Office for Decent Literature (NODL), which was formed to fight obscenity by the Bishops of the United States in 1938. NODL officials deny a connection between the two groups.

Playboy magazine, in the twelfth installment of its mammoth philosophy, stated that "Catholic censorship is implemented at the local community level by an organization called Citizens for Decent Literature. It is a Catholic lay organization, though it gains its acceptance in some communities by appearing to be a civic group with no specific religious affiliation." CDL says that its membership is open to anyone, that it doesn't seek and doesn't have any *official* church affiliation. But laymen cite articles with a CDL by-line in Catholic newspapers and note that in Chicago CDL has a priest as an adviser.

The adviser, Father Francis X. Lawlor, a high school religion instructor, has stated that the church "has absolutely nothing to do with CDL. All I do is read the books and advise them which I think are obscene." Chicago chairman Recruciak agrees with Father Lawlor, but adds: "We would seek the help of any church. We would like them to speak out against obscenity." A Catholic attorney, Paul C. Ross, who has defended many booksellers, agreed that judges think CDL is an arm of the Catholic Church, but asserted: "It is not. Many Catholics resent this inference and I happen to be one of them."

Despite its emphasis on legal methods and law enforcement. CDL has recently run into some difficulties with the courts. When Keating testified for the prosecution in a Visalia, Calif., obscene literature trial in 1964 (allegedly the first time he appeared in court as a CDL official) and then did not show up to be cross-examined by the defense, the judge rebuked Keating for violating his oath as an attorney and indicated that he may have been in contempt of court. Keating wrote that press of business kept him from returning.

In Chicago, a $375,000 damage suit has been filed by Universal Publishing in Federal Court claiming that an alleged illegal boycott by Citizens for Decent Literature forced it out of Chicago. Filed in 1963 and yet to be tried, the suit claims that CDL "undertook an illegal plan and conspiracy designed to deprive the plaintiff . . . of its lawful right to distribute Beacon-Signal books (a paperback line) in the Chicagoland area."

The suit asks for an injunction to prevent CDL from trying to stop the circulation of Universal's goods and $125,000 assessed at triple damages under anti-boycott provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. CDL, in pleadings thus far filed with the court, has denied Universal's claims and put forward the defense of "unclean hands," stating that Universal was "engaged in illegal business," the distribution of allegedly obscene books.

An End To All Censorship

Elmer Gertz

There is a scene toward the end of Bernard Shaw's minor masterpiece, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, that should be read by all book burners. No one in the pirate captain's crew appears to be more bereft of the higher virtues than Drinkwater—until he is confronted with the imminent burning of his "library": "Four books, torn and dirty, made up of separate numbers, value each wawn penny, and entitled *Sweeny Todd, the Demon Barber of London; The Skeleton Horseman. . . .*" Drinkwater rushes forward in painful alarm and anxiety, and pleads with Cockney eloquence: "It's maw lawbrarry, gavner. Downt burn em." He is told that he will be better without that sort of reading — the usual self-righteous retort. In intense and mounting distress, Drinkwater appeals to the all-knowing Lady Cicely: "Yer dunno wot them books is to me. They took me aht of the

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Elmer Gertz is a Chicago lawyer who has long interested himself in civil rights and censorship cases. He is the author most recently of A Handful of Clients *(Follett).*

sawdid reevelities of the Worterloo Rowd. They formed maw mawnd; they shaowed me sathink awgher than the squalor of a corster's lawf. . . ." Touched, Lady Cicely gently commands the American captor to return Drinkwater's penny-dreadful library to him.

There is a 1965 moral in that typically Shavian scene of the 1890s: the real difficulty today, as yesterday, is not bad books, but no books, and this leads to a basic conclusion. For some years, I have been engaged as a lawyer in defending books, magazines and newspapers against obscenity charges in the courts of several states. All my life the freedom of the press has intrigued me, and more now than in the past. I have not confined my activities to the courts—my first book dealt with that once-forbidden writer, Frank Harris. It is evidence of our occasional progress that there has been no prosecution anywhere, so far as I know, of Harris' unexpurgated autobiography, *My Life and Loves*, since its first open publication in 1963.

On countless platforms, alone and in debate, over radio and television, and before live audiences of all kinds, I have talked about the subject of obscenity, and I have written many articles for newspapers, magazines and books. In long hours of reading, I have tried to absorb the growing literature, from the classics and topical pieces to the ephemera and emotional exercises—and not least the decided cases and law review articles and commentaries.

I have observed a slow progression in my thinking about the subject. In the beginning, I was prepared to maintain, however reluctantly, that there was an area in which the courts and police might intervene. That area was broad where the reading matter of juveniles was involved, less inclusive for adults. Roughly, my thinking was similar to that of Justice Brennan in the *Roth* case when, in 1957, the Supreme Court for the first time passed directly on the constitutionality of obscenity legislation. The issue then was: "Whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interests." Like the Court, I was prepared to juggle with different definitions and uncertain decisions, if the end result was to keep utterly worthless obscenity from distribution. But as I worked almost daily with the problem, I began to sense that, for adults at least, to permit any limitation on the access to reading was, in practice, to allow all encroachments dictated by local illiterates, bigots and prudes. I found that one can theorize about the banning of hard-core pornography, but that in fact the phrase becomes the excuse for banning, or harassing, everything that the less-enlightened decry. I now believe that adults should be permitted to read anything, literally anything. Perhaps my reasons for arriving at this absolutist view may be of some interest, because I have been for so long, and professionally, preoccupied with the subject.

The United States Supreme Court, unlike many of the lower tribunals, is much concerned about the speech and press freedoms guaranteed by the First Amendment. Again and again, it has stressed that the area of inhibition is very narrow, and dictated by social necessity alone. Generally, the door to prosecution must be kept tightly shut, and only in the clearest case will an obscenity conviction be sustained. The Court thought it was giving sufficient guidance to legislators, lower tribunals and the police in the *Roth* decision, but very soon it appeared that the meaning of the words was distorted and prosecutions were intensified, rather than diminished.

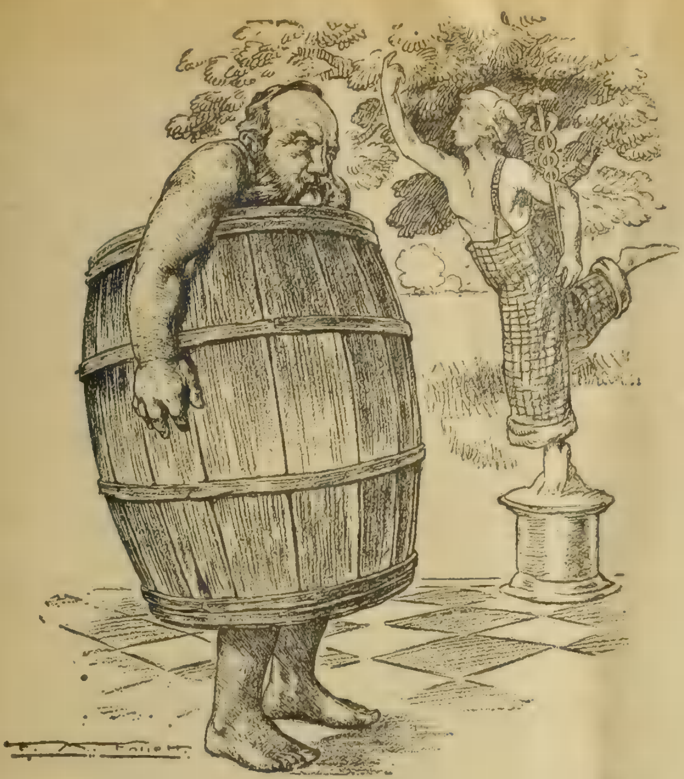
So, in a series of one-paragraph *per curiam* decisions, the Court overturned one conviction after another. It became clear to the experts—though not to those who make public policy on the local level—that only hard-core pornography (however defined) could be proscribed. The Court then passed beyond the summary reversal of cases, as in the *per curiam* decisions, and began to define and redefine in more clear terms. It explained that *scienter*, or personal knowledge, of the contents of the publication is required before there can be a prosecution; that the community whose standards of acceptability are the norm is much broader than any little village—that, in fact, it encompasses the nation as a whole; that there is to be no weighing of good against bad, of redeeming values against obscenity; that to be banned material must be utterly worthless; that obscenity is not simply a factual matter to be determined by a jury or court, like negligence, but is a sensitive constitutional issue which the courts at each level must pass upon; that for adults the standards are those of adults, and not the hobbling limitations of youth or immaturity.

The Supreme Court restricted searches and seizures; threw out all forms of prior restraint and extralegal pressure; insisted upon adversary judicial proceedings with full safeguards; re-emphasized, and perhaps increased, the heavy burden that has to be assumed by the prosecution. With each case, it became more difficult, in theory, for the censors to interfere with the reading matter of adults.

These decisions influenced some courts momentarily, but for the most part they were as ineffective as the school integration decisions in the South, and for the same reasons. The Supreme Court once thought it could balance constitutional rights and racial prejudice by the doctrine of separate-but-equal facilities. It learned, in time, that such a formula, besides being constitutionally and morally wrong, would not work even if the states attempted to carry it out in good faith. In the end, the Court had to look realistically and courageously at the situation and ban all discrimination. At first, the Court was content to let the implementation of its decisions proceed at a snail's pace. Then it insisted upon real speed and considered the invoking of genuine sanctions.

In the same way, the Supreme Court has tried in the area of the First Amendment to balance freedom against local pressures and passions, and the local feelings are what survive, except in the rare instance when someone can afford the time, expense, wear and tear and uncertainty of carrying his case through the judicial hierarchy to the Supreme Court.

To illustrate what happens everywhere, let me cite a few examples. A Connecticut court recently threw out an obscenity statute as unconstitutional because Supreme Court findings had given it no choice, and then proceeded to adjudicate a number of cases involving tabloid newspapers as if the statute were valid. In Chicago, a jury (eleven members of which had read no books during the previous year!) convicted a bookseller of ob-



Life, 1903

Anthony Comstock

scenity for selling *Fanny Hill*, despite the fact that another reputable bookseller had been discharged in the same city for the same offense. In Chicago, as in many other large cities, to be charged with obscenity is tantamount to conviction, as few courts or juries will acquit, regardless of the book or the evidence in its favor.

If freedom of the press for adults is to survive, there must be a rule of certainty, an absolute rule that no one can trifle with, and this must be the constitutional fiat that adults may read what they will, be it good or bad, pure or impure. This may shock some people, even so-called liberals. They will ask if the net result will not be to open the gates to a deluge of filth which will drive out the best material and in the end cause a reaction, a return to Victorian prudery. There is a fear that given absolute freedom, men will choose the worse, rather than the better, reading matter.

As Justice Black has repeatedly pointed out, the First Amendment is absolute in its language—Congress and (through the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment) the states shall make no laws abridging the freedom of the press. The general rule is that expression is limited only at that point where there is clear and present danger that anti-social consequences will ensue. The great exception to this rule seems to be the obscenity laws which, in effect, penalize dirty thoughts. Some arbiter is thought able to pry into the mind of the average person to determine prurient appeal, whatever that is.

Is there any scientifically acceptable evidence that individual misconduct or social evils result from the reading of obscenity, hard-core or merely erotic or realistic? There are what I have styled elsewhere cigarette testimonials, by J. Edgar Hoover and others, which attest to the dire consequences of reading pornography. But there are no empirical studies by psychiatrists, psychologists, biologists, physiologists, criminologists, statisticians, sociologists, or scientists generally, which would indicate such adverse effect on particular individuals or on society as a whole. Lacking such evidence, we cannot anticipate any calamitous results from a permissive attitude. If it should be established through objective testing at some later date that there is a measurable connection between delinquency, disease, crime, social evil, on the one hand, and obscenity on the other, it will be time enough to reject, or modify, an absolutist solution to the problem of dealing with the local people who thwart the Supreme Court.

It should be remembered, too, that there are undoubted ill consequences flowing from overeating, but we don't try to curb gluttony by law. We tried to create a temperate nation by law, but Prohibition was a disastrous failure, and we are still paying the price for it. We scarcely talk of banning cigarettes and smoking generally, despite the clearly established proof that diseases and death are caused by tobacco. Why, then, should reading, the least baneful and, alas, least prevalent of human habits, be limited by law?

Those who are afraid that the filth will fall into the hands of children take that chance with liquor and tobacco. They ban the sale of such products to minors, and these laws are enforced often enough to be effective; the same should hold true for pornography. While the ostensible purpose of all censorship is to protect the young mind, there are very few instances of prosecution against those who actually sell to the young. Here, too, there will be difficulties as to definition, and doubt as to the evil effect of the reading matter. It is as an expedient rather than as a matter of principle that one makes this exception with respect to pre-adult readers.

There are social instrumentalities other than the law which should be employed for the purpose of curbing bad literature. What is wrong with a reliance upon parents, teachers, clergymen, critics — everyone with vocal chords or a pen at his disposal? Merchants respond to public disapproval.

On the other hand, I think it can be demonstrated that obscenity prosecutions increase, rather than decrease, the production and sale of dirty literature. Let a book be the subject of public attack and some people must buy it; let a book lead a tranquil existence and few clamor for it. The American public, which purchases shockingly few books per capita, does not wend its way to the stands until the cops point the direction.

In our devotion to the freedom of utterance, we permit all sorts of lies and propaganda to circulate; we tolerate anti-Semitism, racism, fascism and other nonsense of all sorts —the most heterodox and explosive of ideas. We are content, with Milton, to permit truth to grapple with falsehood, confident that in the long run (which may be long, indeed) truth will prevail. There may be a subconscious realization that human beings need the stimulation of such contests if they are not to grow stale. And who is to say that the human system does not require contact with so-called obscenity? Certainly, it has been part of all civilizations through the centuries. There are psychiatrists who say that there is a kind of release, even therapy, in it. In an eloquent essay that should be better known, Henry Miller has proclaimed that war and violence are the real obscenities, not sex or its expression in any form. The world will survive with free utterance; it will die when the human mind is fettered in any way.

An adult nation is one that has truly grown up. It can choose not only its rulers but its reading matter. It is time that the Supreme Court says so in self-enforcing terms. There must be an end to all censorship of books for adults.

American Labor Abroad

LOVESTONE DIPLOMACY . . . . Sidney Lens

In a fourth-floor office of the AFL-CIO's "marble palace," just across from the White House, sits Jay Lovestone, once head of the American Communist Party, but for the past quarter century as embittered an anti-Communist as you can find in the United States. From his bureau he directs an assortment of men who, at the behest of George Meany, are fighting a world battle against communism. Harry Goldberg has been with Lovestone in and out of Communist bondage for decades, but gives the impression of wishing he were back at his old job of writing music criticism for *The New Leader*. Andrew McClellan, once an amateur bullfighter, is low keyed, easy to talk to; his anti-communism seems steadfast as the polestar. Ernest Lee, a former Marine major, is Meany's son-in-law; Henry Rutz is a former Socialist from Milwaukee, and there are a few others of lesser consequence.

About a mile away, on K and 19th Streets, in the building which also houses Joseph Beirne's Communications Workers of America, is the office of the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD), whose mission is to keep communism out of Latin America. Here sits Serafino Romualdi, AIFLD's major-domo, a pleasant, round-faced man of retirement age, who hopes soon to be rewarded with the Ambassadorship to Costa Rica. A floor or two above him is the office of William C. Doherty, Jr., who runs the special projects department of AIFLD. He is the son of a former AFL-CIO vice president who later served as Ambassador to Jamaica. The younger Doherty, though technically under Romualdi, runs his own show.

Finally, 250 miles away in New York are two offices—one on Second Avenue and another on East 46th Street—which are the stamping grounds of Irving Brown, next to Lovestone the most important member of this assemblage. Wherever there is a "Communist problem," there you are likely to see Irving Brown. On Second Avenue he is a representative of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU); on East 46th Street he is the executive director of a new outfit called the African-American Labor Center. Helping Brown, on a part-time basis in his ICFTU capacity, is Arnold Beichman, a capable writer and political theorist who contributes often to the New York *Herald Tribune* and *The Christian Science Monitor*.

These men—along with Meany, Beirne and David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union — are organized labor's cold warriors; for two decades they have been conducting what would be called "outside subversion" if the other side were doing it. They have in effect interfered in the internal affairs of sovereign states, without being accountable for their acts to Congress, the American people, or for that matter the American working class.

Traditionally, the labor movement has been expected to confine its activities on the international front to two pursuits: (1) To pressure its own government to adopt a foreign policy favorable to world labor; (2) to prevent international strikebreaking, assist foreign unions in strikes and organizing efforts, and exchange information with labor organizations abroad.

But since the end of World War II, the Lovestone-Meany team has gone three steps beyond these limits:

(*1*) Except in a few instances where it disagreed with U.S. policy (usually because it was not "tough" enough on communism), it has acted virtually as an agent for the American Government on a broad basis.

(*2*) It has followed overseas a role so aggressive as to be a factor in the *internal* life of other nations.

(*3*) It has become involved, indirectly at least, in intelligence activities.

Equally disturbing in the Lovestone-Meany record has been its negative approach to world affairs. It is not that these men oppose communism, as most of us would, or even that they resist contact with Communist countries. It is rather that their basic strategy has been a schematic anti-communism in many instances indistinguishable from that of the far Right. They have pitted themselves, not merely against Communist organizations, but against many non-Communist groups which only in the lexicon of the rightists would be considered "soft on communism."

An amusing incident last March focused attention on the role of the AFL-CIO in foreign affairs, a subject seldom aired in public. It also indicated a certain tension in the alliance of union diplomats. George Meany, that "honest plum-

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Sidney Lens, active in the sit-down strikes of the 1930s, head of a local union of the AFL Building Service Union in Chicago for more than twenty years, with which he is still associated, is currently concentrating on writing and lecturing. He is the author of eight books, of which the latest is The Futile Crusade: Anti-Communism as American Credo. *As a writer for many publications and newspapers, Mr. Lens has visited eighty-one countries. Some of the material in this article was gathered during such trips.*

ber" who heads the AFL-CIO, denounced the 130-man staff of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions as an "ineffective bureaucracy right down to the fairies."

After the titters had died down, Meany explained that he was referring only to the "gossips and so on you find in any bureaucracy." He wasn't impugning anyone's virility, just their effectiveness. The ICFTU machine was "a complete and absolute bureaucracy" which engaged in practices that were "unethical if not worse." However, in the labor movements of industrial Western Europe the matter was not dismissed so lightly. *Arbetet*, a Socialist paper in Sweden, published an article: "Double-Dealing in the Trade Union International/Trade Union Boss in USA Crushes Aid Fund." It found Meany's claim that there was something wrong with the fund "peculiar" because he is "the Chairman of the Board of the Solidarity Fund. It is he who leads the work, and as a Chairman rules the decisions which the fund makes."

Other non-Communist unionists abroad also found Meany's behavior "peculiar," but no one seems eager to probe further. American critics of Meany's foreign policy, like Walter and Victor Reuther, or James B. Carey, or Ralph Helstein of the United Packinghouse union, keep their dissent to themselves. But in the corridors of the trade union movement, here and abroad, one hears ominous rumors about secret activity and links to intelligence services, about collaboration with government that far exceeds union duty, about a policy that clings to the extreme Right.

One hardly expects a moderate labor movement like the AFL-CIO to swing wide from the trail marked out by the State Department, and pursue its own course to end the arms race. But neither does one expect that it will be an active ally of the most belligerent elements in our State Department. Nor is one prepared to find that the AFL-CIO has a sizable, world-embracing apparatus and spends millions of government funds for its work.

What the U.S. Government does not do directly, because it would be flagrant meddling with the internal affairs of other nations, and what the CIA cannot do because it is suspect, the AFL-CIO does on their behalf. In ostensibly innocent relationships between unions of one country with another, the AFL-CIO throws its weight toward the making and unmaking of governments, with the purpose of instilling abroad the phobic anti-communism that has become entrenched at home. Jay Lovestone holds no public office, but it would be naive to deny that he influences national policy.

Edwin Lahey, Washington correspondent for the Knight newspapers, once described Lovestone as "a real mystery man, whose personality is part cloak and dagger, part cloak and suit." (Lovestone was then working out of the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union headquarters.) Lahey noted that "Lovestone insists rather sheepishly that there is no formal connection between him and the Central Intelligence Agency, nor between him and the Department of State, [but] it can be stated without qualification that the CIA . . . has in recent years obtained much of its primary information about international communism from Lovestone." A Chicago *Tribune* dispatch of December 17, 1954, said that "Lovestone readily agreed that his AFL Free Trade Union Committee is engaged in intelligence work." A laudatory *Reader's Digest* article on Irving Brown by a former AFL staffer, Donald Robinson, reports that Hans Jahn, head of the German rail union "told me about an undercover organization he has set up. . . . Irving Brown helped us. . . . Much of what he [Brown] has done in the cloak-and-dagger realm cannot be recounted. It would endanger the lives of his associates and jeopardize their missions."

When AIFLD was formed in 1962, three or four men were considered for the top post before it was given to Romualdi. Two of them, whom I have known for many years, told me that they veered away from the job when they heard background whispers of a certain Michigan Fund. The Michigan Fund is one of eight foundations which, according to Rep. Wright Patman, funneled almost $1 million to the J. M. Kaplan Fund of New York from 1961 to 1963. And the Kaplan Fund was in turn, says Representative Patman, a "secret conduit" for the Central Intelligence Agency. The Michigan Fund has an address but no telephone listing. One year, before it got Internal Revenue permission to withhold operating data, it listed total annual expenses of $60.51. One of the candidates for the AIFLD job, on being told that the Michigan Fund would "give us lots of money," was venturesome enough to check it out at the Internal Revenue Service. When he found no record of it, he removed himself from competition.

Wherever one turns in this area of international union activity there are overtones of secret funds and secret intelligence. *The New York Times* of October 5, 1947, reported the formation of an organization called the Free Trade Union Center in Exile. It has offices in Paris with the *Force Ouvrière*, which has received packets of money from Irving

Brown. According to the *Times*, it also "appears to have at its disposal a working intelligence division." After the 1963 general strike in British Guiana—which Drew Pearson claims was "inspired by a combination of C.I.A. money and British Intelligence" — Prime Minister Cheddi Jagan charged that $1.2 million had been made available to his enemies from American sources. His figure may be high, but with 20,000 to 25,000 laborers on strike for eleven and a half weeks it would come to only $45 or $60 each. When I was in British Guiana in August, 1963, a union official named Pollidor informed me that the strikers had received $3 a week in food benefits for the whole eleven-and-a-half-week period. That adds up to something between $700,000 and $850,000. Andrew McClellan, who handles inter-American affairs for the AFL-CIO and was in and out of Georgetown during the walkout, told me that he didn't know exactly how much had been contributed by American labor. He personally could recall about $50,000, but perhaps there was more. Even so, a sizable gap remains between the figures of Pollidor and Jagan and those of McClellan. Who contributed the balance? If it was AFL-CIO money, why hasn't there been an accounting, particularly since U.S. labor's role in British Guiana has been criticized both here and in England? If it was CIA money, who was the go-between?

The roster of American unionists who were in Georgetown before, during and after the strike is formidable, considering that the country has a population of only 600,000. Among the visitors were McClellan, William Doherty, Jr., and Ernest Lee of the top echelon; William McCabe, a special AFL-CIO representative; Gene Meakins, of the Newspaper Guild; two Retail Clerks union officials; Pat Terrill of the Steelworkers; Ben Segal of the Electrical Workers; and four or five others, as well as a couple of Latin Americans. McCabe, it is said, was present the whole time. Some of the unionists, Segal, for example, had long associations with the Guianese, but others were new to the country. Gerard P. O'Keefe of the Retail Clerks told me that he was supposed to help draft a labor bill in opposition to the one proposed by Jagan. Meakins was doing "public relations" work for the Man Power Citizens Association (MPCA), the union for whose allegiance the two major political parties were fighting. No economic issues were in dispute; the strike was called in protest against Jagan's labor bill, modeled on the U.S. Wagner Act, and designed to give the 20,000 MPCA workers a chance to vote for union representation. (MPCA leader, Richard Ishmael, was so unpopular, according to Segal, that mention of his name at a union meeting was the signal for a round of boos.) Why were American union men involved in a political dispute, in a foreign country? Did they collaborate with the U.S. Government?

The links between the State Department and Meany's international missionaries are indisputable. The AFL-CIO has its own liaison man in the Department; he is George P. (Phil) Delaney, who serves as Special Assistant to the Secretary of State for International Labor Affairs. It is almost impossible for any labor attaché to be appointed to a diplomatic post if Meany and Lovestone advise Delaney that he does not please them. A man who sought a labor position with the Agency for International Development (AID) told me that his application was held up because Meany had reservations about his anti-communism. He was advised by his sponsors to seek a letter of recommendation from Dubinsky to overcome Meany's suspicions. Another such man, whose record was less controversial, told me that he submitted to a lengthy interview with Lovestone before being given the green light.

The implacability with which the AFL-CIO opposes communism on the international front makes it regard every thaw in the struggle with Moscow and Peking as a trick, and every step toward coexistence a disaster. Recently, when both the government and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce proposed increasing trade with the Soviet Union, Meany and his friends condemned it on the ground that it would "only finance and facilitate further Soviet aggression against the democracies." On this, as on other subjects, the labor leaders are often to the right of big business. When Secretary-General U Thant hailed changes in Russia which might result in "competitive coexistence," Lovestone pounced on him in a long article which recounted all the old Stalinist crimes and asserted that Khrushchev had never repudiated "his predecessor's foreign policy.

Lovestone and Meany's extra-union associations reflect these same views. Lovestone is a charter member of the Committee of One Million, formed to keep China out of the UN, and was involved with the Council against Communist Aggression, a China Lobby front He appears, along with Admiral Arleigh A. Burke (Ret.) and Edward Teller, on the letterhead of the Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba In December, 1959, Meany and Lovestone were given the Grand Cross, Second Class, by Konrad Adenauer. They were also honored last year by the Assembly for Captive European Nations, a group of conservative Socialist and peasant party leaders from nine East European countries, who receive their money from the Radio Free Europe Fund.

In the world view of Meany and his subalterns the cold war is permanent until one side or the other is beaten. Russian peace proposals should thus be scorned as frauds. "Throughout its history," says a 1964 AFL-CIO Executive Council statement, "the Soviet government has launched 'peace offensives' whenever it deemed it necessary to have a breathing spell for overcoming difficulties or a pause during which to consolidate its international position and dull the vigilance of the forces opposing it." The Geneva Conference of a decade ago was a terrible thing for, as Irving Brown told the Chicago Council of Foreign Relations, it "was the beginning of the attainment of one of Russia's long-sought objectives—the banning of nuclear warfare." At a press conference in Tokyo recently, Lovestone stated flatly that George F. Kennan's proposal for reducing tensions "was wrong," and Sen. William Fulbright was ignorant of the true facts of the "Communist conspiracy" when he made similar suggestions.

Do these fellows ever do anything but grit their teeth? "The Russians completely control the Chinese," Lovestone told a *New York Post* man in December, 1955. In July, 1949, just two months before Mao set up his government, Lovestone's Free Trade Union Committee was advising Washington: "We categorically repudiate the notion that all is hopelessly lost." Two years later, Brown, speaking at a Radio Free Europe ceremony, predicted, in the words of *The New York Times*, "that the dictatorship and armies of Premier Stalin would not long endure." Such analysis and prognostication can come only from a lopsided view of the world.

The Meanyites' actions are tailored to their humorless words. They can claim credit since 1945 for:

(*1*) Helping to split the French and Italian labor movements.

(2) Encouraging the emergence of conservative leaders in many German unions, and keeping them on the narrow cold-war path.

(3) Involving themselves—some of them, not all—in the gathering of hard intelligence which has nothing to do with legitimate trade union work.

(4) Subsidizing questionable elements in Marseilles and other European ports to break dock workers' boycotts of American arms shipments.

(5) Giving support to unionists in British Guiana in an effort to depose the elected Jagan government.

(6) Endorsing right-of-center laborites in the Dominican Republic who were dissatisfied with Juan Bosch and played a role in his ouster.

(7) Training Brazilians who joined the generals in jettisoning the constitutional regime of Goulart.

(8) Infiltrating American embassies with many labor attachés who share their views and put them into practice.

(9) Defending every military intervention by the United States including, most recently, Cuba, Vietnam, the Congo and the Dominican Republic; and condemning nationalist forces, such as those in Panama, who oppose U.S. policy.

(*10*) "Educating" literally tens of thousands of unionists in the Lovestone brand of anti-communism and setting them loose, with money and inspiration, against unions with left-of-center leadership.

It would be wrong to say that the Lovestone activity has been all of one piece. Irving Brown gave considerable aid to unionists in North Africa who were fighting French imperialism. He also supported Lumumba, until his death. The AFL-CIO as such has denounced Fascist Spain, apartheidist South Africa, and the military dictatorships of Paraguay and Haiti. But its anticolonialism and anti-racism are usually subordinate to its anti-communism. An AFL-CIO executive council statement in 1959 proclaimed that "the longer colonialism lasts, the greater is the danger of Communist penetration." It is significant that it has never condemned neo-colonialism by the United States in Latin America. The AFL-CIO would prefer, Brown and Beichman told me, to build genuine mass movements—unions, student groups, women's councils, peasant organizations—as the best counterweight to communism. However, if that fails, they stand four-square with military intervention and *coups d'état* to subdue not only Communists but nationalists who might "open the door" to Communists.

How did the AFL-CIO, which is usually on the side of freedom and progress in domestic affairs, fall into such a quagmire on the international front?

The tale begins with two AFL leaders of divergent purpose, David Dubinsky, president of the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, and the late Matthew Woll of the Photo-Engravers' Union. Dubinsky, a colorful ex-dress cutter who was once a Socialist, hated the Communists, partly from principle and partly because of an internecine war in his own union. Woll, on the other hand, was to the end of his days an arch conservative, violently anti-Communist, not because he believed in socialism, but because he was labor's fiercest champion of capitalism. At one time he was acting president of the National Civic Federation, an organization of employers and right-wing unionists initiated by Mark Hanna and supplied with money by the Morgans and August Belmont. He was also head of the Union Labor Life Insurance Company. Unlike Dubinsky, his interest in foreign affairs was pragmatic rather than ideological. If you were going to beat the Communists you had to fight them on their own terms, world-wide.

Except for these two men, the AFL's interest in world affairs was remote before World War II. Even George Meany, still waiting to climb the ladder, was an onlooker. But with the outbreak of war there arose an obvious need for international activity, if only to aid the many unionists in Germany, Italy and Vichy France who had gone underground and needed help just to stay alive. In 1940, Dubinsky and Woll formed the Labor League for Human Rights "for war relief purposes and for the support of labor causes everywhere." In 1941, Dubinsky's New York locals agreed to raise $300,000 to help rescue labor leaders from the Nazis. With one eye cocked on the Communist problem, the two men nonetheless did invaluable humanitarian work. But as the war approached its end the Dubinsky-Woll team again became concerned with the menace of communism. In 1944, together with the late William Green, then president of the A. F. of L., and George Meany, they established the Free Trade Union Committee (FTUC) to revive the free union movement in Europe and Japan, and "to help such unions . . . resist the new drives of totalitarian [i.e., Communist] forces." For executive secretary they chose Jay Lovestone.

Then in his mid-forties and a vigorous man, Lovestone had been one of the founders of the Communist Party after World War I; he was its general secretary in 1929 when Moscow ordered him expelled. Lovestone had been unfortunate enough, in the three-way race among Stalin, Trotsky and Bukharin, to place his bets on Bukharin. Though ousted from power, he was not fully disenchanted for another decade. First he formed the Communist Party (Opposition), whose purpose—aside from polemics and normal union activity—was to seek readmission to the official movement. In mid-1933, he re-emphasized his "fundamental objective . . . to unite and rehabilitate the Communist movement in America. . . ." Years later he protested, in a letter to Hearst columnist George E. Sokolsky, that "from the very moment that I broke with the Communist Party . . . I fought Soviet totalitarianism." But as late as 1935, he acrimoniously berated A. J. Muste, in a public debate, because the latter called Russia a "degenerated" rather than a *real* "workers' state." When some of his comrades suggested that his league give up its orientation on unity with Moscow, he fought a faction fight against them. Even the first Moscow trials did not disillusion him; it was only when his former friends among the Bukharinists, including Bukharin himself, stood in the dock that he denounced the trials.

During this unhappy decade Jay Lovestone enjoyed two spectacular successes in the trade union movement. One was in the auto union, where Lovestone became for a time the behind-the-scenes mentor for U.A.W. President Homer Martin and was able to place some of his members, including Irving Brown, in top posts. This base, however, proved tenuous when Martin lost office, and Lovestone won more durable success in the garment union. His followers helped Dubinsky to stabilize his hold on the union and to enlist new members. It was not unnatural, then, that when Lovestone dissolved his political organization in 1941, Dubinsky should offer him a job.

Lovestone was in many respects an ideal man for Dubinsky. He was one of the few people in the country who could talk the language of Marxism to European labor leaders. From previous associations, he knew many dissident Communists and Socialists on the Continent. Furthermore, he impressed not only Dubinsky but Woll, and above all George Meany, whose star was beginning to rise. What Meany, as a good American and a good Irishman, felt viscerally—namely, anti-communism and anti-colonialism—Lovestone could put into elaborate left-wing political verbiage. Though Lovestone did not hold any post in the AFL's own international affairs committee (this was variously headed by Robert Watt, Frank Fenton and Phil Delaney) his special status with the men of power gave him control of actual operations. Thus, out of an unlikely alliance of two ex-radicals and two ongoing conservatives, whose way was made easier by William Green's lack of interest in foreign affairs, was born the AFL-CIO's anti-Communist crusade.

Before long, old and new Lovestone recruits, some on the Free Trade Union Committee payroll, others on that of the AFL itself, began to appear in the international labor movement. Henry Rutz went to Germany; Richard Deverall, former executive secretary of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists (ACTU), to Japan and other Asian outposts; Harry Goldberg to Indonesia, later to Italy. The team also included Mrs. Page Morris, an Arab-Moslem expert who was once an assistant to William Donovan of the OSS, Maida Springer, Ely Borochowitz, Carmel Offi, as well as a number of American labor attachés and local men in India, Israel and elsewhere. Romualdi, who had worked for Dubinsky long before Lovestone, joined the force independently and carved out a niche as Latin American delegate.

The key figure of the operation was Irving Brown. Son of a Teamster, having worked his way through college, active in union and unemployed circles, he had been with Lovestone since the mid-thirties when he infiltrated a left-wing Socialist Party caucus on his behalf. After serving in a number of government posts during the war, he wound up as the AFL representative in Europe.

The Communists, having played so decisive a role in the European underground, inevitably assumed postwar leadership of many unions. They predominated in Italy and France, were influential in Greece, and had sizable forces elsewhere. In the first years of peace there was, furthermore, expansive hope for coexistence. British unions and the CIO joined hands with Soviet and Communist-dominated unions in the West to form the World Federation of Trade Unions (the AFL refused to join). The Communists, far from being obstreperous, were quite moderate. They agreed meekly, at Stalin's behest, to give up arms used in the resistance, and to yield factories which they had occupied afterward. They were so intent on rebuilding Europe's shattered economies that they impressed even Joseph Alsop, who attributed the re construction of France in grea measure to "the enthusiastic co laboration of the French Commu nist Party."

Perhaps the cold war was inev table and schism in the internation al labor forces predestined, but ce tainly American unionists shoul have tried to prevent it. That wa not the view of Irving Brown an Jay Lovestone. Their first order o business was to prevent the Com munists from entrenching them selves in Germany, and to split o the non-Communists in Italy an France. Their method of operatio was prosaically simple. Europe wa digging out from the shambles o war; everyone was hungry. Unio leaders lacked food for their fam ilies; they lacked typewriters, mim eograph machines, newsprint, o fices, for their unions. A man wh could produce such items wa months, perhaps a year or two ahead of his rivals. Under "Opera tion Food" the AFL sent 5,000 pack ages to Germany, 15,000 to France 2,000 to Austria, and 5,000 t Greece. And Brown chose the re cipients.

How much was given out, t whom it went, how it was used, w may never know. Brown's Germa operation was not large, but he buil up an anti-Communist cadre tha settled itself into various unions How simon-pure a cadre it was i suggested by a dispatch in *The New York Times* of October 26, 1948 which records that a delegation o German unionists, accompanied b Lovestone himself, visited the Sec retary of the United States Army to offer "former German war pilot to fly the airlift into Berlin." Du binsky may well have been righ when he wrote in January, 1949 that "had it not been for the exten sive educational activities of the Free Trade Union Committee of the AFL . . . the Communists . . . migh by now have seized control of the reviving German trade unions." This might have been unfortunate but it is odd that Dubinsky neve asked himself whether the Germa workers had a right to make thei own choice without "educationa activities" from the outside. Ha the help been given to *all* unio leaders, or even to all non-Commu nist union leaders, it is possible tha a different movement might have evolved.

In France, Brown prodded hi

contacts to split from the General Confederation of Labor (CGT) as quickly as possible, and to refuse any collaboration with the Communists in strikes. Beginning in May, 1947, a wave of walkouts took place for wage increases. A few business unionists and mild Socialists, spurred by Brown, argued that the strikes were both unnecessary and politically inspired. They withdrew from CGT and regrouped around a publication called *Force Ouvrière*. The aging Leon Jouhaux, leader of French labor for decades, opposed the premature split, insisting that it would be far better to remain within CGT, if only to win over a larger constituency. But he was outvoted by Brown's friends and dragged along in a rump group that was stillborn from its inception. *F. O.* was never strong except in a few white-collar unions, and is even less impressive today.

The most interesting drama of this period was Brown's support of a man named Pierre Ferri-Pisani. In 1949-50, Communist trade unionists were refusing to unload American arms at Marseilles and other ports. Whether they were right to do so is, of course, a matter of opinion, but it was certainly farfetched that an American unionist should undertake the thwarting of workers in France. Apparently at Brown's instigation Ferri-Pisani formed the Mediterranean Committee, with funds that suddenly appeared for the purpose of getting the arms unloaded. The actions of the Mediterranean Committee were so flagrant that the Mayor of Marseilles, Gaston Defferre, wrote a letter to his Socialist Party chief, Guy Mollet, pleading with him to stop Brown and Ferri-Pisani's activities.

In France, Brown had helped so-called Socialist unions and had been lukewarm to the Christian CFTC, which was willing to form *ad hoc* alliances with the Communists to advance common objectives. In Italy, the position was reversed. Brown and Harry Goldberg were hostile both to Nenni's Socialists and to the right-wing Saragat Socialists, who for tactical reasons did not want to break immediately with the Italian General Confederation of Labor (C.G.I.L.). Instead, the Americans supported the Christians in their secession from the main body of Italian labor.

In Greece, Brown built a little empire around Fotis Makris after the Communists had been purged from the unions through government pressure. This was to be an interesting (though incidental) chapter, for it showed to what lengths anti-communism could go. Makris was a loyal Brown man, and fairly solid with the regime. He had to be, because Greek law requires workers to pay a certain sum to the unions, the money being checked off from their wages, sent to the minister of labor, and then relayed — at the minister's whim — to the unions. But there came a time when even Makris could not tolerate government cuts in worker benefits. In the mid-1950s he decided to mount a legitimate campaign of limited strikes to culminate in broader national action. At this point Brown's pressure was enough to force Makris to yield. They quarreled and the American representative thereafter placed his support with another segment of the Greek movement organized around Dimitrious Theodorous of Salonika.

There is more to the record, but the story is the same. Right-wing columnist Westbrook Pegler says Lovestone spent "millions." Robert Lewin of the *Chicago Daily News* said, in 1950, that it was $250,000 a year, and, "including special union gifts . . . $5,000,000." Donald Robinson, whose praise for Brown is unqualified, said in 1952 that he had spent "close to $1 million." When I interviewed Brown in 1965, he claimed that in twenty years he had donated about $100,000 to foreign unions.

For his work abroad, U.S. Ambassador to France, James G. Dunn, hailed Brown as a "superb fighter for freedom." *Life* called him labor's "most effective ambassador." But throughout Europe, most non-Communist unionists look on Lovestone and Brown with hostility. "Many people say," wrote the official weekly of the Swedish Federation of Labor (L.O.) in 1955, "that Brown's maniac anti-Communist attitude is a valuable asset to communism. When it comes to a consistent and effective fight against the dictatorship ideology of communism, Irving Brown has nothing at all to teach — and everything to learn from others."

In December, 1955, when the A. F. of L. and CIO merged, there was hope that Lovestone's influence would finally be curbed. Walter Reuther and his brother Victor—for much the same reasons as the Swedish L.O.—disliked the Lovestone-Brown techniques. They felt that AFL-CIO activity should be subordinated to that of the international confederation in Brussels. They wanted Lovestone out of the picture and his Free Trade Union Committee liquidated. They did not like the constant quarreling between Meany and the ICFTU.

Unfortunately, what was expected to be a showdown turned out to be a whisper in the corridors. Meany continued to lean on Lovestone as his main foreign policy adviser. The FTUC was, indeed, scrapped, but Lovestone continued with his work of overseas manipulation, first as a member of the AFL-CIO's Department of International Affairs, and after 1963 as its director.

As a matter of fact the Lovestone-Meany alliance has become more aggressive in recent years. In particular, the quarrel with ICFTU officials in Brussels has become hotter. As *The New York Times* has said editorially, Meany's relations with ICFTU leaders "have rarely run smoothly for more than a year or two at a time. At least a half-dozen major reorganizations have been undertaken, largely to satisfy his complaints. . . ."

At root, however, is a fundamental dispute between the Socialist unionists of Europe, especially those of Great Britain and Scandinavia, who would like to see a relaxation of tensions, and Meany who wants to pursue the cold war to the bitter end. As a result, Meany is by-passing the world body and leaning on the U.S. Government more openly than ever in the past. Since the foundation of the American Institute for Free Labor Development in 1961, the Meanyites have more and more embarked on a unilateral course, and the trend became even more pronounced a few months ago when Irving Brown formed the African-American Labor Center. There is no longer a question as to the source of money used by the AFL-CIO in its international work — the overwhelming bulk of it comes from government sources. Labor has had access to about $110 million of public funds to further its anti-Communist purpose.

The newest chapter in the international affairs of the AFL-CIO begins in 1959, and introduces another generation of anti-Communists. Late in that year, Joseph Beirne, president of the Communications Workers of America (CWA), held a class for sixteen Latin American unionists at Front Royal, Va. Instead of financing the Front Royal conference through the union, Beirne conceived the novel idea of having the International Cooperation Administration, predecessor to AID, put up most of the funds. This gave Beirne enough money not only to educate Latin unionists but to pay their salaries for a period of nine months after they returned home. In that time, presumably, they were to put their training into practice. Apparently it never occurred to Beirne that legitimate Latin unionists, who have an ingrained hostility to "Yankee Imperialism," might find ICA money distasteful; for the kind of people he recruited it didn't seem to make much difference.

On the strength of the Virginia experience, Beirne suggested to Meany that the program be widened, and after a preliminary study AIFLD was founded. It first opened its doors to students in June of 1962. Inter-American union machinery for educating workers already existed. The Inter-American Regional Organization of Workers (ORIT) had been formed in 1951, and there were also eight or nine "trade secretariats"— international bodies of unions in the same industry, such as metal workers or culinary workers—to do the job. Beirne and Meany, however, wanted something more directly under their control.

As a trade union instrument — particularly one that must appeal to Latin Americans engaged in bitter struggles with their own oligarchies—AIFLD is a little bizarre. Its board of trustees includes not only union men but representatives of the very corporations with which Latin American unions must bargain. Meany is president. Chairman of the board, however, is J. Peter Grace of W. R. Grace & Co., which owns shipping companies, sugar haciendas, distilleries, box factories, light-bulb subsidiaries, textile plants and other enterprises in Latin America. It is a more enlightened firm than, say, United Fruit, but it does not burst with union fervor. Vice chairman of the board is Berent Friele, a Nelson Rockefeller man. Among the trustees are Charles Brinckerhoff, president of the Anaconda Company; Juan Trippe, president of Pan American World Airways; Henry S. Woodbridge of the True Temper Company; William M. Hickey of the United Corporation; and Ambassador Robert C. Hill of Merck & Company. These men do not run the show, but the association of their names with a "labor school" is not likely to draw a large student body from among those laborites in the Latin states who see the answer to their problems in social revolution.

Nor will the financing quiet suspicion. Official press releases and speeches by William Doherty, Jr., give the impression that government, business and labor each pay about one-third of the costs of the educational program (now about $2 million annually). But Romualdi told me that business contributes only 8.5 per cent and labor 11 per cent; the other four-fifths come from AID. (The social projects department of AIFLD also gets the bulk of its money from government agencies, some of it being in the form of guarantees.)

What does AIFLD do? As of its latest report, its fourteen Latin American field offices have trained more than 20,000 students in trade union procedures, and 317 have gone through more advanced courses at 1830 Nineteenth Street in Washington. The latter not only receive travel money and expenses while in the United States but are put on AIFLD's payroll for nine months after they return home. During the general strike in British Guiana this was extended by four or five months, so that the graduates could participate more actively in the attempt to topple the Jagan government.

Both the selection of trainees and the curriculum are designed to stress an anti-Communist position. Communists, of course, are banned but so, according to Romualdi, i anyone to the left of the Accion Democratica, which rules Venezuela, or the middle-of-the-road Aprista in Peru. Originally, even Christian unionists were excluded A few Peronistas from Argentina were inducted recently, but they kicked up so much anti-U.S. dust that others are not likely to be enrolled. The kind of people trained can be gauged from AIFLD's reports: "Former AIFLD Students Help Oust Reds from Uruguay Port Union." "Two Institute Graduates Challenge Communist Control of Honduran Union." Student Hugo Solon Acero of the Confederation of Colombian Workers (CTC), we are told, eliminated "the last vestiges of Communist influence in the regional federation of Cundinamarca." When the government of Joao Goulart was deposed in Brazil William Doherty, Jr., boasted that AIFLD graduates "were so active that they became intimately involved in some of the clandestine operations of the revolution before it took place. . . . Many of the trade union leaders—some of whom were actually trained in our institute — were involved in the revolution, and in the overthrow of the Goulart regime."

The classes, in addition to instruction in collective bargaining and grievances, include two sessions on the history of U.S. labor, two on the U.S. system of government, one on "totalitarianism," one on communism in Latin America, one on the politics of U.S. labor, one on the Sino-Soviet conflict, and one on the German labor movement. How Latin Americans, armed with this knowledge, can finish their revolution against the atavistic oligarchies is not entirely clear. Romualdi is evidently convinced that it can be accomplished through simple "collective bargaining." Andy McClellan, the AFL-CIO Inter-American representative, who works closely with AIFLD, expresses it well: "Peaceful revolutions can be brought about by a militant democratic trade union movement practicing the collective bargaining procedure."

If education is not enough to keep hemispheric unionists in line AIFLD has another way to sweeten the carrot. Its social projects department, run by Doherty, armed with tens of millions of U.S. AID dollars

(Continued on page 27)

The NATION at 100

A Compilation of Birthday Greetings

The following messages have come to *The Nation* in response to the announcement that on July 6 the magazine attains its 100th birthday. The editors acknowledge them with deep gratitude, but also in the knowledge that they celebrate a tradition established ong before we came upon the scene. It was James Russell Lowell who said of *The Nation*: "All the time I was without it, my mind was chaos and I didn't feel hat I had a safe opinion to swear by." On an earlier birthday Bernard Shaw wrote somewhat ominously: "It is certainly curious that so outspoken a journal as *The Nation* should have survived for 60 years in a country where truth is tarred and feathered, lynched, imprisoned and expatriated as undesirable three times a week or so." To which H. L. Mencken perhaps gave the explanation when he noted: "*The Nation* is unique in American journalism for one thing: it is read by its enemies. . . ." That is the tradition which the present greetings celebrate and which the presiding editors hold in trust for successors as yet unknown.

For one hundred years *The Nation* has lent its voice to he causes of freedom and progress. . . . I take great pleasure in congratulating you on this landmark anniver-ary. . . .

Hubert H. Humphrey
Vice President

I have always regarded *The Nation* an eloquent voice, and ften a necessary voice. . . .

Harry S. Truman

A century ago, the United tates committed itself to the ask of safeguarding individ-al rights for its individual itizens. *The Nation* has never et go concerning itself with hese rights and with indi-dual people. . . .

Rep. John V. Lindsay

It is good that we have a magazine of its sort going so ar back into our history. It even better that it should ave its present vigor. . . .

Norman Thomas

I send greetings and my hope that 2065 will see this uniquely important periodical still carrying out the task set out for it by one of its founders—to "make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit." Such an objective has never been more indispensable than today. . . .

RALPH J. BUNCHE

As a kid in the public library in Fresno, on Broadway, across from the Orpheum Theater, I discovered *The Nation*, and I looked forward to examining the new issue every week. It always had fight, which a kid has, too, and I felt that I was in there, in that fight. . . . I have visited the brand new handsome public library and it is great, but that old library was where I was a kid fighting on the side of *The Nation*, on the side of Mencken, against all of the frauds that now, at 56, I am able to almost cherish, because they are still alive. . . .

WILLIAM SAROYAN

Let me say a word of deep gratitude that *The Nation* . . . has not escalated into an advertising medium printed on expensive paper and in tiresome colors. Its sheer dedication to simplicity of format and searching for truth is reason for praise. . . .

CLARENCE E. PICKETT

I have particularly valued it in the post-World War II period, not because its independent radical thinking was not needed before but because the climate of oppression and bigotry in the United States has made all the more noteworthy *The Nation's* outspokenness since 1945. . . .

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Congratulations to *The Nation*. . . . That such a publication could endure for a hundred years is proof indeed that age need not stale pursuit of the new and untried, nor blunt the goads that puncture our complacencies.

Adlai E. Stevenson

In a world full of orthodox timidity, someone must point out that the Emperor wears no clothes. . . . Causes . . . are never lost as long as you and people like you are there to fight for them.

Kingsley Martin

***The Nation* has always inspired respect for its intellectual integrity. I look upon its praise as a most valued endorsement of an artist's effort, whether of the arts, of the theatre, or of the films. . . .**

Charles Chaplin

If you care to measure what *The Nation* has meant to our country, imagine American life without it.

Waldo Frank

***The Nation* has survived a hundred years of critics and detractors on a diet of controversy and stimulating—but often exceedingly unpopular—causes. It has survived and grown because there has continued to be a vital need for its voice. . . .**

Sen. Jacob K. Javits

If *The Nation* follows its past formula it will probably live another one hundred years. That formula has always been the deliberate choice of not living safely but thinking clearly.

Harry Golden

Never complacent and often controversial in its independent promotion of liberal journalism, *The Nation's* voice remains loud and clear as it crosses its 100th milestone. . . .

Sen. Edward M. Kennedy

There are magazines I am glad to buy quite often at the newsstand. There are magazines I gladly receive free copies of from friendly publishers. But *The Nation* is a magazine I take the extreme position on: I subscribe to it. . . .

Eric Bentley

I was thirty when I commenced a four-year term on the staff of *The Nation*, and now that I am seventy I sometimes find it difficult to remember that in those days I always thought the paper wise and right. But I do at least remember. And another thing I remember is that men of seventy then were more than likely to think it foolish (or vicious) and wrong. So in my fashion I keep young with *The Nation*, which I am confident, will never itself be old. . . .

MARK VAN DOREN

In 1947-48, when I was at Yale Law School, my conservative ideas were constantly challenged by the radicalized veterans who were my classmates. (They are now Wall Street lawyers.) To prove my open-mindedness, I took a subscription to *The Nation* and the magazine played an important role in a political education that turned me from Robert Taft to Norman Thomas within the course of a year. . . .

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

What a dull place this smug over-solemn backbiting U.S.A. would have been except for *The Nation*! . . .

If you are interested in preventing the United States from becoming a gold-plated dinosaur with a peanut brain that is bound to become as extinct as the dodo, read *The Nation*. Maybe, in time, the American people will rejoin the human race.

CARLETON BEALS

For me, the great pleasure in reading *The Nation* has been its sustained interest in the whole of modern culture. . . . It is a delight to read a journal which is so consistently literate on every page; and it is a special delight in a journal whose main purpose, after all, is not literary. That seems to me a true contribution to culture.

J. BRONOWSKI

Anyone called upon to wander through the past century of American history has met *The Nation* at every significant turn, speaking reasonably and forcefully on the side of truth, freedom and humanity. The war declared by Godkin "upon the vices of violence, exaggeration and misrepresentation" in political discourse has never been won; but that it has never been wholly lost, even under the oppressive development of the mass media, is due in no small part to *The Nation*.

WALTER MILLIS

I have read *The Nation* across more than fifty years . . . and have accompanied it into the subjects of mankind. . . . I mention here only

In my teens . . . it helpe me untangle many a web o confusion.

And during the rest of m life it has prodded, provoke challenged, questioned an protested—leaving no vital i sues untouched. . . .

Justice William O. Dougla
Supreme Cour
of the United State

It has served for a century and serves now, as a goad t the consciences of Americans . . . Without it the countr would be the stupider and mor complacent. Not congratula tions: gratitude. . . .

George P. Elliot

I have always admired th clarity and vigor of *The Na tion* and have appreciated th fairness that it has granted i the expression of its editoria views.

Sen. Margaret Chase Smit

In my University of Texa days, Professor J. Frank Dobi taught me a favorite expres sion of his: "He will do t ride the river with." Well . . *The Nation* will do to ride th river with. And ride it has—fo the right of dissent, for wha my father called "liberty an groceries," and for the famil of man.

Maury Maverick, Jr

The one hundred years of *he Nation*'s publication have een illuminated by its strik- ng intellectual leadership nd its courageous explora- on of current conditions and vents. . . .

Sen. Wayne Morse

I doubt whether any jour- al anywhere has a more con- stently fine record in the ause of freedom. . . .

Michael Foot

The amount of fact modest- offered as opinion by *The ation* goes a fair way toward ounterbalancing the quanti- es of opinion disguised as act in the rest of the public ress.

Ben Shahn

Democracy does not make e work of citizens easier or mpler. . . . For a century, *he Nation* . . . and its con- ibutors have been willing to ke the risks — the risks of stigation and the risks also being wrong — as well as aving the satisfaction of ointing the way. . . .

Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy

two items. In the decade of the American Indians' struggle for their chance to live (1922-1932) it was *The Nation*, along with one religious periodical, which helped to sustain the effort. And Fred J. Cook's almost book-length writing, down through his absolutely conclusive writing on the Hoffa trial, have remained as a high-water mark of journalism in America or any other country. . . .

JOHN COLLIER, SR.

A few journals of opinion are willing to think the unthinkable, and gradually their seepage finds its way into the columns of the establishment and into the minds and hearts of men.

For one hundred years *The Nation* has been bidding us use fresh eyes, as we contemplate the political, economic and social scene. We should be grateful. . . .

MIKE WALLACE

In 1885, when I was a precocious politician of ten . . . a neighbor gave me a copy of *The Nation*. It astonished me: it was on the side of the people. But it distressed me. Though on the right side it was too mild for a ten-year-old radical politician. . . . When liberals agree, liberalism will be dead. But agreeing or not, I have found *The Nation* always honest, always intelligent, always creative.

It seems to me almost incredible that a journal launched with principles of honesty and freedom has never departed from them in 100 years.

ALVIN JOHNSON

I have been reading *The Nation* almost ever since I could read anything at all. It has always been a stimulating and at the same time comforting magazine—comforting in that in a sometimes dark world to me it has always seemed to stand for light and decency and fair play for the Negro and other victims of unequal chances.

LANGSTON HUGHES

Newspapermen, in the old days, were less prone to accept press relations handouts as the "news." Paul Y. Anderson and others in the pages of *The Nation* gave the lead to crusading journalists in other magazines in probing beneath the surface and picturing the world as it was, not as it was painted by the Establishment. Most of the other journals have given up that kind of reporting. Not so *The Nation*.

LEO HUBERMAN

For a periodical just to keep going for a hundred years is itself a formidable achievement. However, this could happen to a publication devoted to bad purposes or as a result of com-

The Nation has rendered outstanding public service and I hope it will continue to do so for another hundred years. . . .

Hugo L. Black
Associate Justice
United States Supreme Court

I have recently been reading up on the Civil War and the Reconstruction period and I have run across a number of quotes from *The Nation* which made striking good sense. Its independence of thought and its courage have marked its progress ever since I have known it.

Mark Ethridge

In arousing meaningful discussions on politics, literature, science and art — all inseparably related within the framework of a progressive society — *The Nation* is of abiding value.

Sen. Claiborne Pell

Sometimes I have thought over the half-century I've read *The Nation* that I could get along without it. . . . But I found I just couldn't. I need its confirmation of my views just as I need its critical dissent from them. . . .

Roger N. Baldwin

Year in and year out *The Nation* has stood like a rock of truth, clarity and witty good judgment in the field of publishing opinion and fact. . . .

Gov. Edmund G. Brown

We have a long way to go, but it would be further still by a good measure were it not for *The Nation*.

William A. Williams
Professor of History
The University of Wisconsin

One of the greatest chronicles of liberal thought. . . .

Rep. William F. Ryan

***The Nation* has provided fire and light for the liberal community, and a platform for good writers, regardless of the moment's fashion.**

Gore Vidal

promises. . . . What makes the hundredth anniversary of *The Nation* cheering and something to cheer about is that through the decades its editors have so written and acted as—in one of Stephen Spender's great lines—to "leave the vivid air signed with their honor."

A. J. MUSTE

We are a successful, comfortable people by and large, and change and self-analysis and self-criticism are not considered urgent. . . . Here is where a journalistic national conscience is called for. . . . To this journalistic national conscience *The Nation* has contributed mightily for 100 years.

GEORGE I. SANCHEZ

Robespierre once warned that "any man who will rise to defend public right and public morals will be overwhelmed with outrage and proscribed by the knaves . . . that every friend of liberty will ever be placed between duty and calumny. . . ."

Perhaps *The Nation* has not always faced that awesome burden, but certainly its role has not been easy over the past century. . . . A niche in American history has long ago been assured for this indispensable journal.

JUSTICE STANLEY MOSK
Supreme Court of California

I have a distinct feeling that the last two decades of *The Nation's* century-long career . . . were the most dangerous years. During the dark McCarthovingian days of the early fifties the will to "burn books" . . . was given the strongest support in high places . . . and our big press showed itself weak in resistance to such repression. . . . Very few periodicals upheld the right to dissenting or nonconformist opinion, and *The Nation* was one of the "happy few. . . ."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

When I was a college student, a friend introduced me to *The Nation*. As I read it week after week, I began to look at the world differently, and began to see what I had never seen before. *The Nation* then motivated me to act as well as to think. . . . Whatever I have been able to do to promote social justice, in the course of my ministry, my writing, teaching or influence, has in no small measure been inspired by this great American magazine. . . .

RABBI ROBERT E. GOLDBURG

I cannot believe much of what I read in the papers. It is not even a question of whether they are venal or not, it is rather their accepted mode of presenting the news, a blank undigested recital of actions. . . . *The Nation* has

We have all been proud
write for it, and we hope
will long outlast what we ha
written. . . .

C. P. Sn

From Grant to the "Gre
Society" *The Nation* has be
a brocade of ideas and
trumpet of protest. . . .

Malcolm Mo

Your past 10 years ha
more than fulfilled the pro
ise of the 90 prelimina
years. . . .

Henry A. Walla

Forward, with your glorio
heritage!

A. Philip Randolp

***The Nation* has commen**
ably defied the witch-burne
who would blur the differen
between dissent and here
and who would enthrone o
thodoxy as ruler. . . .

Rep. Edith Gre

been publishing long enough to have identified itself with one of the major traditions of this country, a liberalism that does not operate by fiat but one that has experienced enough trials to take into account all the actions and digest them and present them in the light of an honest concern for the public welfare. Thus, when I read *The Nation,* I think I am getting something pretty close to the truth, give a little, take a little. This is a great satisfaction. . . .

ALLEN SEAGER

On occasions . . . I have turned away because I thought I knew in advance *The Nation's* views. . . . But whenever I returned . . . I was always surprised by the healthy orneriness of its editorial attitudes, no less its articles and reviews, which proves how wrong it is to take *The Nation* for granted.

MICHAEL BLANKFORT

In a time of increasing machine tooling of reading, the perpetual youthfulness, the ability to surprise and be personal, is one of the great charms of *The Nation.* And its great value beyond charm, of course, is that it is also so often exactly right.

HERBERT GOLD

The Nation is an indispensable bridge. Its 100-year history of moral and intellectual leadership in the progressive movement enables it to be a bridge between generations, to connect America's young intellectuals with tested values from this country's liberal heritage. But it just as sharply introduces aging progressives to the newest and most advanced ideas from America's universities and Greenwich Villages. *The Nation* also connects practical politicians with political scientists, creative artists and critics with scholars, and editors of mass media with the forthright and uncensored opinions of frontier thinkers and independent researchers and reporters. . . .

EDWIN F. SELF

The publication has pro- oked both thought and con- roversy, both of which are ssential in a democracy such s ours. . . .

Sen. William Proxmire

***The Nation* . . . has served s the conscience of a grow- ag, dynamic country for 100 ears. It continues to repre- ent the best in independent, ourageous, and stimulating ought. I have no doubt of s future.**

Sen. George McGovern

You are a subversive force, the best sense of that term —subversive of complacency, ogmatism, and prejudice. . . .

Roger L. Shinn

***The Nation* continues to be . . . the supreme American journal of social, political and literary contemporaneousness. . . .**

Erskine Caldwell

No nation can afford to be without a *Nation.* . . .

Roger J. Traynor
Chief Justice,
Supreme Court of Calif.

America is freer because *The Nation* has been open and free.

Frank Graham

***The Nation* has been the conscience monitor for all who believe in the cause of liberalism.**

Dore Schary

etters of congratulation have also een received, and are gratefully cknowledged, from:

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BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Madness in the Age of Reason

MADNESS AND CIVILIZATION: A History of Insanity in the Age of Reason. By Michel Foucault. Translated by Richard Howard. Pantheon Books. 299 pp. $5.95.

Norman Reider, M.D.

Recent developments in community psychiatry emphasize the malevolent effect of the exclusion from society (or from the family) of the mentally ill. The proponents of social psychiatry partly argue that the mentally ill receive more effective treatment in the milieu that played a role in the formation of the illness; economic factors today favor this prescription, but the scientific justification is so complex and in such a transitional stage that the position remains a hypothesis. Some facts, however, are provocative.

Foucault points out that society has always had its groups to exclude; his concern is what happens to the insane of the 16th to 18th centuries, the "classical age," the "age of reason." Prior to this period, in medieval times, the scapegoat was the leper, who began to disappear, probably through the effects of segregation, in the 14th century. At that time there were about 19,000 leprosariums throughout Christendom. What happened to these structures when leprosy disappeared? Some were to be used for the other extrusions from society, the poor, the vagabonds, the insane and the criminals. Before the use of confinement another device was portrayed in the early Renaissance, a dream fleet with imaginary crews, modeled on the Argonaut cycle, which embarked on great symbolic voyages: the "Ship of Princes and Battles of Nobility" in 1502, the "Ship of Virtuous Ladies," a "Ship of Health," Brant's "Narrenschiff" (1494) and those which Bosch depicted. But the *Ship of Fools* was the only one which had real existence, boats which conveyed the madmen from town to town along the rivers and canals. A city got rid of its insane this way; they were often lost, though sometimes they were taken back to land to a place for cure. Foucault writes this little chapter of exclusion with poetic skill, ascribing significance to the symbolism of the navigational journey, the water and the polarity of the confinement and the freedom of movement. But he deals at greatest length with a more important theme; the preclassical preoccupation with death, pestilence and war changed to a concern with madness. The anxiety was the same, but the Renaissance began to deal with insanity as a fascinating part of existence, to be endured, to be criticized and feared, to be felt akin to wisdom and dreams.

The "liberation" of the insane, the compassionate hospitality to madness in the early 17th century (*King Lear, Don Quixote*) was short-lived and was overwhelmed by the era of the "great confinement." In 1656, a decree established the Hôpital Général, an administrative reorganization of many establishments in Paris, which now had to lodge and feed the poor. One out of every hundred inhabitants of Paris found himself confined to l'Hôpital Général for at least several months. No medical concept was involved; the phenomenon occurred all over Europe; confinement was a "police" matter. "Mendicancy and idleness as sources of all disorders" for a hundred years plagued the parliament of Paris; whippings, exile, enforced labors in the sewers had not worked. Now confinement was to be tried; it offered a source of cheap manpower in periods of full employment, reabsorption of the idle and social protection against uprisings in periods of unemployment. The experiment, either as "work therapy" or as an economic measure, failed with the first phases of the rise of industrialism.

Gradually the criminals and the mad inherited the domains of the lepers of old. Naturally, in the age of reason one of the initial reforms freed the criminal, so often just a debtor or a petty thief, from the torture of his enforced association with the madman whose crime of unreason was greater. In 1790, the Declaration of the Rights of Man definitely reserved confinements for certain categories of convicted criminals ar for the insane. Finally, in 1794, tl liberation of the chained inmates Bicêtre took place.

Out of this new division of tl extrusions from society, arose tl asylum as the unique *Lebensraum* the insane. Foucault sees Tuke ar Pinel, not as the philanthropic sa iors of the insane as traditional hi tory has interpreted them, but creators of a new type of segregatio more humane to be sure, but still segregation with a moral and re gious atmosphere. Tuke enforc promises of self-restraint from p tients, and "substituted for the fr terror of madness the stifling anguis of responsibility. . . ." Why Foucau is so sarcastic about such therapeut interventions—and sees them only a rationalization for restraint—is u clear unless he, too, like the cla sicists he writes about, has becon fascinated by the so-called unrestrai ed freedom of madness.

Pinel's asylum was religious wit out religion, an imposition of soci morality. The values of work an family reigned. Foucault compar Tuke's and Pinel's systems admirabl showing that both required the phys cian to become the important figu in the asylum. However, to Foucau neither Tuke nor Pinel is a medic scientist. To him they represente moral and social forces. "What w call psychiatric practice is a certai moral tactic, contemporary with th end of the eighteenth century, pr served in the rites of asylum life, an overlaid by the myths of positivism

About half of this book is historical report with strong and e cellent psychologizing about the hi tory of the age of reason. Foucault psychological treatment of the perio is a curious paradox, for he hardl veils his contempt for the psycholog cal approach to mental illness. A best his ambivalence is couched wit mixed praise: "Freud went back t madness at the level of its languag reconstituted one of the essential el ments of an experience reduced t silence by positivism; he did n make a major addition to the lis of psychological treatments for ma ness; he restored, in medical though the possibility of a dialogue with u reason." This statement, only partl true, demeans the contributions c

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Norman Reider is the senior chief of psychiatry at Mount Zion Hospital in San Francisco, and an instructor at the San Francisco Psychoanalytic Institute.

reud and others. But it's neatly put, n'est-ce pas?

I take further issue with Foucault partly out of annoyance that such a brilliant piece of work should be marred by a chauvinistic narrowness which at times borders on arrogance. He quotes almost exclusively from original sources, a sign of fine scholarship. Although there were other historians of madness in that era, he does not refer to a single one, not even Zilboorg. The references are almost entirely French. Only passing and brief quotations from Tuke, John Howard and a few other Englishmen alter the impression that France was the center of all events. Foucault fails to mention the Italians, who played an important role in the history of psychiatry in those days. He does mention that the first houses of confinement were in England, at Bristol, Norwich and Worcester, but he gives Colbert, who followed the English, more credit, if one can call it that, than the English.

But the excellence of the work is not marred by such traits. In the larger portion, where Foucault deals with the nature of insanity, its relation to passion, its nosology, and how the physicians of the era thought about it and dealt with it, this rigid adherence to original sources and his analysis of the main motifs result in superb scholarship rendered with artistry. The artistry has its limitations in that it avoids the textbook manner of dealing with a systematized presentation, but Foucault's flowing, easy style is a remarkable instrument for getting a point across. For example: "Before Descartes, and long after his influence as philosopher and physiologist had diminished, passion continued to be the meeting ground of body and soul; the point where the latter's activity makes contact with the former's passivity, each being a limit imposed upon the other and the locus of their communication." Foucault effectively extracts the wealth of intuitive knowledge and understanding of the classicists, as if to say, "all that you moderns write about was known two hundred years ago." This is merely implied, for he gets across his point more subtly than by direct statement. He simply points out what Sauvages, for example, wrote about passion and its setting for the possibility of madness. This is more effective than demonstrating how closely related these ideas are to what has been so recently elaborated into a metapsychology of psychosis. If Foucault ever had any temptation to belabor the modernity of the old ideas or the antiquity of present-day psychoanalytic concepts, he restrained himself well.

In dealing with madness as a human phenomenon, it is likewise tempting to show similarities between what Zacchias and Sauvages wrote two and three centuries ago and certain concepts of contemporary existential psychiatry. I am sure that Foucault knows these analogies and parallelisms, but he refuses to be tempted by that type of cleverness. He prefers to deal with ideas and historical and psychological forces. He seems to me to be particularly selective of dialectical presentations, equations of opposites and bipolar formulations. But he makes no pitch for any modern dialectics as an approach to mental illness. He never mentions unconscious vs. conscious, id vs. ego or primary process vs. secondary process. This is admirable, scholarly and stubborn.

Today we can say we have made progress in the fight against exclusion of the mentally ill and offenders. Arguments for protecting the excluded ones from themselves or protecting society from them have at least been called into question. At least an atmosphere of greater acceptance of the mentally ill has been accomplished, so much under medical aegis. Forces are at work to place the problem of the criminal offender also under psychiatric control, a trend opposed by some political and psychiatric groups, possibly for different reasons. Fear of the passions wears many faces, most of which are no different from what Foucault describes.

Programing the Protestant Computer

THE POSITIVE THINKERS: A Study of the American Quest for Health, Wealth and Personal Power from Mary Baker Eddy to Norman Vincent Peale. By Donald Meyer. Doubleday & Company. 360 pp. $4.95.

Ralph Caplan

The title of this remarkable book suggests just another exercise in sensational sociology, the profitable indignation of a Vance Packard roused once more to market. Actually it is nothing of the sort. A delightful, scholarly investigation of American mind-cure movements, it exposes the failures of Gospel that have nourished the gospel of success.

That mind-cure is more than a harmless recurring fad is clear. Norman Vincent Peale may have emptied religion, but he has filled churches and now heads the Protestant Council of New York. Bruce Barton, a sort of unfrocked Peale, first offered his vision of the Christ in the gray flannel suit in 1925: *The Man Nobody Knows*. *Reader's Digest* this year printed a condensation of the work, calling it "a classic of its kind," which it surely is. The bookstores of America are loaded with manuals that will instruct a reader in how to unleash the Power, human and divine, within him. Now it is possible for everyone to be more powerful than everyone else.

One of the most intriguing questions about mind-cure technique has always been: Why does it work? Oh, not why does it work for the patients:

Ralph Caplan is the author of a novel about the gospel of success, Say Yes, *to be published by Doubleday in October.*

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there are various reasons why it does, doesn't, seems to; and various ways in which "work" can be defined for the purpose. But why does it work for the faith healers themselves, and for their movements?

The customary answer is that positive thinking offers a cheap and easy solution to life's problems; but men have always looked for such solutions, and anyway that line of attack is itself a bit too cheap and easy. Sure, positive thinking is the greasy kid stuff of contemporary Christian thought. But if Dr. Peale's critics are so smart, how come he's rich?

Meyer finds answers varying with the personality of the practitioner, the social and intellectual climate of the times, and the adequacy of established religious and medical institutions. He thinks it is no coincidence that the first grandly organized mind-cure enterprise, Christian Science, should have been founded by a woman. "Mind cure gave jobs to women by hundreds and thousands. The clear majority of Christian Science practitioners were women. The majority of preachers in the proliferating Unity churches were to be women. Mind cure had higher proportions of women in its congregations than the old churches. Women bought its books heavily. Was there something wrong with women?"

Plenty. Particularly with the middle-class women who made up the ranks of mind-cure in the 19th century. The world seemed to be leaving them, but it wouldn't say where. No established agency dealt with their problem effectively; most did not deal with it at all. The doctor was no help, nor was the pastor and priest. But if the problem was seen as *internal,* a woman might help herself by thinking, praying, willing or imagining it away.

Mind-cure, then, gave her what the gospel of success later gave her husband: a purchase on self that neither church nor medicine was helping her attain. Since it could do this only by assuming both affliction and relief to be on the inside, it had to ignore society. Yet it had no *quarrel* with society, since positive thinking sought to reform nothing but the psychological pitch of the patient-disciple. One thinks of Christian Science's antagonism toward medicine, but Meyer regards this as example rather than paradox. "When," he asks, "might people most safely prefer mental techniques to reasonably reliable medical techniques?" Why, when medical techniques and concomitant standards of sanitation have made mind-cure, or no cure for that matter, a fairly good risk? "In its very core," Meyer says, "mind cure manifested an unavowed social dependency," and had to live in harmony with the world as it was, *however it was.* (Meyer suggests that this is expressed aesthetically in the tendency for Christian Science churches to look like banks.)

Professor of American history at UCLA, Dr. Meyer writes with particular authority (and with only an occasional academic mannerism) on the history of medicine and the history of Protestantism. His patent erudition makes his mastery of the present subject all the more impressive. How did so learned a man find time to read so much vacuous literature? In any case, he has not only read it, he has read it without—well, *almost* without—patronizing the authors. As a result, he is able to make highly original distinctions. Meyer can not only distinguish a book by Peale from a book by one of Peale's competitors; he can even distinguish Peale's books from one another!

Meyer examines the ideas in these works closely—more closely than I should have thought possible. This I suppose is the scholar's fairness at work, but there is something unfair about it too. As no one knows better than Meyer, Norman Peale is not, after all, Reinhold Niebuhr; to keep chiding the likes of Peale, Dale Carnegie and Napoleon Hill about inconsistencies and gaps in logic is to implicitly apply the standards of a world they never made and never inhabited.

(Square in Savannah)

The morning answers. In
its open palm a lily eats.

Pigeons alight on rocks over
the dark worms. Bobbing in hunger,

in ritual. Twigs return to the sun
dry, brittle. The dew descends.

At the top of trees soil
is transplanted in blue fruit.

And the cricket's shadow lengthens
in a voice under the tree. Listen!

The grasses are bending. Foam-green
extending their tips. Like shoreless

waves. A step articulating.
Uncrashing. In the wind. A blade

slaps a bird's feet. Blade and feather
lying on a note in the tower.

Jason Miller

Yet this serious reading of men w
do not normally invite or get serio
readers does turn up some amusi
situations: the fact, for example, th
Peale and his house psychiatr
Smiley Blanton, are at odds even
collaborators. Blanton, a peculiarly
serving victim of guilt by associatio
strains to accommodate Peale, but t
latter seems unaware of the effort
the reason for it.

Positive Thinkers is not co
fined to the positive thinkers. Some
the minor characters who illumina
the major ones in this drama are ma
of stronger stuff: Harry Emerson F
dick, the liberal Protestant pastor,
ging adventure but unable to concei
of its political component; Rabbi Li
man, who, cutting out the middlema
was his own Smiley Blanton. A
Meyer shows how William James w
misunderstood to an extent that h
won him ubiquity in mind-cure lit
ature.

This engaging book reveals the ch
acter of positive thinking much mo
sharply than the vituperative attac
of the early fifties did. "Spiritual au
mation" is one term Meyer uses to
scribe the positive thinker's formu
for shutting out human adventu
The term is apt (one of the ma
post-Peale scriptures is called "Au
cybernetics") and the formula esse
tial. For the computer that is ones
operates on whatever data one pr
grams into it; if the data had to c
respond to the real world, the proc
would be pointless.

Meyer blames Protestant culture
self for distrusting the political m
dle term between theology and p
chology. But one can distrust politi
solutions, yet long for them. Ev
Peale acknowledges that a hum
being is not entirely an automat
—after all, man was born imp
fect. Nevertheless, though the posit
thinker deplores the same things th
Barry Goldwater does, the rules of
game do not permit his trying to ma
society better or different.

That explains Dr. Peale's quick
treats from the right-wing movemen
to which he is naturally drawn. T
affinity is ironic in view of one of
right wing's favorite anxiety cries,
if ever a psychology was designed
undermine the moral resistance of
people, positive thinking is it. T
"thought conditioners" so zealou
prescribed by Dr. Peale reflect
mirably modern mind-cure's ba
premise: the unconditioned life is
worth living.

LSD: 'The Contact High'

Howard Junker

hough LSD was first synthesized
ıore than twenty years ago, national
lumination as to the effects of psy-
ıedelics did not occur until the Har-
ard scandal of 1962-63. University
uthorities objected to the "use" of
ndergraduates in experiments begun
ı 1960 by Professors Timothy Leary
nd Richard Alpert. Forced to leave
ambridge, Leary and Alpert, with
esearch fellow Ralph Metzner, began
hegira, first attempting to found
sychedelic communities in Newton,
lass., then in Mexico, then on a
aribbean island, finally at the
astalia Foundation in Millbrook,
. Y., where Leary lives and works
ith a small group devoted to the ex-
loration of the consciousness-expand-
ıg drugs. On the way, a great deal of
raight-out evangelism has been gen-
'ated for the experience in scores of
ctures and discussions, as well as in
scholarly journal, *The Psychedelic
eview*, and a book, *The Psychedelic
xperience* (University Books, 1964),
hich is a manual based on *The
ibetan Book of the Dead*. (Further
anuals—on scientific, therapeutic
ıd aesthetic models—are promised.)

The double-edged promise of psy-
ıedelic *exstasis* — psychosis/enlight-
ıment—is sufficiently fearsome to
eep many potential voyagers from
king a trip. The danger of flipping
ıt—permanently losing touch with
ality—is quite real, although casu-
ty rates on psychedelic experiences
e hard to come by, and perhaps
wer than one in 10,000 experiences
sults in lasting mental damage.

LSD has been used with varying
egrees of success, in psychotherapy,
well as in the training of psychia-
ists ("this is what psychotics feel
ke . . ."), the treatment of alcohol-
s, and the reduction of anxiety in
rminal cancer patients. Further, as
ldous Huxley put it, today's "aspi-
ng mystic" would be foolish to try
lf-flagellation and prolonged fast-
g. He should, Huxley advised,
ıowing "the chemical conditions of
anscendental experience . . . turn for
chnical help to the specialists. . . ."

So far LSD, psilocybin, mescaline,
al., are legally available only to
ofessional investigators, who have
led their research programs with
e Food and Drug Administration
sychedelics, which are not addic-
ve, do not come under narcotic codes), but the drugs are not hard to obtain from local connections. And now that marijuana, which is a mild psychedelic, is acknowledged kid stuff, the use of wonder drugs can be expected to increase dramatically.

For all the talk, testimonials and debate, however, there have as yet been no public sessions—after all, the drugs are illegal, and who wants gawkers anyway. But how to translate the experience into terms the uninitiated can understand: by subjective reports? scientific analyses? how-to lessons? humble question-and-answer sessions? None of these stratagems do the job, since, ultimately, either you have or haven't taken a trip yourself.

Luckily, art imitates life, and lectures-cum-demonstrations were introduced this spring at the Village Vanguard in New York. A series of Monday night sessions opened June 14 at the New Theatre, 154 East 54th St. The lean, tanned, Giotto-saintlike Leary calmly announced on the first night that in the past six months the psychedelic revolution had been won. There are now available (1) the accounts of explorers, spokesmen and publicists; (2) manuals and maps for the trip; and (3) materials to go up on.

"And tonight," Leary continued, "we are going to run a session for you. We are going to try to turn you on."

But short of a real drug-dole, how, if the experience really is Something Else, can the ordinary audio-visual techniques produce a trip? The key to the possibility of a psychedelic theatre is the notion of the "contact high"—an experience attained solely by being with—tuning into—someone who is up on the drug. Further, it seems to be possible, even though chemical traces of LSD do not linger in the brain, to lapse into or recapture psychedelic intoxication long after the actual experience.

William S. Burroughs, today's De Quincey, who attributes many scenes in *Naked Lunch* to psychedelics, tells of a Proustian reactivation of the experience when "the precise array of stimuli — music, pictures, odors, tastes" encountered during the experience are duplicated. "Anything that can be done chemically," says Burroughs, perhaps presaging a neo-Freudianism, "can be done in other ways, given sufficient knowledge of the mechanisms involved."

The psychedelic theatre attempts to stimulate multiple levels of consciousness by audio-visual bombardment. Its creators, a Woodstock, N.Y., trio publicly known as USCO, comprised of former *Playboy* correspondent and poet Gerd Stern, ex-Pop artist Steve Durkee, and electronic technician Michael Callahan, call their barrage of films, slides, kinetic sculpture, strobe lights, tapes and live actors a "multi-channel media mix."

These fancy terms are partly a tribute to the University of Toronto's communications commentator Marshall McLuhan, who takes a prominent place in the philosophical background of the psychedelic theatre, supplying contemporary technical insights to balance the Oriental mysticism of such figures as Meher Baba, who "in ancient times was called Jesus the Christ, Gotama the Buddha, Khrishna the Lover and Rama the King."

McLuhan argues that media study should concentrate on the effects of the technology on the environment, on social organization and thought, not on the programmatic content the media transmit. "The medium is the message," says McLuhan, who recalls how the invention of movable type provided universal access to the word and led to secular learning, individualism, nationalism and the assembly line. These forms, for McLuhan, are based on the model of the line-of-type, which is linear, sequential and bi-

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dimensional. In the electronic age, however, the model is circuitry, which offers multiple, simultaneous connections, as in the analog computer, Telstar and world government.

In other words, explains the USCO group, while the old-fashioned, single-screen movie with its sequential, frame-after-frame progression, worked once, we now need simultaneous, multiple images. More than that, we need a new theatre that will provide a total art, a grand combination of media.

At the New Theatre the media are: a half dozen film and slide projectors which wander and blend images over a huge screen which fills the proscenium arch; two "analog projectors" which are forms of lumia or color-organs developed by Richard Aldcroft, four diffraction hexes which are boxes in which revolve hexagonal figures studded with diffraction gratings (they break up the light like a prism) two NO-NOW-OW boxes which flash those combinations of letters with much clicking, as in an electronic brain; one presentation oscilloscope the size of a TV set; a strobe light which danced behind the screen; several sound channels ranging from the Beatles to erotic breathing; as well as a live drummer and, for the opening moments of the session, sitting on mattresses amid the media, a live "voyager" and two "guides," one of whom would—if it were for real — go up, while the other remained down, to serve as ground control.

Enumerating the equipment does not indicate its effect. The experience, like a real one, was ineffable. The oscilloscope gave out wave forms, the analog projectors oozed phantasmagorias, the film and slide projectors beamed out Buddhas, traffic signs, trampoline leaps in slow motion, rocket launchings, living cells, a woman's body. At times you could look at everything all at once. At times nothing. Horror, boredom, ecstasy, mild amusement. Though for want of time, skill and money the presentation is amateurish, especially when compared with those masterpieces of multi-screen film at the Johnson's Wax and IBM World's Fair pavilions, the psychedelic theatre is tremendously ambitious, whether it turns you on or not.

"One reason artists experiment with psychedelics," says Dr. Melvin Roman, sculptor and assistant professor at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, "involves the kinds of pressures society puts on the artist to do what the ordinary human being can't do. Many artists are panicky. They are searching for some perhaps magical way to remain in touch with themselves and still comply with the irrational demands of society."

At the first of two discussions held recently at the Coda Gallery, currently showing an exhibit of psychedelic art, Dr. Roman joined several other mind doctors to evaluate the ways an artist might profit or suffer from psychedelics. Many of the doctors had not had the experience themselves and may perhaps have been too easily tempted to dismiss it as a crutch or short cut, to reject the art as (simply) sim to that produced by psychotic tients in a mental hospital. But next week at the Coda, the dis sion involved the artists themsel They insisted that art remains h work, that during the experience self they usually had no interest painting, that the experience ope up whole new realms, led to tot new self-conceptions, gave much spiration and material for work. artist who found great pleasure painting while high, said he tried to incorporate into his work pain of coming down or losing effects of the experience. Anot artist, dissenting from the general thusiasm, said he was probably better craftsman without psyc delics, inasmuch as the experie made him too anxious to mak statement.

On the first program, Dr. Ra Metzner of the Castalia Foundat complained about the traditio Western concept of the artist as individual engrossed in trying to press his own personality. Accord to Metzner, psychedelics might h the effect of renewing a more tr tional view of artistic work, in wh the artist remained anonymous, of a group whose major effort directed to turning on the viewer

At the New Theatre, Leary ad another slant to the possibilities psychedelics: "The problem in past has been how to achieve rele [from normal banality] but n visionary experience is available everybody. And the problem is h to come back, how to incorpor what you see on the trip into ev day life."

So far the art produced as a re or under the influence of drugs not seem of great importance. (Burroughs of modern painting Henri Michaux, who showed at Cordier and Ekstrom Gallery spring.) But something new is h pening, and it may be wise to pend judgment for the moment. ride with the Castalian rhetoric:

". . . the human race has come the juncture where it must dec whether to be content with the s jugation of the material world, or strive after the conquest of the s itual world, by subjugating self desires and transcending self-impo limitations."

Howard Junker is a documentary f maker who frequently contributes film magazines.

The Bouquet

I have been arranging a bouquet in the bus.
Certain basic ferns were already seated
when I dreamed to look.

At bus stops, I choose my flowers one by one
as they wander into my bouquet.

Each adds.
Here one flips her ticket rudely in the aisle
and at once I am aware of whisky
mixing with the hanging sweat, cologne and after-shave.

Each brings.
There a youth with blackened hands and muddy, unlaced boots —
his whole face wilted in a sleep that snaps
on a broken stem.

And when their streets bounce towards them
they drop away, taking all that they have brought.

The bus moves on, carving itself brightly in and out of
the night.

Phyllis Brooks

LOVESTONE

(Continued from page 16)

ind staffed by sixty-seven Ameri- ans and thirty locals, allocates arge sums for such projects as ousing, credit unions, cooperatives, nedical clinics, rural development, ven union halls. Safe unions south f the border can apply for money ither directly from AID's coffers r from AFL-CIO pension funds, uaranteed by AID. Fully one- ourth of AID's housing program of 250 million will be funneled hrough Doherty to unionists in atin America. The most impressive roject finished so far is in Mexico ity, where a $10 million loan elped build 3,104 units for mem- ers of the Graphic Arts Workers nion. In Honduras, work is being ompleted on a more modest venture f 185 apartments. Four other proj- cts are on the drawing boards.

According to Doherty's assistant, Villiam A. Douglas: "Until March, 964, we had only a small program n Brazil. We had no people to work vith there. But quite unexpectedly he revolution overthrew Goulart nd this changed." The projects de- artment was equipped to act uickly. It cajoled out of AID, mong other things, $150,000 to uild five peasant service centers n and near Recife, a focus of peas- nt hostility.

Someone who worked with AIFLD n Bolivia explained its operations o me this way: "By the definition f AIFLD anyone who wanted a aise was a Communist. Its whole urpose was to make the 120 or o men it trained into government upporters. It was willing to do omething for union men only if hey would kick the Communists ut of their union." By way of ex- mple, there existed a good legiti- nate union in the Bolivian railroad ndustry. But after AIFLD had rained a small group of railroad vorkers, the government decided o recognize this new force, led by ajines Ovando, as the official nion. By contrast, the tin miners, olivia's largest and most militant nion, could expect no help unless ney showed an inclination to re- uce the work force in the mines nd support the now defunct Paz stenssoro regime.

With AIFLD as its anchor, Mc- lellan running the Inter-American ection of the AFL-CIO, and friends n the foreign service who accept the Lovestone doctrine, the AFL-CIO is an instrument for intervention throughout the hemisphere. A dramatic example of unofficial diplomacy at work occurred in the Dominican Republic, where last April Donald Reid Cabral, then head of the ruling junta, conferred the Order of Duarte, Sanchez y Mella on Serafino Romualdi. The AFL-CIO group in the Dominican Republic is an organization called CONATRAL. A few weeks before the first democratically elected President in the country's history was overthrown, CONATRAL ran an ad in the newspapers calling on the people to put their faith in the "armed forces" to defend them against communism. While Ambassador John Bartlow Martin was fervidly supporting Bosch, the U.S. labor attaché, the late Fred A. Somerford, was guiding CONATRAL in anti-Communist diatribes which could only undermine Bosch, who was already accused of "softness on communism." It was an open secret that Somerford, once with the Bureau of Intelligence and Research, disagreed with official policy. An obituary on Somerford states that a year after Bosch's downfall "George Meany wrote a personal letter of commendation to the deceased for his outstanding contribution to the Democratic Labor Movement of the Dominican Republic." That is the Meany-Lovestone line — to combat any force that is considered "soft"— and the tragedy is that labor movements are so pivotal in revolts and counter-revolts that AFL-CIO strategy can sometimes be enough to tip the scales. It is no accident that Christian trade union forces in Latin America are so hostile to the AFL-CIO and to ORIT. This movement, increasingly revolutionary and independent, suspects anything that smacks of Yankee control. In July, 1964, the Trade Union Bureau of the Christian Democratic Party in Chile ordered its members to quit ORIT and avoid any collaboration with the AIFLD.

Wherever the Meany-Lovestone influence has injected itself, it has left behind a debris of schism and hostility. Now its attention is turning to Africa. With the recent formation of the African-American Labor Center (AALC) by Irving Brown, a stepped-up campaign on the model of AIFLD is in the making. The object of Brown's attention here is not so much the Communists, who are weak, as it is the neutralists. Since Lovestone considers neutralism an "aide-de-camp" of communism, it is understandable that he should want to contain it and roll it back.

The African labor organizations have therefore been unreceptive to AFL-CIO blandishments. "The Western trade unions," says John K. Tettegah, president of the Ghana Trade Union Congress, "have been treating us patronizingly, attempting to impose on us the way they run their own unions, even forgetting the bloody battles they had to fight to establish their rights. What do the Western trade union bureaucrats know about our struggles for freedom from colonial rule? We resent their condescending attitude." The Africans tend to be revolutionary, Socialist, neutralist in the cold war, and anti-capitalist. They consider the Europeans who control the ICFTU too phlegmatic in fighting colonialism and neo-colonialism. They consider the AFL-CIO leadership an apologist for American intervention in the Congo.

In 1957, Brown and William Schnitzler, secretary-treasurer of the AFL-CIO, could report, after a trip to Africa, that African unionists were "looking to the democratic world" for guidance and support. About that time the ICFTU claimed twenty-one affiliates in African territories, with about 25 per cent of organized laborers on the continent. But a year later the number had fallen, according to Ghanaian sources, to 7 per cent. ICFTU secretary general, Omer Becu, admits that Western efforts have "not been as successful as we had hoped."

By contrast, Tettegah's All-African Trade Union Federation, formed in 1961, claims adherents in forty-five countries, with about 3 million members. It refuses to affiliate with either ICFTU or the left-wing World Federation of Trade Unions (WFTU). Admittedly, AATUF is not particularly active; many of its affiliates are appendages to one-party governments and perform only a minimum of collective bargaining. But the fact is that they want to go their own way, with "guidance" from neither Europe nor America. An article in a Ghana paper charges that the AFL-CIO and the ICFTU "tell African trade unionists to keep their noses out of politics and stick to sound book-keeping and bread-and-butter is-

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sues. The fact is that the era of comparative class peace and conciliation in the metropolitan countries has been bought at the expense of grinding exploitation and bloody repression in the colonies." Americans and Europeans — the article says—are trying to train Africans in the rudiments of collective bargaining and grievance handling, as if they were living in a stable, industrial milieu. But the problems of Africa require national and social revolution, bold changes in social institutions, a spirit of radicalism rather than "class peace."

In this radical, anti-Western setting, Brown's AALC hopes to stimulate workers' education, vocational training, cooperatives, health clinics, housing—much in the style of AIFLD, except that there will be somewhat more emphasis on vocational training (a tailoring institution is now operating in Kenya and there is a school for motor drivers in Nigeria). There are no businessmen on the board of this foundation. The money will come, according to an AALC brochure, from "private and public institutions"; in other words, some from the AFL-CIO, most from AID and the United States Government.

The joint United States Government-labor beneficence, operating on the rigid Lovestone thesis, can result only in divisions within African labor along the same lines as the world itself is divided. The outlines are already visible. Here is an excerpt from the letter of a European unionist who works in the international field: "It is a well-known fact that Brown supported a man called Reuben Jamela in Southern Rhodesia who mounted an artificial national center with Brown's money."

And—who knows?—perhaps the AIFLD and AALC model will next be applied to Asia. Lovestone certainly is concerned about developments there. Last year Brown visited Vietnam to cement relations with Tran-Quoc Buu, president of the Vietnamese Confederation of Labor. Buu, a moderate Christian unionist who fled from the Vietminh in the North, was also entertained in the United States under AFL-CIO auspices. The trip by Meany and Lovestone to Japan, for the founding conference of the conservative Japanese Confederation of Labor (Domei) earlier this year, was an obvious attempt to counter the neutralist and leftist tendencies
of the predominant labor feder
tion, Sohyo.

American labor leaders ce
tainly have a right to express
preference between foreign unio
controlled by Communists or ne
tralists and those with pro-Ame
can sentiments And it is certain
legitimate for them to offer gifts
cars or mimeograph machines
help the work of those they fav
But there is a line beyond whi
such aid becomes interventio
What is intolerable is not that Lov
stone and company are anti-Co
munist — virtually all unionists
the United States, including the a
thor, are philosophically opposed
communism. What *is* intolerable
the combative, deliberate attempt
set off one type of foreign unioni
against another in order to enhan
the United States position in t
cold war. What *is* intolerable is t
deliberate attempt to mold a forei
union in a barren "anti-Communis
image.

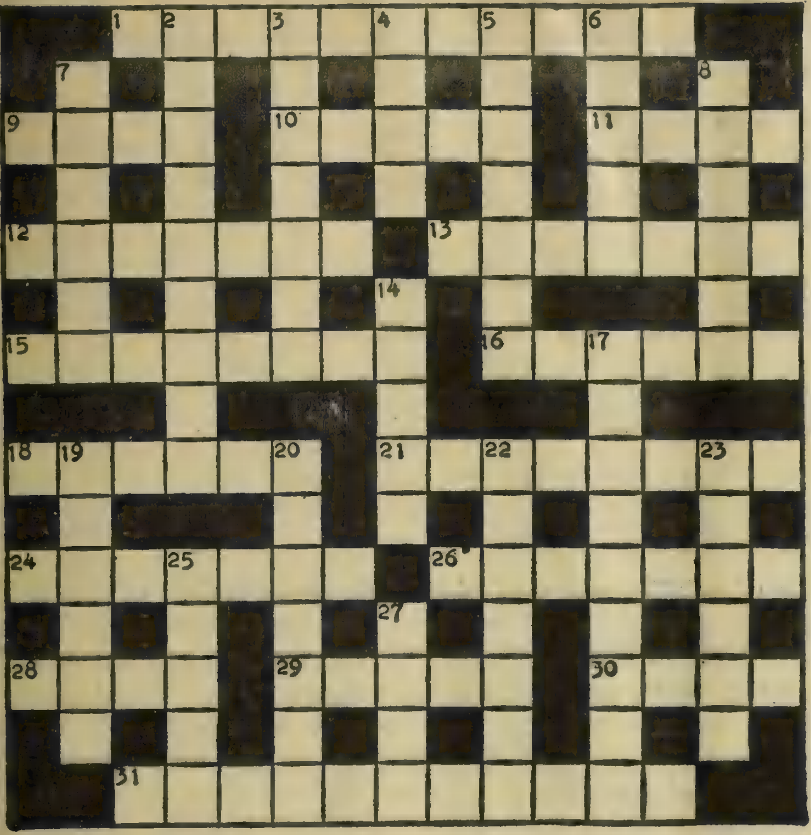
Senator Morse said in a rece
criticism of the United States ro
in international affairs that our go
ernment believes "that because
military power its dictates arou
the world will have to be obeyed
Meany, Lovestone and their adhe
ents believe that because of the
dollars—now openly flowing fro
the U.S. Treasury—unionists abro
can also be made to line up.

Back in 1951, in a brash speec
George Meany listed A.F. of L. a
complishments on the internation
front. "*Primarily due to our effort*
he said, "there has been establishe
. . . the Force Ouvrière." In Ge
many it "was *the AFL* which bro
the Communist stranglehold on t
trade unions." "*Our* European re
resentative, Irving Brown, partic
pated in cleaning the port of Ma
seilles of Communist control." "W
have established numerous contac
with resistance movements" behi
the iron curtain. "On the Chi
mainland, *we* are aiding the unde
ground democratic forces." (Em
phasis added in all cases.)

Is it consistent with the principl
of a democratic society for a sma
clique of self-appointed men to i
ject themselves into the affairs
other nations? Would it be permi
sible for the U.S. Chamber of Com
merce to contribute to a Conserv
tive force in England to depose th
Labour Party? What gives the AF
CIO a prerogative that other instit
tions don't—and shouldn't—have

Crossword Puzzle No. 1113

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Get rid of the check—the gunnery officer and the forest ranger are each concerned with it. (4, 7)

9 See 10

0, 9 and 30 Calls on an old date and dines at the best spots for observation of the exhibition, perhaps. (8, 5)

1 Willingly change your way of life? (4)

2 Doctrine in time is appalling. (7)

3 Fowler, perhaps in the romantic role of an old aviator. (7)

5 Flower that makes the irregular army go in? (8)

6 Might be dangerous to shoot them in a grand place possibly connected with a suite. (6)

8 Just takes a second, and remembers the face. (6)

1 Your wife might ask you why you got this, and the answer might be to expose something to the sun's rays. (8)

4 Might be taken to be like a long-suffering audience. (7)

6 and 28 Starts 10 to 1, perhaps, and finishes in the miscellaneous category. (4, 3, 4)

9 Poe's type of rhyme? (5)

0 See 10 across

1 See 3 down

DOWN:

2 The rest isn't easy for one, so he might as well be 31. (9)

3 8 down and 31 across How is this supposed to make one? Well, well-off for another attribute, and aware. (5, 2, 3, 3, 5, 2, 4)

4 Has what is irregularly sown. (4)

5 Sat up to row, making it in one sense more pleasant. (7)

6 Made a slipper out of a sticky thing? (5)

7 Barely getting in front of the border? (6)

8 See 3 down

14 A follower of Antisthenes, recognizable in his more fancy nickname. (5)

17 Should maintain a base below the capital, and supports the utmost inside. (9)

19 How one gets to know a king at the poles. (6)

20 Not too many cut the one with the scar. (7)

22 Where a racing driver's companion might hang out for a drink. (7)

23 Net returns, broken out and held.

25 An electrician would be least disturbed by it. (5)

27 One perhaps finding it inferior to international organization? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1112

ACROSS: 1 Carrying on; 6 Stud; 10 Navarre; 11 Errands; 12 Ears; 13 Blasphemer; 15 Bretons; 16 Perturb; 17 Rhubarb; 20 Ocarina; 22 Butternuts; 23 Peri; 25 Lamella; 26 Elegiac; 27 Soda; 28 Rifle range. DOWN: 1 Canterbury bells; 2 and 24 Reverse gear; 3 Yard; 4 Needles; 5 Opens up; 7 Tinamou; 8 Describe a circle; 9 Arthurian 14 Donatello; 18 Untamed; 19 Bengali; 20 Outsell; 21 Iberian.

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1865 Centennial Year 1965

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THE PENTAGON'S DILEMMA

GOLIATH and the GUERRILLA

Eric Hobsbawm

'65 SCHWERING

Global Tremors from Algeria

Alexander Werth

The Question of SNCC

Jack Newfield

STRATFORD ACCEPTS SHAKESPEARE

Julius Novick

LETTERS

Birthday

Washington, D.C.
Dear Sirs: The Nation's 100th birthday is an event of national and even international importance and properly an occasion for rejoicing. . . . That a publication militantly independent, courageous and free can endure through the critical eras of world wars and economic disaster and maintain its fearless role of dissent and high quality of expression is a triumph of hopefulness for attainment of the goals to which mankind must continually aspire. . . . I consider myself fortunate indeed to have been one of its editors on two occasions. . . . May *The Nation's* spirit and high purpose continue unflagging for the next century. *Sen. Ernest Gruening*

Two Rivers, Wis.
Dear Sirs: The birthday greetings you printed in your July 5 number remind me of a statement most appropriate, made by Edmund Burke:

> *All that is necessary for the forces of evil to win the world is for enough good men to do nothing.*

The good men and women who expose the forces of evil in your admirable magazine are one of the safeguards of our liberties and decency. May you prosper and grow even more effective in the next 100 years!

Lee H. Gregory
Joseph Mann Library

World bore

Palo Alto, Calif.
Dear Sirs: Some will thank you for dedicating your June 28 issue to the UN on its 20th Anniversary. Yet this issue was a bore because the UN is a bore, a fact I first realized when I dropped in on the funereal proceedings at the Opera House. (The counter-commemoration on the sidewalks across the street by those opposing the Vietnam war was much more lively and better attended.)

Here we heard President Johnson call upon the UN diplomats to "use their influence . . . to bring to the tables those who seem determined to make war" (as though he himself were not the most determined of all!). . . . Yet this fantastically cynical and hypocritical speech was applauded! On the other hand, the Russian delegate Federenko was booed when he made a quietly reasonable reply, and Adlai Stevenson's flippant dismissal of Federenko was applauded. Apparently the jackals know who butters their bread. Why would anyone advocate the strengthening of such a group? . . .

I would hate to be such a pessimist as to think this organization as it exists today is our only hope for peace. Indeed, those of us who want peace with justice must cease hovering over this defunct dream, waiting for it to play Lazarus, and should seek some more hopeful solution to the world's problems. At the very least, we must call for the relocation of the UN headquarters to remove the intimidating influence of a partisan U.S. audience.

V. Hanly

Private test

New York City
Dear Sirs: Robert Hatch writes [*The Nation*, June 21] that his "private test for the validity of the Lincoln Center Repertory under its new management is how soon it schedules *Sergeant Musgrave's Dance.*" It would be a boon if all standards prove so congenial.

Actually *Sergeant Musgrave* needs neither a Broadway stage nor, as Mr. Hatch suggests, the resources of Lincoln Center, but merely the right will at the right time. We would like another crack at the play on our new stage but we passed Mr. Hatch's test several years ago in San Francisco —when we introduced John Arden to America.

As soon as we came to New York we tried to secure the rights again, but no sooner did we show interest than a dormant production announced itself in the press. On the off-chance that the producer changes his mind, let it be known we are ready and available.

Herbert Blau
Jules Irving
The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center

Origin of violence

Long Beach, Calif.
Dear Sirs: What a pertinent coincidence! John Paul Scott writes in "The Anatomy of Violence" [*The Nation*, June 21]: "In short, the major cause of outbreaks of destructive violence in animals is acute social disorganization." In the very next article, "Teach-Ins: New Force for the Times," Arnold S. Kaufman quotes Walter Lippmann as follows: "The essential fact about these disorders is that they are at bottom indigenous to the countries where the social order is broken down, not originally, not essentially, conspiracies engineered from the centers of Communist power." *Samuel Whitman*

Catching up

Godfrey, Ill.
Dear Sirs: Please, another correction concerning *The Young Guard.* It is *not,* as you erroneously reported in your editorial, "The Smell of Bond" (April 12), an organ of Young Americans for Freedom. It is *also not*, as you were corrected by Hashomer Hatzair, a publication issued by YAF with the same name as one published by the Zionist-Socialist group. For fact, Young Americans for Freedom's magazine is called *The New Guard.*

I swear it! I read *The New Guard* because I believe its political philosophy. I also read *The Nation* because I believe it is one of the best written publications on the market. Thanks to American freedom we are allowed to read either or both sides of any issue. *John Boland*

THE
NATION

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EDITORIALS

Goliath's Peril

Eric Hobsbawm's article on guerrilla warfare (p. 33) should be required reading in the White House and in the Pentagon. In the Pentagon population especially there are a certain number of military men and civilian advisers who are not hidebound by profession. At some juncture, as the Vietnamese horror drags on, and American casualties mount with no end in sight, misgivings might be reinforced by something Hobsbawn said.

What is to be noted is that all the belligerents in Southeast Asia, and their supporters near and far, are endangered, and the United States not least. At the end of his article Hobsbawm warns that the United States will either come to terms with reality in that corner of the world (and if it can do it there it can do it elsewhere) or "sooner or later it will blast off those missiles." The missiles are not nuclear now, nor need they be for some time, but the nuclear denouement is in plain sight. The Strategic Air Command is already bombing in South Vietnam, partly because it wanted to get into the act, but also as a matter of military policy consonant with Lyndon B. Johnson's character and mode of operation. At first it seemed absurd to send B-52s to bomb jungle areas in which the population density of Vietcong could only be small, and in which there were no targets that could be detected visually or by radar. But this was to mistake the purpose of SAC's participation. Any damage to the Vietcong that resulted would be incidental—the real target was and is Red China. The Chinese probably were not under the impression that the B-52s could carry only nuclear bombs, as Joseph Alsop has suggested; aircraft of this load capacity can be adapted for any type of explosive, or drop rocks if desired. But Alsop is right when he argues that in assigning priority to nuclear development, the Chinese have given hostages to fortune, hostages, moreover, which must be well-nigh irresistible to the American military elite and their political colleagues. The precise coordinates of the Chinese nuclear installations are known, and the chances are that the plants are not sufficiently hardened to survive conventional bombing, which can be applied on a scale much larger than in World War II. In this respect the Chinese have more to lose than in the Korean War, and that danger probably accounts, at least in part, for their failure to suit the action to the word. For its part, the Pentagon strategists would like nothing better than for the Chinese to give them grounds for a series of strikes against the nuclear plants.

That would not be the end, but the beginning. The Chinese would have lost their gamble in going nuclear, but they would still have enough military strength to threaten all of Southeast Asia, India, Hong Kong, etc. Millions of American ground troops would be required to contain these hordes (the favorite Pentagon term), and nuclear weapons would be the only way of doing the job cheaply. And that would be the slide into nuclear war, for the Soviet Union and the United States, and for those allies who were not quick enough and fortunate enough to extricate themselves.

Ring Loud the Tocsin!

A substantial section of the journalistic trade continues to improvise on the theme that the United States stands in mortal danger of being subverted by domestic Communists. Apparently there is no protection, however diligently the writers seek out the hidden foe and rally alarmed citizens to the country's defense. The greatest present peril, it seems, comes from an unexpected quarter. The Old Bolsheviks are passing from the scene, but their offspring carry on with redoubled virulence. Read all about it in a series of articles by Vera Glaser, syndicated by the North American Newspaper Alliance and inserted in the *Congressional Record — Senate,* June 14, by the Hon. Roman L. Hruska (Goldwater R., Neb.).

Mrs. Glaser describes how "Moscow-inspired agitators have fastened like evil parasites on the civil rights and Vietnam controversies." These young demons carry the torch but no party cards, and usually call themselves progressives, Socialists or Marxists. Under such labels they dupe their contemporaries, largely at the colleges, and at the same time avoid prosecution under the Smith and McCarran Acts. Mrs. Glaser names names, and it seems evident that the parents have been more successful with their children than with the American working class.

So the virus spreads. It is enough to sicken one with higher education. Indeed, if Louis Harris' recent poll on the motivation behind the campus teach-ins is an indication, a split is opening up between the college-bred and the less schooled. Asked, "Do you think the disagreement of college professors and students with U.S. policies in Vietnam is mainly the result of honest disagreement, or do you think it is mainly the result of organized radical activity in colleges today?" 81 per cent of college students thought honest differences were involved, and only 19 per cent blamed radicals. (There were no "not-sures," which is unusual in public-opinion polls.) Among college

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated Aug. 2, Aug. 16 and Aug. 30.

graduates the split was 58/30, with 12 per cent uncertain. But those with only a high school education voted almost exactly the opposite (27/57/16), along with grade school graduates and dropouts (29/54/17). Non-collegians tended to be sure the radicals were at the bottom of it all. There was also a sharp split between age groups: citizens younger than 34 responded 56/31/13 in favor of honest disagreement, while those over 50 perceived the cloven hoof of radicalism in the ratio of 25/64/11.

Mr. Harris concludes that "chasms and splits are beginning to take place along political and intellectual lines," triggering "a profoundly new division in American society whose final consequences are yet to emerge." If the spawn of the Old Bolsheviks have so shaken American society, one might suspect that it was shaky to begin with, but the oracles of doom may decide that all is not yet lost. They can pin their hopes on those other young people, largely college students, who rioted over the Fourth of July weekend. These exuberant if destructive youngsters have resisted the virus and just want to fight the cops, which Mrs. Glaser and Senator Hruska can welcome as good preparation for the holocaust in Asia that the teenage leftists, and some of their professors, are so traitorously resisting.

Relevancies and Irrelevancies

The real or rumored vices and virtues of every American President are a favorite topic of conversation in latrines, living rooms and board rooms—and in editorial offices. The topic is one naturally favored by political writers, since it will always find readers, but the result usually has no more significance than fan-magazine psychologizing about the latest adulteries among movie stars. One of the President's roles is, in fact, to be the country's leading entertainer. A certain percentage of voters view him from no other standpoint. Another, probably smaller, segment doesn't care much one way or the other about the Presidential personality, but judges him by his policies and actions. There is, nevertheless, some interplay between the personal and political images; applied to the current tenant of the White House, this means that how he looks to a particular viewer on television may depend on how that viewer feels about U.S. policy in Vietnam. Any other hot topic will have the same effect.

After the death of President Kennedy, Mr. Johnson rode a wave of popularity compounded of sympathy for a human being catapulted without warning into an office which calls rather for divine attributes, and a feeling of relief that government proceeded as before. A subsequent wave of relief followed the defeat of Senator Goldwater. But, as Tom Wicker points out in *The New York Times*, no political honeymoon can last. Disillusionment is setting in, and since politics is not only the art of the possible but also the art of the extravagant, Mr. Johnson's faults will no doubt be overemphasized, as they were underemphasized earlier. His sensitivity to criticism, the public sweetness which conceals a private rudeness verging o brutality, the evangelism which alternates with tot reliance on force, are now being played up by som of the commentators. But these qualities were we known long before John F. Kennedy chose Mr. John son as his running mate in 1960. It is only that fiercer light beats upon the man in the Presidenc than the man in the Senate, and of course the ma himself is enlarged, for better or worse, by the offic

What harms Mr. Johnson's image most, in th eyes of the intellectual community, or that part o it which inclines toward social criticism and dissent is simply the war in Vietnam. Mr. Johnson's over reaction in the Dominican Republic tends to the sam effect, but not to the same degree. The bombings i North and South Vietnam, against only token opposition so far, the spectacle of the greatest military powe in the world self-righteously destroying a small country, belie the traditional picture of a benevolent Uncl Sam—and Mr. Johnson is Uncle Sam personified This is not the age of chivalry, but one does not nee to be a pacifist or a bleeding heart to find our rol in Vietnam utterly revolting. No one really cares how Mr. Johnson behaves toward the White House staff except the members of the staff, and if Mr. Johnson can devise a way to end the slaughter in Vietnam he will find that the problem of his public image will solve itself—and without recourse to flattering endorsements by friendly journalists.

A Kind of Charity

Ed Ball, the roly-poly dictator of the du Pont's billion-dollar empire in Florida [see "Florida's Railroad War: A Few Sticks of Dynamite" by Robert G. Sherrill, *The Nation*, March 9, 1964], has finally been pinned down on one of the tax maneuvers for which he is famous. His St. Joe Paper Co., hub of a million acres of du Pont timberland, has admitted undervaluing its stocks and bonds for tax purposes by $90 million from 1962 through 1964.

The testimony given before Rep. Wright Patman's banking committee last year to this effect was correct and should have been pursued more enthusiastically by Congress. Miami Mayor Robert King High testified that the paper company was welching on its taxes. Ball denied it. Florida Comptroller Ray Green sided with Ball. Now, after a lapse of a year and after continued prodding by a couple of Florida newspapers, Green (who, by the way, is in partnership with Ball in an insurance company) admits that further study of the du Pont books shows that, sure enough, they *were* shortchanging the tax collector. This, by Green's admission, was the first time in thirty years that the state has looked into the du Pont books. The shortage was termed "an honest mistake." Thus, the first lesson to be learned from this turn of events is that if Ball is to be held in check, it must be done at the federal level; Florida officials are either afraid of him or in league with him.

The second thing it teaches is that Representative

Patman, whose committee is once again considering ways for bringing the du Pont estate under the Bank Holding Act, from which it was curiously excluded in 1956, cannot put full faith in anything Ball tells him until he has it checked. The du Pont estate claims to be a charitable venture; those thirty banks, those two railroads, that telephone company, that paper company — all operated fundamentally for charity? Last year Ball's sister, Mrs. Jessie du Pont, earned $9 million from the estate and only $1 million was marked for charity. This imbalance, this mere tithing, is alone enough to discredit all claims for special treatment. But considering what was disclosed when just a little investigation was made into the du Pont estate's handling of its taxes, there seems very good reason to study the details of its "charity."

An Old Myth Fades

The end of the Mexican *bracero* (imported farm labor) program last December triggered the usual spate of stories about how California's perishable produce crops would "rot in the fields" for lack of workers to harvest them. Sen. George Murphy — a one-time excellent soft-shoe dancer and now the state's junior Senator—estimated crop losses of perhaps $1 billion. The season is not over, but it now seems clear that the effect on the state's $3.6 billion farm economy has been slight. "The state's growers in general," reports Harry Bernstein in the *Los Angeles Times*, "have weathered the *bracero* program's end without the predicted disastrous results."

Financially they have fared very well indeed. Rumors of the threatened—and widely publicized—labor shortage had the effect of advancing prices for some crops. Farm wage rates have shown a substantial increase, but this increase, coupled with improvements in working conditions, brought some 20,000 more workers into the fields than had been expected. Lettuce prices have advanced, but the increase cannot be attributed to the shortage of farm labor; the higher wages represent no more than one-half of 1 per cent for each head of lettuce. Actually, the lettuce crop was up substantially over last year and the shipper-growers declared a "shipping holiday" to prevent a glut on the market. For a time they were harvesting only four days a week and the effect was to force prices up. Later in the season, there may be some labor shortages but thus far the transition has been effected with at the most mild inconvenience and minimum losses. Asparagus growers, who suffered some crop losses because of labor shortages, will actually gross about $2.5 million more this year than last and net about $1 million more. And the economy of the state, due to the increase in farm wage rates, should be stimulated. Social myths like old soldiers never die; but this year's experience in California indicates that one of the hoariest of myths—"the-crops-will-rot-in-the-fields-unless-we-get-cheap-imported-labor"—is fading away.

Global Tremors from Algeria . . .

Alexander Werth

Paris

On July 3, exactly a fortnight after the sudden overthrow of Ben Bella, Mr. Rheda Malek, the new Algerian Ambassador to France, presented his credentials to General de Gaulle. Malek had been appointed while Ben Bella was still in power. The meeting was cold and very formal. There were many reasons, said de Gaulle, why France felt an interest in and sympathy for Algeria. It understood the various difficulties with which the newly independent Algeria was faced and, whatever the ups and downs, would continue to help. Malek said in reply that the last three years had shown that France and Algeria "needed each other," and that their cooperation was "possible, desirable and highly promising." Leaving the Elysée, he declared that the meeting with de Gaulle had been "most cordial." It was nothing of the sort.

Of course, France "needs" Algeria, insofar as it owns a large part of that country's oil; but Algeria "needs" France even more: French subsidies are what have kept Algeria going, and the "co-operation" (which is the Gaullist euphemism for this aid) has been very much a one-way affair.

De Gaulle, who had a soft spot for Ben Bella, expected the Afro-Asian conference to provide a sort of apotheosis for the Algerian President, displaying him as one of the most prominent figures, perhaps even *the* most prominent of the "Third World." It was known that Ben Bella had at one stage played with the idea of inviting as honorary guests to this Second Bandung only three non-Afro-Asian leaders: Castro, Tito — and de Gaulle. The Chinese apparently objected, and the idea was dropped. Nevertheless, de Gaulle continued to regard Ben Bella as his chief contact man with the underdeveloped countries, and his coming triumph well suited the General. But it did not suit Colonel Boumedienne and countless other Algerian politicians. After Ben Bella's domination of the Second Bandung, after the immense popularity he would have acquired from the international Youth Festival in Algiers planned for this month, after the prestige of his meeting with de Gaulle, scheduled for a little later in the year, it would have been extremely difficult to get rid of him. Ben Bella's overthrow, only a few days before the Second Bandung, was a now-or-never project.

Algeria is, as one French economist put it, an "increasingly underdeveloped country," with appalling unemployment and poverty. And yet, paradoxically, Ben Bella continued to be popular with the common people. To them he was a hero—one of the organizers of the revolt against the French in 1954, a man who had spent six years in French jails, and who had, since then, "imposed" himself on the outside world. Ben Bella had made an effective appearance before the UN, he enjoyed the friendship of the Russians and of Nasser, was a Hero of the Soviet Union, had won for Algeria a special place among the Third World countries and from Gaullist France the most friendly and generous "cooperation." At home, he behaved like a dictator, but not like a bloodthirsty one; many had been fired or arrested, but almost no one had been executed under the Ben Bella regime.

But he had failed to build up a coherent party; rather like de Gaulle, he thought he was deriving sufficient strength from his "communion" with the people. He had contempt for his fellow politicians, treating them as pawns in his political game. Although, two days before his fall, he still declared in a speech at Oran that "our Socialist regime is more united than ever," those in the know were aware that something was brewing below the surface. Boumedienne, head of the army, had helped to defeat Ben Khedda and to install Ben Bella in 1962; but for the last two years, the colonel had been building up his political strength, winning over more and more of those men who seemed to be Ben Bella's friends and supporters. In reality, as *Le Monde* put it, Ben Bella was, toward the end, surrounded by men who were "enemies and courtiers" — usually both — and his downfall was a kind of Shakespearean drama of treason and cowardice. Ben Bella suspected treachery; he intended to sack two of Boumedienne's stooges in his immediate entourage — Bouteflika, his foreign minister, and Cherif Belkacem, his minister of education—and, later, to get rid of Boumedienne himself. But he was not unduly worried about the army, for the people were anti-militarist, judging the army to be both reactionary and economically overprivileged, and he thought he had friends there, above all, the chief of staff, Tahar Zbiri. However, it was Zbiri who personally arrested Ben Bella in the night of June 18-19.

With the departure of Ben Bella, Algeria was no longer the "pilot nation" of the Third World. There were no major riots against Boumedienne's *coup d'état* (for Boumedienne, though hated by the people, was also feared); but there were just enough disorders and demonstrations to make the meeting of the Second Bandung in Algiers impossible. The students protested, and so did the irrepressible street kids of Algiers. Somebody—the Egyptians, Boumedienne's people say—even caused an explosion in the building where the Second Bandung Conference was to take place. For several days there was complete international chaos. The Chinese, determined that the Afro-Asian conference should take place, hastened to recognize the Boumedienne regime; students in Algiers thereupon publicly burned the Chinese flag. The Chinese were in bad company: Syria was the only Arab country that hastened to recognize Boumedienne; among the few other "Bandung" powers to do so were South Vietnam, Indonesia and Ethiopia. To this day the nine African states of the Commonwealth have not acknowledged the new regime. Boumedienne's relations with Egypt are particularly strained, since Nasser was alleged to have surrounded Ben Bella by countless "advisers." Nasser's plea for Ben Bella's life met with stony silence from Algeria's new rulers, and no one on the outside knows whether he is alive or not. If Nasser is angry, the Russians are at least much perturbed. Boumedienne has made it clear that he intends to pursue an "Islamic form of socialism from above," an approach which has nothing in common with Marxism; he has expelled the correspondent of the Communist *L'Humanité* and closed down the Algiers office of the Cuban news agency.

The Chinese realized belatedly that they had made a mistake in recognizing Boumedienne; they had been willing to pay almost any price to save the Afro-Asian conference—where they hoped to show up Russia's "dishonest" policy in Vietnam. But by eliminating Ben Bella and by provoking demonstrations which made it impossible to hold the Afro-Asian conference in Algiers, Boumedienne has struck what may be a fatal blow to "Second Bandung." It has now been "postponed" until November 5, but it seems extremely doubtful that if it is held at all, the conference will convene at Algiers. Ben Bella had successfully groomed himself as the spokesman of "the whole of Africa." Boumedienne appears to have no international ambitions. He is a hard, fanatical Mosle hostile, as one French paper put "to all Western ideologies, a above all, to Marxism." Alrea there are signs that the emanci tion of women, which Ben Be wholeheartedly supported, is s fering a setback. (Thousands women vociferously protested t *coup d'état.*)

The new Algerian leader dislik Ben Bella's "self-managemen technique, closely modeled on th of Yugoslavia, and stands for more rigid kind of "state soci ism"; one of his few assets is t relative economic success of t state farms run by the army. F all his fanatical dedication Islam, he wants to ingratiate hi self with the West by pursuing sharply anti-Communist policy. Ben Bella appeared to be pro-Ru sian (and pro-Nasser), rather th pro-Chinese, Boumedienne is ne ther. In one of his rare statemen he stressed the need for still clos "cooperation" with France, despi de Gaulle's obvious distaste for th changes in Algeria. The American it seems, think they can cash in o this very curious situation. As Jea Daniel writes in *Le Nouvel Obse vateur*, they are already "tactlessl trying to exploit the anti-commu nism of the Boumedienne grou and in a way that "can only com promise them"; American diplomat are in close contact with Boumed enne and much has been made c the 12,000 tons of American whea which was refused to Egypt bu has now been sent to Algeria.

Algeria will be interesting t watch in the next few months. I seems to be finished as the pivota nation of the Third World. Wil it in fact abandon "socialism" Some are already saying that Be Bella (like Peron in the Argentine will remain (whether dead o alive) the hero of the underdog— of whom there are millions in Al geria. Will Boumedienne be mor successful than Ben Bella in th economic field? Finally, will Al geria, like so many other places i Africa, become the scene of more or less discreet competitio between France and the Unite States? Meantime, as a result primarily of internal Algerian rivalries, a conference of perhaps the most far-reaching consequences in Vietnam and elsewhere has been "postponed," and the Third World itself has entered a period of acute crisis.

The Pentagon's Dilemma

GOLIATH AND THE GUERRILLA

Eric Hobsbawn

London

Three things have won conventional wars in this century: greater reerves of manpower, greater indusrial potential, and a reasonably unctioning system of civilian administration. The strategy of the United States in the past two decades has been based on the hope hat the second of these (in which it is supreme) would offset the first, n which the USSR was believed to have the edge. This theory was based on faulty arithmetic in the days when the only war envisaged was one against Russia, for the Warsaw Pact powers have no greater population than NATO. The West was merely more reluctant to mobilize its manpower in conventional ways. However, at present the argument is probably more valid, for some of the Western states (like France) will almost certainly stay neutral in any world war that is likely, and China alone has more men than all the Western powers likely to fight in concert. At all events, whether the arguments were right or wrong, the United States has since 1945 put its money entirely on the superiority of its industrial power, on its capacity to throw into a war more machinery and more explosives than anyone else.

Consequently, it has been badly shaken to discover that a new method of winning wars has been developed in our time, and that it more than offsets the organization and industrial power of conventional military operations. That is guerrilla war, and the number of Goliaths who have been felled by Davids with slingshots is now very impressive: the Japanese in China, the Germans in wartime Yugoslavia, the British in Israel, the French in Indo-China and Algeria. At present the United States itself is undergoing the same treatment in South Vietnam. Hence the anguished attempts to pit bombs against small men behind trees, or to discover the gimmick (for surely there must be one?) which allows a few thousand ill-armed peasants to hold at bay

the greatest military power on earth. Hence also the simple refusal to believe that it can be so. If the United States is baffled it must be due to some other—measurable and bombable—reason: to the aggressive North Vietnamese, who actually sympathize with their Southern brothers and smuggle trickles of supplies to them; to the terrible Chinese who have the nerve to possess a common border with North Vietnam; and no doubt eventually to the Russians. Before common sense flies completely out of the window, it is therefore worth taking a look at the nature of modern guerrilla war.

There is nothing new about operations of a guerrilla type. Every peasant society is familiar with the "noble" bandit or Robin Hood who "takes from the rich to give to the poor" and escapes the clumsy traps of soldiers and policemen until he is betrayed. For as long as no peasant will give him away and as long as plenty will tell him about the movements of his enemies, he really is as immune to hostile weapons and as invisible to hostile eyes as the legends and songs about such bandits invariably claim.

Both the reality and the legend are to be found in our age, literally from China to Peru. Like the military resources of the bandit, those of the guerrilla are the obvious ones: elementary armaments reinforced by a detailed knowledge of difficult and inaccessible terrain, mobility, physical endurance superior to that of the pursuers, but above all a refusal to fight on the enemy's terms, in concentrated force, and face to face. But the guerrilla's major asset is nonmilitary and without it he is helpless: he must have the sympathy and support, active and passive, of the local population. Any Robin Hood who loses it is dead, and so is any guerrilla. Every textbook of guerrilla warfare begins by pointing this out, and it is the one thing that military instruction in "counterinsurgency" cannot teach.

The main difference between the ancient, and in most peasant societies endemic, form of band operation and the modern guerrilla is that the Robin Hood type of social bandit has extremely modest and limited military objectives (and usually only a very small and localized force). The test of a guerrilla group comes when it sets itself such ambitious tasks as the overthrow of a political regime or the expulsion of a regular force of occupiers, and especially when it sets out to do this not in some remote corner of a country (the "liberated area") but over an entire national territory. Until the early 20th century hardly any guerrilla movements faced this test: they operated in extremely inaccessible and marginal regions — mountain country is the commonest example — or opposed relatively primitive and inefficient governments, native or foreign. Guerrilla actions have sometimes played an important part in major modern wars, either alone in exceptionally favorable conditions, as with the Tyrolese against the French in 1809, or more usually, as ancillaries to regular forces—during the Napoleonic Wars, for example, or

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in our century in Spain and Russia. However, by themselves and for any length of time, they almost certainly had little more than nuisance value, as in Southern Italy, where Napoleon's French were never seriously inconvenienced by them. That may be one reason why they did not much preoccupy military thinkers until the 20th century. Another reason, which may explain why even revolutionary soldiers did not think much about them, was that practically all effective guerrillas were ideologically conservative, even if socially rebellious. Few peasants had been converted to left-wing political views or followed left-wing political leaders.

The novelty of modern guerrilla war, therefore, is not so much military. The guerrillas of today may have at their disposal much better equipment than did their predecessors, but they are still invariably much worse armed than their opponents (they derive a large part of their armament — in the early stages, probably most of it—from what they can capture, buy or steal from the other side, and not, as Pentagon folklore holds, from foreign supplies). Until the ultimate phase of guerrilla war, when the guerrilla force becomes an army, and may actually face and defeat its adversaries in open battle, as at Dienbienphu, there is nothing in the purely military pages of Mao, Vo Nguyen Giap, Che Guevara or other manuals of guerrilla warfare, which a traditional *guerrillero* or band leader would regard as other than simple common sense.

The novelty is political, and it is of two kinds. First, situations are now more common when the guerrilla force can rely on mass support in widely different areas of its country. It does so in part by appealing to the common interest of the poor against the rich, the oppressed against the government; and in part by exploiting nationalism or the hatred of foreign occupiers (often of another color). It is, once again, only the folklore of military experts that "peasants want only to be left alone." They don't. When they have no food, they want food; when they have no land, they want land; when they are cheated by the officials of a remote capital, they want to get rid of them. But above all they want rights as men and, when ruled by foreigners, to get rid of the foreigners. One ought to add that an effective guerrilla war is possible only in countries in which such appeals can be successfully made to a high percentage of the rural population in a high proportion of the country's territory. One of the major reasons for the defeat of guerrilla war in Malaya and Kenya was that these conditions did not obtain: the guerrillas were drawn almost entirely from among the Chinese or Kikuyu, whereas the Malays (the rural majority) and the rest of Kenya remained largely outside the movement.

The second political novelty is the nationalization not only of support for the guerrillas but of the guerrilla force itself, by means of parties and movements of national and sometimes international scope. The partisan unit is no longer a purely local growth; it is a body of permanent and mobile cadres around whom the local force is formed. They link it with other units into a "guerrilla army" capable of nation-wide strategy and of being transformed into a "real" army. They also link it with the noncombatant national movement in general, and the politically decisive cities in particular. This implies a fundamental change in the character of such forces; it does *not* mean that guerrilla armies are now composed of hard-core revolutionaries infiltrated from outside. However numerous and enthusiastic the volunteers, the outside recruitment of guerrillas is limited partly by technical considerations, partly because many potential recruits, especially from among city intellectuals and workers, are simply not qualified; they lack the sort of experience which only guerrilla action or peasant life can give. Guerrillas may be started by a nucleus of cadres, but even a totally infiltrated force such as the Communist units which maintained themselves for some years after 1945 in Aragon (Spain) soon had to begin systematically recruiting among the local population. The bulk of any successful guerrilla force is always likely to consist of local men, or of professional fighters who were once recruited as local men, and the military advantages of this are immense, as Che Guevara has pointed out, for the local man "has his friends, to whom he can make a personal appeal for help; he knows the terrain and all the things that are likely to happen in the region; and he will also have the extra enthusiasm of the man who is defending his own home."

But if the guerrilla force is amalgam of outside cadres and cal recruits, it will neverthele have been entirely transformed. will not only have unprecedent cohesion, discipline and morale, c veloped by systematic education (literacy as well as military tec niques) and political training b unprecedented long-range mobilit The "Long March" transferred Ma Red army from one end of Chi to the other, and Tito's partisa achieved similar migrations aft similar defeats. And wherever th guerrilla army goes, it will app the essential principles of guerril war which are, almost by definitio inapplicable by orthodox force (1) To pay for everything supplie by the local population; (2) not rape the local women; (3) to brin land, justice and schools wherev they go; and (4) never to live be ter than, or otherwise than, the l cal inhabitants.

Such forces, operating part of a nation-wide political mov ment and under conditions of popu lar support, have proved themselve extraordinarily formidable. At the best they simply cannot be defeate by orthodox military operation Even when less successful, the can be defeated, according to th calculations of British counterinsu gency experts in Malaya and else where, only by a *minimum* of te men on the ground for every singl guerrilla; that is to say, in Sout Vietnam by a *minimum* of some thing like a million Americans an puppet Vietnamese. (In fact, th 8,000 Malayan guerrillas immob lized 140,000 soldiers and police men.) As the United States is no discovering, orthodox military meth ods are quite beside the point bombs don't work unless there i something other than paddies t make craters in. The "official" o foreign forces soon realize that th only way to fight guerrillas is by at tacking their base, i.e., the civilia population. Various ways of doin this have been proposed, from th old-fashioned Nazi method of treat ing all civilians as potential guer rillas, through more selective mas sacre and torture, to the presentl popular device of kidnaping entir populations and concentrating them in fortified village compounds, i the hope of depriving the guerrilla of their indispensable source of sup plies and intelligence. The U.S forces, with their usual taste fo olving social problems by technological means, appear to have a preference for destroying everything over large areas, presumably in the hope either that all guerrillas in the area will be killed along with the rest of the human, animal and vegetable life, or that somehow all those trees and underbrush will be vaporized, leaving the guerrillas standing up and visible, where they can be bombed like real soldiers. Barry Goldwater's plan to defoliate the Vietnamese forests by nuclear bombs was no more grotesque than what is actually being attempted along these lines.

The difficulty with such methods is that they merely confirm the local population in their support of the guerrillas, and provide the latter with a constant supply of recruits. Hence the anti-guerrillas devise plans to cut the ground from under the enemy's feet by improving the economic and social conditions of the local population, rather in the manner of King Frederick William I of Prussia who is reported to have run after his subjects in Berlin, beating them with his stick and shouting: "I want you to love me." But it is not easy to convince people that their conditions are being improved while their wives and children are being drenched in burning oil, especially when the people doing the drenching live (by Vietnamese standards) like princes.

Anti-guerrilla governments are more likely to talk about, say, giving peasants the land, than actually doing it, but even when they carry out a series of such reforms they do not necessarily gain the gratitude of the peasants. Oppressed peoples do not want economic improvement alone. The most formidable insurrectionary movements (including very notably the Vietnamese) are those that combine national and social elements. A people who want bread and *also* independence cannot be conciliated merely by a more generous distribution of bread. The British met the revolutionary agitation of the Irish under Parnell and Davitt in the 1880s by a combination of coercion and economic reform, and not without success—but this did not forestall the Irish revolutionary movement which threw them out in 1916-22.

Nevertheless, there are limitations to a guerrilla army's ability to win a war, though it usually has effective means to avoid losing one.

In the first place, guerrilla strategy is by no means applicable everywhere on a national scale, and that is why it has failed, or partly failed, in a number of countries, e.g., Malaya and Burma. Internal divisions and hostilities — racial, religious, etc.—within a country or a region may limit the guerrilla base to one part of the people, while automatically providing a potential base for anti-guerrilla action in another. To take an obvious case: the Irish Revolution of 1916-22, essentially a guerrilla operation, succeeded in the twenty-six counties but not in Northern Ireland, despite a common frontier and active or passive help from the south. (The British Government, by the way, never made this sympathy an excuse to drop bombs on the Shannon barrage in order to force the Dublin government to cease its aggression against the free world.)

Again, there may be peoples so inexperienced or so lacking in effective cadres as to allow large-scale and wide-based guerrilla insurrections to be suppressed, at least for some time. That is perhaps the case in Angola. Or the geography of a country may facilitate local guerrilla action, but make coordinated general guerrilla warfare remarkably difficult (as perhaps in some Latin American countries). Or a people may be simply too small to win independence by direct action without major outside aid against a combination of occupying countries determined to suppress them. This may be the case with the Kurds, superb and persistent guerrilla fighters of the traditional kind, but who have never achieved their independence.

Beyond these obstacles which vary from country to country, there is the problem of cities. However great the support for the movement in the cities, however urban the origin of its leaders, cities and especially capital cities are the last places a guerrilla army will capture or, unless very badly advised, tackle. The Chinese Communists' road to Shanghai and Canton ran via Yenan. The Italian and French resistance movements timed their urban insurrections (Paris, 1944; Milan and Turin, 1945) for the very last moments before the arrival of Allied armies, and the Poles who did not (Warsaw, 1943) were wiped out. The power of modern industry, transport and administration can be neutralized for a significant length of time only where it lies thin on the ground. Small-scale harassment, such as the cutting of one or two roads and rail tracks, can disrupt military movement and administration in difficult rural terrain, but not in the big city. Guerrilla action or its equivalent is entirely possible in the city — after all, how many bank robbers are ever caught in London? — and there have been some recent examples of it, for instance in Barcelona in the late 1940s, and various cities in Latin America. But it has little more than nuisance value, and merely serves to create a general atmosphere of lack of confidence in the efficiency of the regime, or to tie down armed forces and police which might be better used elsewhere.

Finally, the most crucial limitation of guerrilla warfare is that it cannot win until it becomes *regular* warfare, in which case it must meet its enemies on their strongest ground. It is comparatively easy for a widely backed guerrilla movement to eliminate official power from the countryside, except for the strong points actually physically occupied by armed forces, and to leave in government or occupation control no more than the isolated cities and garrisons, linked by a few main roads or railroads (and that only by daylight), and by air or radio. The real problem is to get beyond that point. Textbooks devote a good deal of attention to this ultimate phase of guerrilla war, which the Chinese and Vietnamese handled with brilliant success against Chiang Kai-shek and the French. However, those successes should not induce mistaken generalizations. The real strength of guerrilla armies lies not in their ability to turn themselves into regular armies capable of expelling other conventional forces but in their political strength. The total withdrawal of popular support may produce the collapse of local governments, often—as in China and Vietnam — heralded by mass desertions to the guerrillas; a crucial military success by the guerrillas may bring this collapse into the open. Fidel Castro's rebel army did not win Havana: when it had demonstrated that it could not only hold the Sierra Maestra but also take the provincial capital of Santiago, the government apparatus of Batista collapsed.

Foreign occupying forces are likely to be less vulnerable and less inefficient. However, even they may be convinced that they are in a war they cannot win, that even their tenuous hold can be maintained only at quite disproportionate cost. The decision to call off the wasting game is naturally humiliating, and there are always good reasons for postponing it, because it will rarely happen that the foreign forces have been decisively defeated, even in local actions like Dienbienphu. The Americans are still in Saigon, apparently drinking their bourbon peacefully, except perhaps for an occasional bomb in a café. Their columns still crisscross the country apparently at will, and their losses are not much greater than those from traffic accidents at home. Their aircraft are dropping bombs wherever they like, and there is still somebody who can be called the prime minister of "free" Vietnam, though it may be hard to forecast from one day to the next who he will be.

Thus, it can always be argued that just one more effort will tip the balance: more troops, more bombs, more massacres and torture, more "social missions." The history of the Algerian War anticipates the one in Vietnam in this respect. By the time it was over, half a million Frenchmen were in uniform there (against a total Moslem population of 9 million, or one soldier to every eighteen inhabitants, not counting the pro-French local white population), and the army was still asking for more, including the destruction of the French Republic.

It is hard, in such circumstances, to cut one's losses, but there are occasions when no other decision makes sense. Some governments may take it earlier than others. The British evacuated Ireland and Israel well before their military position had become untenable. The French hung on for nine years in Vietnam and for seven years in Algeria, but went in the end. For what is the alternative? The old style of local or marginal guerrilla actions, like border raiding by tribesmen, could be isolated or contained by various relatively cheap devices which did not interfere with the ordinary life of a country or its occupiers. A few squadrons of aircraft could occasionally bomb villages (a favorite British device in the Middle East between the wars), a military frontier zone could be established (as on the old northwest frontier of India), and in extreme cases governments tacitly left some remote and disturbed region to its own devices for a while, merely seeing to it that the trouble did not spread. In a situation like that of Vietnam today or of Algeria in the later 1950s, this will simply not work. If a people does not want to be ruled in the old way any more, there is nothing much that can be done. Of course, if elections had been held in South Vietnam in 1956, as was provided by the Geneva agreements, the views of its people might have been discovered at considerably less cost.

Where does this leave the anti-insurrectionaries? It would be foolish to pretend that guerrilla war is an invariable recipe for successful revolution or that its hopes, as of now, are realistic in more than a limited number of relatively undeveloped countries. The theorists of "counterinsurgency" can therefore take comfort in the thought that they need not *always* lose. But that is not the point. When, for one reason or another, a guerrilla war has become genuinely national and nation-wide, and has expelled the official administration from wide stretches of the countryside, the chances of defeating it are zero. That the Mau Mau were defeated in Kenya is no help to the Americans in Vietnam; all the less help when we remember that Kenya is now independent, and the Mau Mau regarded as pioneers and heroes of the national struggle. That the Burmese Government has never been overthrown by guerrillas was no help to the French in Algeria. The problem of President Johnson is Vietnam, not the Philippines, and the situation in Vietnam is lost.

What remain in such a situation are illusions and terror. The rationalizations of today's Washington policy were all anticipated in Algeria. We were told by French official spokesmen that the ordinary Algerian was on the side of France, or if not actually pro-French, that he wanted only peace and quiet but was terrorized by the FLN. We were told, practically once a week, that the situation had improved, that it was now stabilized, that another month should see the forces of order regain the initiative, that all they needed was another few thousand soldiers and another few million francs. We were told that the rebellion would soon die down, once it was deprived of its foreign sanctuary and source of supplies. That sanctuary (Tunisia) was bombed and the border hermetically sealed. We were told that if only the great center of Moslem subversion in Cairo could be eliminated, everything would be all right. The French therefore made war on Egypt. In the last stages we were told that there might just conceivably be some people who *really* wanted to get rid of the French, but since the FLN obviously did not represent the Algerian people, but only a gang of ideological infiltrators, it would be grossly unfair to the Algerians to negotiate with them. We were told about the minorities which had to be protected against terror. The only thing we were not told was that France would if necessary use nuclear weapons, because the French didn't then have any. What was the result? Algeria is today governed by the FLN.

The means by which the illusions are to come true is terror, mostly — in the nature of things — against noncombatants. There is the old-fashioned terror against civilians by frightened soldiers, demoralized by the fact that in this kind of war any civilian may be an enemy fighter, and culminating in the infamous mass reprisals — the razing of villages, such as the Nazis' Lidice and Oradour. Intelligent anti-guerrillas will discourage this, since it is apt to make the local population totally hostile. Still, such terror and reprisals will happen. Furthermore, there will be the more selective torturing of prisoners for information. In the past there may have been some moral limitation on such torture, but not, alas, in our time. In fact, we have so far forgotten the elementary reflexes of humanity that in Vietnam we photograph torturers and victims and release the pictures to the press.

A second kind of terror is that which is at the base of all modern warfare, whose targets nowadays are essentially the civilians rather than the combatants. (Nobody would ever have developed nuclear weapons for any other purpose.) In orthodox warfare the purpose of indiscriminate mass destruction is to break the morale of population and government, and to destroy the industrial and administrative base on which any orthodox war effort must rest. Neither task is as easy in guerrilla war, because there are hardly any cities, factories, communications or other installations to destroy, and nothing like the vulnerable central administration machine of an advanced state. On the other hand, more modest success may pay off. If terror convinces even a single area to withhold support from the guerrillas, and thus to drive them elsewhere, this is a net gain for the anti-guerrillas. So the temptation to go on bombing and burning at random is irresistible, especially for countries like the United States which could strip the entire surface of South Vietnam of life without dipping too deeply into its supply of armaments or money.

Lastly, there is that most hopeless and desperate form of terror, which the United States is at present applying: the threat to extend the war to other nations unless they can somehow get the guerrillas to stop. This has no rational justificaton at all. If the Vietnamese war were really what the State Department pretends, namely an "indirect" foreign aggression without "a spontaneous and local rebellion," then no bombing of North Vietnam would be necessary. The Vietcong would be of no more importance in history than the attempts to set up guerrilla warfare in Spain after 1945, which faded away, leaving few traces except some local newspaper stories and a few publications by Spanish policemen. Conversely, if the people of South Vietnam really were on the side of whatever general at present claims to be their government, or merely wanted to be left in peace, there would be no more trouble in that country than in neighboring Cambodia or Burma, both of which had or still have guerrilla movements.

But it is clear by now, and should always have been clear, that the Vietcong will not go away quietly, and no miracle will transform South Vietnam into a stable anti-Communist republic within the foreseeable future. As most governments in the world know (though one or two, like the British, are too dependent on Washington to say so) there can be no military solution in Vietnam without at least a major conventional land war in the Far East, which would probably escalate into a world war when, sooner or later, the United States discovered that it could not win such a conventional war either. And it would be fought by several hundreds of thousands of American troops, because the allies of the United States, though doubtless willing to send a token battalion or ambulance unit, are not fools enough to involve themselves seriously in a conflict of this kind. The pressure to escalate a little further will mount, and so will the Pentagon belief in the most suicidal of all the many Vietnamese illusions — that in the last showdown the North Vietnamese and Chinese can be terrorized by the prospect of nuclear war into defeat or withdrawal.

They cannot, for three reasons. First, because (whatever the computers say) nobody believes that a United States Government, which is genuinely interested in a stable and peaceful world, will actually start a nuclear war over Vietnam. South Vietnam is a question of vital importance for Hanoi and Peking, just as Soviet missiles off Florida were regarded as a vital issue in Washington; whereas the Vietcong are merely a matter of saving face for the United States as Cuban missile bases were of marginal urgency for Khrushchev. The Russians backed down over Cuba because to them it was not worth any kind of world war, nuclear or conventional. For the same reason the United States can be expected to back down in South Vietnam, provided it is interested in world peace, and provided, presumably, some sort of

Drawings by Schwering

face-saving formula can be found.

Second, and on the supposition that the United States really is not prepared for any realistic settlement in South Vietnam, its nuclear threat will not work in the long run because North Vietnam, China (and quite a few other countries) will conclude that nothing is to be expected from concession except further United States demands. There is so much talk about "Munich" in Washington these days that it is often forgotten how much like Munich the situation must look to the other side. A government which regards itself as free to bomb a country with which it is not at war can hardly be surprised if China and North Vietnam refuse to believe that this is the last concession they will be asked to make. There are, as the U.S. Government is aware, situations today in which countries are willing to face the risks of world war, even nuclear war. For China and North Vietnam, South Vietnam is one such situation and the Chinese have already made that clear. It is dangerous daydreaming to think otherwise.

Third and last, the threat of nuclear war against China and North Vietnam is relatively ineffective, because it is more appropriately a threat made against *industrialized* belligerents. It assumes that in modern warfare there comes a moment when a country or a people must give up because its back is broken. That is a certain outcome of nuclear war for small and medium-sized industrial states and a probable one for large ones (including the United States), but it is *not* the necessary outcome for a relatively undeveloped state, especially one as gigantic as China. It is certainly true that China (without the USSR) has no chance of defeating the United States. The strength of its position is that neither can it be defeated in any realistic sense. Its token nuclear bombs can be destroyed, and so can its industries, cities and many millions of its 700 million citizens. But all that would merely put the country back to where it was at the time of the Korean War. There are simply not enough Americans to conquer and occupy the country.

It is important for American generals (and for anyone else calculating war on assumptions derived from industrial societies) to realize that a nuclear threat will be regarded by the Chinese either as incredible, or as inevitable but not decisive. It will therefore not work *as a threat*, though doubtless the Chinese will not rush lightly into a major war, especially a nuclear one, even when they believe it cannot be avoided. As in Korea, they are not likely to enter it until directly attacked or threatened. The dilemma of American policy therefor remains. Having three times a many nuclear bombs as the rest o the world is very impressive, but i will not stop people from making revolutions of which Mr. McGeorge Bundy disapproves. Nuclear bomb cannot win guerrilla wars such a the Vietnamese are now fighting and without such weapons it is improbable that even conventional wars can be won in that region (The Korean War was at best a draw.) Nuclear bombs cannot be used as a *threat* to win a little war that is lost, or even a medium-sized war, for though the populace can be massacred, the enemy cannot be brought to surrender. If the United States can come to terms with the realities of Southeast Asia it will find itself very much where it was before — the most formidable power in the world, whose position and influence nobody wants to challenge, if only because nobody can, but which, like all other powers, past and present, must live in a world it does not altogether like. If it cannot come to such terms, sooner or later it will blast off those missiles. The risk is that the United States, suffering from the well-known disease of infant great powers — a touch of omnipotence — will slide into nuclear war rather than face reality.

The Question of SNCC . . . .

Jack Newfield

The real and exact job of a cop: STOP
STOP

that is also true
of executive committees
and every government and
organization in the whole world

except
small quick ones

and plain people
who love.

— *Jane Stembridge*
SNCC staff

More than five years have now passed since the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) was formed during an Easter weekend conference on the campus of Shaw University in Raleigh, N.C. Since then, this battered brotherhood of organizers, poets, hipsters and visionaries has grown up to have a staff of 200 full-time paid workers in the field, plus 250 full-time volunteers; an annual budget of $800,000, and an evolving philosophy unburdened by obsolete blueprints for utopia from other generations or other countries. SNCC is simply the sum of its experiences inside the eye of the American Dilemma.

SNCC is more a chaotic movement than a conventional civil rights organization; the best image for it is that of an amoeba with pseudopods reaching out in many directions. Compared to the well-organized and disciplined Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), SNCC is a happening.

Recoiling from the "cult of personality" that surrounds Martin Luther King, the young anti-heroes of SNCC have adopted a rotating or egalitarian style of leadership that baffles the rest of the movement. Whenever there is a summit conference of the civil rights leadership, Dr. King, James Farmer, Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young never know which of a dozen possible representatives of SNCC will show up. Ask a SNCC worker, "Who is the head of SNCC?" and he'll reply, "Man, we don't have any leaders" or "The people lead SNCC because they tell us what to do. We don't tell them."

The two most visible personalities in SNCC are Chairman John Lewis; introverted, the veteran of thirty-nine arrests and an ordained minister; and 37-year-old Executive Secretary James Forman. While Lewis' title is largely ceremonial,

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Jack Newfield is an assistant editor of The Village Voice, *New York.*

Forman, with great organizational skills and the instincts of a Marine sergeant, has become the most powerful individual in SNCC. But his troops' passion for spontaneity, individualism and freedom is so marked that he is still far from being a "leader" in the conventional sense.

Although he has relinquished all formal titles, 30-year-old Robert Parris is SNCC's other center of gravity. He seems to combine the qualities of the saintly revolutionist Kropotkin with the existentialist philosopher Camus. Parris, who was the first SNCC field secretary to penetrate Mississippi in 1961, has now, despite his flight from leadership, become the ideologue for a major current of thinking within the whole student activist movement; it is the group whose values seem rooted in the humanist and anarchist tradition, rather than in Marxist dogma; those who put the emphasis on freedom rather than movement.

Among the staff of more than 200, there flourishes a staggering diversity that is probably SNCC's greatest resource. There are field workers with masters' degrees and those with only public school education; there are blacks and whites (about sixty), boys and girls; Northerners and Southerners; there are rambunctious teen-agers and stooped adults in their 60s; there are gifted poets like Jane Stembridge, complex Negro intellectuals like Stokley Carmichael, white Southerners like Robert Zellner and former sharecroppers like Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer.

Some of the whites are trying to act black—"clappin' to Ray Charles records on the wrong beat," says Stokley Carmichael; some of the blacks are trying to atone for once acting white. Embryonic black nationalists find a few white masochists to prey on, and the West Indian Negroes feel guilty because their grandfathers weren't plantation slaves.

Because of this pluralism within a framework of individualism, only a few generalizations fit all of the animal called SNCC. It is nonviolent and profoundly democratic. Its strength derives from grass-roots involvement with the very poor. Strongly anarchic in spirit (but not in program), SNCC instills in its workers skepticism of all bureaucracy and all centralized authority—including its own. And SNCC preaches and practices participatory democracy—the concept that everyone should take part in all the decisions that affect his life. With this goes an almost mystical faith in the ability of "the little people"—the lumpen proletariat—to change their condition and govern themselves democratically; a vision which seems to be the antithesis of Communist elitism and authoritarianism.

To watch a SNCC worker function in the rural South is to see democracy in its purest and rawest form. He doesn't manipulate, control or direct discussions at mass meetings. Instead, he devotes his attention to encouraging the least articulate sympathizers with the movement to express themselves without embarrassment. The best of the SNCC workers sound more like teachers or therapists than like organizers or agitators.

SNCC's mood—as its troops depart from Washington after the lobby for the Freedom Democratic Party's (FDP) Congressional challenge—is dominated by memories of wounds recently inflicted by liberal friends. A year ago, before the Democratic convention fight over seating the FDP delegation, the consensus image of SNCC among middle-class liberals was one of idealized sacrifice and purity. But after the convention there began a venomous flow of redbaiting, beatnik-baiting attacks from syndicated columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novack (there have been eighteen so far). This hostility has been extended by similarly acid criticisms from liberals with solid civil rights credentials—Joseph Rauh of the ADA, Roy Wilkins of the NAACP and others. And last May, during a public debate in New York City, Socialist Irving Howe described SNCC as "bureaucratically deformed, manipulative and undemocratic," which must rank as the least informed and most condescending description since Tony Galento called Joe Louis a bum.

These attacks are now beginning to take cumulative effect. Foundations are starting to withhold funds, as are most international unions. A HUAC investigation of SNCC is being talked of for this fall. Such portents have led a sizable segment of SNCC to predict "a new wave of McCarthyism," aimed not only against them but also against the professors, students and clergy who have energized opposition to the war in Vietnam.

It is in this newly embittered frame of mind that SNCC is now ending a period of introspection and consolidation to begin the simultaneous exploration of three new areas: the urban centers of the South, Democratic Party politics, and an attempt to build a national protest movement that would "use morality" to synthesize civil rights with peace, civil liberties and anti-poverty movements.

Throughout its history, SNCC has worked almost exclusively in rural counties — the Mississippi delta, southwest Georgia and the black belt of Arkansas and Alabama. But during the last two months, projects have been opened up in Montgomery, Birmingham and Atlanta. Last May, Fred Meely, a 23-year-old veteran of the Mississippi campaigns, sat in the deserted SNCC store-front headquarters in Montgomery and talked about the difficulties of urban organizing:

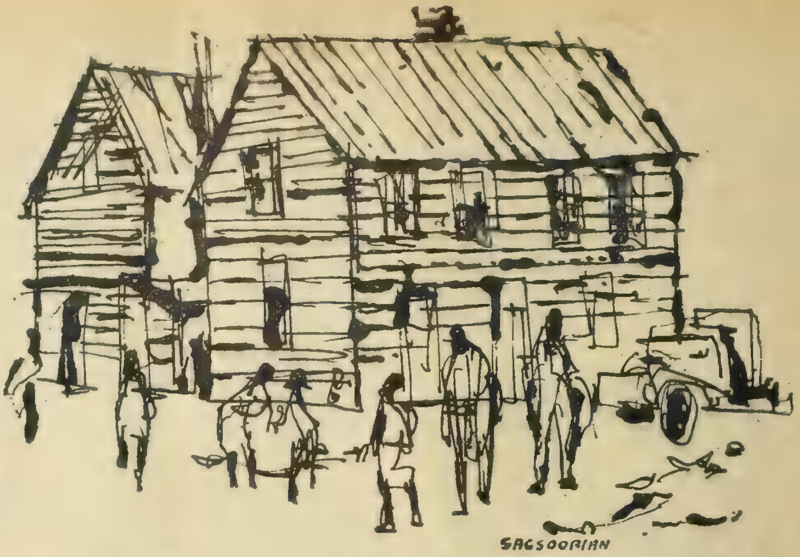
> *All summer we just might sit here and build a base in the community. It doesn't mean anything that we don't have an active program going yet. We're not concerned with time. We're just going to let the people in the community know we're here, become involved in their daily lives, and find out what it is they want us to do.*
>
> *The cities are a whole new experience for us. Size is something new to us. So is the problem of dealing with an existing Negro leader-*

> *ship that is conservative and corrupt like the ministers and lawyers here in Montgomery. This middle class doesn't exist in places like Greenwood or Holly Springs. Another reason the cities are so hard to crack is that Negroes here are much less open to the idea of nonviolence. And they are more apathetic. They have a whole different set of values from rural farmers. There is a hard core of hate and violence in every black man in this city. Dozens of Negroes get cut up in fights every Saturday night. Even those people who come into the office looking for help are filled with hostility and looking for a fight.*

In exploring the cities, SNCC's strategy has been to give priority to organizing "those people most damaged by the society" — junkies, winoes, prostitutes, dropouts, petty criminals and the mentally disturbed: a tactic that is based more on Genet's existential conception of the under class than on the economic one of Marx. Right now, SNCC in Montgomery seems to be beating its head bloody trying to organize the most brutalized proletariat in America. Some day it will have to start organizing the middle-class Negroes, despite their Johnny Mathis albums and green stamps, as well as the white liberals.

In Atlanta, a SNCC pseudopod is exploring a different road into the urban dilemma. Julian Bond, communications director, poet and one of SNCC's founders, last May entered the Democratic primary for the Georgia state legislature in an all-Negro district created as a result of the recent Supreme Court decision on reapportionment. Bond's candidacy ignited a fierce debate within the SNCC staff. He was attacked by those visionary staff members who oppose electoral action and by those who prefer third-party movements patterned after the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. Bond campaigned —in a shirt and tie—for a $2 minimum wage law, abolition of the death penalty, and the removal of all voting requirements except age and residence. On May 5, he defeated Negro minister William Creacy by a 3-to-1 margin, and won the general election on June 16 against a Republican by a 4-to-1 plurality.

SNCC Field Secretary Charley Cobb, Bond's campaign manager, said in Washington recently: "Julian will function as a SNCC legislator. He will organize people's conferences throughout his district and ask people what they want him to do. He will get people in the community talking to one another directly, rather than to him. He will seek to develop indigenous leadership that can replace him in the legislature. And he will use his salary to finance organizers all over the state of Georgia." He added:



> *We don't know what it means to function as a Democrat in the Georgia House. But we think it is vital that we explore this area to see if you really have to get co-opted and sell out, or whether it is possible to use that position to organize people and release energy.*
>
> *I think that with the passage of the voting rights bill and future reapportionment decisions, the rest of the South will begin to resemble Atlanta. And we have to be ready to exploit that environment the best we can. Julian's campaign was an experiment, that's all.*

SNCC is also looking in a third direction—foreign policy. Although plans are still tentative, several of SNCC's veterans, including Bob Parris, Courtland Cox and Stokley Carmichael, along with Yale history professor Staughton Lynd, and pacifists Dave Dellinger and Eric Weinberger, have opened up an office in Washington to organize "students, poor people and intellectuals" around the war in Vietnam.

This mobilization is not conceived as the traditional and mechanical coalition of peace and civil rights "leaders." Rather, as Cox explains it: "We have to convince the country that civil rights workers get killed in the South because the government has a certain attitude toward killing in Vietnam. The concept that it is all right to kill an 'enemy' affects the morality of the country so that people can be murdered here."

Parris adds: "Most liberals think of Mississippi as a cancer, as a distortion of America. But we think Mississippi is an accurate reflection of America's values and morality. Why else can't the people who killed Andrew, James and Mickey be brought to justice, unless a majority of the community condones murder. Sheriff Rainey is not a freak; he reflects the majority. And what he did is related to the napalm bombings of 'objects' in Vietnam."

This group of SNCC workers and pacifists plans "continuous activity in Washington through the summer to end the war in Vietnam." Massive civil disobedience is planned for Hiroshima Day, August 6, and a march of "unrepresented poor people" on Nagasaki Day, August 9.

SNCC is not perfect. It is a chaotic movement of people, and it reflects the small frailties of people. For a few in the movement, there seems no vision of a reconciliation beyond the present conflict. And for some others, pointless antagonism to Martin Luther King's SCLC has become a posture of easily purchased militancy. Drinking and pot smoking have turned a couple of Freedom Houses into replicas of East Village bars. Nevertheless, SNCC remains the cutting edge of history; it contains the prophets and pioneers who give a whole movement the urgency that William James once called "the moral equivalent of war."

North Dakota Runs Down . . . . Albert Stern

Grand Forks, N.D.

Some states export cotton; others, manufactured goods, oil, timber or coal. North Dakota exports people —young, talented, energetic people; thousands every year. With a population of about 600,000, it lost 120,000 people by migration in the years 1940 to 1950, 103,000 in the following decade.

People leave North Dakota because they can live better somewhere else. It is a state in which wages are low and jobs scarce; a few are wealthy and the many poor. While the picture today is bleak, a sensible politics could change it. It could raise wages in the state, create job opportunities that would keep many of the young, the energetic and the able at home. North Dakota has the opportunity to become a fine place to live rather than a fine place to leave.

At present, per capita income lags well behind national averages —about $1,500 compared to a national average of about $2,200 in 1961. Farm and service workers average about $2,000 a year. Retail employees make a little less than $50 a week, while factory workers —the economic aristocrats of the North Dakota poor—earn about $4,000 annually.

To make the situation still tougher, the state's tax structure is regressive. A substantial sales tax brings in about 25 per cent of the state's tax revenues. State income taxes account for only 10 per cent of tax receipts (the national average is 15 per cent), and corporate taxes bring in only 3 per cent of revenues (the national average is 7 per cent).

Jobs not only pay badly; they are hard to find. The number of North Dakota's farms has been steadily shrinking—from 74,000 in 1940 to about 50,000 today. What farms remain are larger and more mechanized and thousands of farmers and farm workers have been driven off the land. They flock to North Dakota towns, most of which were never more than market places for the countryside. In the little places —two grain elevators, half a dozen stores, four streets and a deserted railroad station—there are no jobs at all. Machines don't need groceries or haircuts. In the bigger towns there are few jobs at low wages.

What can a sensible politics do in North Dakota? First, it can help raise wages by repealing the state's right-to-work law. Manufacturing workers in the state, largely organized, make about twice as much annually as most other North Dakota workers. Unorganized farm workers, retail help and service workers lag badly. The example of one large North Dakota town is instructive here. Driver members of a Teamster local are guaranteed $125 a week as a minimum wage; unorganized waitresses make $30 and $45 a week in the town's better restaurants.

Yet it is hard for unions to function properly under the state's right-to-work law. Men unwilling to pay union dues enjoy union benefits under this law. Men reared in farm communities resist organization and allow themselves to be exploited.

A sensible politics would change the state's tax structure to increase the purchasing power of wages. The sales tax would be reduced and a larger share of state revenues would come from income and corporate taxes. One possibility here is to put the state income tax on a withholding basis. Other states have found that this increases revenues and makes tax evasion more difficult.

North Dakota also needs to distinguish between the homesteader and the business farmer. Approximately 4,000 farms in the state earn more than $20,000 a year—some substantially more. Such farms are in fact corporations and should be subject to corporate taxes.

On the other side of the problem, a sensible politics must create new jobs in North Dakota. Irrigation, tourism and the development of light industry need to be encouraged. The Garrison Division Project, a major irrigation canal system, will make possible the diversified farming of thousands of now arid acres in central North Dakota. Leaving one-crop farming behind, these farmers will be able to raise alfalfa, hay, potatoes and sugar beets, among other crops.

Tourism has become North Dakota's third largest industry. The state has great natural beauty, expanding recreational areas and historical sites. There is a need, however, for more state parks and for completion of the state highway system now under construction.

The development of light industry is perhaps the most exciting possibility in the state at the moment. Cheap power and water are becoming available. The largest thermo-generating plant in the world is now operating in North Dakota. A second such plant is under construction and seventeen to eighteen more thermo-generating plants will be built on top of the state's lignite coal reserves. Apart from increased use at home, this power will be sold through a national grid system as far west as California and Oregon.

An aluminum industry is a possibility; the manufacture of farm implements and small boats is already a reality. Starch plants and sugar refineries — farm-products processing in general—exist and can grow. Dakota flour, frozen potatoes and Dakota vodka would provide jobs for many workers. While work needs to be done on reducing rail rates, the availability of water and power makes North Dakota manufactures presently competitive, especially in the West. Finally the state's large potash reserves are the basis for a substantial fertilizer industry. The use of these fertilizers on newly irrigated soil can lead to expanded production for such specialty crops as sunflower, safflower, flax and durum wheat.

The state's present Democratic administration is moving in many of the directions suggested here. Some Democrats are working to repeal the right-to-work law. Governor Guy has recommended placing the state's income tax on a withholding basis, and Lt. Governor Tighe has outlined to me the job possibilities he sees for the state.

Yet economic progress is ultimately not enough. Cultural progress too must be achieved. People leave North Dakota because it is too dull. There is little music and less art; the higher educational system is narrow in outlook and primitive in methodology—a haven for mediocrity. The mass media are on the whole models of babbittry. Beyond a better living, a sensible politics must achieve a better life.

Albert Stern is developing a program in social psychiatry in North Dakota.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The American View of Life

THE MACHINE IN THE GARDEN: Technology and the Pastoral Ideal in America. By Leo Marx. Oxford University Press. 392 pp. $6.75.

Alan Trachtenberg

The effect of the War of 1812, wrote Thomas Jefferson, was like Satan's destruction of Paradise: "from a peaceable and agricultural nation, he makes us a military and manufacturing one." Leo Marx fixes on this and many similar dark images in the American cultural record. The swift change from the simple rural society of the early Republic to the industrial and warfare state of today, he argues, is the central fact of American life. But *The Machine in the Garden* is far from the usual historical account. It is a study of what Americans have believed and felt during the process of social change. The subject of the book is "the American view of life," and while Marx relates that view to major changes within society, his chief concern is with consciousness.

Professor Marx is one of several scholars whose work has converged recently upon the American mind. In a real sense his work, along with that of Henry Nash Smith, R. W. B. Lewis and Charles Sanford (to name a few), traces back to Emerson's search for a national identity in thought and art. These scholars have extended the range of American self-knowledge by finding in our thought a tendency to conceive the world through myth, that is, through a deeply felt "mode of belief" derived from religion, or in Marx's case, from literature. Jefferson's lament, for example, is couched in the imagery of the myth of Eden, a myth which pervades our culture. The "American Adam" (the idea of prelapsarian innocence regained) and the "Virgin Land" (the idea of the West as a new Garden of the World) are powerful even if irrational determinants of how Americans see themselves. Drawn from Christian tradition, these images were reshaped and reinforced by American conditions: a vast wilderness to settle, with no "past" to overcome. The discovery of myth at the heart of American experience has been an immeasurable stimulus to American Studies. It encourages students to search out those conjunctions in our culture where ideas, works of art and political realities intersect. Myth provides a way to shape unities out of the diversities of American life, and it can lead to a comprehensive interpretation of the whole of our experience.

But myth criticism has severe limitations. Culture is a dynamic process, a dialectic among conflicting ideas and claims. Myths themselves are static. They cannot tell the full story of what a culture believes. Moreover, they have a function somewhat like dreams: they project deep-lying wishes. But unless they are translated into ideologies, into programs for action, they do not affect the direction of events. Americans dreamed of innocence and gardens all throughout the process which turned their collective lives in the opposite direction, toward cities, machines, violence and war. Myth and history, then, are fundamentally at odds, and it is the tension between them which gives a culture its special tone and quality.

American Studies has produced over the past few years a number of works, particularly on literature, which have described the contradictory or dialectical nature of American thought and art—its movement between innocence and experience, between pragmatic realism and high-flown idealism. These tensions within consciousness, however, are symptoms of less visible causes, causes usually evaded by critics. Shortly before his untimely death a few years ago, the literary scholar Richard Chase wrote that dialectical adroitness had probably gone as far as possible toward defining the "American-ness of our literature." What is needed now is a "genuinely historical criticism." Leo Marx takes a major step toward correcting that deficiency. His book's distinction is that it does not merely describe yet another myth, yet another set of contradictions. It goes much further, into historical causes. Marx undertakes to formulate the precise relations between literature and the general culture, and to probe the origins of culture itself in the mind's response to historical circumstance.

The book's argument, as I have said, is that the core experience of our society has been the sudden change from a rural to an industrial world. This plain (though hardly simple) social and economic fact had an entire range of effects upon consciousness, which Marx examines with extraordinary subtlety and exactness. Beginning in the 17th century, Americans attached themselves to an image of their land as a potential garden, a "middle landscape" between the evils of civilization (Europe) and of wild, untamed nature. This attachment was derived, Marx shows, from a long European tradition of pastoral aspirations. The ideal was embodied in the conventional literary mode, called "pastoral," in which shepherds tend their fleecy flocks and pipe their tunes within a perfectly happy and tranquil landscape. This form was invented, mainly by Virgil, out of a kind of resentment against an urban, power-based society such as Rome. The Virgilian mode, with its fictional Arcadia and conventional shepherds, flourished in Elizabethan England, on the eve of American settlement. But the Age of Discovery lent a new vitality to the old form, and made it possible, as Marx shows in a brilliant treatment of *The Tempest*, for Shakespeare to dispense with the stock properties, the bucolic diction, the shepherds—even the sheep. Arcadia lay in the past, but in America the Golden Age now seemed a bright new possibility.

But the possibility, Shakespeare saw, was ambiguous. In his analysis of the play, and of Virgil's first Ecologue, Marx makes a crucial distinction between the "ideal" or hope which pastoral contains — the hope for harmony and fulfillment — and the larger, encompassing form or "design" of the poem. The ideal is simple, beautiful and utopian. The design, on the other hand, is complex. For it involves a drama in which the ideal is threatened by a "counterforce" from the outside. In Virgil it is Rome; in Shakespeare, Milan on one side, Caliban on the other. In each case the resolution is strongly qualified by this intrusion

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Alan Trachtenberg is the author of Brooklyn Bridge: Fact and Symbol *(Oxford University Press).*

of history and raw, blind nature. The poet, in short, while affirming his myth, does not close his eyes to reality. "We are reminded," writes Marx on the ending of *The Tempest,* "that history cannot be stopped."

This distinction between ideal and design prepares for the real work of the book—the emergence of a uniquely American version of literary pastoral, in which the counterforce will be the emblem of industrialism, a machine. And the distinction also sheds light upon Marx's own method. The complex pastoral design is essentially a model of a dialectic; the mind achieves a balance by reconciling opposites. In Marx's approach, culture itself is a process of interplay between mind and actuality, between literary mode and social circumstance. He brings into focus a specific convention — the pastoral ideal — and re-creates the movements and phases of the transaction. To do this, Marx dispenses with the mechanical chapter arrangement of many scholarly works; the book's pattern is a controlled unfolding of theme and countertheme. As a result, it has an exciting dramatic quality missing from most academic books. It is, as it were, a scholarly version of complex pastoral.

To re-create the emergence of American literary pastoral, Marx gives his book a form taken from the contradiction which is the book's subject. The basic dialectic is contained in three long sections: "The Garden," "The Machine" and "Two Kingdoms of Force" (thesis, antithesis and synthesis — something other than a simple resolution). Each section has its own pattern of claim and counterclaim, or what might be called ambivalence. "The Garden" picks up themes from the two introductory chapters dealing with Virgil, Shakespeare and the nature of pastoral, and shows that early American accounts of the new world revive the pastoral ideal at the very time it was dying as a literary mode in England (where it subsequently reappeared, in the 18th century, under the influence of Lockean epistemology and ethical theory, as the new nature poetry). But these accounts swing between opposite views of the American landscape: the view that it is a paradise where men will effortlessly realize their ancient dreams, and the view that it is a howling and threatening wilderness, to be subdued only by ruthless energy.

Jefferson plays a key role in achieving some balance. He is America's first great pastoralist; through him the old literary mode is transformed into a political vision. His famous description of the "noble husbandman" is really a new version of the good shepherd, located in what now is an American "middle landscape." As soon as Jefferson created the image, however, he backed off from it. The image, Marx shows, was fundamentally poetic, and the statesman's political sense recognized its inadequacy as a national program. He had seized upon the figure in a passage in *Notes on Virginia* arguing against the development of native manufacturing. Economic arguments suddenly give way to poetic metaphor: the husbandman, close to nature, represented health; factories were disease and dysfunction, all the evils of Europe's steaming cities. Jefferson never repudiated the metaphor, but somewhat like Prospero (who renounces his powers at the end of *The Tempest,* acknowledging that the work of the imagination is no substitute for historical action), was able to suspend it on behalf of political and economic necessity. He accepted the necessity of power and industry, but always kept the pastoral ideal in view as a cherished and half-articulate alternative.

The ideal spread, however, without the check of Jefferson's countervailing qualifications, and became virtually an American theory of society. Moreover it became, Marx shows in "The Machine," an argument for "improvements," for clearing the wilderness, laying roads and rails, and eventually, founding a continental industrial empire. So far as the pastoral ideal stood for the mixture of "art" with nature, it actually gave support to technological change. In the American mind the machine was admitted into the garden as a means of more swiftly realizing the ideal. Before long, in the pre-Civil War period, many Americans came to ignore "that delicate point of equilibrium" between nature and art, and the pastoral ideal was itself encompassed by the ideology of progress.

Marx assembles an impressive array of evidence to show that two sets of values, one belonging to a rural way of life, the other to an industrial, were fused without any overt sense of contradiction. Dazzled by the new rhetoric of "technological sublime," many Americans (including Emerson and Whitman) displayed

Aerial view of the great march in Selma, Alabama in April

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what Karl Polyani has called a "mystic readiness" to accept the machine and disregard the social costs. Increasingly, the pastoral ideal lost its relevance as a social ideal and became a "rhetorical formula," a "sentimental guise" which "enabled the nation to continue defining its purpose as the pursuit of rural happiness while devoting itself to productivity, wealth, and power." Although Marx does not spell them out in detail, the political consequences of this passage are clear enough; they amount to what John Dewey called "our great abdication"—the surrender of political control to the instrumentalities of our technology "instead of seriously asking how we are to employ the means at our disposal so as to form an equitable and stable society." By blandly accommodating the machine to the garden, Americans lost the chance to project the usable values of pastoralism upon history. In service to industrialism the values become the "infantile wish-fulfillment dreams" of popular culture and much political rhetoric.

In the last section of the book Marx turns to literature "to discover the meaning inherent in the contradiction." "Two Kingdoms of Force" traces the recurrence in American works of a basic motif: a machine invading a garden. The invasion changes what was a totally engaging mood of peace and tranquillity into a more complex state of mind, a tension between dream and reality. The literary evidence for the pervasiveness of the motif is overwhelming, but Marx restricts himself to a study of several major uses by Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville and Mark Twain. He is nowhere more persuasive than in his deft, incisive exposition of this motif and his location of it at the center of works like *Walden*, *Moby Dick* and *Huck Finn*.

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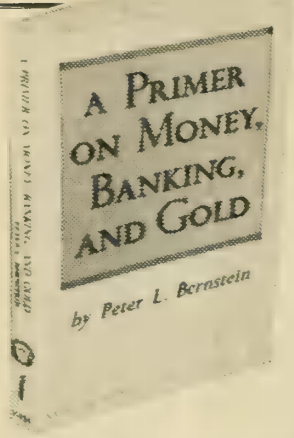

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Marx does not argue that these works are "about" industrialization; nor is he concerned with the writer's "attitude" toward the new society. Instead he demonstrates that literary artists drew their images from their perception of what was occurring in society in order to enlarge the meanings of their fables. Needless to say this procedure is far different from the usual manner of social critics who seek to find mirror reflections of society in literature. Marx is an extremely sensitive reader of literary texts—of images, symbols and tone. It is impossible to paraphrase his line-by-line argument, but what results from his analyses is the inescapable impression that the deeper our writers plunged below the surface of our culture, the less able were they to invent satisfactory resolutions to their plots. Our classic authors responded to the rapid beginnings of industrialization through their profound attachment to the native American landscape as the source of pastoral values. The machine enters the landscape as a token of history. Unlike the easy fusion in popular culture, here the intrusion causes a dislocation of mind and feeling, and the "middle landscape" cannot cope with it. Hence the ambiguous and sometimes fraudulent endings of so many American pastoral fables: Thoreau lets us know that "Walden" is not a realizable society but a state of mind; Ishmael floats, miraculously, at the edge of disaster; Huck and Jim become unbelievable clowns.

Marx explains the failure in this way: "The resolutions of our pastoral fables are unsatisfactory because the old symbol of resolution is obsolete." Our writers, in short, were able to create a "powerful metaphor of contradiction" in response to contradictions within the general culture. But they were unable, in their imaginations, to resolve the conflict because society itself had not. "The machine's sudden entrance into the garden," Marx concludes, "presents a problem that ultimately belongs not to art but to politics."

This is an extremely persuasive argument, but it falls short, I think, of a complete explanation. Society, Marx is saying, was unable to reconcile garden and machine, or myth and history. It was unable to do so because its dominant image of reconciliation, the "middle landscape," was no longer relevant to industrial conditions. But there is another problem: the conception of history embodied in the image of the machine. For our writers this image is one of unrelieved doom and disaster: look what the steamboat did to Huck's raft, or Ahab, a mechanism-ridden character, to the *Pequod*. On the other hand, in the general culture, the machine was an image of happy promise, of mindless material bliss. Both meanings are historically inadequate. Both hypostatize one set of possibilities and treat them as the full reality. Both assume that history is an uncontrollable, an automatic process. Neither therefore is a genuine historical emblem. As an image, the machine is as static, as ahistorical as the garden itself.

The fact is that American literature has had no historical consciousness in the manner of Tolstoy or Balzac, and Marx contributes a great deal to our understanding of that fact. But it is, then, inaccurate for him to say that "complex pastoralism . . . acknowledges the reality of history." The sentence needs to be amended to say "a one-sided conception of the reality of history." Moreover, in his own method, Marx encounters a parallel difficulty. He too accepts, or at least uses, the machine as an adequate image of historical process. He tends to oversimplify what was occurring outside of consciousness, "out there" in society. For example, he accepts the rather broad generalization of W. W. Rostow regarding a "take-off" between 1840 and 1860, and lets it go at that. Thus "the controlling facts of life in nineteenth century America" come down to "rapid industrialization," which in turn amounts to little more than the visual transformation of "a rustic and in large part wild landscape" into "the site of the world's most productive industrial machine." But industrial capitalism had other effects beyond its scars upon the landscape and its mechanization of values. It transformed an entire social structure, the relations among people. It led to a national market economy. It created a working class, "that class," as Thoreau puts it in *Walden*, "by whose labor the works which distinguish this generation are accomplished." Certainly these changes had their subliminal effects upon pastoral, if only by influencing the writer's conception of himself in relation to an audience.

What I am saying is that Marx's treatment of the dialectic within history is not as strong nor as convincing as his treatment of the contradictions within consciousness. But this is only to say that he does not exhaust all problems in this book. Marx has opened up a very troublesome area for investigation, and there are no ready-made solutions for the literary scholar who wishes to forge a "genuinely historical criticism." Moreover, the questions I raise indicate the wider reaches of meaning in the book. American culture today, more than ever, is dominated by antihistorical modes of thought and expression. Pop art, Beat writing, naked functional architecture — these are all, it is true, forms of protest against the puffery and false values of official culture. But they take their forms by dispensing altogether with articulated frames of meaning; they celebrate immediacy, spontaneity, the violent dissociation of the mind from the past, indeed from any future. They abstract the present as an autonomous moment of time. They are the equivalent, as Lewis Mumford told us long ago, to the violence in our politics and foreign policy.

One function of the cultural historian is to bring the network of ties between past and present, between mind and history, to complete consciousness. He contributes to the life of society in an essential way. The need for his special work was never more urgent than now, when the machine-in-the-garden fantasy is being acted out in dead earnest by our mechanized troops in the green jungles of Vietnam. In this book Leo Marx battles against a powerful and perhaps fatal current: the American tendency to deal with the modern world as if it does not exist. If the book has the effect it deserves, it will help restore a lively sense of history and of contemporary political realities to the study of literature and culture.

THEATRE

Julius Novick

FINDING SHAKESPEARE

The American Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Conn., began—like the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center —as a gesture toward High Culture on the part of the theatrical Establishment. The festival, however, was the product of the generation previous to that of the original Lincoln Center duumvirate; it was the child of the old age of Lawrence Langner, who, nearly forty years earlier, had been a founder of the Theatre Guild. We may conjecture that it owed its inception to a desire, conscious or unconscious, on Langner's part to atone for the increasing commercialism of the Theatre Guild's work on Broadway.

Again like the Lincoln Center Repertory, the Shakespeare Festival was not an immediate success. Its first season, ten years ago, was a universally acknowledged disaster, and things did not get much better very quickly. Stratford-upon-Housatonic became known for serving up what a folk philosopher of my acquaintance calls "Shakespeare with sour cream on the side": miscast movie stars, chic production gimmicks ("Wouldn't it be fun if . . ?") and irrelevant prettiness.

About four years ago, however, Joseph Verner Reed took over as executive producer of the festival, and brought in Allen Fletcher and Douglas Seale as artistic directors to get rid of the sour cream. Mr. Seale left before the beginning of the 1964 season, since when Mr. Fletcher has reigned alone under Mr. Reed. Under this new order, the festival has been engaged—for a change—in an honest attempt to give a fair account of Shakespeare's plays (assisted by a half-million-dollar grant from the Ford Foundation to set up a training program for the actors). There have been failures during this time, but they have at least been honorable failures: failures of skill only, not of will as well.

In four seasons at Stratford, Mr. Fletcher's directorial style has become recognizable. His stage, redesigned by Will Steven Armstrong, projects through the proscenium into the audience, in an attempt to gain some of the advantages of the open, neo-

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Harold Clurman, who has been abroad since early spring, will shortly contribute articles on the theatre in Tokyo and London.

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Elizabethan stage. Mr. Fletcher's stagecraft is a compromise between proscenium and open-stage technique. He uses scenery (usually designed by Mr. Armstrong) but sparingly: one or two large, emblematic, mood-evoking pieces at the rear of the stage, backed in turn by a sky drop or black drapes. The main acting area is essentially a bare platform, and there is no curtain. It is a stage well adapted to the swift, fluid, uncluttered, no-nonsense work that Mr. Fletcher provides.

He is the most self-effacing of Shakespearean directors. His ideas for individual characters, individual scenes, are often original—and sometimes unfortunate — but it is usually hard to tell what he thinks about a play as a whole. He never seems tempted to sacrifice Shakespeare to his own virtuosity. His productions are almost never frivolous or perverse, but often they are uneven—varying widely in quality from moment to moment—and sometimes merely commonplace.

Two years ago, however, he directed for the festival an admirable production of *King Lear,* which raised hopes that have been largely justified this season. The training program has assured that even the smallest roles are nearly always played with professional competence. Leading actors who have been with the company for several years — Morris Carnovsky, Patrick Hines, Philip Bosco — are well cast and in good form; so are many of the new members and guest performers, notably Aline MacMahon and Ruby Dee. Mr. Fletcher has directed three out of the season's four productions, and his hand is surer than it has usually been. This is almost certainly the best season in Stratford's history.

As if to show that the festival now feels it has a past it can be proud of, Mr. Fletcher has revived his production of *King Lear,* and Morris Carnovsky has returned to play Lear once again. In the 1963 production, however, not only was Mr. Carnovsky magnificent but half a dozen of the supporting actors created faithful but fresh characterizations. Of these actors, only Patrick Hines remains in the cast, and his fat, benevolent, easy-mark Gloucester is at least as good as ever. The new actors are mostly satisfactory but stock. Goneril and Regan, for example, were played two years ago from their own points of view: they did not think themselves monsters but ordinary, put-upon women, saddled with an old father who gave them a lot of trouble. The current evil daughters, however, are just that: Evil Daughters, as grim as Grimm, and almost interchangeable.

Even Morris Carnovsky's Lear seems somewhat diminished, although that may be merely the effect of my having seen it several times. It is not, at any rate, a reticent, off-hand, dry performance like Paul Scofield's; Mr. Carnovsky goes for the climaxes with everything he has, which is still a great deal. He has not yet solved the storm scene, and so there is only a plateau where the peak should be, but for the most part he is able to combine a consistent and detailed old-age characterization with a passionate strength of eloquence. His performance alone would justify this revival.

Mr. Fletcher's *Romeo and Juliet* could use some such justification; it is the weakest of this season's productions. And yet it is not bad, only uneven and uninspired. Will Steven Armstrong has provided another of his simple, handsome unit sets; such sets, however, serve better for large outdoor scenes than for intimate indoor ones, and of all Shakespeare's plays, *Romeo* is the one in which intimacy is most important.

Maria Tucci, the Juliet, seems always to be upon the point of tears. She plays the entire first half of her role on one note of tremulous ardor, with little playfulness and no exultation. This ardor of hers, moreover, is curiously un-physical; one might wish, for the sake of this interesting actress, that the play was about a girl who wanted to become a nun. On the other hand, Terence Scammell is an excellent Romeo: passionate, lyrical and boyish, with a beautiful tenor voice that he uses without self-indulgence. On the other hand again, John Cunningham's

Listen Galaxea

Galaxea
be kind to Galileo Galilei
who is thrust upon you
in the extremity of his need
grant him permission to poke around
he imagines he investigates
and I love him dearly dearly
he is almost blind
but who needs eyes
when they have you Galaxea
in whose embrace webs of eternity
rock gently to and fro
take this man Galaxea
to be your lawful wedded mite
and see that you nurture him
and provide for his sustenance
guarding him from the violence
of your real lovers the gods
in whose arms you burst
like a bubble of joy
ah Galaxea Galaxea
to think that it was your own little whim
to invent him this man
what was it?
that you couldn't look with your own eyes
at your armpit?
you couldn't see your own beautiful back
graceful as a beach
and you wanted someone to walk
its lovely loneliness a while?
a while only?
listen Galaxea
let me
let him caress you
let our lives fall upon your skin
like a prolongued caress
Galaxea Galaxea
this is a man
with a day's beard behind him talking
let him caress you
while someone awakens
the sleeping horses
Galaxea
I have used one of your days
to comb the beach
for the hymen of doors
it is dark now
I know that Galileo will stumble across
marvelous things in that same dark
which is the milk of Galaxea
Galaxea
if it is within your reach
protect him now that you've made him
pollen man
dandelion man is among you
he is little people
in the eyelash of oblivion
oh Galaxea
see to it that he lives
that he doesn't lapse into chair
that he doesn't sink into stone
that he doesn't faint into thin air
because Galaxea
Galaxea are you listening?
you have no one else smaller than you
to love you
and there is no one else
at the dark beach of your back
running like the wild surf with his lungs
and his now awakened horses

Alvaro Cardona-Hine

nervously chuckling Mercutio tries too hard to be likable and funny. But then, Patrick Hines makes a benevolent, bewildered, charming old friar (first cousin to Mr. Hines's Gloucester, and why not?); Lillian Gish (yes, Lillian Gish) works cleverly and pleasantly to get around the fact that she lacks the broad-beamed earthiness of Juliet's nurse; and Richard Mathews is a good little-boy Tybalt.

Even this weakest of the four productions, then, is a respectable effort; in the next issue I shall write about two more that surpass it: a likable *Taming of the Shrew,* and an impressive *Coriolanus.*

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

NEW MUSIC, BIG MONEY

The emergence of major foundation activity at the center of "advanced" musical life during the season just past is a development of the greatest moment for America's musical future which none of the New York journalists' seasonal wrap-ups has mentioned. Although this has not been principally a local phenomenon, its significance as a direct result of, as well as a potentially powerful influence on, the new-music performance activities that began here would seem to make it a matter of special interest and concern to members of the New York musical community. Attention should be the greater because, as in any unleashing of massive foundation resources upon an economically marginal profession, the destructive potential of the new situation is as unlimited as its potential for good.

Indeed, only someone who is aware of New York musical activity over the past few seasons is in a position to evaluate these new projects in the light of their backgrounds and origins. The major foundations have until recently taken the attitude that only music projects directly involving public performance are sufficiently "public" to warrant their participation. Such support as they have given in the domain of composition has reflected this preoccupation. Ford, for example, has never commissioned a composer directly; for its opera project, it permitted established companies to choose composers to write works for them, and in the Concert Soloists project individual performers designate the composers to be commissioned. The results, given the prevailing attitudes of opera companies and recitalists, have for the most part been predictably routine. And since no established performance activity was linked to "advanced" music, its complete neglect was guaranteed without even a deliberate policy decision.

But, as readers of this column know, the creation of such a link between "advanced" new music and performance has been one of the striking musical developments in recent years in New York. And not only has this link been unmistakably established but an administrative machinery has been thoroughly tested and validated within the universities, and the identification of certain halls with these activities has demonstrated a continuity of public support for "advanced" music. All of these are preconditions of paramount concern to foundation management.

The job has been done, moreover, outside the luxurious auspices of any large foundation project, and entirely by the efforts of a few dedicated composers who were determined to create a functioning musical environment on their own terms. In fact, the origin and execution of the new concepts and standards for contemporary music making has been accomplished almost exclusively by just two composer-directed series: Gunther Schuller's Twentieth Century Innovations at Carnegie Recital Hall, and the concerts of the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University, directed by Charles Wuorinen and Harvey Sollberger, at McMillin Theatre.

The excitement and attention which these two groups have generated by demonstrating the spectacular possibilities inherent in superior performances of contemporary music had predictable consequences. Series specializing in new music have proliferated to the saturation point in New York, most of them capitalizing on the enthusiasm evoked by the new virtuoso accuracy without attempting

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to reproduce it. Much more significantly, the principles established by the Schuller-Columbia activities were made the basis for an impressive series of quarter-million-dollar (more or less) grants by the Rockefeller Foundation to university music departments for composer-performer group-in-residence projects. These began with the Creative Associates at the University of Buffalo under Lukas Foss and Allen Sapp, and the New Music Ensemble at the University of Chicago directed by Ralph Shapey; more recently, the Committee for International Composers' Concerts has been established at Rutgers University under Arthur Weisberg. All of these ventures not only embrace the university orientation of the Columbia group but recruit players from among those involved in the Schuller and Columbia groups, and give concerts in Carnegie Recital Hall (last season the Buffalo group gave four, the Chicago group three; the Rutgers group is scheduled to give four next season). The Rockefellers' discovery of the central role now being played by universities in professional musical life also stimulated during the past season its "orchestra-in-residence" program, in which professional small-city orchestras were made available to university music departments for a period of weeks to play new scores chosen by the departments themselves.

For its recognition on such an "official" level of the developing university leadership and the importance of "advanced" American music, this Rockefeller activity is of great importance. And the scale on which it is being done—creating, in effect, entire new-music performance departments within existing music departments, establishing a self-contained new-music activity on a campus, as well as groups of players with fully rehearsed repertories available for tours to other universities, all under subsidy (thus eliminating most expenses for any prospective sponsor) —seems an almost fantastic super-realization of the implications of the Columbia and Schuller projects.

But such "total benevolence" is, of course, the foundation way; and its realizations sometimes tend to be disappointing by comparison with the structure prepared for them. The first results of the Buffalo and Chicago projects that were displayed in their Carnegie Hall concerts last season were inconclusive. The performances were generally competent, if hardly spectacular (except in the case of Easley Blackwood's extraordinary piano recital in the Chicago series), and the programs were either duplicative (Chicago) or diffuse (Buffalo). Still, such a judgment hardly seems fair, because of the invidious comparison it implies with the polished, well-established New York groups. And the primary value of such campus groups is their ability to offer their communities, at a high professional level, a range of musical experience that has been totally inaccessible and even largely unsuspected. Given the manifest sophistication of their current directors, they seem admirably equipped to make this contribution.

However, other serious questions seem quite generally to have been overlooked in the formulation of these projects. Of these, the most troubling involve the possible effects of such subsidized projects on nonsubsidized activities of the same nature, especially those already in existence. Thus the Rutgers project seems, in many ways, the grandest of all, especially in the quality of its personnel, its strategic location in the New York area and the enormous scope of its planned activities. But its player are, for the most part, to be draw from the same pool on which th Columbia and Schuller series depen —and which, in fact, they developed When one considers the superior financial capacities of the subsidize Rutgers project (which also offer performers faculty rank), as well a the extensive schedules it propose (about twenty-five concerts per season), it is difficult to see how th older series can hope to continue o the minimum-scale basis which the must maintain in order to survive Moreover, having virtually create the cachet of Carnegie Recital Hal as a center for contemporary music Schuller must now share the premise with three other groups of quit similar appearance, all operating under the same auspices. On an equa footing, such competition would b welcome; but the expenses of all th visiting groups are guaranteed, whil Schuller must continue to convinc his sponsors that it is important t continue raising the money he need for every rehearsal and piece o equipment.

Moreover, groups like Schuller' and Columbia's must be able to offer their players the incentive of repeat performances if the tremendou effort of preparation is to seem worth while. But again, when subsidized touring groups whose members are on yearly salary offer simila programs at considerably lower costs the demonstrated professional superiority and commitment of the Schulle and Columbia groups are hardly likely to tip the competitive scale.

Surely the Rockefeller Foundation does not really fancy an image of itself as the sponsor of huge new-music supermarkets devoted to underselling dedicated, high-quality individual enterprises into bankruptcy.

Why, then, did it decide to project a totally new activity onto the New York scene when the two groups responsible for the development, now functioning at the peak of their professional vitality, had never received significant foundation support, and depended for survival on their own desperate fund-raising efforts? The Rutgers project deserved support and sponsorship, but it should have been given them *after* the remarkable contribution of two groups that are motivated only by professional responsibility and concern had been adequately recognized, and their continuation assured.

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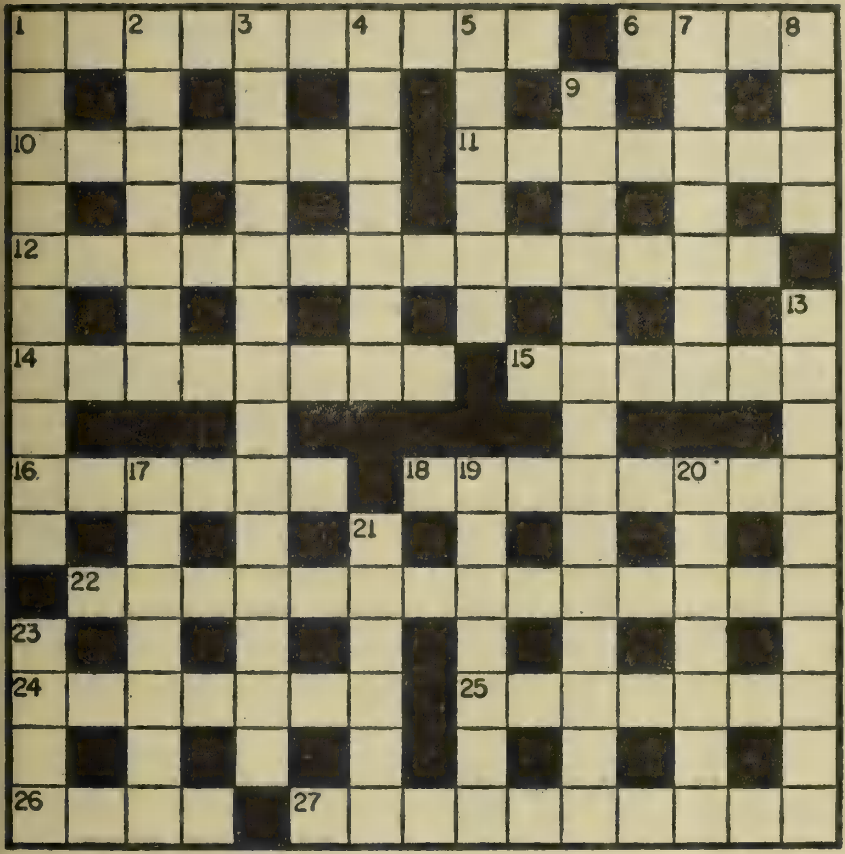
Crossword Puzzle No. 1114

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 That which could make the game go, used to be leaders, if unprincipled. (10)
6 See 26 across
10 Falsifies otherwise professional men. (7)
11 Turn out where one might expect to see a few yards in the shade. (7)
12 Sounds as though the visitor is an office worker as a matter of habit, which may seem backward. (8, 6)
14 An outgrowth of Easter, it could be an exposition. (8)
15 But the poorest seamen didn't come from this old part of Germany! (6)
16 The wise man knows his could cause a tear or so. (6)
18 and 23 down Survives the journey, as one might do to avoid the draft. (12)
22 Red metal screen? (3, 4, 7)
24 Gives out? On the contrary. (7)
25 A vehicle I have that might be knocking. (7)
26 and 6 Long ago, not written to be descriptive of a Beethoven symphony. (8)
27 Evidently big shots aren't busy in a certain type of train. (4, 6)

DOWN:

1 Many have served with it near the front of the book, possibly. (10)
2 The acme of tool and weapon! (7)
3 Not bad for exertions of the mind on the road going down, as they say. (4, 10)
4 One might say they're filled with hot air! (3, 4)
5 Look for with reason. (6)
7 One might find it in a dish or near the plate. (7)
8 Stretches out, but not in truth. (4)
9 Completes the motion for what thick and thin sometimes does. (7, 7)
13 Twain suggested punch in the presence of one of them. (10)
17 Draws in, as the line has broken. (7)
19 Entirely surrounded by land, but someone else's. (7)
20 Dodger tactics might be. (7)
21 Studded with what many henpecked husbands are. (6)
23 See 18 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1113

ACROSS: 1 Fire control; 10, 9 and 30 Ringside seats; 11 Lief; 12 Dismays; 13 Birdman; 15 Agrimony; 16 Rapids; 18 Places; 21 Insolate; 24 Captive; 26 and 28 Odds and ends; 29 Runic. DOWN: 2 Insomniac; 3, 8 and 31 across Early to bed and early to rise; 4 Owns; 5 Tastier; 6 Oiled; 7 Edging; 14 Cynic; 17 Pilasters; 19 Learns; 20 Several; 22 Sidecar; 23 Tenuto; 25 Tesla; 27 Unit.

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LETTERS

Voting requirements

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: In your editorial on the disenfranchising effect of state length-of-residence requirements ["Obstacles to Voting," July 5] you failed to note that there are seventeen states with laws similar to that in Wisconsin which permit new residents to vote in Presidential elections on the basis of a period of residence shorter than that required of voters in other elections. Further, there are seven states with laws like the one in Connecticut which permit absentee voting for President by former residents who have not met residence requirements in their new states.

In the fall of 1964, a case was brought in federal court under the sponsorship of the American Civil Liberties Union on behalf of a Maryland couple, alleging that as new residents they were about to lose their franchise in the Presidential election. . . . Although we lost *Drueding* v. *Devlin* in the district court and the Supreme Court affirmed . . . the litigation did reap an indirect benefit. As a result of the ACLU's prodding, the Maryland legislature has just enacted and the Governor has just signed a new law granting the right to vote in Presidential elections to new residents who have lived in the state for at least forty-five days.

Allison W. Brown, Jr.

Paul Y. Anderson

Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs: Lillian Elkin has mailed me a copy of the May 31 issue of *The Nation*, carrying her article based on some of the events in the reportorial career of my late brother, Paul Y. Anderson, whom you call *"The Nation's* Angry Man." May I say I appreciate the accuracy and fidelity to detail with which Miss Elkin has presented her subject. . . .

The freedom accorded Paul in choosing his subjects and presenting his convictions and evaluations during the years he was writing for *The Nation* was a source of deep gratification to him; particularly in his condemnation of "wickedness in high places" the feeling of confidence and assurance that *The Nation* was squarely behind him. . . . *Myrtle M. Anderson*

Survival in Alabama

Madison, Wis.

Dear Sirs: Grandin Conover, reviewing *Letters From Mississippi* [*The Nation*, June 21], states: "If even an hour's orientation on the facts of life in Alabama had been provided for the Selma marchers organized by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Mrs. Liuzzo might not have been riding with a Negro in the front seat. In Lowndes County that's for professionals."

As anyone who went to Selma knows, an hour-plus orientation session was provided and made available to all newcomers. . . . The essential rules of survival were more than adequately stressed. . . . Mr. Conover . . . suggests through implication that a professional would have "survived" the brutal murder. This is absurd and reeks of the "in-group" jealousy of many "professionals." Professionals are not bulletproof. . . .

Patrick M. Quinn

Lincoln on Vietnam

Mays Landing, N.J.

Dear Sirs: In the era of Vietnam, the following Lincoln story (that I think Sandburg dug up) needs no comment:

Lincoln told of a Congressman who had opposed the War of 1812, and when asked to oppose the Mexican War (as Lincoln did) answered: "I opposed one war; that was enough for me. I am now perpetually in favor of war, pestilence, and famine."

Walter Lowenfels

Touring the South

New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs: Imagine, if you can, a Negro church in a Mississippi town on a hot August evening, jammed to the doors with men, women and children attentively watching a live performance of Samuel Beckett's disturbing and powerful *Waiting for Godot.* Imagination boggles.

Yet this improbable scene was enacted no less than twenty-three times last summer, during the second Mississippi tour of Free Southern Theater, an integrated professional company based in New Orleans and committed to "bringing theatre to those who have no theatre." ("Theatre of the Meaningful," by Elizabeth Sutherland, *The Nation*, Oct. 19, 1964). . . .

FST's 1965 tour, starting in Jackson, Aug. 1, will reach twenty-one communities, offering Duberman's *In White America*, Brecht's *Rifles of Senora Carrar* and Sean O'Casey's *Shadow of a Gunman*, presented under the dynamic and imaginative direction of Robert Cordier. By the end of 1965, FST will have brought a vivid, exciting encounter with live theatre to 50,000 to 60,000 people who, until two years ago, had never seen a play.

As FST begins its third Southern tour, contributions are urgently needed. Bare-bone operating expenses total more than $800 a week. The company still needs to acquire such basic capital necessities as a car and a truck to transport actors and props, a portable stage, a mimeograph machine. Money is desperately short. . . .

Contributions are tax deductible. They should be sent to Free Southern Theater, Inc., Box 2374, New Orleans, La. *Robert S. Lehman, Minister Unitarian Church of Los Alamos, N.M.*

THE
NATION

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JAN 1
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EDITORIALS

Proconsuls and Ambassadors

If the replacement in Saigon of Maxwell Taylor by Henry Cabot Lodge came as a surprise, Arthur J. Goldberg's appointment as United States Representative to the United Nations was a bolt out of the blue. The more unexpected the event, the more eagerly the press will search for hidden motives—a job difficult at best and downright perilous when the Presidential psyche is Mr. Johnson's. It seems clear, however, that one explanation of Mr. Lodge's return to Saigon—that it is a bid for a return to bipartisanship—is off the mark. Whatever popularity Mr. Lodge may have had at one time with the Goldwater faction of the Republican Party he lost when he came back to the States with the avowed purpose of blocking Goldwater's nomination. He cannot deflect Republican lightnings from Mr. Johnson's head; he may actually attract them, since even the appearance of moderation is anathema to those critics of the Administration who are calling for all-out war against North Vietnam, and are ready to take on the Soviet Union and China as well. It is much more probable that the President fell back on Mr. Lodge because General Taylor was getting nowhere and wanted to be relieved. Knowing the ground, Mr. Lodge has as good a chance as anyone of not making things worse.

To call either General Taylor or Mr. Lodge an ambassador is a misuse of the term. Essentially our man in Saigon is the governor of a turbulent province in the American sphere of influence around China. As Pilate had to mediate among the Jewish factions in Palestine, our ambassador, so-called, must take into account the differences between Catholics and Buddhists and the various factions among the South Vietnamese generals, and try to convince the people that the bombing and slaughter are for their own good. It is unlikely that Mr. Lodge will be more successful in this endeavor now than he was in the past.

The appointment of Justice Goldberg is a far more important Presidential move and affords at least a glimmer of hope that a way out of the Vietnam morass can be found. After Adlai Stevenson's death, the fact emerged that the role of trial lawyer for his country, even before such an august tribunal as the UN, had become less and less to his liking: it was, in fact, an outrageous misuse of an outstanding talent. Probably the President today realizes as much—the dead often have power which is denied to the living. Mr. Johnson's decision to ask Mr. Goldberg to leave the Court simultaneously upgrades the position of U.S. Representative to the UN, puts Mr. Johnson in Mr. Goldberg's debt, and ensures against a repetition of the humiliation to which Mr. Stevenson was subjected, and to which he unhappily submitted.

For Mr. Goldberg the title of ambassador will not be an empty one. Although he is not well known abroad, and has little experience in foreign affairs, he is admirably suited for the post. He is a tough, resourceful negotiator, with a record of getting to the core of a dispute, trimming off the peripheral animosities and finding a solution acceptable to the contestants. Getting sovereign states to agree may be more difficult than reconciling labor and management in the steel industry, but it cannot be much more difficult. Mr. Goldberg does not come to his task without preparation.

That the Goldberg appointment may have a bearing on the Vietnam impasse is not mere surmise. Mr. Johnson presumably is not going into a full-scale war in Southeast Asia with a light heart. He has finally taken note of Senator Morse's oft-repeated argument that the war should be referred to the UN. Mr. Goldberg's presence there may relieve the pressure for a military "solution" (which is inherently impossible) and facilitate a beginning of negotiations.

The Taste of Memory

The almost simultaneous appearance of *The Making of the President 1964* by Theodore H. White and (in *Life* serialization) *A Thousand Days: John F. Kennedy in the White House* by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., is further evidence that the United States has entered its late Roman age, when the citizen views government as popular entertainment and political leaders as glamorous stars with whom he can vicariously taste the intoxication of power. Both books could justifiably be subtitled "What the Valet Saw," in the sense that their appeal derives less from their analysis of public affairs than from their revelations of private behavior.

Whatever one may think of this trend, it is clear that Mr. White is a brilliant purveyor to the taste of his times. Having turned the trick initially in 1960, he repeated triumphantly in 1964 with much less interesting material and despite the fact that his principal character, Lyndon Johnson, refused the reporter all access to his person. Mr. White is a technician, a professional journalist; no one is ever in doubt as to what he is up to—he is making an excellent living by the exercise of a well-trained talent.

With Dr. Schlesinger the situation is rather different. He came first into national prominence as one of the most formidable of the younger American historians, a highly publicized member of Harvard's outstanding faculty. John F. Kennedy lifted him from

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated Aug. 16 and Aug. 30.

that academic community and made him a personal adviser, in which post he served—we have no doubt most effectively—during the life of the late President. He worked and lived on terms of great intimacy with the nation's leader, was privy to his most intimate thoughts and moods, received him in his home and was received in turn. Though he was not present in the White House as a journalist, Professor Schlesinger no doubt made clear to the President that, as a historian, he would some day set down on paper a record of his first-hand participation in the affairs of state. However, one wonders if Mr. Kennedy anticipated the tone of what was to be published.

As a work of history, Schlesinger's book may prove to be unique for the fact that his references to himself are second in number only to his references to his main character. Beyond that, he has an extraordinary memory for what people eat and drink, what they wear on informal occasions, how they address members of their family. He permits himself to compliment the late President's wife on her beauty and charm; he describes the couple's actions and quotes their conversation when they were in their bedroom and must have thought themselves alone.

The second *Life* installment of *A Thousand Days* covers the period of the Bay of Pigs. The main points made in Schlesinger's recollection of the behind-scenes events which culminated in this tragic adventure are an assurance to his readers that he opposed it almost from the start and a public expression of regret that he, a very junior member of the conferences, did not rise up and somehow stop the dreadful error. The chapter ends with a tableau (again in the bedroom) of the President almost sobbing as he takes his wife into his arms.

According to Schlesinger's first *Life* installment, Mr. Kennedy considered Richard Nixon to be a man without taste. Reading these two installments, one is forced to ask how the late President would have characterized this memoir by his confidant. It strikes us that the unfortunate effects of the book may long outlast its predictable popularity. Scholars by their intelligence and special knowledge can contribute immeasurably to government, but a future President who had read *A Thousand Days* might well think twice before inviting any potential Boswell into his administrative family.

Escalation & Counter-Escalation

The air war against North Vietnam has now been in progress for more than five months, yet the North Vietnamese have not learned, in Secretary Rusk's immortal phrase, to let their neighbors alone. For the same length of time the Russians have been vowing to punish the United States for its punishment of the Vietnamese. This repetitious fuming can hardly go on much longer without the Russians losing such face as they have left. When they come to the end of the verbal rope, what form will action take? Exercises in exploratory Washington journalism have brought the suggestion that the surface-to-air sites being prepared near Hanoi may be used for medium-range ballistic attacks on South Vietnam, with conventional warheads. Another published speculation is that Russian IL-28 bombers, believed to be based in the Hanoi area, escorted by MIG-21 fighters, might attack U.S. aircraft carriers steaming off Vietnam.

Nothing can be ruled out in war, but neither of these ideas seems at all plausible. Fixed-site MRBMs could be disposed of by low-flying American fighter-bombers. As for an attack on the carriers, it might possibly be launched by the Chinese, if they had the means and felt their own security to be at stake, but the present Soviet regime has shown the utmost reluctance to provoke the United States. If a carrier were sunk, or even damaged, such restraint as the Administration has imposed on itself would vanish. Short of a reversion to Stalinism, the Russians appear to have no stomach for such a drastic confrontation.

This does not mean, however, that the Russians are impotent and will not react at some point with means of their choice and with the consent of the Ho Chi Minh regime. The distances in Vietnam are not great. From the farthest north of the Vietnam-China border to the southernmost tip of the Indo-Chinese peninsula is less than 1,200 nautical miles. On VE Day, in Moscow, the Soviets displayed vehicle-mounted mobile medium range missiles (MMRBM) probably capable of covering that distance with a warhead of considerable weight. But weapons of this size might not be necessary. From Hanoi, Danang is about 350 nm, Pleiku about 475 nm; from points close to the 17th Parallel, Danang could be brought under missile fire at a range of 100 nm. Battlefield-support weapons, similar to the U.S. Army's Pershing, with a range of about 400 nm, solid fuel propulsion, inertial guidance, and transport on tracked vehicles, would suffice. The Russians have such weapons in quantity.

Congestion at the principal American air bases in South Vietnam is such that the aircraft cannot be dispersed to minimize the effect of local Vietcong mortar attacks. Under these conditions, missile attacks with conventional warheads might be successful. The missiles would have quick-launch capability and would present a poor target for reconnaissance and bombing. At the same time, direct combat between Soviet and U.S. airmen would be avoided.

But not necessarily for long. From the standpoint of efficiency, conventional warheads leave much to be desired. Pound for pound, the nuclear weapon affords a multiplication factor of tens or hundreds of thousands. When the belligerents begin using missile delivery systems, the temptation to resort to these high yields will become almost irresistible. The missile people will be eager to get into the act, as the Strategic Air Command has already managed to engage itself in the Vietnam rain forests. A vast arsenal of nuclear warheads of all sizes has been accumulated. It takes a good deal of optimism to visualize reciprocal escalation without ultimate resort to the ultimate weapons.

Mars and Motor Cars

Whatever the Mariner 4 photography and scientific measurements of the planet Mars may reveal, the process for recording and transmitting the data is one of the marvels of modern technology. If only the same ingenuity and lavish expenditure were devoted to mundane problems, Americans would be a happier race. One such application would be an all-out effort to reduce the toll of fatalities and injuries on the nation's highways.

The exploration of the cosmos is more difficult than making motor cars less lethal, but it is an activity naturally favored by the federal government. It provides a perpetual show for the public, program material for the networks, news for the newspapers. Its expenditures help to sustain the economy and the profits of the aerospace corporations. It has military aspects—at least the Air Force keeps telling us so. All these are reasons for the federal government's passion for space, in contrast with only a slight and belated quickening of interest in motoring safety.

A few Senators, however, are able to see things in better proportion. Abraham A. Ribicoff, during his two terms as Governor of Connecticut, cracked down on speeders and gave the state the lowest traffic fatality rate in the nation. Mr. Ribicoff is aware that the car manufacturers will give safety little more attention than they must, and now he is working on them. As chairman of a Government Operations subcommittee he accuses them of running their business on the premise that "safety doesn't sell." The record of the past thirty years can lead to no other conclusion. Even to induce the manufacturers to install safety belts required decades of crusading on the part of Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, Consumers Union and other public-spirited bodies.

Sen. Gaylord Nelson has called attention to the chaotic situation in tire equipment, especially for station wagons, status symbol of the recently arrived middle class. A Goodyear spokesman testified before the Federal Trade Commission that a fully loaded 1965 station wagon should be equipped with 8-ply tires for safe operation. Senator Nelson checked dealers in Washington and found not a single station wagon equipped with the recommended tires. Four-ply was the best that was offered with the cars. Senator Nelson also voiced the complaint of many motorists and dealers, that in the welter of advertising claims it has become impossible for the buyer to know what he is getting in a tire. The size may not be as labeled, and the quality descriptions—first-line, second-line, third-line, premium, super, etc., cannot be referred to any meaningful standard. Tires, says Senator Nelson, "are . . . intentionally mislabeled. As a consequence, thousands of motorists are traveling on tires that are a threat to their lives and the lives of other motorists. . . ."

Senator Nelson has introduced a bill, S. 1643, to establish minimum safety and performance standards for tires and a uniform system of grading and labeling. The passage of this legislation would seem to be in the interest not only of motorists but ultimately in that of the tire and automobile industries as well. The considerations involved are surely as important as whether there are microbes on Mars.

Cuba

A Revolution Revisited . . . .

Leo Huberman

Havana

One of the many jokes circulating in Cuba comes from the excellent Czechoslovakian motion picture, *The Accused*, recently shown here. Question: "What are the first two phases of socialism?" Answer: "First, the difficulties of development; second, the development of difficulties."

The "development of difficulties" is widely recognized here. Some were inevitable, others resulted from mistakes in planning. The transition from capitalism to socialism in any country, at any time, is not easy; the adjustment from an economy that was formerly an outpost of Florida, 90 miles away, to one that must fit in with the economies of countries 10,000 miles away, is bound to present problems. When, as formerly, goods could flow in a matter of days from supplier to consumer, no storage space or long-term planning was needed; now, port facilities must be enlarged, storage space built both at the port and at the final destination, and the handling and planning of what must come in at what particular moment is essential. To keep the economy functioning smoothly without previous experience with these changed conditions becomes an achievement.

The difficulties are compounded in a place like Cuba where there are so few trained hands to do the work. Good revolutionists are a dime a dozen in Havana, but good engineers, good administrators, good planners are still in short supply. With the intensive educational program in full swing the problem will be solved in time, but right now knowing what to do is not sufficient—you must then find people competent to do it.

The old problem of parts for broken-down machines and replacements for worn-out equipment remains, though it has been alleviated by imports from the Socialist countries. Increased trade with the countries of Western Europe makes possible a satisfactory solution to this nuisance—but capitalist equipment and spare parts must be paid

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Leo Huberman is co-editor with Paul M. Sweezy of the magazine Monthly Review. *He has recently returned from his fourth trip to Cuba since the revolution.*

for with dollars or other convertible currency, and the only way to get such funds is through increased exports.

If the men, materials and money now allocated to defense could be invested in productive enterprise the dollar supply would increase enormously, but everyone is convinced that the well-trained, magnificently equipped Cuban defense army is a necessity as long as the United States persists in its refusal to leave Cuba alone.

Along with the highly centralized planning that is characteristic of Socialist countries in the first stages of replacing private enterprise by public ownership comes the strangling growth of bureaucracy. Red tape, irritating delays, endless confusion continue to plague the Cuban economy as they have those of the Socialist countries in Europe. "If only I didn't have to make so many decisions which could and should have been made in lower echelons," a vice minister of one of the agencies told me, "I would have time to think about the really important problems of my department."

Contrary to general belief, the problem of centralization vs. decentralization is not peculiar to Socialist economies—it is familiar to the largest corporations in capitalist societies. But the older Socialist societies are still struggling with it, along with the accompanying question of moral or material incentives; and so is Cuba. On my visits here in 1960 and 1961, I was shown more "realistic" plans for increasing the economy's growth, and today the plans of yesteryear are again being discarded and newer, still more "realistic," plans are again being formulated. To conclude from this that there has been a breakdown, or that Cuban planners are incompetent, would be totally wrong: There has been no breakdown; on the contrary, the economy is definitely on the upgrade. And the key planners here are extremely competent; they are merely becoming more and more aware of the many complexities involved in running an economy, and of the fact that the planning experiences of other countries are not necessarily applicable to their own. One of my friends, a brilliant economist who has won wide respect for his outstanding work with the Ministries of Planning, Industries, and Finance, is now an adviser to a top government official. His thoughtful answer when I asked him what were the most important things he had learned in the five years since I last saw him, throws light on this question: "I thought that creating a Socialist society would be a lot easier than I have found it to be. Even more important, I thought then that there were concrete principles and laws that would light the path to a good society. There are no such laws. There is no political economy of socialism." Having come to this conclusion, the next step in a country headed by young, undogmatic, creative people is to discard the old formulas and come up with a new model of a plan better suited to their own needs. Such a plan — a complete break with the models previously borrowed from the Socialist countries—is now in preparation.

As was to be expected, the purely emotional enthusiasm of the early years has gone and a matter-of-fact routine application to the day-to-day job has replaced it. Less talk and more work help the inquiring journalist as well as the economy: the days of long waiting in anterooms or last-minute cancellation of appointments seem to be over. Today one can go to an appointment with a reasonable expectation of getting in fairly close to the hour set.

It must certainly be the case that after a time one learns to live with shortages that were infuriating when first encountered. That probably explains why I found little grumbling about the inconveniences of daily living. It is generally agreed that things are better now than in earlier years and that they continue to improve. One 72-year-old housewife put it this way: "We don't get all we want, but we get all we need."

It will be a long time before Cubans get all they want. Increased production in factory, farm and office is the basic prerequisite and many more stupendous victories, like the 6-million-ton harvest of sugar this year, will have to be won. Credit for that notable success is rightly given to Fidel Castro. "We thought that with a great push perhaps 5 million tons might be possible," a vice minister at Juceplan told me, "but Fidel said 6 million and the attainment of that goal was entirely due to his spectacular success with the masses."

Our press accounts of the cane cutting gave so much space to the voluntary brigades of cane cutters—in an effort to hint that they were not "voluntary" at all—that too little attention was paid to the fact that by far the largest amount of cane was cut by the professional cane cutters to whom substantial material incentives were given. Wage scales were raised beyond those prevailing in other, much easier, agricultural work to which the cane cutters, who are not fools, had flocked in earlier years; many more consumer goods were sent to the cane-cutting areas—the shops in Camaguey were much better stocked than those in Havana; and 5,000 prizes, including trips abroad, refrigerators and motorcycles, were awarded to those who cut the most cane.

It is difficult to say how much of the extremely widespread participation in the cane cutting was, in truth, "voluntary"—and it is not important, except to partisans on both sides. What is important is the political effect of the participation of so many people in the arduous task, with ministers, vice ministers and department heads living and working side by side in brigades with elevator operators, clerks and guards. There is little doubt that some went off to the fields unwillingly because they are not yet fired with revolutionary zeal, and others went hesitantly because cutting cane is very hard work. There is little doubt, too, that most of them returned not only physically more fit but also mentally relaxed and, more important, with the glow of satisfaction that comes from the successful completion of a job, as well as with a feeling of closer kinship with the revolution.

Of greatest significance were the economic effects of the bumper sugar harvest. One million tons can now be sold for urgently needed convertible currency. Agriculture, not industry, is the key to Cuba's development—this has been Fidel's argument with Cuba's planners since 1963, and he has maintained this view even more strongly after a period of concentrated study of agricultural and cattle-breeding problems. To his triumph in sugar must be added a success in cattle raising—Cuba is now exporting cattle. The egg shortage, too, is a thing of the past: Cuba has become one of the world's big egg-producing countries, and with an average of more than 70 million eggs entering the market every month the consumption of eggs here begins to approach the European level.

With much more cane-cutting machinery already on order, with the nation's attention focused on the importance of agriculture, the talk now is of producing 10 million metric tons of sugar by 1970. In addition to sugar (and its by-products, alcohol and molasses), tobacco and minerals (nickel, copper, chromium, manganese) are Cuba's big export commodities. Long-term agreements at fixed prices with the Socialist countries—Russia, China, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Poland—and with a few capitalist countries (e.g., Spain, Japan) ease foreign-trade headaches. Every effort is made to buy what's needed from the Socialist camp; what cannot be obtained there is sought from the capitalist countries. Cuba's imports are mainly oil, rice, wheat, edible oil, beans, fertilizer, jute bags, textiles, spare parts, tractors, trucks, locomotives, buses, machinery. With enough convertible currency, they can all be bought in England, France and other capitalist countries of Western Europe. The United States blockade with its blacklist of shipping is a nuisance, but one way or another Cuba has never failed to import what it needed. Because freight charges in convertible currency are a sizable item, a big shipbuilding program is now under way; in two years, it is hoped, tonnage will be more than doubled.

Cuba, like all other Socialist countries, is proud of its before-and-after-the-revolution statistics. Of most interest to me as a former teacher are those in education. (Educational growth is also the special concern of the leaders of the revolution because, in addition to their devotion to raising the general cultural standard of the people, they understand that in a modern economy high yields in factory and farm go hand in hand with a higher level of technical education; and, as I pointed out earlier, technical cadres are still in short supply.) I was last in Cuba during the Bay of Pigs invasion of 1961. That was called the Year of Education, and it was then that the big program to wipe out illiteracy was launched. In that incomparable campaign, some 258,000 teachers (35,000 professionals, 121,000 adults, 89,000 adolescents, and 13,000 *brigadistas* who signed up for the final push from October through December) went into every village of Cuba to enroll those of all ages who could not read or write. *In one year* illiteracy in Cuba was reduced from 23.6 per cent to 3.9 per cent—only the Haitians whose native language is French, the physically and mentally handicapped, the senile, and those who absolutely refused to join classes were not reached.

It is even more impressive that the educational campaign was not just allowed to die, but has been pursued with equal intensity in "follow-up" and "improvement" courses. Today, Cuba is a nation at school.

Drawing by Berger

Shortly after supper at a friend's house, my hostess excused herself because "I have to go to class," and an hour later, the maid ran off because she was "late for school." In every family I met, the story was the same—husband, wife, children, the help, all attending classes at every level of education. There is justifiable criticism of the quality of instruction in the Cuban educational system—professional educators decry the low standards—but of its extent there can be no doubt. In adult education, for the school year 1964-65, the Ministry of Education reports an enrollment of 839,325—this from a total population of 7 million people! Bookstores everywhere, stocked with serious works in economics, politics, history, science, biography and fiction, are crowded with buyers, and it is fairly common for an edition of 50,000 copies to be sold out in a few months. *Bajo Palabra* by Marta A. González is, understandably, the current bestseller; it is the story of a Cuban who fled to Miami, became disillusioned with the life of the refugees in the United States, and made her way back to Cuba. The first edition of 10,000 copies went in a few hours; the second 100,000 lasted not much longer. In the first years of the revolution, at the old Imprenta Nacional, grandiose publishing schemes were talked about which never materialized; today, Editorial Nacional de Cuba, headed by the famous Cuban writer, Alejo Carpentier, has an excellent list of titles and the whole operation is run on a businesslike basis. Last year it distributed 18 million books.

Perhaps the Cubans read so many books because their press is so bad. Many of the magazines, and all of the newspapers, are of scandalously poor quality. Here again, the difficulty arises primarily from lack of skilled people, plus the fact that there has never been a tradition of good journalism in Cuba. (My listening Spanish is inadequate for a personal judgment on the quality of radio and TV, but I am advised by competent friends that radio and TV are no better than the press.) Though the press in Socialist countries plays a role different from its function under capitalism (for example, as mobilizer in a campaign like that of cutting the cane), and though it is understandable that it should concentrate on domestic affairs, nevertheless one hopes that it will some day be possible to read a Cuban newspaper and learn at least something of what's going on in the outside world. Right now, that's not possible.

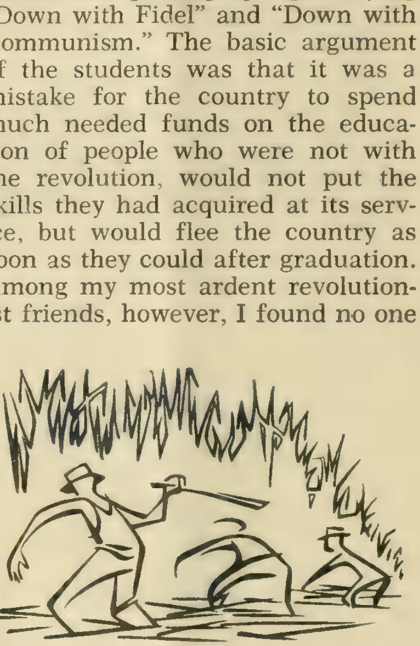
Intellectual Cubans despair of the press, but rejoice in the before-and-after figures in the field of health. Before the revolution the best medical care was to be found in the private insurance schemes which were introduced in Cuba by the Spaniards as early as 1880; now that is changed and the government hospitals have a much higher standard. About 1 million Cubans still cling to private insurance schemes, but the whole population is covered by state socialized medicine. Cuba now has good medical service and it is free to everybody.

By far the greatest achievement of the government health service has been the extension of good medical care to people and places where formerly it was either lacking or too distant. Thus, in the Sierre Maestra, where there were only ten hospital beds, and those within 10 miles of Bayamo, today there are 1,200 beds in the most remote areas, served by doctors who go there on a rotating internship and who get special teaching in minor surgery and pediatric emergencies.

Medical students complete their studies after one year of internship. They are now pledged on graduation to serve in the rural areas for two years. Cuba has 7,000 doctors; it needs another 3,000. Formerly, only Havana had a medical school; in 1962, a second was opened in Santiago. Where there was formerly only one 300-bed hospital for children, there are now three hospitals with a total of 1,100 beds. Health education, better hygiene and prompt attention, previously unavailable in many rural areas, have brought about a significant decrease in gastroenteritis, probably the biggest killer of children in all underdeveloped countries. In a ten-day period a few years ago, polio oral vaccine was given to 2.5 million children up to 15 years of age. Today, there is no polio in Cuba. Psychiatric care is free, and the mental hospital, formerly a real hell hole, is today a beautifully run, first-rate institution.

In 1958, the budget of the Ministry of Health was $21 million; today it is $140 million.

As there are criteria for appraising a country's physical health, so are there criteria for judging its social health. Do the people speak freely? Do they dare to criticize openly? Do they go to jail only for counterrevolutionary *activity*, or is there also a penalty for counterrevolutionary *talk*? Some bitter critics of the Castro government whispered to me that one had to "be careful lest we be overheard," but in the main I was satisfied both from conversation (even with them, since they promptly forgot their own injunction!) and from observation that what might be considered counterrevolutionary talk in other Socialist regimes was still freely permitted in Cuba. Nevertheless, there are enough indications of a trend in the opposite direction to worry thinking people. A recent "purge" of some fifty students in the Faculty of Technology and in the Medical School of the University of Havana, and a threatened purge of homosexuals in the university, are cited as cases in point. I asked the leaders of the Federation of University Students (FEU) about it and they stated that the expulsion had been carried out by the student body in general assembly and that there had been no expulsions for talk alone; those expelled had a history of counterrevolutionary ideology and some were guilty of such acts as breaking tables in the School of Architecture and putting up signs saying "Down with Fidel" and "Down with Communism." The basic argument of the students was that it was a mistake for the country to spend much needed funds on the education of people who were not with the revolution, would not put the skills they had acquired at its service, but would flee the country as soon as they could after graduation. Among my most ardent revolutionist friends, however, I found no one who approved of the "purge"—all agreed that it was stupid, unjust and self-defeating in that it would create more enemies of the revolution. Some attributed it to the immaturity and "left-wing infantilism" of the FEU leadership; others were less tolerant—and quite fearful.



Another event which has occasioned much interest was the disappearance some weeks ago of Che Guevara, with no statement as of this writing on his whereabouts. People jokingly substituted the greeting, "Where's Che?" for the usual "hello," and in conversations which ensued, the latest *bolas* (rumors) were exchanged. But though there is intense interest in the subject, there has been little apprehension—Fidel's answer to a French journalist that Che would always be found where the revolution most needed him reassured most people. The general feeling was that though there might have been some disagreement on policy between Che and Fidel, it certainly did not betoken danger for Che's personal safety. Che is held in such esteem in Cuba as a man of the highest integrity and profundity, his service to the revolution are so universall appreciated, that the only concern was whether his program was in jeopardy (not Che personally bu Che's policies), whether his unexplained absence forecast a departure from his line on this or tha question.

In reflecting on the future of the revolution in Cuba, I was reminded of the observation made by Frantz Fanon in his famous book *The Damned of the Earth.*

> *A struggle which mobilizes all classes of the people and which expresses their aims and their impatience, which is not afraid to count almost exclusively on the people's support, will of necessity triumph.*

Such a struggle is being carried on in Cuba today, and the grea mobilizer of the people is still Fidel Castro. No leader in history has ever been so close to the masses; they have followed him now for six year and he has never failed them. They respect and love some of the other leaders, too, but for Fidel there is a special kind of respect and love plus a warmth that comes from the feeling that he is one of them—he "expresses their aims and their impatience." Cubans have a tradition of opposition to government and they love Fidel because he is the guardian of the people's interests—in opposition to his own government! When things go wrong, as they frequently do, Fidel becomes the prosecuting attorney for the people against the bureaucracy; he shouts the questions the people are asking: Who is responsible for this failure? Why is this situation allowed to continue? Will the bureaucrats never learn to do things correctly?

Far from being afraid "to count almost exclusively on the people's support," he seeks it, and wins i because he tells them the truth, and they trust him.

Many of Cuba's old problems persist and new ones arise each day Inefficiency, stupidity, lack of necessary skills, mismanagement and blunders will continue to plague the Cuban economy; but a society tha was prepared to die for a principle as this one was in the crisis of October, 1962, is a good society and will, I believe, "of necessity triumph."

The War on Poverty

Are the Poor Left Out? . . . . .

Richard A. Cloward

The chief concern of the federal anti-poverty program is the victim of poverty, not the sources of his disability. Among the first-aid programs to be established across the country, for example, not the least is the plan to provide out-of-school, unemployed youth with subsidized work, especially in the ghettos where last summer riots broke out. It is all very well to provide subsidized employment for unemployed youth, but where will they work once the brief period of subsidization is over? Since the anti-poverty program does not deal with basic economic problems, such as the lack of full employment or low minimum wages, it cannot expect to shut off the flow of future casualties.

Or take the programs being established in some cities to deal with the current crisis over welfare costs. Some municipalities are proposing to train welfare mothers to become dietary aides and nurses' aides, thereby enabling them to leave the welfare rolls. This may be an advance over their previous status, but it must also be said that such measures reinforce the female as the breadwinner in an already female-headed household. Men for whom there are no jobs will nevertheless mate like other men, but they are not so likely to marry. Our society has preferred to deal with the resulting female-headed families not by putting men to work but by placing the unwed mothers and dependent children on public welfare—substituting check-writing machines for male wage earners. By this means, we have robbed men of manhood, women of husbands, and children of fathers. To create a stable monogamous family, we need to provide men (especially Negro men) with the opportunity to be men, and that involves enabling them to perform occupationally. Over the long term, women will then leave the welfare rolls, not to work but to marry.

Nothing said above should be taken to mean that casualty programs are not needed. No humane society can abandon those who have already experienced the ravages of prolonged deprivation. The point is, however, that low-income people *as a class* cannot expect to benefit from the anti-poverty program as it is currently conceived. To convert it from a strategy to aid casualties into an attack upon basic economic inequalities will require a good deal of political pressure — especially from low-income groups. That pressure has yet to be organized, but the vague mandate in the anti-poverty program to "involve the poor" could help to bring it into being. Indeed, the concept of involving the poor themselves may yet turn out to be the most significant — and the most controversial — aspect of the entire anti-poverty effort.

It is true that a consensus favoring the anti-poverty program exists and that it includes business and labor, Republicans and Democrats, rich and poor. But that is hardly proof of a national determination to wipe out economic deprivation. Indeed, the very breadth of the consensus exposes the fact that no vital institutional interests are threatened by the program. For this reason, it is relatively easy to develop support among groups whose political and economic interests in other areas are fundamentally divergent.

The anti-poverty program, precisely because of its mandate to "involve the poor," can help to bring about the political preconditions for major economic changes. But this can happen only if the forms of involvement lead to new bases of organized power for low-income people. Economic deprivation is fundamentally a political problem, and power will be required to solve it. Indeed, competition for the power to be derived from the control of vast poverty funds is at the heart of the current controversy over the involvement of the poor.

The President's Task Force Against Poverty, which drafted the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, did not spell out what it meant by "involvement," nor did Congress subsequently clarify this potentially important dictum by amendment. During recent hearings in the House Committee on Education and Labor, Rep. Adam Clayton Powell has castigated one city after another — chiefly Chicago, Washington, Cleveland and New York— for failing to seat poor people on the top municipal anti-poverty councils, where policy will be formulated and funds allocated for programs.

Generally speaking, two arguments are put forward by advocates of placing the poor on these influential bodies. They say that long-term users of public and private agencies (whether as clients of public welfare or of private family-service agencies) can provide a unique insight into the effectiveness of social services — a perspective free of bias stemming from considerations of career, political interests and the public relations needs of agency representatives. It is further argued that the poor can best define their own needs and suggest appropriate uses of federal funds to meet them. Inclusion of the poor, it is said, will help to overcome a long-standing colonialism in the social welfare field (both public and private).

As a result of Congressman Powell's intervention and of pressure from slum communities, a number of municipalities delayed filing applications to the federal government for anti-poverty funds until the question of involving the poor had been debated and resolved. New York City recently announced, for example, that the number of seats available to poor people on its Council Against Poverty would be increased from six to thirty. Other cities have been doing the same. The chief questions under discussion have been how to define a "genuine, certified poor person," and how to establish procedures to appoint or elect such per-

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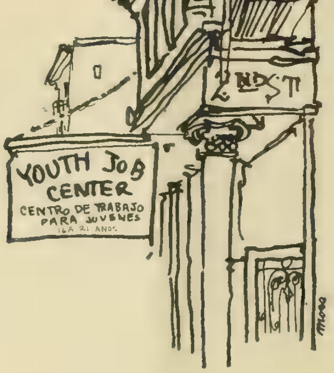
Richard A. Cloward, a professor at the Columbia School of Social Work, was a chief architect of Mobilization for Youth, and continues as its director of research. The present article, commissioned by The Nation, *was also presented by Dr. Cloward as a statement to the Senate Select Committee on Poverty. It was thus made public before publication and excerpts have appeared in the press.*

sons. Philadelphia held a much-publicized election in low-income areas. Other cities are contemplating similar steps, while some propose to call conventions of grass-roots organizations to put forward representatives. On the typical city-wide board, it might be added, the poor will join and be outnumbered by powerful leaders of civic, religious, labor, business and private-welfare organizations as well as representatives of municipal government itself. New York's overall committee, for example, now numbers 100. By and large, federal officials have seemed to accept this concept of involvement, and the funds are starting to pour into the cities.

Another form of involvement is the hiring of poor people by local anti-poverty projects to engage in a variety of tasks, from janitorial duties to interpreting poverty programs to the residents in their communities. The Office of Economic Opportunity has specified as the target for next year the employment of some 50,000 such persons, with progressively larger numbers to be employed in succeeding years. In this way, it is suggested, the poor may help one another.

But is the principle of involvement satisfied by representation on municipal poverty councils and employment in anti-poverty programs, or is something more at stake? While the employment of a few thousand (or a few hundred thousand) persons is not to be depreciated, even in an economy where millions are unemployed, a program of public works would have a much more far-reaching impact. Membership on policy-making bodies may confer a little prestige on the poor persons who participate, but it will do little more than that when they are outnumbered by the representatives of powerful organizational interests. Indeed, some of the local groups in cities like New York and Chicago, having been granted representation on city-wide anti-poverty councils, now seem vaguely uneasy about their victory. They begin to sense that they have been victorious on the wrong battlefield, or at least on a relatively non-strategic one. And that, I shall argue, is precisely what has happened. The bitterness of the controversy regarding involvement, and the feeling of local groups that they have won without winning, are persuasive evidence that a deeper meaning of involvement is at stake—a meaning as yet only dimly perceived, and thus not fully articulated, in the current poverty debate.

The possibility that the anti-poverty program can contribute to the growth of low-income power lies in delivering to the poor and their leaders control over the programs and the funds to be funneled into their slum and ghetto communities. In the coming years, billions of dollars will be assigned to depressed neighborhoods. This money is to be used for a wide range of services—subsidized work for out-of-school unemployed youth, remedial education programs, counseling, recreation, etc. To manage these programs, huge social-welfare organizations will have to be created, or existing ones vastly expanded. Thousands of jobs will be created, and whether these are filled by professionals or by the poor, the new workers will owe allegiance to those who manage the operation. In short, the organizations to be created or expanded will constitute a new and potentially important source of power.



Who will derive that power? That issue has so far failed to emerge clearly in the present controversy. But to say that the issue has not yet been fully grasped by the public does not mean that it is unrecognized privately. Many groups — notably public officials and private social-welfare agencies —are acutely aware that they have vital interests at stake, and they are quietly moving to secure their positions by obtaining firm control of the anti-poverty programs.

The poverty structures being projected in New York and Chicago are examples of attempts by government officials to dominate the forthcoming programs. Under conditions of great secrecy, both cities put forward some months ago plans for establishing decentralized, multi-function public agencies in designated slum neighborhoods. New York calls them "Community Progress Centers"; in Chicago they are "Urban Progress Centers." Most of the municipal anti-poverty programs are to be operated from these centers. In both cities, the centers are to be responsible to a city-wide corporation dominated by public officials or persons directly appointed by public officials. The director of each Chicago center is to be appointed by the central agency, and policies will be generated there as well. Community committees of low-income people and institutional representatives will also be created in each neighborhood of both cities. Their functions were originally intended to be purely advisory, and still are so in Chicago. In New York, however, local community groups have brought sufficient pressure upon city hall to gain somewhat greater powers for the neighborhood committees; nevertheless, they still lack the full powers of a legally constituted board of trustees. With the funds to hire thousands of people and to serve many thousands more, these decentralized agencies, it seems clear, will greatly expand the influence of city hall in the slum, not the slum's influence in city hall. Indeed, it is tempting to suppose that they are intended to do just that.

Community groups are beginning to realize that their stake in the present controversy is the right to mount autonomous, self-directed anti-poverty programs in their own slums and ghettos. In New York, such organizations have slowly been developing: Central Harlem's HARYOU-ACT, East Harlem's MEND, Bedford-Stuyvesant's Youth in Action, South Bronx's SEBU, and the new city-wide organs of the Puerto Rican community (the Puerto Rican Forum and the Puerto Rican Community Development Corporation). Still others are in the making. Potentially, at least, these organizations represent a new base of power, a new institutional framework in the slum through which pressure can be exerted against the oppressive institutions of the larger society. Because public officials have perceived the meaning of this trend, much anti-poverty planning in New York and Chicago has gone on behind closed doors.

If local community-action groups could be relied on merely to carry out politically neutral social-service programs for the casualties in their midst, the current dispute would generate somewhat less heat. But the trend toward neighborhood control is also coupled with the idea of organizing poor people to work for social change, and that is a major threat. One of the early signs of profound distress among municipal officials regarding the stirrings in slums and ghettos was their response to the riots last summer. In New York, which was not atypical, the outcry was that the riots had been inspired by subversive forces (although the FBI later denied this allegation and suggested, ironically, that out-of-school unemployed youth had had much to do with them). That, at least, was the explanation offered to the public by Paul R. Screvane, President of the City Council, as well as of the Anti-Poverty Operations Board. Indeed, it was only a few weeks after the New York riots that Mr. Screvane lent the great prestige of his office to a massive — and unfounded — attack upon Mobilization for Youth, a forerunner of the anti-poverty program on Manhattan's Lower East Side; he repeated his charges of a Communist take-over, with reference to MFY's policy of encouraging rent strikes, civil rights protests and other collective actions by local residents.

This failure to acknowledge the new forces in the slums marks city halls everywhere. The Conference of Mayors, meeting recently in St. Louis, very nearly issued an official statement condemning the federal anti-poverty program because some funds had reached local groups "whose activities were undermining the integrity of local government." Several of the mayors spoke bitterly of the "subversion of the federal program," forecast nothing less than "class welfare" unless something were done, and otherwise expressed deep concern that involvement of the poor might result in the city hall's being defined as "the enemy."

The fact is, however, that today's slum and ghetto lack a radical tradition of any kind. The controversy over the involvement of the poor has its roots in relatively moderate ideologies—self-help, local autonomy, democratic collective action, and the importance of ethnic separatism. The struggle, in short, is in the tradition of urban politics and nothing more. Local groups, composed largely of today's ethnic poor, are merely beginning to articulate their interests as blocs, and to demand that they be aided in building institutions to give those interests form and coherence. It may be asking too much of established power groups to recognize the value of this development, but it must be made clear that they are not being confronted with anything resembling a revolutionary movement.

In this conflict, municipal officials are finding many allies among leaders of the private social-welfare establishment. In a recent report, to cite one case, United Neighborhood Houses in New York (the city-wide coordinating body for all settlement houses) describes local slum groups which are seeking to operate their own programs as "grasping at the chance to get control"; these groups and others as well are downgrading "every social agency that has its roots in the past, even though its current ideas and programs are forward-looking and ahead of the times," and are "demanding *new* projects and rejecting the undergirding of proven ongoing programs." In other words, the aspiration of these groups to build new organizations under their own control is regarded by some private agencies as a threatened disruption of the orderly patterns of giving and receiving in which they and the poor have traditionally been engaged. "In the long run," the statement of United Neighborhood Houses continues, "it is the experienced, neighborhood-based agencies such as the settlements that can best provide the knowledge and the skills to nourish the new anti-poverty programs and help them to be effective. . . . We are determined that the victors in this war shall be the poor—not the self-seeking spokesmen who claim to represent them. . . ."

On the strength of such arguments, and buttressed by their considerable power in many municipalities, voluntary agencies are making considerable progress in

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penetrating anti-poverty councils and influencing on their own behalf the distribution of federal funds. Without doubt, they will come in for a sizable piece of the pie. United Neighborhood Houses, to quote again from its statement, suggests the extent to which it will probably benefit from New York's anti-poverty program:

> *Through its president, executive and several of its staff, UNH has been closely involved in almost all of the Poverty operations. . . . From the beginning, we . . . helped develop procedures for . . . the Neighborhood Youth Corps. We are active on the Ad Hoc Committee for Head Start. . . . We . . . now administer the settlements' part in the City's Neighborhood Youth Corps. To supervise this we have, with Youth Corps funds, added fifteen people to our staff and enlarged our offices.*
>
> *The score at the moment is: 31 settlements* [are involved in Neighborhood Youth Corps]; *20 settlements have requested Head Start programs . . . 13 settlements are working on plans for community action programs . . . at least a dozen houses expect approval for special projects in a variety of services from pre-school programs to work with unwed teenage girls to employment programs for the elderly and new expanded neighborhood services.*

Existing agencies, obeying an understandable urge to maintain if not to expand themselves, will seek to enlarge their funds through the anti-poverty program, and they can thus be expected to resist the formation of competing agencies under new sponsorship.

And it may well appear to the agencies which now possess power that other groups wanting a share of it are "grasping," for indeed they are. The controversy over the involvement of the poor is precisely one of power and its redistribution,

The Man Who 'Saved' MFY

The first indication that Mobilization for Youth would be an issue in the current political campaign for the mayoralty of New York came on June 21. On that date, Paul Screvane, President of the City Council and chairman of the Anti-Poverty Operations Board, appeared before the nominating committee of the Liberal Party to seek their endorsement (later given to John Lindsay). Following the meeting, Mr. Screvane announced to the press that he had not participated in the witch hunt against MFY, and claimed that "were it not for me, there would be no MFY." In view of his public record on MFY, it was a surprising statement.

When the *Daily News* first attacked MFY on Aug. 16, 1964, it quoted Mr. Screvane as follows: "We have heard reports of subversive infiltration of MFY. That is why we have been investigating. We have contacted the FBI. Everybody is concerned over these reports of alleged Communist infiltration." On August 21, he reiterated the concern of the Anti-Poverty Operations Board regarding the suspected infiltration of MFY, not alone by "political subversives," but by what he called "sociological subversives" as well (*The News*).

It was also Mr. Screvane who, in those first days of the attack, introduced into the press (*The New York Times*, Aug. 17) the charge that MFY had printed the infamous "Wanted For Murder—Gilligan the Cop" poster—a document which is widely credited with having precipitated the Harlem riots. Within twenty-four hours, *The Times* denied this charge, on information received through its sources in the police department. The FBI was also to deny it in a subsequent report to President Johnson. Mr. Screvane, however, has never withdrawn his charge.

On September 1, Mr. Screvane released the first of his three reports to Mayor Wagner on his investigation into MFY. Among other things, he asserted that "MFY, financed with taxpayers' public funds, must not be a base of activities and a safe haven for subversives, to be given free rein, and public financing, for their disruptive activities." He went on to observe that MFY personnel "seem to be more deeply involved in agitation than in education." That the issue of subversive infiltration was of very much concern to him is revealed by his account of actions being taken in connection with the investigation: "Information on personnel which was supplied to me at my request by the FBI (which consists entirely of fragmentary nonclassified material) is being reviewed and related to the fuller information in the files of the Police Department Bureau of Special Services and of our own Department of Investigation."

About a dozen MFY staff members were subsequently subpoenaed. With thousands of dollars for legal costs raised by MFY's 300 staff members, these employees chose to make a court challenge of the city's right to interrogate private citizens about their political beliefs and associations. To avoid the adverse publicity associated with protracted litigation, the city chose not to pursue these court actions, and the employees thus eventually succeeded in resisting interrogation. Although the subpoenas are still in force, the matter is now likely to be dropped.

On Jan. 15, 1965, Mr. Screvane released his final report, in which he asserted that "the most delicate, troublesome and yet demanding of all the subjects of inquiry was the allegation of infiltration by subversives." There was nothing delicate about his conclusions:

> *With regard to alleged subversives on the staff of MFY, it is clear that there had been hired a considerable number of individuals . . . who certainly would not have been hired if they had been subjected by the City Government to routine personnel screening. . . .*

Who this "considerable number of subversives" were, what they had done to be defined as subversives, whether any of them had misused their positions as employees at MFY — none of these matters is discussed by Mr. Screvane.

After an investigation lasting more than six months, then, we are left merely with Mr. Screvane's personal opinion that MFY had been infiltrated by subversives — and this is the same Mr. Screvane who now puts himself forward as the savior of MFY.

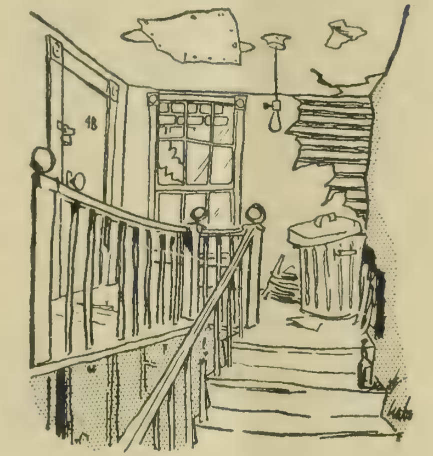
The Editors

not alone in the broader society but also in the more specific but still vast field of social welfare. The issue concerns not merely administrative efficiency and experience but justice. If spokesmen for slum communities permit what are chiefly questions of class and ethnic politics to be converted into technical, professional and administrative matters, they will have conceded the battle over involvement of the poor before it can be fully joined.

To employ a phrase like "ethnic politics" is to face another —and perhaps the most important —element in the current situation. The issue is not only one of developing new institutions in the slum, but of developing institutions under expressly ethnic control (e.g., Central Harlem's HARYOU-ACT). Observers who are troubled by the thought that "separatist" programs will be created under the slogan of a war against poverty should bear in mind that while poverty is a reflection of class differentials in power, those differentials are produced and maintained in part by inequities in the power possessed by various ethnic groups. Powerlessness and poverty are disproportionately concentrated among minority groups — Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and the like. America has faced the problem of assimilating such groups into its economic blood stream many times in the past, and religio-ethnic institutions of various kinds have played an important part in that process.

One way by which poverty-stricken groups effect their rise from deprivation is to develop communal associations—ranging from fraternal and religious bodies to political machines. These communal associations provide a base from which to convert ethnic solidarity into the political force required to overcome class inequality. Communal associations, in brief, are an important device by which the legitimate interests of particular groups are put forward to compete with those of other groups.

There is, it should be stressed, considerable precedent both for ethnically based social-welfare institutions and for public funding of them. Indeed, the voluntary social agency has been one instrument of ethnic power in urban areas, and its power has not been diminished by the vast public subsidies it has attracted. Huge networks of agencies have been formed by Jews (in New York, the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies) and by white Catholics (in New York, Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York). Even Protestants, under the impact of a pluralism which has made them a minority as well, have formed essentially white ethnic institutions (in New York, the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies). Across the country, these voluntary welfare systems raise huge amounts of money from private individuals and organizations. What is more, by virtue of their considerable power, they command enormous amounts of tax money as well. (Religio-ethnic welfare institutions, ranging from hospitals to child-care facilities, are now routinely paid upward of $100 million annually from New York City's municipal budget alone.)



The chief point to be made about private agencies is that they are as much political as social-welfare institutions. They symbolize the highest values of self-help, to be sure, and their services have ordinarily been directed to the less fortunate citizens among us. But none of this makes them any the less sensitive to their organizational interests or to the broader interests of their controlling constituencies.

Exerting pressure for various forms of public subsidy does not exhaust the range of political objectives held by private agencies. They also maintain a deep interest in many forms of governmental policy and actively seek to influence the shaping of policy in ways consistent with their interests. This critical point is often overlooked because private agencies exert power chiefly at the municipal level, not at the more visible level of national politics. But it is primarily at the municipal level that public services are organized and delivered to their intended consumers. The quality of programs—public welfare, education, urban renewal, housing-code enforcement, fair employment, law enforcement and correctional practices — all of these are crucially shaped by the character of municipal government.

When private agencies take positions on this expanding range of governmental programs, they are solicitous for their own interests—even when, as sometimes happens, their interests run counter to those of the most depressed minority poor. If minority groups expect to influence the proliferating arenas of governmental activity, they will need their own organizational apparatus to help. Such an apparatus will provide a stable cadre of technical and professional personnel who can examine the merits of alternative public policies, survey the practices of governmental agencies, and activate their own low-income constituencies in behalf of needed changes.

In these terms, then, ethnically based social-welfare structures facilitate the assertion of expressly ethnic interests, and provide a vehicle by which to influence important spheres of public policy. For lack of private money, an insufficient sense of community and other reasons as well, the contemporary minority slum does not contain many such institutions. There is no Negro Federation of Philanthropy in New York or anywhere else, although some of the ethnic organizations now developing may be the beginnings. But these organizations are meeting intense opposition from city officials who have no wish to accelerate the growing cohesion of minority groups by supporting the development of organizations specifically addressed to their needs. Other forces also oppose them, as witness the unrelenting fury with which the press in New York has attacked HARYOU-ACT and its executive director, Livingston Wingate. Settlement-house leaders, deploring the idea of permitting ethnic or class segments to build separate organizations, argue that the true goal of community development is to bring everyone together in the same structure. The logic of this position is that community problems are common ones and can best be solved through cooperation and communication. All things considered, however, it is difficult to see how the interests of the Puerto Rican slum dweller are congruent with those of the Jewish landlord or the aspirations of the unregistered Negro with those of the Italian political-machine leader.

That powerful and divergent ethnic, as well as class, interests are at stake in this controversy over the involvement of the poor is thus becoming obvious. Those who are appalled by the possibility that such conflicts might be exacerbated, especially as a result of governmental policies, fail to understand that strategies of conciliation and coalition will not bring the poor into the mainstream of American life. What the poor need are a heightened awareness of conflicting interests and the means to organize separately. For within coalitions of unequals, it is not typically the case that the least organized have much success in advancing their interests. Judging from the history of ethnic groups who in the past have struggled to gain a foothold in our pluralistic society, it seems clear that the growth of ethnic separatism is a precondition for eventual penetration of ruling circles and full economic integration. Minority groups will win acceptance by the majority through developing their own bases of power, not by submerging their unorganized numbers in coalitions dominated by other and better organized groups.

No one should suppose that single system of new institution can produce the collective force t overcome the deeper inequalities i our society. The building of ethni identity, solidarity and power is ordinarily accomplished through series of organized communal experiences. While some may be mor important than others, all contribute to the overall impact. Thes are the terms, then, in which th pressure for a "new social-welfar voluntarism" must be understood The question is whether this movement will be allowed to develop i one city after another, or whethe powerful coalitions of governmental and traditional voluntar leaders will succeed in blocking it

Sen. Dirksen vs. The Court . . Reo M. Christenson

The civil rights movement, which has done so much to arouse America to the need for both racial equality and a major anti-poverty program, may perform a third notable service. It may be the decisive influence in beating back the proposed amendment to nullify the Supreme Court's "one man, one vote" reapportionment ruling.

At one point Sen. Everett Dirksen's proposed constitutional amendment, which would permit one house of the state legislature to be apportioned "on a basis other than population" if a majority of the state's voters approved, looked to be a more formidable threat than it does today. Twenty-five state legislatures had petitioned for a constitutional convention to draw up an amendment overthrowing the Court's decision (thirty-four states are required to call the convention into being). A potent array of right-wing organizations and periodicals were mobilizing behind the Dirksen amendment. The American Civil Liberties Union reported that at least 250 members of the House favored a Dirksen-type amendment, and about sixty members of the Senate were sympathetic to it, with many others undecided. Even Sen. Jacob Javits of New York went on record favoring an amendment substantially similar to Dirksen's.

Then the opposition zeroed in. The purpose of the amendment is to maintain, at least in part, the advantage that rural sections have traditionally enjoyed in state legislatures. But as former Asst. Attorney General Burke Marshall and others have charged, this amendment would in effect invite Southern states to apportion one house on a racial basis, thus largely canceling the gains Senator Dirksen was trying to confer upon Southern Negroes when he strengthened the 1965 voting rights bill. Passage of the amendment would also weaken the political influence of Negro and other minority voters in non-Southern legislatures, since the perpetuation of rural overrepresentation would work against the achievement of Negro goals in general. The Negro's problems are largely urban problems, and it is the rural legislator's indifference to these problems that lies behind much of the dissatisfaction with current apportionment practices.

Could the Dirksen amendment be revised to prevent apportionment from reflecting racial considerations? If this were done, it would indirectly defeat the purpose of the nullifiers, since Negroes are heavily concentrated in Northern cities. Besides, it would be embarrassing to favor Negro over other minority groups. How could Congress explicitly defend Negro voting right against abridgment by malapportionment, while ignoring the possible threat to the political equalit of other minority groups? The ne political result of such a move moreover, might be to add Souther legislators to the liberal bloc tha opposes any effort to overturn th Court's decision.

There has been some talk therefore, that Senator Dirkse might be receptive to other modifications of his amendment. Perhap any concrete application of "othe than population" should be subjec to court review. Perhaps apportionment policies should be subject t periodic reappraisal by voters in th various states, to prevent a give plan from being frozen into institutional form despite population an opinion shifts.

Sen. Birch Bayh, chairman of subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee which is handling the Dirksen amendment, has suggested tha no reapportionment plan should g into effect in a given state until it legislature has first been elected o a "one man, one vote" basis, so tha such a plan could grow out of truly representative, rather than stacked, body. The Dirksen force could never accept this, of course since a representative legislatur would be most unlikely to creat

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n unrepresentative successor that would threaten the jobs of some of its members.

Senator Bayh has further suggested that legislatures be required to submit a specific plan to the voters, rather than merely request permission to reapportion as their fancy dictated. This, too, will be resisted. It is much easier to arouse opposition to a specific malapportionment plan than to an innocent-sounding statement about "other than population."

If the Dirksen amendment is not amended to impotence, a number of Senate liberals are prepared to conduct "protracted debate" in an effort to kill it or to force major revisions. If this tactic should appear inadequate, there is always the chance that Lyndon Johnson will lend a hand. The President is congenitally allergic to carrying the flag on hotly controversial questions, and his instincts will dictate steering clear of this one, especially if his help seems unnecessary. But if the opposition seems unable to thwart the nullifiers, he may use his influence behind the scenes to block Senator Dirksen. It is generally believed that Mr. Johnson can win this fight if he chooses to do so.

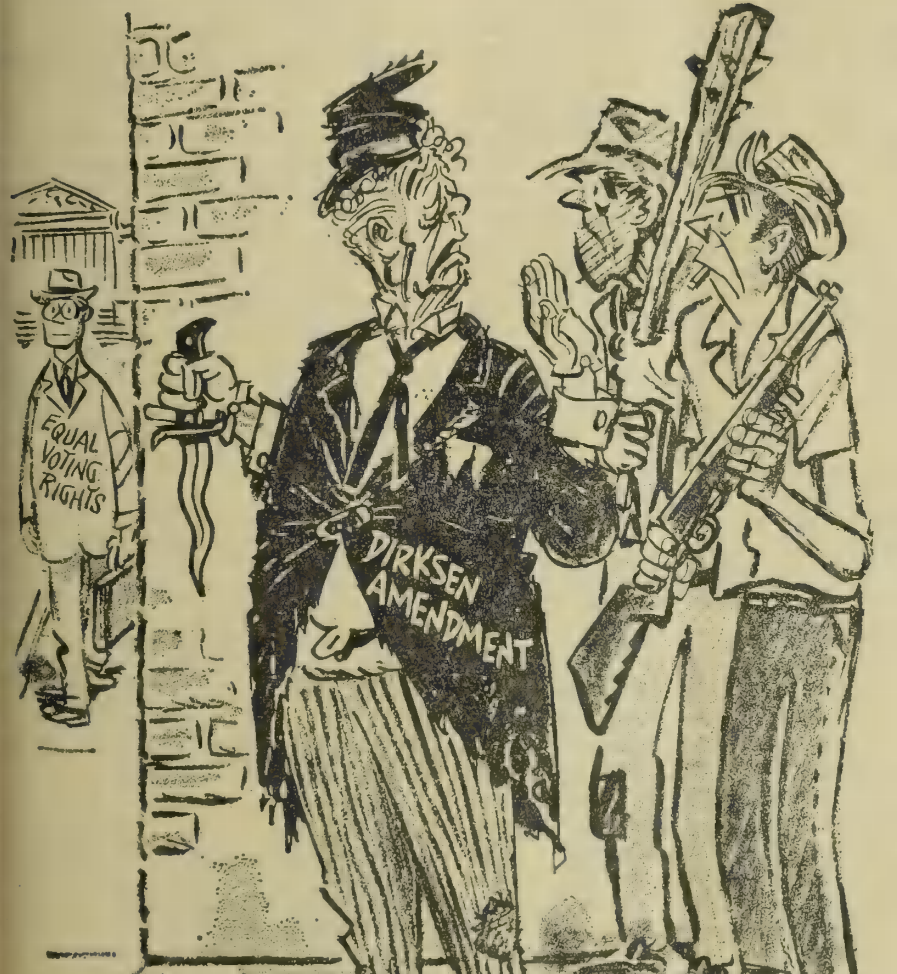
A final factor has weighed heavily against the Dirksen forces from the outset: the nullifiers have a pathetically weak case. Rural folk are a minority, but so are the aged, Catholics, Christian Scientists, small businessmen, engineers and dry-goods salesmen. Why single out country people, among all the minorities in the land for special electoral protection?

Contrary to the oft-repeated claim that "machine bosses" in the big cities would dominate the political affairs of the states, these "machine bosses" are incapable of manipulating and controlling urban voters these days. At most, they help people register and reach the polls. Nor do urbanites hold common political views that would encourage the formation of political juggernauts to steam-roller the non-metropolitan areas. The cities, and their representatives in the state houses, are as diverse in their interests and outlooks as one might reasonably expect them to be. Within metropolitan areas, Republicans oppose Democrats, liberals oppose conservatives, businessmen oppose unions, small businessmen oppose big businesmen, churches oppose liquor interests, Negroes oppose whites, etc.

Political parties would not ignore rural-small town interests even if most of the effective voting power were shifted to the cities. Parties seek majorities in the state legislature, and since neither party could normally sweep the metropolitan area tickets, they would have to look for additional support throughout the state. Even when a majority is in sight, parties covet every possible seat—and the way to win is to offer an attractive program to voters in every district. While the "one man, one vote" principle will undoubtedly lead to a greater focus on urban problems, even a small minority may hold the balance of power in a close election. That is how American politics operate, and that is why rural people can be properly represented even if they are not overrepresented.

To the charge that a bicameral legislature is superfluous if both houses are based on a similar representative principle, Walter Lippmann has proposed that the bicameral tradition might be usefully preserved if one house were considerably smaller than the other, with each member representing a larger number of persons and holding office for a longer term.

In summary, it would be hard to conceive of an amendment more destitute of rational support. But, alas, logic does not always or even usually, prevail in Congress. Thus an aroused awareness of the Negro's stake in opposing the Dirksen amendment is a useful weapon. If those who speak for the Negro put up a fight, they can doubtless derail one of the most mischievous proposals of our time.



"My Dear Chaps, Have You No Refinement, No Finesse?"

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Scoring the Revolution

CASTROISM: Theory and Practice. By Theodore Draper. Frederick A. Praeger. 263 pp. $5.95. $1.95 paper.

Samuel Shapiro

Theodore Draper continues to provide the most thoroughly researched and thoughtfully written statement of the American case against Fidel Castro. In the four articles (two of them reprinted and two of them new) that make up his latest book he refines and brings up to date his analysis of the Cuban Revolution. Although he admits one or two past errors, this newest appraisal is generally consistent with what he has written during the past five years. As he puts it, "I feel fortunate in that I have not needed to change my basic view of Castroism."

In his first and most convincing chapter, wading through a mass of speeches, interviews, party programs and letters, Draper traces the curious and complicated relations of Castro and the Communists. From their original distrust of Fidel as a "bourgeois . . . putschist" in 1953, Cuba's old-line Communists entered into an uneasy alliance with him in 1958 and seemed to arrive at ideological and political dominance in 1961, only to be ousted again, one after another, between 1962 and 1965. The only constant factor in the revolution's constantly changing course has been the power, egoism, personal appeal and *caudillo*-like qualities of Fidel Castro:

> *Castroism today* (Draper sensibly concludes) *represents a tendency within the world Communist movement . . . a particular case of cross-fertilization . . . of a Latin American revolutionary tradition and the European Communist tradition, just as Leninism represented a cross-fertilization of the Russian revolutionary tradition and the European Marxist tradition.*

The special features of Castro-style communism, then, in addition to the charismatic leadership of *el lider máximo*, are that it came to world communism voluntarily, from without, that it advocates immediate revolutionary violence everywhere in the Western Hemisphere, and that it "has made the first Marxist-Leninist revolution in the Spanish language," i.e., it claims Communist leadership throughout Latin America. Both friends and foes of *fidelismo*, everyone except the die-hards who believe that Castro was a Communist practically from the cradle, can accept Draper's perceptive analysis of Castro's origins and goals, especially since almost all of it is based on public statements by the Cuban leaders themselves.

Draper's description of the economic policies of the Cuban Revolution is more open to question. What he says about the blunders of the regime, the plowing under of sugar cane, the overemphasis on industrialism, the agricultural mistakes of 1961-63 is true enough and thoroughly documented. Not enemies of the regime but Castro himself and his supporters spoke of "bureaucratized anarchy," of "revolutionary infantilism," of "economic cretinism"; the Vice Minister of Industry, a loyal revolutionary whom I interviewed in 1962, said that the proper title of his office should be "Ministry of Chaos."

But the economic policy of the revolutionary government, especially when looked at from a longer-term point of view, has not been the simple record of blunders and brutality set down by Draper. In the first place, pre-Castro Cuba was far worse off than he is willing to admit. He quotes the by now familiar statistics: per capita income of $356 in 1958, 24 per cent illiteracy, 20 per cent unemployment during the slack season "even in 1956-57, a period of economic upturn," a per capita *decline* in output between 1950 and 1958. By comparing Cuba to Ghana and to Mexico he tries to make these figures look relatively good; actually, considering Cuba's natural wealth, intelligent and enterprising people, absence of population pressure, and proximity to the United States, they are appalling. If this kind of economy, plus the Batista dictatorship, was all that Cuba could achieve after sixty years of American domination, perhaps we can understand why Castro and Guevara thought they would be better off as members of the Soviet bloc. For good or evil, at any rate, the Cuban economy is now being run from Havana, and not from Washington or Wall Street, a circumstance which gives a great many Cubans a considerable amount of psychological satisfaction.

Nor is the economic and social situation in Cuba as bleak as Draper, who has not visited the island since 1960, would have us believe. Reports from American newspaper men in Cuba in 1964, which Draper chooses to ignore, do not confirm his picture of a terrorized, suffering population.

Ernst Halperin in *Encounter*, February, 1964:

> *My own feeling on returning to Havana after an absence of two years is one of astonishment that things should still be going on as they are, that there are still buses and private cars in the streets, that the streets are still being cleaned, that the people in them still look reasonably well-fed and clothed, and that the whole city still gives one the impression of being on a higher level of economic development and general well-being than most cities in Latin-America.*

Juan de Onis, *The New York Times*, March 31, 1964, on the draft which Draper calls a scheme to get cheap forced labor:

> *There are . . . youths who see a tour of duty as a way of improving their vocational training and job prospects. This is especially true in rural areas. (One farm boy lied about his age to get taken earlier): "I know all about cutting cane and yoking oxen. What I want to learn is a trade, and they will teach me that in the army."*

Richard Eder, *The New York Times*, May 24, 1964:

> (The regime has an) *apparently solid hold on youth. The fact that it is providing wide educational opportunities and after that, jobs, even if poorly paid, the fact that its leaders are young, and that there is a spirited sense of movement about the whole thing. All this attracts most of Cuba's young people.*

Bob Considine, Hearst Headline Service, July, 1964:

> *This revolution is unlike anything else in the Soviet sphere. Everybody is permitted to have a gun, all* (church) *denominations*

Samuel Shapiro teaches history at the University of Notre Dame (South Bend). His latest book is Invisible Latin America *(Beacon Press).*

> *are again wide open and well attended. Ordinary people interrupt Castro in the middle of a speech and question him.*

Philip Geyelin, *The Wall Street Journal*, August, 1964:

> (There are) *a host of . . . Cubans whose addiction or indebtedness to Fidel makes them a bulwark to his regime and a sizable obstacle to any policy the U.S. might devise for removing Castro. Thousands of students are pouring through Cuba's universities and technical schools. . . . Not only is their education and their brainwashing paid for by the government, but those who need it get free lodging and a spending allowance. Already they number over 100,000 and comprise perhaps the revolution's loudest advocates. . . . Perhaps 35%—and conceivably as much as half—of Cuba's 7 million population look favorably upon the revolution to greater or lesser degree; perhaps one-third is passive, either by indifference or intimidation; and maybe one-quarter is opposed. There is precious little evidence of disaffection where it would count the most—among top military men—and not much evidence ef meaningful dissension anywhere else.*

Wally Porterfield, Milwaukee *Journal*, August 5, 1964:

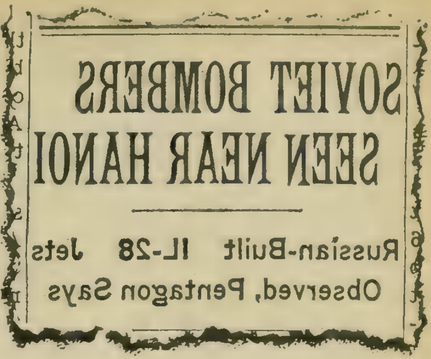
> *Castro and his Communists have . . .*
>
> *Given the poor of the island full stomachs.*
>
> *Built many schools in an attempt to end what had been wide illiteracy, although what people may read, particularly newspapers, is blatant propaganda.*
>
> *Established a law that no one pays more than 10% of his income for rent.*
>
> *Given the Cubans free medical care.*
>
> *Made certain that all young children get adequate milk. . . .*
>
> *We concluded that the majority of Cuba's peasants and workers—the bulk of the island's population—supported Castro.*

Max Lerner, after a visit to last year's 26th of July celebrations, concluded that "Castro's Cuba is not all evil or all good, and it is one of the hardest revolutions in my experience to strike a balance sheet for." But Draper, evidently, is not interested in striking a balance, but in acting as a prosecuting attorney. His account of Cuba is just as true, and just as short of the full truth, as those recurrent stories in Cuban papers which present the United States as nothing more than a seething cauldron of poverty, racial prejudice and violence.

When the evidence does not help Draper's case, he ignores it, a practice more praiseworthy in an attorney than in a journalist-historian. Cuba's massive investment in education, for example, is one of the most impressive programs in the underdeveloped world. Draper might well want to criticize it for ideological rigidity or to argue that its effectiveness has been exaggerated; instead he ignores it. He tells us that there were still so many illiterates left in 1964 that Guevara had to prohibit their employment in his Ministry of Industry, and that the evaluation of education "poses special problems"—and that is *all* he tells us. It seems strange that a man who can look into the minds of Cuba's revolutionary leaders ("Short of utter capitulation, I cannot conceive of any U.S. policy that would have satisfied the souls of Fidel, Raul, and 'El Che' "—*Castro's Revolution*, 1962) is unable to find anything to say about a program that has doubled primary school enrollment, tripled secondary school enrollment, and involved 700,000 illiterate adults (Dudley Seers, et al., *Cuba: The Economic and Social Revolution*, 1964, an important study which Draper ignores).

In his last, and weakest chapter, Draper makes his policy recommendations in the form of a reply to Senator Fulbright's *Old Myths and New Realities* (1964). The Senator's cautious call for a reappraisal of our policy of absolute hostility to Castro is called "a euphemism for capitulation." Basing his suggestions on his analysis of Cuba's economic situation, Draper insists that the Communist revolution in Cuba is "reversible," that the regime is "brittle," and that Castro can be brought down by "the young, the disillusioned, the 'revolutionary' " within Cuba. We will not need to send in another force of Cuban exiles, or the "minimum of three to six U.S. divisions (that) would be required to invade and occupy" the island. We should instead continue our present policies of embargo and sabotage, "let Castro make more mistakes," and offer discreet assistance to revolutionary movements inside Cuba; "like the phoenix, such movements rise out of the fire and ashes, eternally old and eternally young."

That was Draper's policy after the Bay of Pigs, four years ago: "there will be an underground, and despite the present setback, it will revive and grow." It seems even more unreal and naive now than it did then. Elsewhere in his work Draper carefully



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cites names, quotes speeches and gives production figures. But his faith in the anti-Castro underground is merely faith. If communism is as intolerable and as unable to reform itself and correct its mistakes as Draper believes, and if the growth of an anti-Communist underground is therefore inevitable, it is hard to see why resistance movements, phoenix-like, have not yet arisen in the Soviet Union, China and the rest of the Communist nations of the world. Until there is real evidence of an organized resistance to Castro inside Cuba, we will have to regard this as one of Draper's fancies, a piece of wishful thinking. Juanita Castro, Fidel's disaffected sister, knows better: "these groups (inside Cuba) are not able to carry out the overthrow of the Communist government."

There is, finally, something to be said about the hemispheric significance of the Cuban Revolution, and its implications for our Latin American policy as a whole. In all his books and articles about Cuba, as in his recent excellent analysis of our intervention in the Dominican Republic (in *The New Leader*, May 24, 1965), Draper assumes that the United States really does support democracy and social reform in Latin America, and that contrary decisions are the result of misunderstanding, poor intelligence work, incompetent diplomats or honest mistakes. But by now, after four years of the Alliance for Progress and more than a dozen U.S.-approved, supported or instigated assassinations, *golpes*, *cuartelazos* and other illegal transfers of power to military regimes, it ought to be clear that something more than chance or error is involved. The truth is that American diplomats (like Ambassador William Tapley Bennett in Santo Domingo and his chief Thomas Mann in Washington) prefer military men who will cooperate with the United States and use our weapons to keep "order," in place of democratic social reformers like Juan Bosch, who might rock the boat and let in the Communists. Draper scornfully quotes Guevara's remark to an Italian correspondent last year that:

> *. . . the war of liberation will necessarily assume a violent form in almost every one of these* (Latin American) *countries—in almost all, I say. Violence is the only form in which their political will can manifest itself.*

I share Draper's commitment to democratic reform—where it is possible. But how else except by revolution can reform be brought to Caribbean neighbors of Cuba like Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras? Elections in those countries, and in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Ecuador and Peru (to name only the countries that have experienced recent military take-overs) are exactly what Castro called them—"electoral farces." Draper, whatever his shortcomings and partiality with regard to Cuba, understands the urgency of rapid social, political and economic change elsewhere in the hemisphere; but the State Department officials whose Dominican policy he so stingingly criticizes evidently do not.

The Trojan Men

THE GREEN BERETS. By Robin Moore. Crown Publishers. 341 pp. $4.95.

Daniel Ford

The men of Special Forces were this country's best hope for winning the Vietnamese conflict under the old ground rules. While Mr. Moore's book was being published, unfortunately, we changed the rules. Special Forces has slipped into the background (where, it should be said, such organizations function best), while conventional U.S. troops are bearing a larger share of combat. Not that *The Green Berets* is invalidated thereby. The book might still have been a valuable account of a type of warfare which came into its own in this decade, and which may become increasingly common in decades to come.

The Special Warfare Center at Fort Bragg, N.C., takes three kinds of soldiers and turns them into three kinds of experts — propagandists, counterinsurgency specialists and guerrillas (or anti-guerrillas). The last are the wearers of the green berets, the men of Special Forces. At one time they sported a replica of the Trojan horse on their berets; the emblem has since been abandoned but it is still the best description of their technique. The basic organization is a twelve-man team, trained to create and to command a full battalion of irregulars behind enemy lines. In Vietnam, Special Forces teams are working with ethnic minorities in the Central Highlands and the western reaches of the Mekong Delta; they also operate covertly in Laos and, if Mr. Moore is to be believed, have infiltrated into North Vietnam as well.

Unfortunately, Mr. Moore cannot always be believed. Army pilots will be astonished to learn that the U-10 Courier, a light plane, can take off in "less than forty feet." The manufacturer recommends 500 feet for this operation. *The Green Berets* is full of such howlers, many of them no doubt due to the speed with which it was rushed into print.

More significantly, the author is under the illusion that Vietcong is synonymous with North Vietnamese and that there is some basic difference between Northerners and Southerners in that divided land. Thus, he refers to Ho Chi Minh's troops as Vietcong wherever they are found, declares that Vietnamese (meaning Southerners) will not fight at night while the Vietcong will, and dismisses all Southern-born Communists as "sympathizers," as opposed to the "hard-core North Vietnamese" who do most of the fighting. One can only hope that the men of Special Forces have a more realistic understanding of revolutionary warfare in South Vietnam.

Perhaps it is unfair to fault Mr. Moore as a historian when his book is labeled "fiction stranger than fact!" on a band which was added after publication. (The band was an attempt to mollify the Pentagon, which apparently feels that Mr. Moore has jeopardized national security with his book.) But *The Green Berets* is not especially good fiction, either, except in parts. The characters seldom come alive, the prose reminds one of true-life adventure magazines, and the heroics of the narrator are tiresome indeed.

Still, there are gold nuggets among the corn. There is the cruel Vietnamese interrogator who watches a polygraph lie detector and cries: "This is truly a fine machine. Now we don't waste time. We know exactly who to torture." That sounds true,

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Daniel Ford's background includes a hitch at the Special Warfare Center and a two months' assignment in Vietnam last year for this magazine. His novel Now Comes Theodora, *has been recently published by Doubleday.*

rather than factual. So does the Syrian-American intelligence sergeant named Ossidian—a tired, crafty man who might have walked off the pages of a John Le Carré novel. Sergeant Ossidian appears twice in *The Green Berets*. He has a chapter pretty much to himself, and a walk-on role in the book's concluding and most clearly fictional episode—a breath-taking account of a Special Forces operation behind the lines in North Vietnam.

The Green Berets is most effective when it is least literal. Mr. Moore should have ignored history altogether. He might have turned his material into an unforgettable novel, and he would have spared the nation's librarians a bit of trouble in cataloguing his book.

THEATRE

Julius Novick

STRATFORD II

In the course of his successful efforts to create an artistic personality for the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Conn., Allen Fletcher, the festival's artistic director, has personally staged all of this season's four productions except *The Taming of the Shrew*. There is some question as to who *did* direct that one. The program reads: "Original production concept by Don Driver, Directed by Joseph Anthony." Rumor has it that Mr. Driver went too far with his "production concept," which involved a troupe of strolling players, whose wagon becomes the setting for their play, and a lot of Spanishy accouterments. Mr. Anthony, it is said, was brought in to replace him and tone things down.

At any rate, the strolling players, the wagon, and some Spanishy costumes and props, though still in evidence, are used somewhat sparingly, as if someone had recoiled at the last minute from the dangers of "Bright Idea" Shakespeare. But these dangers are at a minimum with *The Taming of the Shrew*, which is a farce. Farce differs from comedy most fundamentally in that a comedy is a literary work, which needs only to be translated into stage terms with its values intact (not that that's such an only), whereas a farce is a scenario for actors and directors to have fun with.

In this case, it is reasonably good fun. The direction is tentative and inconsistent, quite undistinguished for farcical inventiveness. But the performance is easily, breezily good-natured, fast but not loud; nothing is forced, nobody works too hard, there are no lapses of taste; and the performers are ingratiating and deft. John Cunningham is a conventionally swashbuckling, glossy Petruchio; Ruby Dee as Katherina is less bold, more subtle. The entire production—like the play itself—is easier to like than to admire.

Mr. Fletcher's production of *Coriolanus* provides a good balance for this amiable, trifling *Shrew*: it vindicates an unpopular play that is traditionally easier to admire than to like. Hegel said that tragedy is the conflict of two rights; *Coriolanus* is the conflict of two wrongs. It suggests that neither democracy nor fascism is a viable form of government. The Roman populace is represented as ignorant, gullible, fickle, turbulent and ungrateful; the martial hero whom they exile is "vengeance proud"—also foul-mouthed, unstable and rash, true neither to his country nor himself. He is strong only in battle; otherwise he is abjectly at the disposal of his pride, of his anger and of his formidable mother. He is not evil, but—far worse, for dramatic purposes—he runs the risk of being merely disagreeable.

It is the triumph of Philip Bosco's performance that in his hands Coriolanus is never disagreeable. Mr. Bosco simply cannot be unlikable on stage, which means, among other things, that he need never cheapen himself or the character in order to be liked. In this performance, moreover, the actor's innate charm is yoked to a splendid sense of Roman dignity.

To some people, of course, it will sound like an accusation to say that any artistic creation is less disagreeable than it might be. Many modern intellectuals—and many more intellectual hangers-on—overreacting against the insipidity of popular culture, demand that the artist be a full-time rebel, forever hacking away at the roots of the social order. They more than half believe that the first obligation of Art is to be nasty. (At least one professor at Harvard quite explicitly maintains that unless a play is "disturbing" it can't really be any good. He at least is more clear-minded than many who make similar assumptions but will not avow them.) Such people take it for granted that any artist who does not fulfill these demands must have sold out, or at best have become an unwitting tool of the Establishment. And the connections between the American Shakespeare Festival and the Establishment—both the theatrical and the general Establishment—are easy to document.

But Mr. Bosco's work, though pleasing, is legitimate and cogent—and far from insipid. It is true that the

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actor, with his dignity and his urbane, stinging irony, does miss the character's sick intensity, the abandoned fury of his ragings. But to emphasize this side of Coriolanus would be to risk forfeiting what is equally important: the element of greatness in the character, of which Mr. Bosco keeps us always aware.

If the director does not try to expose and demean Coriolanus, does not make the play a tract against the Man on Horseback, he does not make it an anti-democratic pamphlet either. The mob might easily have been shown as not only turbulent but vicious. But Shakespeare's plebeians are not malicious, only misled, as this production's crisp and well-staged crowd scenes make clear. Mr. Fletcher even declines to nastify the popular leaders, the Tribunes; one of them—as played strongly, finely, and without whitewash by Frederic Warriner—emerges as a worthy opponent of Coriolanus. On the patrician side again, Patrick Hines gives a funny,

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An attorney, the author tells of the clients, cases and causes that he has defended. The book deals with the Nathan Leopold parole hearings; the Otto Eisenschiml case, which explored the nature of the copyright laws; the obscenity trial of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, and a narcotics conspiracy trial. Mr. Gertz has written recently for *The Nation* (July 5) on censorship.

JOURNEY TO THE JADE SEA. John Hillaby. Simon & Schuster. $5.50.

The remarkable and humorous tale of a journey through Africa.

SECOND GENERATION. Raymond Williams. Horizon. $4.95.

A novel which examines the problems of modern life by way of academic intrigues and labor struggles.

BEHOLD THE FIRE. Michael Blankfort. New American Library. $5.95.

The story of a Jewish underground espionage and spy cell which helped the British drive the Ottomans from Palestine.

THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK. Laurence Barrett. Doubleday. $4.95.

The machinations of City Hall politics provide the underpinnings for this novel about a mayoralty nomination.

NOTHING FOR TIGERS. Hayden Carruth. Macmillan. $3.95.

Hayden Carruth's first full collection of poems since *The Crow and the Heart*, in 1959. Some of these poems were first published in *The Nation.*

CRIMES WITHOUT VICTIMS. Edwin M. Schur. Prentice-Hall. $4.95. $1.95 paper.

The author urges wider public understanding of the problems of abortion, drug addiction and homosexuality.

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A novel of the morals, manners and ideals of today's bomb-scared younger generation.

harming, touching performance—a ubtle and lucid performance—as old Ienenius. Mr. Fletcher, as is his ustom, holds the balance with scruulous fairness. He shows us the best f all parties—not the only possible pproach, but in this case the results ıstify it.

And then, of course, there is hat remarkable creation, Coriolanus' nother Volumnia, in a deftly moduated performance by Aline MacMahon. This is the Age of Freud, nd the evils and excesses of motheriood—from the Silver Cord, through Iomism, to the formidable image of he Jewish Mother—are very much n the popular mind. We are thereore apt to see Volumnia somewhat lifferently from the way Mrs. Siddons played her, and of this Miss IacMahon is well aware. She is alvays believable as a Roman matron, ıever guilty of anachronism in speech r gesture, but she is not the oldashioned with-your-shield-or-on-it ort of classical battle-ax either. As he tames her son with a mother's ltimate weapon—guilt—she is remiiscent of all the Feiffer cartoons on he subject.

And she is legitimately so. Because vhen Volumnia, in the famous and limactic scene in which she says o her son, ". . . thou shalt no sooner narch to assault thy country than o tread . . . on thy mother's womb. . . Thou hast never in thy life show'd hy dear mother any courtesy," she ecomes a precursor of the mother n *Bye Bye Birdie* who, when crossed, hreatens to go home and stick her ıead in the oven. In Volumnia's cenes, as Miss MacMahon plays hem, we see a little of why Shaw called *Coriolanus* Shakespeare's greatest comedy.

There is, then, a standard of acting at Stratford, and a style of production. What with its regular ummer season, its winter training program for the younger actors in the company, and its spring season for students (which attracts 160,000 people a year from twelve surrounding states), the festival is now a year-round operation. With its young and competent company, augmented by a few modestly cast guest performers; with its policy of sternly subordinatng visual display to the purposes of he plays; with sometimes lusterless out generally creditable direction, the American Shakespeare Festival seems, n its eleventh year, to have finally ound itself.

Riddles: **Robert Dana**

1.

What is,
happened,
simply;
in no
one hour,
one weather;
no one willing.

It was,
is, shall
be, there,
in that
single
season
where, no
matter,

selves and
weathers
leap into
one shape:
a new
place, new
way of
breathing.

2.

I sense an end
though there is none
(neither places,
nor gift of dark
are, nor losses,
last words)
and am
not ready, nor
ever can be.

Nothing we say
or do can bear
on it, more than
on the flower
perishing in its
color; nor we
bear it,
but do.

Both beginnings,
endings fail us.
No time is enough.
We are not enough.

3.

We have
it, not
having it:

(as this ground
holds
forever
the impress
of its first
blossoms
where they fell)

our one
moment,
silent,
in this delicate,
small
spray
of bones.

4.

Scents. Traces.
Only.

Easily, as trees
walk
into their own
shadows,
another silence
turns
through this empty
room:

one sound,
one
voice, breaking
me now.

5.

It is,
whatever
it is;
binding us
like time
into time.
Mattering.
This room,
our universe.
Its darkness,
our single
star.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE KNACK
CAT BALLOU
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

The summer comedies are getting audiences the easy way — dressing up old ideas with new faces and lively direction. They succeed, in part, and when they don't they are background for the blissful air conditioning.

The best of the current laugh leaders is *The Knack,* screen version of Ann Jellicoe's play; it is directed by Richard Lester, whose quick hand with the camera was seen here last year in the Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night.* A boy (Ray Brooks) with dark clothes, dark glasses, black gloves, "Mod" haircut and motorcycle has a way with girls that sharply reminded me of an undertaker's way with a corpse. But for the purposes of the story it is a wildly effective knack, and his two fresh-faced friends (Michael Crawford and Donal Donnelly) are avid to learn it. The opportunity comes when a country girl (Rita Tushingham) blunders into their company while seeking the YWCA. I fear that the reader is now ahead of me, having guessed that untutored young manhood will be favored by Miss Tushingham over the mortuary approach.

But the point of *The Knack* is not the plot, but what can be done with it. Mr. Lester flings it through the bystreets of London and up and down the narrow staircase of the boys' lodgings like a dance of amorous shepherds (an intermittent chorus of sour-faced oldsters spices the revels with envious maledictions). The foursome is witty, inventive, stupendously energetic; Miss Tushingham is a plain girl whose allure resides in the fact that she behaves exactly as though she were a great beauty (she is gat-toothed — a sign, according to Chaucer, of passion in women). The camera matches these four caper for caper and the editing is syncopated to a rollicking background score. It goes to show what bright and agile performers and an uninhibited director can do with standard delicatessen.

After *The Knack, What's New Pussycat?*, set in Paris and the countryside, but also on the theme of exigent sex, seems labored, physically exhausted, a little grimy. Part of the trouble is with the so-called script by Woody Allen, a television hysteric who also plays second clown to Peter Sellers. He has tried to offset a basi lack of situation invention by proliferating old gags, and he lacks an accurate sense of the dividing lin between wackiness and neurosis. A second trouble is Peter O'Toole in th central role of a young man wh wants to marry but cannot bring himself to forsake the implausible availability and confectionary beauty o the young ladies who excite his day and fill his dreams. This requires a sense of frivolity and a degree of self-mockery — qualities in which Mr O'Toole is notably lacking. For a man of his surname, he has a surprisingly Germanic view of himself.

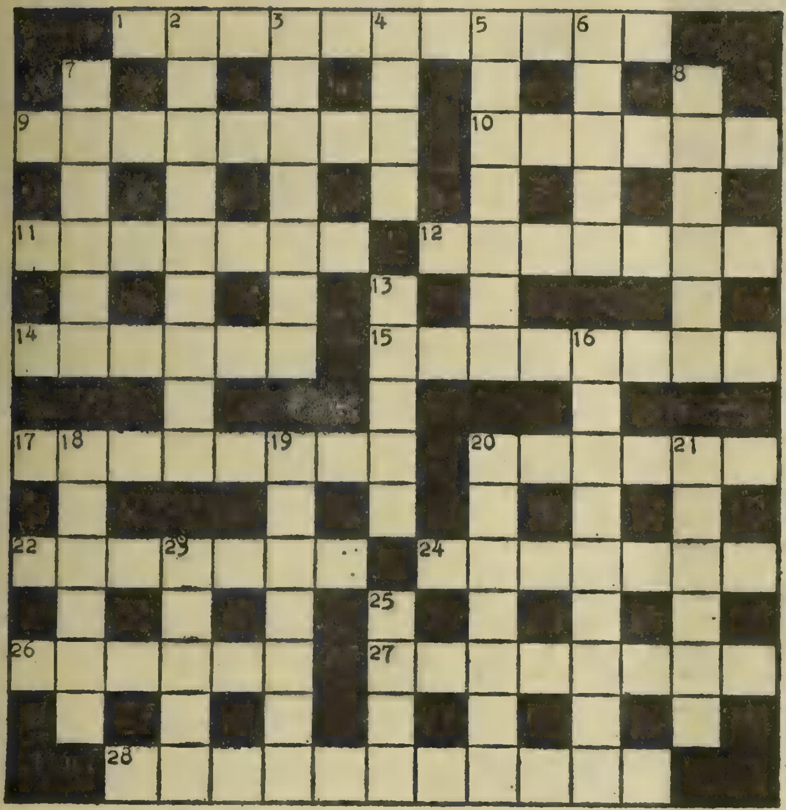
Given that weight to push, Seller (as a sex-mad Viennese psychiatris in a Renaissance haircut) turns strident, and the extravagantly endowe and motivated girls become sweaty *What's New Pussycat?* runs into tha deadly theatrical situation wherein th performers appear to be entertainin themselves and the audience foots th bill.

Cat Ballou (name of the heroine, played by Jane Fonda) is television on the big screen. It is billed a a satire on the Western—an old idea but a useful one—and the core ide of trying to blow up a cow-countr storm with gunfighters whom ag and booze have turned tremulous an bleary-eyed is worth exploiting. Bu Elliot Silverstein, who directed thi lampoon, does not understand tha the recipe for satire calls for irony understatement and perfect solemnity He keeps slapping his thighs over the generally witless japes of a suds horse opera.

His star, Lee Marvin, has the righ idea. He plays the sodden and derelict Kid Shellen — fastest draw i Deadwood (twenty years ago) with utter absorption in his own legend But Marvin seems to be engaged i a private tour de force of bitterswee characterization while around him the cast is romping through a watered-down *Oklahoma* (Stubby Kaye an the late Nat King Cole are the banjo-strumming minstrels of the production). It is impossible to satirize a corpse, and I found in *Cat Ballo* the melancholy conviction that the Western has finally died.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1115

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Past habits might cover slips. (11)
9 In the opinion of most people, is he likely to be knowledgeable? (8)
10 See 13 down
11 When overseas, a little money is, for a reputedly good man. (7)
12 I'd raise no question about their remarks being personal. (7)
14 What some British use privet for? (We use smaller stuff.) (6)
15 To make a mistake in the shape of things at breakfast might be to consider the subject too important. (8)
17 Is one rightfully so by Declaration? (8)
20 How to be disagreeable about blend? (6)
22 The small Scottish out-building is wrecked. (7)
24 Strange men in a foreign clime? It doesn't enable one to bring things back easily. (7)
26 How many chess games end, if patient, possibly. (6)
27 Proving it can, for a change, for at least a little bit. (7)
28 Tiny vegetables and English horns are such childish toys! (11)

DOWN:

2 What some consider a time for giving up in the plant was funny in song. (9)
3 A happening in the 23 of Denmark? (7)
4 Does it break the rule to have a decoy? (4)
5 Will better mitering contain such a woodwork problem? (7)
6 Compound obtained from trees. (5)
7 Bad-tempered and bitter having been possibly awakened. (6)
8 The pictures around the study should be glowing with feeling. (6)
13, 25 and 10 The Rubicon, as the basic idea of a one-way ticket? (5, 2, 2, 6)
16 In short, an arbiter to the scripture reader might throw things back at you. (9)
18 If a person's in the pink, the official implication is "try someplace else". (6)
19 They might be even better than jacks for lifting the top. (7)
20 Just a trace at the end of the bolt. (7)
21 and 23 The "Arizona," or just any government vessel? (4, 2, 5)
25 See 13 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1114

ACROSS: 1 Demagogues; 10 Doctors; 11 Produce; 12 Clerical collar; 14 Treatise; 15 Swabia; 16 Onions; 18 and 23 Weatherstrip; 22 The Iron Curtain; 24 Relents; 25 Abusive; 26 and 6 Pastoral; 27 Idle wheels. DOWN: 1 Dedication; 2 Machete; 3 Good intentions; 4 Gas bags; 5 Expect; 7 Rhubarb; 8 Lies; 9 Follows through; 13 Passengers; 17 Inhales; 19 Enclave; 20 Evasive; 21 Bossed.

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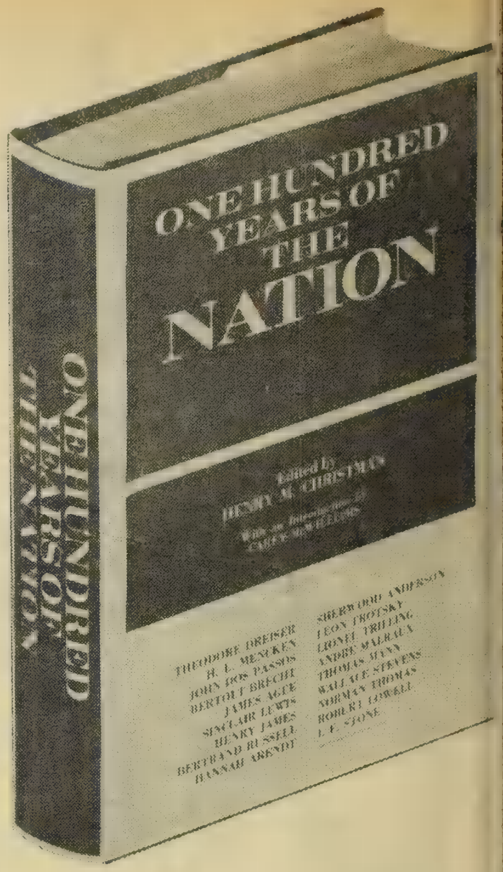
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Paul West

LETTERS

Freedom from censors

Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed very much the article, "An End To All Censors," by attorney Elmer Gertz [*The Nation*, July 5]. . . . The opinions he expresses can be verified by visiting both Copenhagen and London as I did last year. In London there is censorship and prior restraint with exceptions, with the result that newsstands are glutted with near-pornography. In Denmark freedom of the press is interpreted to permit full portrayal of the human anatomy and its functions. There was an assortment of inexpensive nudist magazines and also an illustrated book entitled *The History of Erotic Art* illustrated with graphic representations of human coitus in the different cultures of the world back through each century of history. . . . Denmark has only a trickle of "men's magazines" and similar offerings as contrasted with the flood we have in this country and in Britain.

Scandinavia is living proof that liberty does well to make its errors in the direction of license and not in censorship and prior restraint.

T. B. Caldwell

Collection of losers

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your publication of Henry Popkin's thoughtful and provocative review of *America's Lost Plays* [*The Nation*, June 14] contains one great irony—this is not, nor was it originally intended to be, a collection of the best of 19th-century American drama. It is an assemblage of rejects, plays which were not deemed worthy of publication at the time. . . .

There are no masterpieces in 19th-century American drama, but it does deserve to be judged by its best efforts. Thus, while most of Mr. Popkin's insights are almost painfully acute, they are just a bit unfair to the best works of Tyler, Bird, Barker and Boker—to name but four.

The villain of the piece (if villain is the word) is the haphazard system of American publishing under which this collection of mediocrity seems destined to become enthroned as the representative of 19th-century American drama. *Robert O'Brien*

To end the war

New York City

Dear Sirs: Many of us are trying to organize anti-Vietnam war activities at the community level. One of the groups which is trying to do this is The New York Committee to End the War in Vietnam. Those of your readers who live in New York City and would like to either join this committee or find out more about its activities should write to: The New York Committee to End the War in Vietnam, 1165 Broadway, New York, N.Y., or call 889-5793. *We desperately need new members.*

Robert Feinstein

Editor's Note

Jack Newfield in "The Question of SNCC" (*The Nation*, July 19) reported that Irving Howe, at a public meeting, described the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee as "bureaucratically deformed, manipulative and undemcratic." Howe denies having made such a statement; Newfield maintains that the words are in his notes on the meeting. A tape of the meeting was played back and proved inconclusive. The words attributed to Howe are not there. The first five minutes of Howe's fifteen-minute speech were not recorded, however, because a reel was being changed.

What can be heard on the tape are the following remarks by Howe regarding liberal, labor and civil rights organizations:

> *Can they become bureaucratic? Yes, in part, they have become bureaucratic. Do you think that any social movement, including the civil rights organizations, if they succeed, can avoid the risk — it is a risk — of becoming bureaucratic?*

What is important, in any case, is what Howe thinks about the substantive issue. He denies holding the view attributed to him by Newfield and Newfield recognizes that Howe does not adhere to the characterization of SNCC ascribed to him.

Dangerous corner

Schenectady, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Given today's weaponry, the No. 1 rule for international conduct generally agreed upon is: don't back a major nation into a corner, leaving it only one honorable choice.

Alarmingly enough, we are doing just that in Vietnam. Can Russia and China permit much longer the incessant bombing, the devastating of a fellow nation, and the posing of an ever-growing ground threat around its borders? Not with honor—nor politically (the Communist states would be weakened as a group; faith would be lost in communism as a creed). And when, in all honor, they respond, can we, considering our commitment thus far, in all honor, etc., etc.?

And so it goes. Is there no way to stop this deadly sequence before it is too late? . . . Can't we, somehow or other, turn aside the beast as he lumbers slowly, seemingly inexorably ever closer to Bethlehem?

Thomas Broderick

THE NATION

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OCT 23

EDITORIALS

Vietnam at the UN

Having called on the members of the United Nations, "individually and collectively," to help the United States convince the Vietnamese Communists that they should come to the conference table, President Johnson has now addressed a direct appeal to the Security Council "in the hope that the members of the Council will somehow find the means to respond effectively to the challenge raised by the present state of affairs in Southeast Asia." Does this latest move, coinciding with the installation of Justice Arthur Goldberg as the new United States delegate to the UN, represent an "escalation" in the President's search for a negotiated settlement of the Vietnam conflict? The general opinion at the UN, while favorable to Washington's pronouncements, is skeptical about its motivations and results.

Although Secretary Rusk has pledged U.S. cooperation if the Vietnam question should come formally before the Security Council or the General Assembly, Washington has taken no initiative to place the issue on the Security Council's agenda. Questioned on this point after he had presented his credentials to the Secretary-General, Ambassador Goldberg answered that the United States preferred to word its concern "in the form of the letter presented" to U Thant, a document which contains only vague hopes and appeals.

A prima-facie argument against formal discussions in the Security Council on the Vietnam question is that North Vietnam, which is not a member of the UN, has categorically refused to participate in such discussions, and has rejected in advance any recommendation which may be adopted. However, an equally important consideration is that the natural course of affairs for the Security Council, if seized of the Vietnam problem, would be to call for an immediate cease-fire, as is its duty under the Charter. Washington cannot agree to an unconditional cease-fire at this time, since the whole basis of American policy is to use military pressure, actual and potential, to force the Vietnamese Communists into a diplomatic corner. It can also be argued that Hanoi or Peking or the Vietcong, separately or together, are equally opposed to a cease-fire, since they, like the Americans, think that time is working in their favor in the Vietnamese jungles.

In tossing the Vietnam conflict in the unofficial lap of the Security Council, Washington was also counting on a hands-off attitude from the USSR. The Soviet Union held the presidency of the Council during the whole month of July and could have called a meeting at any time, had it wanted to. However, both Hanoi and Peking have warned Moscow against any intervention by the United Nations, which they identify as a tool of the United States. The small countries which are members of the Security Council, such as Malaysia and Jordan, might be tempted to take a bold initiative, but have been discouraged by the uselessness of any attempt to call for a Council meeting on Vietnam in these circumstances.

In fact, the whole concept of a negotiated settlement, as offered by President Johnson, is playing with words. One does not set up a conference table in a vacuum, but only when some concessions are in the offing — usually from both sides. And neither side shows any such disposition at present.

Nor is President Johnson's appeal to the United Nations "unconditional," in the sense of asking the UN to find a solution to an inextricable problem, as the British did in the case of Palestine. His message to the members of the Security Council, to the Secretary-General and to all "diplomats of good will" aims at trying once again to convince the Vietnamese Communists that they had better consent peacefully to the continuous existence of a non-Communist South Vietnam rather than be crushed by American military power, with the same final result. The acceleration of military commitments by Washington, and the long-range plans for the war, show that President Johnson does not believe in the possibility of negotiations on those terms for a long time to come.

This is not to say that the UN is being used by Washington only as a smoke screen, or for propaganda purposes. Gone are the early scorns of the President for U Thant's initiatives. The Secretary-General is being encouraged to "keep channels open" and the diplomatic world has been invited to wave its antennae in Southeast Asia. The United States is trying to hold the UN in reserve for the time when it may be allowed to play a useful role as a result of an acknowledged military stalemate or any unforeseen development.

Our Way of Life

"It is a strange, almost passionless war that the U.S. fights in Vietnam," observes *Newsweek* (August 9). Hence it is the more imperative that the war should be skillfully stage-managed, as was President Johnson's appearance before the TV cameras after his week of conferences on what to do next. It is also imperative that the nation should be eased smoothly into what may become a major conflict of indefinite duration. Thus the President spoke only of sending 50,000 more troops to Vietnam, bringing U.S.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks: the next issue will be dated August 30.

strength there to 125,000 men, and mentioned possible future increases only in general terms. But he, and the ever-smiling Secretary of Defense, had already decided on an augmentation of the armed forces by 330,000 men over the next year or so—and this could be accelerated if deemed necessary. The Pentagon is working on equipment to feed, house and clothe these men in the style to which American soldiers and sailors are accustomed, and to supply them with weapons incorporating the latest technological advances. When it comes to this accouterment, though the war may be passionless (at least in its present phase), a bit of passion does enter.

Not so long ago it seemed we had hit a plateau in military spending. This in itself would have been a remarkable achievement, and Mr. McNamara was credited with bringing it about, or nearly so. It will soon be only a wistful memory. Such controls as Mr. McNamara had imposed are going fast, together with the hopeful vistas of tax cuts and substantial spending on social programs.

To the defense industries, however, this is a far from gloomy prognostication. Even the modest curtailments Mr. McNamara had imposed were a matter of serious concern to them, and hence to business generally. At first, when the war cloud darkened, the stock market wavered—the lightning of price controls might follow. But then the spirits of Wall Street rose as it became clear that the Johnson-McNamara-Bundy war would not be so large as to require curbs on free enterprise, but large enough to avert the predicted recession of 1966 and start the boom anew. Men, women and children would be killed (but the women and children only Asians), a small country would be ravaged, but in America there would be something in it for nearly everyone. Even now, the Pentagon procurement officers are telephoning (the usual letter notification is too slow) their orders for steel helmets, helicopters, airplanes, rifles, ammunition, uniforms and hundreds of other items. Plants are preparing to go on a three-shift basis, and a new excitement is sweeping through the ranks of management. That is where the passion comes in.

And how does the public feel about it all? On the whole, not too badly. Some young men, and their parents and girl friends, do not relish the prospect of death in Vietnam, and some groups will resent a further postponement of social betterment (everything Johnson's Great Society promised was promised by Franklin D. Roosevelt thirty years ago), but the general mood is that since it must be, one might as well get what one can out of it. Thus labor will be looking for its cut, and those localities which have been living in fear of McNamara's plan to close a local military facility will see that he was not such a menace after all.

This adaptability—and the moral insensibility that comes with it—is not strange or remarkable. It is not as if this way of life were entirely new. The truth is that since FDR's time we have been living in a war economy, with intervals of peace which were only a variant of war. Accustomed to this cycle of war-in-peace and peace-in-war, many of us hardly know that there was once a different mode of life. As for the prospect that this other, more constructive, way might recur, it seems a fancy so remote that practical men will not waste their time on it.

Sowing Future Trouble

Berkeley Municipal Judge Rupert Crittenden has been passing sentence on the students involved in the F.S.M. (Free Speech Movement) demonstrations of last December 2-3 at the University of California. Gene Marine's report ("No Fair: The Students Strike at California," *The Nation*, Dec. 21, 1964) leaves one with the conviction that many of the demonstrators had been sufficiently punished by the club- and fist-swinging police. But Judge Crittenden seems never to have heard that there were two sides to this melancholy affair, much less that larger issues are involved than disorder on one campus. He cracked down on the F.S.M. leaders, apparently on the theory that harsh punishment would prevent a repetition. He sentenced Mario Savio to 120 days in jail, Savio's wife to forty-five days, on charges of trespassing and resisting arrest; in both cases two convictions were involved, with the sentences to run concurrently. Other sentences were of equal severity. Defendants in cases arising from civil rights demonstrations in the same area have been treated leniently—in most instances they were either placed on probation or given light sentences. Prof. Thomas Parkinson voiced the sentiments of many faculty members and students when he said that the judge "simply caved in under outside pressure." Parkinson cannot be accused of bias; at the time of the demonstrations, he called the students "moral spastics" for flaunting four-letter words at some of the rallies.

But a worse feature of the court's attitude toward the 750 defendants was the proffered bait of shorter jail terms for those who would accept conditional probation. Savio, for instance, could have got off with ninety days if he had been willing to accept two years' probation, with the stipulation that he would not engage during that period in any "illegal" demonstrations. He refused, and so did his wife and some thirty-odd other defendants. Who is to say at the outset of a demonstration whether it will be legal or illegal at its close? It may be perfectly orderly until somebody throws a punch. A sit-in, such as occurred at Sproul Hall, may or may not be illegal, though it is more dangerous on its face than a picket line which, as in Negro demonstrations in the South, may be rendered illegal at the whim of the police and the courts. Judge Crittenden's offer was not only a legal booby trap but amounted to political castration.

This magistrate—and he is certainly not unique—seems to be completely oblivious to the social aspects of the Berkeley episode. He seems never to have read the Byrne report to the regents of the University of

California, nor enlightened analyses like Mervin B. Freedman's “Roots of Student Discontent” (*The Nation*, June 14). “We conclude,” the Byrne report observed, (“that the basic cause of unrest on the Berkeley campus was the dissatisfaction of a large number of students with many features of the society they were about to enter.”)This is not a situation peculiar to the University of California, nor are the issues peculiar to college students. (With the country on the brink of a greater war in Asia, its enlightened young people have little cause for satisfaction with the society their elders have prepared for them.)Treating them like children on the one hand, and like criminals on the other, will only feed the flames of revolt. Judge Crittenden is preparing other Berkeleys, and not only within his own jurisdiction.

Summer Delay

The new voting rights bill, finally passed after a summer of inconsequential debate, stands as a major accomplishment of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, who turned the bitter violence of Selma into a conscience cry for the nation and, not incidentally, into an irresistible pressure on Administration and Congress.

But the bill's opponents gained far more than a few weeks' delay by stalling passage of the bill into August. Overlooked in the chorus of editorial praise is the fact that Negro voter registration in the South has been seriously set back for an entire year. In the flush of the Selma-to-Montgomery march and the obvious legislative victory that was to follow, the SCLC set up its summer project—SCOPE—and recruited more than 1,000 students and others, primarily for voter-registration work in several states. By mid-June these summer volunteers were deployed, mainly in literacy-test states, awaiting the new tool promised them by the Congress.

For all practical purposes they never got it. By the end of August, the SCOPE program will be over, the students will return to their campuses, the other volunteers to their homes. The local Negroes left in the civil rights movement are young, enthusiastic, determined and courageous—but they are neither educated nor trained in voter-registration work, nor politically sophisticated. They cannot make the effective use of the new legislation that the outside volunteers could have made, nor as effectively rally other Negroes out of their ground-in apathy.

The delay is particularly important in Alabama, where Sen. John Sparkman must be a candidate for re-election next year. No outstanding civil rights advocate himself, Sparkman is nevertheless the Administration's—and the Negroes'—only hope for staving off Governor George Wallace, who has long had his eye on the Senate. The extensive registration of Negro voters in Alabama, as a move to insure Sparkman's re-election and Wallace's defeat, was a major part of the Martin Luther King-Lyndon Johnson strategy.

The voting rights bill is long overdue, and we welcome its passage. The job now is to find ways to implement it, this fall and winter, without waiting for a new infusion of summer volunteers in 1966.

Our Stake in Apartheid . . . .

Stanley Meisler

In 1963, during a Security Council debate on apartheid, Adlai Stevenson announced dramatically that the United States had banned all sale of arms to the Republic of South Africa. The step had been taken, he said, to show America's deep concern that South Africa refused to abandon its racist policies. In March of this year, a reactor went critical at a research center near Pretoria, and South Africa joined the nuclear age. The feat was made possible by the firm that designed and built the equipment: Allis-Chalmers of Milwaukee.

Juxtaposed, the two events drive home some little-known truths about America and apartheid. The United States, while mouthing its disdain for the Afrikaan regime, is an accelerator of the economic boom that insures the Verwoerd government's confidence and self-righteousness. As an investor in South Africa and as a trading partner, the United States is outranked only by Great Britain. The investments and the volume of trade rise month by month. Seeing this growing American entanglement, South Africa takes with a grain of salt any rude comments that may come from official American sources. Why worry, for example, about an embargo on arms that are easy to manufacture, as long as America licenses the export of nuclear machinery that South Africa cannot produce itself? The Republic's ability to bear up under official U.S. scolding is further bolstered by American economic interests which are coalescing into a South Africa lobby designed to make certain that the remarks are not, after all, too rude.

The latest Department of Commerce figures show that U.S. direct investment in South Africa reached $415 million by the end of 1963. These official figures, however, understate the case: they are computed at book value rather than actual value and do not include such indirect investments as purchase of South African stocks and bonds, and American bank loans to South African companies. Various South African official and business sources offer figures that are anywhere from $250 million to $500 million higher than those of the Department of Commerce. It is safe to assume that total American investment has now reached between $750 million and $1 billion.

This total is little more than 1 per cent of American investment overseas, but it accounts for 11 per cent of foreign investment in South Africa (Britain is the

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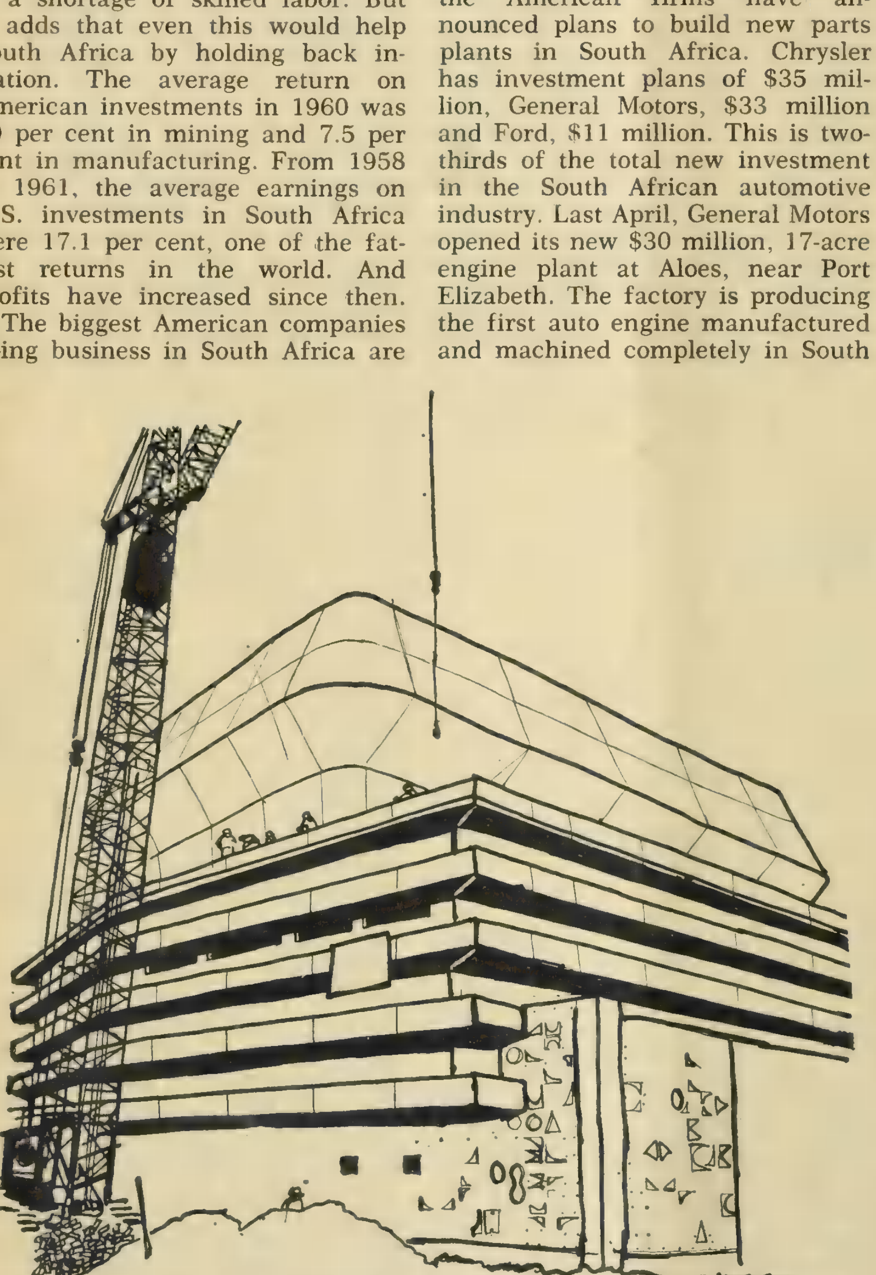
Stanley Meisler is a Washington newsman.

leader, with 60 per cent). More important, the figures show that American investment has accelerated during a period when world opinion has hardened toward South Africa. Direct American investment has tripled since 1950; since Sharpeville (1960) it has increased 45 per cent.

Profits, not politics, have drawn American capital to this neo-Fascist state. South Africans live in heady, booming times. Gross National Product increased 11 per cent last year, and the University of Stellenbosch's Bureau of Economic Research says that the only possible future brake on this boom is a shortage of skilled labor. But it adds that even this would help South Africa by holding back inflation. The average return on American investments in 1960 was 29 per cent in mining and 7.5 per cent in manufacturing. From 1958 to 1961, the average earnings on U.S. investments in South Africa were 17.1 per cent, one of the fattest returns in the world. And profits have increased since then.

The biggest American companies doing business in South Africa are automotive manufacturers. Ford and General Motors sold more than half of the 143,000 cars bought in South Africa last year. The cars were assembled in South Africa from parts made both in the United States and in South Africa. The Afrikaan Government is trying to make sure that more and more of these parts are manufactured at home. Under new regulations, South Africa will restrict imports to an assembler of autos unless he can show that 55 per cent of his output will be built from South African parts by 1967.

Faced by these regulations and by the competition of cheaper British, German and Japanese cars, the American firms have announced plans to build new parts plants in South Africa. Chrysler has investment plans of $35 million, General Motors, $33 million and Ford, $11 million. This is two-thirds of the total new investment in the South African automotive industry. Last April, General Motors opened its new $30 million, 17-acre engine plant at Aloes, near Port Elizabeth. The factory is producing the first auto engine manufactured and machined completely in South Africa. Ford is completing a similar plant nearby.



Atomic Plant: "Safari I"; Pelindaba

Besides insuring a market to American auto manufacturers these plants comprise part of South Africa's strategic defense. The regime can face economic sanctions or even a rebellion with that much more confidence when it does not have to depend on imported auto engines. Once again the American ban on arms shipments to South Africa sounds hollow.

But it would be unfair to harp on the activities of Detroit's Big Three — 230 American firms are doing business in South Africa. Kimberley-Clark, operating with a South African company, is about to set up a new plant near Johannesburg to manufacture facial and toilet tissues, paper towels, napkins and other paper products. The list of American companies with plants or subsidiaries in the country reads like a U.S. Chamber of Commerce honor roll: Allied Chemical, American Cyanamid, Gillette, IBM, International Harvester, National Cash Register, Olin Mathieson, Procter & Gamble, Revlon and Upjohn, to tick off a few.

The United States is also South Africa's second largest trading partner (again next to Great Britain). In the first nine months of last year, the United States was selling goods to South Africa at a rate of $371 million a year, and imports from South Africa were at a rate of $236 million.

The United States buys mostly uranium, diamonds, copper, wool and rock-tail lobsters from South Africa—in all, 17 per cent of South Africa's exports. Trade from South Africa to America has remained fairly constant in the last few years (there was a small dip last year) but American exports to South Africa have grown markedly (in 1964, they were up 36 per cent). American sales to South Africa rise because of the country's need for heavy machinery, its increased consumer purchasing power, and its ability to redress any unfavorable balance of payments with gold—it produces 70 per cent of the world's supply.

The aid and comfort that American dollars give South Africa are probably less significant in the long run than the effect these dollars will have on American public opinion. It is vital to American financial interests that South African policy receive a sympathetic hearing in the United States. Part of this necessity derives from guilt: it sometimes seems that no American businessman can invest a cent in South Africa without making a public pronouncement to justify his deed. But a more important part comes from greed. Profits could be jeopardized by sanctions or rebellion; as long as no harm comes to Verwoerd and his kind, the money rolls in.

Last March, Gen. Lauris Norstad, retired NATO Supreme Commander and now president of the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp., flew to Johannesburg to discuss plans for a multimillion-dollar expansion of a fiberglas plant in South Africa. With Harold Boeschenstein, chairman of Owens-Corning, at his side, General Norstad said: "We have full confidence in South Africa—not only we as individuals but the United States and the American people as well." Asked about the UN discussions of sanctions, Norstad replied: "We hope that nobody will take any step that may cause more trouble than it will avoid." Boeschenstein added: "Any boycott moves do not reflect the general opinion of the people of the United States nor of its businessmen." Such remarks nourish the self-righteousness and blindness of South African whites. They also confuse the issue back home. The public, after all, sees General Norstad as a renowned diplomat and military strategist, not as an Owens-Corning executive. It counts for something when the former NATO Supreme Commander offers his learned views on South Africa. The Information Service of South Africa lost no time in distributing the cheery comments of Norstad and Boeschenstein to American news media.

Although much of the lobbying for South Africa is in this form of statements from individual American businessmen who profit by the *status quo*, there is some organization behind it. Businessmen in South Africa have created the South Africa Foundation to present a gilded picture of their land to the rest of the world. The foundation has organized committees of foreign businessmen in seventeen countries, and recently announced plans to open a foundation office in New York. The most prominent American member is Charles W. Englehard of Newark, N.J., who was elected a vice chairman when the foundation was organized in 1959.

Englehard is chairman of a host of South African mining and industrial firms, including Rand Mines, Minerals and Chemicals Philipp Corp., and the American-South African Investment Co. Colin Legum, in his book, *South Africa: Crisis for the West*, estimated Englehard's personal stake in South Africa at $33.6 million. Although Englehard some time ago lectured South Africa on the need for better racial policies, his latest statements brim with confidence in the existing state of affairs. In May, when he dedicated the new $3.6 million, 19-story Rand Mines building in Johannesburg, he announced: "With this structure we are expressing our confidence not only in the future of our mining group but also in the future of South Africa." A few months earlier, in an annual report that showed record profits for the American-South African Investment Co., Englehard said that South African "progress in my opinion will be advanced if the rest of the world shows understanding of the problems which exist. Inaccurate reports, whether emanating from well-meaning sources or otherwise, only aggravate the difficulties and play into the hands of Communist supporters — more interested in furthering their own cause than in helping the people of this and other African countries." Englehard's remarks should not be dismissed as the talk of some eccentric rich man whose influence on American policy is negligible. He has been on the New Jersey delegation to several Democratic National Conventions, and is known as a generous contributor to the party.

The South African Foundation often takes American businessmen on tours of South Africa to see investment opportunities and the "positive" side of the country's racial policies. These tours have made converts, including former Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder who, according to the foundation, now believes that "South Africa is worthy of our closest association in building up a strong world economy, and also in the protection of the world against the encroachment of communism."

The South African lobby also has a recruit in the old China lobby. The American-Asia Education Exchange and its executive secretary, Marvin Liebman, have added South Africa to their stable of right-wing causes. In fact, the exchange is now known as the American-Afro-Asian Educational Exchange.

Any survey of American financial involvement in South Africa must raise some pointed questions about the relation of morality to money. The reply of American finance sometimes is that investments are amoral: dollars go where the profits are. Chase Manhattan, criticized for its loans to South Africa, wrote Students for a Democratic Society: "If we consider the receiver of a loan to be financially responsible, we do business with him, regardless of his nationality, religion, or political views. . . . We feel it would be unwise and unfair if we, as a bank, made judgments that were not based on economics."

But morality does not sit well on the conscience of American investors in South Africa. They feel compelled to fabricate an image that accords with their greed. The goal of their lobby is to show how moral it is to uphold stable, capitalist, misunderstood South Africa, the only Western anchor on a continent of Communist chaos.

In one sense, this pretense of ethics exposes the vulnerability of the lobby. Unlike the China lobby, which simply had to drum into America what it was ready to believe, the South Africa lobby must counter prevailing opinion. Enough news has come from South Africa in the last decade to convince many Americans that Verwoerd and his regime are evil; the lobby must now prove that evil is good.

The voice of the lobby is growing louder, keeping pace with American financial interests in South Africa and the disorder on the rest of the continent. The lobby may not convince America that Verwoerd is good, but it may persuade America that he at least is better than chaos and communism. Can the United States allow economic sanctions that might create turmoil in South Africa and expose it for "Communist" pickings? Should the United States support the South African Government in case a "Communist" rebellion erupts? The lobby could be decisive in pulling the noses of U.S. policy makers toward loaded questions inspired by booming profits.

THE ABYSS OF POLICY

1. The Unthinkable Target

Christopher Lasch & Alan B. Spitze

A very simple and urgent task for those who condemn our policy in Vietnam is to support the Administration in its present inhibitions about the saturation bombing of large cities. It can be argued that so many atrocities have already been committed in Vietnam that it is pointless to make further distinctions about methods of warfare. But even our present methods, deplorable as they may be, are morally distinguishable from the systematic bombing of civilian populations. It can also be argued that the issue is not whether our methods are morally defensible but whether they are politically effective—whether social revolution can be indefinitely "contained." But no policy which contributes to the normalization of terror can be said to be an effective instrument of democracy.

Public discussion, such as it is, tends to focus on the practicality of our objectives in Vietnam, on the probable consequences of our withdrawal, and on the endlessly debated question of whether the war in South Vietnam is a civil war or an act of aggression from the north. These are inescapable questions and it is important to have raised them. Meanwhile, however, the war grinds on, and it becomes more and more difficult for the Administration, since it is losing the war, to resist the demand for bigger and bigger bombs. It is important for critics of the Administration to spell out all the implications of this demand and, for once, to try to forestall a disaster.

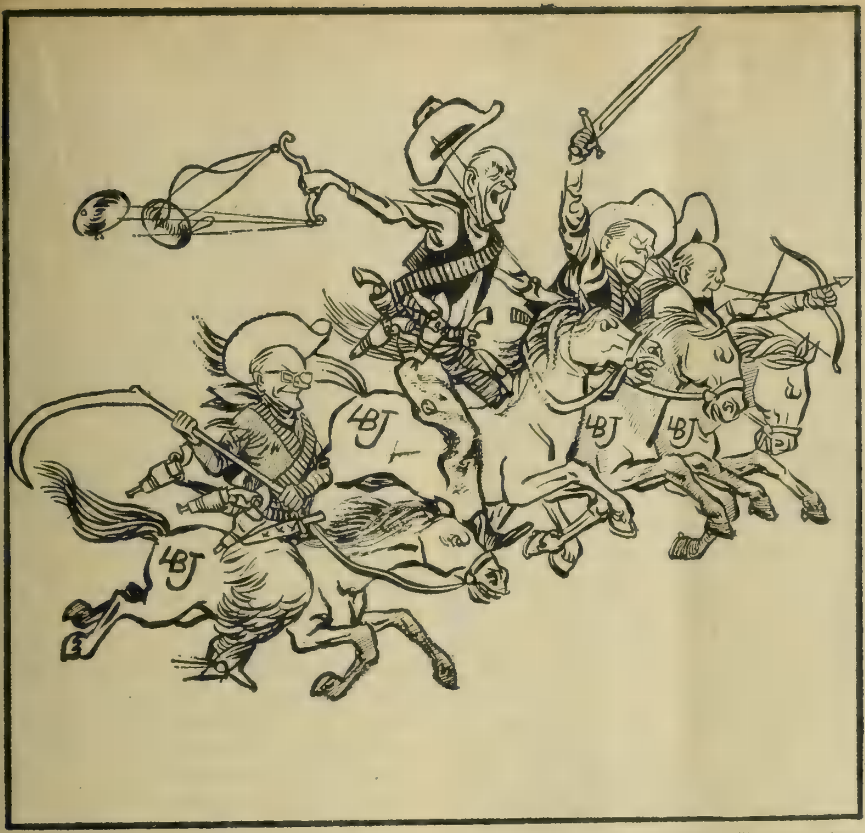
If some of the Administration's liberal supporters meant what they said, they themselves would have raised the issue. One of the arguments in favor of the Johnson policy is that, whatever the mistakes of previous administrations, we are too deeply involved in South Vietnam to get out now; that, on the other hand, the effort to eradicate the Vietcong would involve us in an indefinite effort to prop up ineffectual and undemocratic regimes in the south, while a stepped-up aerial war against the north would lead logically to war with Communist China; and that the proper course of action, therefore, is to send more ground troops to South Vietnam in order to convince the Vietcong that they will have to settle for a negotiated peace. On several occasions, people who take this line — Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., for example — have assured critics of the war in Vietnam that this was the policy actually being followed by the government. Yet these people have made no effective public protest against the accelerating aerial assault on North Vietnam, which is so clearly not a part of the policy they recommend—is, in fact, directly contrary to it, since it rests on the premise, explicitly repudiated by men like Schlesinger, that the war in the south is controlled and directed from the north.

Thus, it remains for the critics of the Administration, for those who have argued all along that our war in South Vietnam was as hopeless as that of the French ten years before, to take up the narrower issue as well as the broader one, and to make it clear that whatever alternatives may be considered in the future, the one immediate alternative that must not be considered is the saturation bombing of civilian targets in North Vietnam.

To take such a position may seem like straining at gnats after swallowing napalm—or systematic crop destruction, or the bombing of hundreds of square miles in which there had possibly been Vietcong soldiers and certainly were Vietnamese civilians. The normalization of atrocities which was the richest legacy of World War I (only temporarily discredited by the Nazi
exaggeration of its uses) has dea
ened our vocabulary of protest t
the point where savageries can b
criticized only in the context
debates about larger goals of polic
John Roche of ADA, a spokesma
for hard-boiled liberalism, recentl
argued in *The New Leader* (Ap
26, 1965) that only an absolut
pacifist could cogently raise mor
objections to our specific tactics i
Vietnam (*he* happened to hav
fairly complicated pragmatic crit
cisms). But the simple clarity
this line is rarely taken up by th
official apologists for our dail
counterinsurgency, who need
satisfy a general thirst for piec
meal moral distinctions. Thus w
bomb bridges and barracks but n
people, we use gas that induce
nausea instead of death, and w
avoid high-level bombing becaus
of the danger to innocent civilian
—at least we did until strategic an
political considerations reverse
that policy. In short, the need
justify policy in moral terms su
vives; and all who are not com
pletely captivated by the "pra
matic" position might do well
take that fact as a source of sligh
comfort and as an impulse to a
tion.

Those who reject all of our goa
and all of our tactics may reje
all such distinctions as well. B
the distinctions are real enough f
a thousand, or several hundre
thousand, North Vietnamese wome
and children who may or may n
be incinerated in the course of th
year. And it is no small thing th
this has not yet happened, th
our leaders have rejected, so fa
the alternatives of Representati
Ford or General Clark; and wha
ever we think about their oth
decisions we had better be gratef
for as much restraint as they ha
shown. It may be that Preside
Johnson and Secretary McNama
reject the murder of a couple
hundred thousand people on a
solute moral grounds, or it may
that they merely find it inexpedien
at any rate they haven't done it.
far as we can tell, there are peop

Christopher Lasch and Alan B. Spitzer are members of the History Department, the University of Iowa. Mr. Lasch is the author of The New Radicalism in America *(Knopf); Mr. Spitzer, of* The Revolutionary Theories of Louis-Auguste Boanqui *(Columbia University Press).*



Macpherson, Toronto Star

The Four Horsemen

of great weight now advocating that solution, and it is well for the rest of us to hold out, as emphatically as we can, against it.

We shall, of course, continue to fight the other consequences of the dirty war in Vietnam—so predictable and now so unpleasant as to suggest to some of our leaders the tempting possibility of cleaner alternatives executed from higher altitudes. What we must also work very hard to do is to make one particular alternative — the bombing of Hanoi and other North Vietnamese cities—inconceivable. The ease with which many Americans have been taught to tolerate the intolerable shows that this is no simple task. We can ask Representative Ford how many thousands of lives he would spend to bring Ho Chi Minh to the conference table, whether the alternatives he envisions to a large ground war are fire storms like Dresden or "conventional" atomic demonstrations on a slightly larger scale than Hiroshima. But the nature of "escalation" usually makes it difficult to pose the question in precisely these terms. A first bomb would not be dropped on the most populous center of Hanoi where cameras of a French news service happened to be trained, but on a peripheral target already defined as acceptable by previous assumptions—and this explosion would then become the previous assumption for the next and deadlier drop. The principle of escalation is simultaneously tactical and moral; and it has its real effect, though most critics and admirers of Herman Kahn have missed the point, not so much on the enemy as on ourselves. The enemy cannot always be depended on to respond rationally to our finely calibrated increments of force; he might even be goaded by our restrained dialogue into blowing out the circuits of our implicit communications. But what escalation surely does is to prepare the American public itself for the next step away from humanity; and that requires a persistent iteration of the impossibility of an American policy that moves toward the mass murder of the civilian population of North Vietnam.

It can be said in reply, of course,

(*Continued on page 88*)

2. A Touch of Tyranny . . . . .

Richard F. Hamilton

The nationally heralded lucubrations of President Eisenhower's Commission on National Goals were published in *Goals for Americans: Programs for Aciton in the Sixties* (Prentice-Hall, 1960), which contained a final chapter—"A Look Further Ahead" — written by William P. Bundy. Mr. Bundy was then the Commission's Staff Director, on leave from the CIA; he has since become the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs. In this brief chapter, Mr. Bundy made some predictions about the future state of human affairs and offered some guidelines for United States policy with respect to these anticipated events.

His basic analysis is Malthusian. The central problem is one of population growth outstripping economic growth. Perhaps we should call it neo-Malthusian, since the problem is not merely one of meeting minimal needs but is aggravated by the growth of wants beyond those dictated by subsistence. His basic solution to the problem is, like Malthus', a repressive one.

As Bundy puts it, the required innovations "often cannot be undertaken fully in a free society." Despite the qualifying "often," the subsequent argument leaves no room for free methods. In the following paragraph he stresses the contrast between developed nations and the "less developed." The former began industrialization without substantial demographic pressures and could use "free methods"; but for the less developed there is an apparent need for "methods of compulsion" which "at least for a time" are able

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Richard F. Hamilton, a political sociologist now teaching at Princeton University, is at work on two books: one on affluence and the French worker, the other on American politics.

to deny the desires for increased living standards, and are able to command payment of the "human costs." In essence, the "goals" he suggests we Americans adopt for the underdeveloped nations involve short-run authoritarian regimes.

Mr. Bundy's point involves more than a "suggestion." As presented, it amounts to an argument that there is a "realistic" need for authoritarianism; there are, apparently, no other ways, and more specifically, there is no short-term *democratic* way.

If this conclusion is in fact inescapable, it should not be sloughed off as casually as is done in Bundy's article, since after all it puts us in a position markedly at variance with our official statement of aims. If, as seems to be the case, short-run authoritarianism is to emerge as our official policy for the underdeveloped countries, a number of implications need consideration:

(1) Such a policy is likely to be less attractive to most Americans than the democratic policies they thought they were supporting.

(2) Such a policy, when recognized, is likely to be especially unattractive to the underdeveloped countries. It means that our distinctive appeal in competition with the USSR and China for the affections of the new nations disappears. Rather than offering a choice of "freedom" or totalitarianism, both sides, it now appears, support authoritarianism. Moreover, both sides claim that their prescription calls for only "short-term" authoritarianism. A differentiation so minimal may explain why the underdeveloped countries have difficulty making up their minds and why there is no rush for the "free world's" offering. The problem for the "beneficiary nation" becomes one of deciding which is the better of the two authoritarianisms; in great measure, it becomes a purely technical question (i.e., of the relative efficiency of two authoritarian mechanisms) rather than a choice of alternative goals.

(3) A related problem concerns the duplicity involved in the sales pitch. Whereas our sales team has been advertising freedom and democracy, the actual package contains short-term authoritarianism. This discrepancy might help many people in the underdeveloped nations to make up their minds — against us. In addition to the dishonesty involved, it plays directly into our competitor's advertising line. They have been saying that our democratic goods are phony, that in reality ours is an authoritarian package. In the light of Bundy's words and our performance, the charge becomes increasingly difficult to dispute.

Given the commitment to authoritarianism as a policy for underdeveloped nations, and the difficulty of merchandising an unattractive (not to say unsavory) product, we arrive at a position where misrepresentation becomes an "acceptable" policy. In fact, to engage in fraudulent advertising of our product becomes "realistic," therefore "necessary." Dictators become democrats. Our ambassador in South Vietnam reproaches our reporters for being "so hard" on Diem. Hans Morgenthau, writing of our recent Vietnam White Paper (a William Bundy production, incidentally) says: "This document . . . provides a particularly glaring tendency to conduct foreign and military policy not on their own merits, but as exercises in public relations. The Government fashions an imaginary world that pleases it, and then comes to believe in the reality of that world and acts as though it were real." The misrepresentation, it is to be noted, as in the case of "rebel" pilots bombing Cuban airfields, is for both foreign and domestic consumption.

If it is argued that our product is different because the men proffering it are specially benevolent (in contrast to the malevolence of the Moscow leadership), then two further considerations need explication. First, if "our men" are specially benevolent, is not the use of authoritarian means likely to corrupt them? Will not long years spent in the "care and training" of dictators, plus the years spent in fabricating public relations documents, leave these specialists totally unfitted for conducting any other kind of policy? Won't the "democratic experts" be shoved aside in favor of the more adept and ruthless authoritarians? And then, won't the difference between benevolent and malevolent intent become entirely a matter of indifference?

Second, if the authoritarianism is genuinely intended to be temporary, then there should be some specification in these "goals for Americans" as to *how* the authoritarian regime is to be transformed in a democratic direction. If we belittle Communist claims abou the dictatorship of the proletaria which is to "wither away," we mus have something more substantia to offer in support of our counter claim. That the Diems wither away in favor of the Khanhs, or that the Arbenzes wither away in favor of the CIA's Castillo Armas is not a very encouraging prospect.

There are also some difficulties with William Bundy's underlying assumptions about the sources of conflict in the underdeveloped nations. He sees a "revolution of rising expectations" in these nations; he sees the restive masses envying the wealth and living standards of the advanced nations. Is this a "realistic" view? Are the masses of the peasantry in this world, who are undergoing a *reduction* in living standards, at the same time raising their expectations? Does the poor farmer really seethe with envy about living standards halfway around the world, pausing at the hoe to dream momentarily about a new Buick, the while his wife looks up from the fire to dream of an Electrolux vacuum cleaner and their son has turned Communist because he can't afford studs for his motorcycle jacket? A much more likely alternative possibility here is that the elites in the underdeveloped nations are the groups that are increasing their expectations and to the extent that the peasantry is aware of distant events at all, its reaction may well be envy, resentment and hostility toward its leaders. These leaders, if all went according to plan, would be members of the authoritarian governments which we are sponsoring.

If Bundy is correct, that authoritarianism is necessary for underdeveloped countries, a basic question is authoritarianism for whom? If the problem is envy and rapidly rising expectations, the solutions must be appropriate to the cause. If the cause is an increase in middle-class wants, restraints on the peasantry are not at all appropriate. If the problem is corrupt and irresponsible governments which are sapping the development process, again restraints for the peasantry are not in order. Following Bundy's own argument, if the problem has its roots in envy of American living standards, then at minimum the solution is not to broadcast the news so widely, not to dramatize the extraordinary and humiliating economic gap. If the root of the problem lies in the behavior of national elites, then at minimum the solution would involve the request that *they* refrain from excessive consumption, and that if they cannot, they should consume in the least flamboyant manner possible.

There is still another causal consideration of paramount importance. The Malthusian dilemma is twofold: it stems from a relative underproduction of goods, and a relative oversupply of people. This would ordinarily suggest the possibility for a twofold attack on the problem. But at this point, quite inexplicably, Mr. Bundy hesitates. "What we clearly must not do in our aid program," he says, "is to make any aspect of it conditional on a nation's handling of its population problem. Under no conditions should the U.S. Government interfere in or attempt to influence local policy or desires regarding population. Birth rates are the result of choices that lie at the heart of human freedom and often of religious belief." There is a very simple policy move open here: make the knowledge and the devices available so that people may freely choose them if they so wish. It is difficult to believe that the peasants in the upper reaches of the Ganges can somehow see the living standards half way around the world and yet cannot see the connection between the size of their families, the productivity of their fields and the resulting shares per person.

My comments to this point have not challenged the assumption that authoritarianism is somehow desirable. To assess this claim we must consider the relative costs of the alternatives. While experience with successful cases of development in the face of massive population pressures is rare (so that we cannot judge the long-term effects of alternative governmental forms), experience with authoritarian regimes and their accomplishments exists in great quantity. What are the findings?

Authoritarianism reduces the available leadership resources. Many potential leaders get neither school training nor practical training. There are substantial leadership losses—some are forced into inactivity ("internal emigration"), some are jailed or killed and some are driven into exile. Promising youths, sent abroad to be educated at great expense, find themselves reluctant to return home, and instead offer their services to the developed countries. The authoritarian society becomes polarized for and against the government; a revolutionary situation is created.

Lacking the restraints that are found in pluralistic contexts (that is, where the opposition has not been made ineffective), those in power are "free" to loot and plunder to their heart's content. This corruption in turn systematically drains off resources which would ordinarily go for development. Being rational investors and able to compare the domestic with the foreign investment opportunities, those in power will choose to invest the earnings from corruption in the already well-developed countries. The authoritarian context is not hospitable to the kinds of idealism that might ordinarily serve to counter the inducements to corruption. And the spectacle of an elite so enthusiastically revolutionizing its own expectations is also likely to corrupt the underlying population. At least, it will not induce them to strive for greater diligence and honesty in their own work.

This suggests that, contrary to the conventional assumption, the costs of authoritarianism are too high to pay. Similarly, it suggests that, while authoritarianism may contribute to the development of Swiss bank accounts, its use as a device for the development of the new nations is very limited. The supposed "efficiencies" of centralized regimes were long ago exposed by Tocqueville. They can coordinate people and resources, he said, and can make an impressive showing in the short run. But then, he said, they come upon difficulties. Since they do not train leaders "in depth," he said, such settings "enervate"; they create apathy and passivity among the mass of men. That is, the authoritarian regime fosters just the opposite of those traits that are most needed. The point is also made by John Stuart Mill in *Our Representative Government.*

There are a number of other difficulties with Mr. Bundy's analysis. Aside from the problems already detailed, which may be put under the heading of "imperfectly explored implications," there remains one of oversimplification. The major oversimplification involves the childlike categorizing of the world into a so-called free portion and a remainder which is unfree. Objection may be made both to the value of such intellectual "economy" and to the policy implications which are likely to follow, specifically from the "we-they" struggle which is posed. Obviously, there are going to be many questionable cases which do not fit easily into either category. Even if we were to accept his approach, Bundy's practice involves an inaccurate use of his own dichotomy. He appears to think, for example, that everything outside the Communist world is free. Under the heading "Less Advanced Free Nations," he includes with no further comment the subheadings, Africa and Latin America. He explicitly includes the United Arab Republic on the free side. The "Rest of Western Europe" falls under the heading of "Advanced Free Nations," apparently including Spain and Portugal as free. Parallel to this careless categorizing of the non-Communist states is an unwillingness to see differences in the "Sino-Soviet Bloc." Bundy notes the Soviet economic potential for 1970 and its capability for conducting foreign-aid programs. The so-called satellite countries will be able to do the same, he says, and, moreover, they "must be considered instruments of Soviet policy." Must they really? This assertion will undoubtedly come as a surprise to Tito. It might be questioned in Albania, and neither Rumania nor Poland would appear to fit this description.

All this amounts to an immature demand for simplicity. The world must divide up into the good guys and the bad guys, and apparently, regardless of the evidence, they are to be forced into one or another of these camps. A performance of this sort would ordinarily be called "rigid" or "inflexible." In any other sphere, such thinking would cast doubts on one's abilities. We would say that you must recognize the differences—at a minimum you must recognize a free-unfree continuum and devise a wider range of policies. The peculiarity in this case is that this is the thinking that has dominated American life for nearly two decades.

In the current controversy over

Vietnam, we are in essence being told that we must back the President, the State Department, etc., because these are the experts, and the critics are inexpert. But if they are experts, then we must account for their inexpert performance. In this instance, in the work of this leading policy maker, we are given oversimplified terms for analysis; we note inaccurate use even of those terms; we receive imperfectly thought through theories about the underdeveloped world; we are asked to accept policy which undercuts and opposes our most attractive "selling point"; and to swallow transparent fabrications presented to justify our policy. Where then is the expertise?

A final range of questions remains. Why should expertise call for docile consent? Why should those with knowledge about affairs and competence to make policy be so hesitant to explain what they are doing? Isn't it rather the case that at critical points in history we should want "policy" tested and assessed and able to meet all objections? Doesn't another difficulty go with uncritical consent, namely that the experts will have their own expertise diminished by all too easy acceptance of their views, by an absence of challenge? Isn't this just the kind of occasio where we need critical dissent Wouldn't it have been a good thin to have had dissent in Central Europe in 1914? Maybe if there ha been some, the Schlieffen Planners—the 1914 equivalents of th First Strike and Counter Strik strategists of our own age—migh have been stopped. As it was, million men later, the word was "Sorry, we didn't intend it tha way." Does an official call fo "consent" have any place in a democracy? Isn't the appropriate "response" to criticism in a democrac an argument rather than a call fo silence?

The Free University

Academy for Mavericks . . . . Howard Junker

In Carmel, Calif., Joan Baez opens a school to teach the techniques of nonviolence. In London, novelist Alexander Trocchi coordinates Project Sigma, an international effort to set up revolutionary study groups. In Gainesville, Fla., a Free University with a full-scale constitution awaits financial backing. The Society and Guild of Independent Students is organizing in Swarthmore, Pa. The Students for a Democratic Society are considering a program of independent study.

All this comes in the wake of Mississippi Freedom Schools, the Free Speech Movement/Free University at Berkeley and the teach-ins. No more swallowing goldfish and eating humble pie; no more yearning after a genteel utopia like Sarah Lawrence. To the question of how to correct abuses in American higher education, some students and teachers are now answering that reform is neither possible nor sufficient: We've got to get out on our own, establish our own anti-Establishment.

In New York, on July 6, in the main room of a labyrinthine loft at 20 East 14th St., half a block from Union Square, Staughton Lynd, one-time member of cooperative communities, director of last summer's Freedom Schools, severe critic of American policy in Vietnam and assistant professor of history at Yale, offers the first course, The American Radical Tradition to 1900, at the Free University of New York. His students, eager to do something revolutionary, suggest that the seating arrangement be changed from the usual rows to a classroom-in-the-round. Lynd agrees, then wonders if that's going to change anything. The students laugh, and Lynd, for openers, assails the phony traditions of the American Left.

The Free University of New York — 230-plus students, thirty-plus faculty members—is a start from scratch, totally autonomous, neither an after-hours annex nor the training school of a movement. It was set up by academic mavericks to do what can't be done within the Establishment. FUNY can be compared—though it is dangerous to do so while its survival is moot—with the New School for Social Research, which began in 1919 with the highest credentials (Charles Beard, John Dewey and Thorstein Veblen were on the first faculty) and continued to do pioneer work in adult education, social sciences, foreign-policy studies and the arts. The permissive, creative training of now-defunct Black Mountain College, begun in 1923, with nineteen students and eleven teachers, also comes to mind. But FUNY is not an academic smörgasbord like the New School, nor a sylvan atelier like Black Mountain. FUNY's *raison d'être* is radical politics.

FUNY has no official line, bu its debating-society format lean toward Marx not Chautauqua. Th faculty includes: a handful of recent visitors to Cuba, editors o *Studies on the Left*, editors of th *Viet Report*, members of the anti-imperialist May 2nd Movement members of the Trotskyite Spartacist group, an organizer for th Progressive Labor Party, an instructor at the Socialist Workers Part summer school—but no Communists and no Birchers. (An oversight, suggests one instructor.)

Though America has a few right-wing colleges, like Harding an Pepperdine, and although radica students like to accuse all educational institutions of supporting th military-big business Establishment American colleges are overtly apolitical. They may have been founded by affluent laymen with veste interests to promote, but—as Christopher Jencks, at work with Davi Riesman on an analysis of highe education, points out—they canno be positioned by their politics. An now, long after the Red scar purged the "liberal" universitie and shut down such "Marxist training camps" as the Jefferson Schoo in New York, there are no institutions which seem to line up on th Left. Yet some American student have declared themselves radicals and they are beginning to ask fo institutions to match their ideologies.

When Clark Kerr accused hi

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students at Berkeley of using the university "as a fortress from which they can sally forth with impunity to make their attacks on society," he indicated a new kind of student tension. Far from valuing college because it is secluded and cut off from wordly concerns, some students now want to agitate. A decade ago students beginning to chafe at the impotent role of egghead looked with envy at counterparts in Hungary, France and Japan who were threatening or actually toppling governments. Today there is hope backed by experience that direct action in the form of protest can be taken and does matter. (That not even cloister scholars have looked back on the defection of the professors to Kennedy's Washington as a *trahison des clercs* is another measure of how academic roles are being redefined.)

In the past few years, then, students have increasingly come to see themselves as real (not as intermediates on the way to the real world) and as effective. Last year, beyond countless demonstrations for civil rights and against government foreign policy, more than fifty student demonstrations dealt with on-campus issues. Some, objecting to the administration's role *in loco parentis*, protested dress, dorm or liquor regulations. Some demanded the right to organize or to take political action. Some objected to the firing of radical or teaching-oriented professors. Now the cold eye of the dissatisfied student has turned on the total university experience. FUNY's catalogue states:

> *. . . Students have been systematically dehumanized, deemed incompetent to regulate their own lives, sexually, politically and academically. They are treated like raw material to be processed for the university's clients — business, government and military bureaucracies. Teachers, underpaid and constantly subject to investigation and purge, have been relegated to the position of servant-intellectuals, required, for regular promotion, to propagate points of view in harmony with the military and industrial leadership of our society.*
>
> *The American university has been emasculated. Its intellectual vigor, exuberance and excitement have been destroyed. What remains is a dispassionate and studied dullness, a façade of scholarly activity concealing an internal emptiness and cynicism, a dusty-dry search for permissible truth which pleases none but the administrator and the ambitious.*

If this is the way things are, then the only recourse is to start something new.

FUNY was set up by a small group led by a pair of 30-year-old instructors, Allen Krebs, currently on terminal leave of absence from Adelphi, and James Mellen, instructor in political science at Drew. As befits a university president, Krebs has a Ph.D., from the University of Michigan (1962). He did undergraduate work at Cornell and Northwestern (B.A., 1955), and he has taught at the American University in Beirut. After teaching sociology for a year at Adelphi, Krebs went to Cuba last summer. Upon his return, he found himself in trouble with Adelphi's administration. Charges against him escalated from letting classes out early, to neglecting the syllabus, to teaching a Marxist line. Krebs was relieved of his duties last Christmas. Student protest followed, as well as pressure from the AAUP. The matter of Krebs's reinstatement is now pending before the Board of Trustees.

"It would be groovy to go back," says Krebs, who frequently drops academic precision and comes on like a hip prole. "The controversy has aroused many students; I'd have a good chance of doing what a teacher should—reach students."

Krebs's course at FUNY is titled Marxism and American Decadence. His wife, a graduate student in Slavic languages at Columbia, teaches Revolutionary Russian poetry.

Mellen, as befits a university finance minister, rose via the school of hard knocks. Dropping out of a CPA course during his senior year at UCLA, Mellen went on the road, working as a newspaper circulation organizer and as a traveling photographer, then wandering awhile. He returned to San Francisco State to take his B.A. in 1960. Encouraged by his professors he did a year's graduate work in political science, then went to the University of Iowa. He is currently at work on a doctoral dissertation dealing with the role of organized labor in foreign policy. His course, The Instruments of American Imperialism, began with an analysis of American intervention in the Dominican Republic.

After months of work, planning and preparing FUNY, Krebs and Mellen were shocked when their efforts to involve the students and instructors in the first open meeting aroused suspicion and obstreperousness. Although

Drawings by Harold Teichberg

they had not intended to offer FUNY as a *fait accompli*, the founders were not prepared to let the "elephantine plenum," as Krebs later called the meeting, destroy FUNY to its own liking. After much parliamentary procedure (which prompted a middle-aged woman from Brooklyn to declare that she had not attended in order to listen to such garbage) and entreaties, and blowing off of steam and statements of good intentions and confidence, the hundred or so students and faculty approved the basic Krebs-Mellen administration of a coordinating committee — five instructors and two students — committed to an open meeting once a week. The "plenum" broke with Krebs-Mellen on finances, agreeing to pay $24 for the first eight-week course, but reducing the cost of additional courses to $8 per. (Instructors are not paid; in fact, many chipped in $30 apiece to help FUNY get started.)

The radical tendency toward anarchy simmered down once school had begun. FUNY's curriculum includes classes in film, poetry, drawing and dance, but most of the teaching bears on politics. Course titles include: Revolutionary Egyptology, The Struggle for Vietnamese Independence, Marxist Economics, The Permanent Revolution, Politics of Vision, Origin and Failure of Liberalism, Marxist Existentialism, Ethics and Reality, Leninism, History of the Cold War, Cuba, Magazine Organization, and Radical Afro-American Social Thought. These courses are not offered for credit, lead to no degree, are taught from no syllabus, only occasionally have reading lists, are variously lectures and seminars. Each of the instructors being his own master (thrown potluck with two, five or fifty students), some FUNY courses are college level, others are puerile.

Of the classes I sampled during the first week, my favorites are Calvin Hicks's Community Organization and Paul Krassner's Seminar on the Press and Satire. An anecdote from each may indicate the tenor of FUNY. Hicks, a Negro who is involved in community work in Harlem, commented on the difficulty well-intentioned white workers have in throwing off their deep-down racism. "What are you going to say," asked Hicks, "to the black cat who's watching the Rheingold *ethnic* ad — he's offered a blues singer as his bit — and this cat says to you: 'They're messing me up with this chick. She's so assimilated she don't even have rhythm. You close your eyes and you hear something white.' What do you tell a cat like this?"

Krassner, who edits *The Realist*, uses his course to show the many ways of being seriously funny. Turning his class onto the satiric possibilities of puns and the politics of abortion, Krassner also analyzed a *New Yorker* cartoon: a pianist, before commencing, announces that he wants to make a foreign-policy statement. Krassner sees the laugh in this reaction-to-an-action in its incongruity and in its absolute possibility. Many of the students, although amused by the cartoon, felt the pianist was entirely justified.

Like any institution, FUNY will be defined by its members. As I saw it, the student body seemed intense and eager, composed mainly of middle-class Jewish college students, with a sprinkling of Middle Western note takers, a few middle agers, a handful of Negroes, a couple of graduate students, a boy with an earring.

"What do you mean by 'middle class'?" one student challenged his instructor. Another jotted down: "Stoics — wisdom — great good." Another, a student in Dr. Joseph Berke's The Psychotic Experience As an Archetype of *Paradise Lost*, remarked to a neighbor that the lady student relating her nightmare seemed to be asking for an eight-week psychotherapy.

FUNY takes all sorts — of instructors as well as students. Initially, its policy was to allow anyone who wanted to teach to do so provided the proposed course was unavailable elsewhere. (Curiously, courses taught by instructors listed as college teachers have been the most heavily enrolled. Academic credentials count even in revolutionary establishments.) At some future time, it may be necessary to screen prospective instructors. But by what standards, asked the second meeting of the coordinating committee. And how, indeed, should FUNY define its image? For a while, the committee decided, it will rely on "organic development." In no event, however, will FUNY seek tie-ins with other groups or movements. The school will remain a thing unto itself. And to this end, Krebs and Mellen insist that FUNY maintain its financial independence, taking no money from trust fund, foundation or private benefactor.

From all this, it should appear that FUNY is far more than a leftist gimmick, an aberration set up by and for undesirables. To have mustered more than 200 paying rebels, on the strength of word-of-mouth, ads in *The Village Voice* and some handbills, FUNY must have hit a mark. Moreover, if FUNY lasts through its now-planned fall semester, radicals who looked on while the beachhead was won may join the fight. Certain well-known names have already indicated their interest in participating, once FUNY proves its vitality.

Crucial, then, in the evaluation of this experiment—which beyond a bizarre curriculum may not offer much in the way of academic trail blazing — is the simple fact that it has been set up. Some people who wanted their own kind of university now have it. FUNY is proof that rebels need not be put down by the traditional administration taunt: if you don't like it here, leave. FUNY — as a statement of "this is what we want" — is constructive criticism at its best.

And now that American students are beginning to develop a sense of themselves as an oppressed minority with a national identity (Mario Savio may be the first nationally known, nonathletic BMOC), now that students know how to organize themselves, the notion of a Free University will spread. FUNY is an alternative manner and kind of education, capable of being put into practice not by negotiating with the enemy but by independent resolve. Freedom, at least to learn and teach, is sometimes available for the asking.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Grotesque Purgation

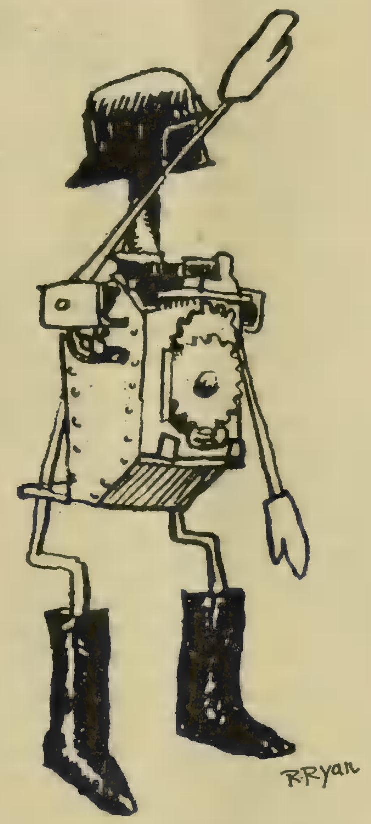
DOG YEARS. By Günter Grass. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Harcourt, Brace and World. 570 pp. $6.95.

Paul West

Of all the things Günter Grass has taught us in his ribald, voluminous homily, the one that sticks—sticks perhaps in the throats of hopeful liberals who envision the Great Society—is that nihilism can be virtuous and books expressing it can be fat. Grass, more than any other member of the Group 47, has still not got over the guilt and the awfulness, the turpitude and the tantrum. He is still in deep shock and still, with obsessed acerbity, going over the same ground with the same thoughts in mind, and especially the thought that the German tragedy was the result of each individual's lack of faith in his fellows' readiness to support him in a decent refusal. Grass' is not the *non serviam* of Stephen Dedalus; it is, rather, the bleakest sequel yet to Thomas Mann's "I do not have much faith in faith, nor do I believe very much in faith, but far more in a goodness capable of existing without faith and which may even be the direct product of doubt."

This much became clear with *The Tin Drum*. And here now, boldly woven into another iconoclastic tapestry, is the identical theme, writ shambling large again and counterpointed by the presence of dogs, scarecrows and the Vistula River at Danzig. Brawny Walter Matern is a muddled Slavic German, both well meaning and despicable, self-hating and amoral. As a Nazi he helps beat up his maladroit, half-Jewish friend, Eddi Amsel, the scarecrow-maker, who (according to the minor deviltry of boys' rituals) was once his blood brother whom he taught to play a fair game of *schlagball*; after the war Amsel, mysteriously transformed from fat boy into Brauxel, the thin mine owner, tries to talk Matern out of the self-loathing into which he lapses. *Dog Years* is a work of dialectic, dialogue and parallels, whereas *The Tin Drum* is one of heroic monomania.

And yet, once the Matern-Amsel friendship has settled down into what is visibly the book's theme, Grass, who has his own perverse way of doing things, begins with beautiful indirection to blur it. Quite early he explains that "it will be necessary to subject the Matern-Amsel friendship to many more trials," and he really puts the pair of them through it. But the main trial they undergo is that of his method, and this has two effects. First, they become less characters than magnificently animated motifs in a swarming, knobbly host of images. And, second, although they grow into men, they seem arrested in boyhood. So what we get is history moving forward from the twenties while Matern and Amsel, alternately meek and infernal Tweedledum and Tweedledee, look back to the ham-fisted autos-da-fé which have not only formed them irrevocably but supply Grass with the most poignant, most farcical version of his anti-Nazi theme.



Setting out to de-demonize the Nazi cult, Grass again chooses to dwarf it: not, as in *The Tin Drum*, by creating a monster of halted development (which is the arithmetical or plane way of doing it) but by creating two complementary characters whose growth into adulthood turns them only into enlarged boys adrift in a copiously noted landscape. This, I take it, is the algebraic or spherical way of handling the theme; and *Dog Years* is much the more deliberate, more controlled of the two novels. *The Tin Drum* is like improvised jazz, whereas *Dog Years*, for all its cavorting ribaldries and alluvial excursions, is a boldly orchestrated microcosm, amazing in its stylistic variety and yet indefatigably *ad rem*.

Part One not only deals with Matern and Amsel as boys but also records the beginnings of Harras the dog, who sires Prinz, the *Führer's* favorite pet. See how Grass puts it, naming the hound who will come from behind and surpass not only his contemporaries, human and canine, but even Amsel's super-scarecrow, "Potrimpos, the forever laughing youth with the ear of wheat between his teeth." "But," we learn, "Amsel never designed a scarecrow in the image of a dog. . . . All the scarecrows in his diary, except for the one with the milk-drinking eels and the other — half grandmother, half three-headed willow — are likenesses of men or gods." In this first part (to borrow Grass' own words) "elements of fantasy mingle with immemorial folk ways; delightful figures, but gruesome ones as well, may be standing in surging fields and in gardens blessed with abundance." The three strands of Matern-Amsel, dogs and Vistula—now seen with a dreaming omniscience, now with shocked incomprehension — conduct us firmly into a humdrum-awful, festively demented world that Grass has made his own. Sometimes the treatment is dead pan, with truckfuls of raw data dumped into the stanzalike paragraphs to thicken the texture or ballast the extravaganza. Sometimes the verbal sounds go running on while the sense—the original drift — remains intact. Sometimes

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Grass shuffles his feet, but usually in preliminary for a raucous shout; and sometimes the personages fall into slow motion, like Mardi Gras grotesques or, in Grass' phrase, "tin soldiers against magnifying glass." He doesn't waste a rhetorical trick.

Yet it is a sanely purposeful pandemonium he makes, and his narrative survives its garish, baroque burden of data. It survives what amounts to a caustic ecology of his native region, an ecology alive and unnerving with eels that suck the cows' teats; a miller who does a worm-and-beetle census of his flour by auscultating the sacks; headless knights and nuns; the scarecrow called the Great Cuckoo Bird which induces goiter, swivel-eye or miscarriage; Grandma Matern buried with her hairpins still in place; young Walter belting frogs with his *schlagball* bat; and a whole cacophony of tough chatter by tiny guys who have arrived here by way of *Cat and Mouse.*

If *Dog Years* stopped even at page 113, where the first part ends, it would be a dazzling feat of imaginative audacity. Somehow the facts about boyhood float apart and drift lazily sideways like exhaust in the sky until, suddenly, you have the feeling that Grass has managed a total image almost without trying for one. Something happens which gives extra life to, draws extra life from, every particle of the material read to that point. It's nothing to do with epiphany. It's a stunning total articulation of the human maxima and minima, adapted from Danziger folklore and travestied by Amsel's scarecrows. I don't think I have read any other postwar novel in which this diligent sense of life's interrelatedness and unity has been set down in such iron sentences or, through patient assembly of the fruits of exact examination, made so stark. Grass has managed this — and it cannot have been easy for him—by forgoing some of the gratuitous fun which enlivens but sometimes muffles *The Tin Drum.* This first part is incomparably well done, especially for the sense it gives of humanity blocked when, say, the miller listens to his sacks or Amsel eats newts' tails and then vomits them up (having passed the test). The actions bear on everyone and everything, are endlessly relatable, and gather to themselves layer on layer of significance without ever becoming meaningful. Grass shows us a region every bit as vivid, as tactile, as Yoknapatawpha County or Dylan Thomas' Wales, and reveals the inhabitants stretching after something that isn't merely human, rural or manufactured. They end up with folklore pushed to its limits, but blocked off from God (or whatever), with Amsel's scarecrows uninformative and stillborn against the dunes and the same uncaring Vistula. All overtures to mystery end by being answered by men. So it is safer, perhaps, to order one's life by the shifts at the mine or the *schlagball* periods in school. And all the time the dogs go about their business, couple and yelp, unscared by scarecrows and little heeded.

The narration of Part Two falls into the hands of the ingenious creep Harry Liebenau, a younger member of the Amsel-Matern generation, and assumes the form of "Love Letters" to his cousin, Tulla (fresh from *Cat and Mouse*). When Tulla was born, Harras was 14 months old. Grass whips things along, portraying the middle dog years with ferocious honesty but somehow letting his characters become mere representatives. Once the coruscating documentation of boyhood and youth is over, things fall a bit flat. It's not that people become less imaginative as they get older, but that Grass treats his characters in much the same way as Mann treats Hans Castorp: with didactic intent so strong

In The Egg

(Translated by Michael Hamburger)

We live in the egg.
We have covered the inside wall
of the shell with dirty drawings
and the Christian names of our enemies.
We are being hatched.

Whoever is hatching us
is hatching our pencils as well.
Set free from the egg one day,
at once we shall draw a picture
of whoever is hatching us.

We assume that we're being hatched.
We imagine some good-natured fowl
and write school essays
about the colour and breed
of the hen that is hatching us.

When shall we break the shell?
Our prophets inside the egg
for a middling salary argue
about the period of incubation.
They posit a day called X.

Out of boredom and genuine need
we have invented incubators.
We are much concerned about our offspring inside the egg.
We should be glad to recommend our patent
to her who looks after us.

But we have a roof over our heads.
Senile chicks,
polyglot embryos
chatter all day
and even discuss their dreams.

And what if we're not being hatched?
If this shell will never break?
If our horizon is only that
of our scribbles, and always will be?
We hope that we're being hatched.

Even if we only talk of hatching
there remains the fear that someone
outside our shell will feel hungry
and crack us into the frying pan with a pinch of salt.—
What shall we do then, my brethren inside the egg?

Günter Grass

as occasionally to deprive him of his own already established identity. It is as if Grass' heart looks back while his mind dutifully gets on with the painful job, alertly on the trail of Amsel (now manufacturing scarecrows that parody goose-stepping S.A. men, of whom Matern is one), the war, and Prinz, who deserts Hitler. The effect is a radiant, bony knottiness, but weakened because the calamities seem to be happening to people almost as arrested as Oskar Matzerath in *The Tin Drum*. True, Grass may want just that effect of the unspeakable marionette, but surely he could have secured it by giving us the contorted psychology of people sacrificing themselves to the stench of *Zeitgeist* (I am thinking of how well Hermann Broch does this in *The Sleepwalkers*).

As it is, the cruelty and turpitude of the boyhood games carry over into the second part only to animate a brilliant diagram in which Amsel and Matern, instead of festering inwardly, fade somewhat and begin to add up to a compound ghost. Grass triggers everything into colliding, dissonant activity which overpowers even the two girls, vicious Tulla and gentle Jenny. The materiality of farce takes over and the psychological point partly vanishes under a landslide of reportorial debris. So you feel sorry for the characters in the way you feel sorry for the sorcerer's apprentice or for children whose pets have got out of hand, and not (as I think Grass wants) sorry for adults who are fellow traveling with Peter Pan. One paragraph beginning: "Who does not rub his eyes when he looks on at transmutations, but is unable to believe either his eyes or the snow miracle?" puts it exactly. I was rubbing my eyes all through the first part, such were the transmutations. But the second part is like Tussaud or Disney; you marvel at the fecundity of the artifice but have no invitation to the interior. If this is the way the world almost ended, then where are the whimpers of conscience, the bangs of anguish on the brainpan? This central part should have been *penseroso* as well as *scherzando*. Then the curious round-and-round effect which it creates, with themes and images — rats, bone piles at the camps, raspberry drops, Tulla's miscarriage from jumping off a moving streetcar, Jenny's knitting, Heidegger's jargon, kennels and black shepherds—convecting like rice in boiling water, would have seemed less smart, less a feat of nothing but virtuosity.

Having blamed Grass I unblame him. I have to. Look what happens when a German tries to do interpretive psychology: *Doctor Faustus, Steppenwolf, On the Marble Cliffs, The Man Without Qualities*. This way is better. It is, in both senses, a tattoo, both ornate and percussive. Grass is right to reduce to bestial puppetry the antihuman antics of a whole generation. I think it might be imprudent fictional technique, but it is a reduction with both poetic and historical justification. One catastrophe-quiet, shame-laden sentence almost at the end of Part Two sets things to rights and reminds us of some of the reasons: "All are eager to start out fresh with living, saving, letter writing, in church pews, at pianos, in card files and homes of their own." The rest is dog yelps from the machine of the economic miracle.

"Materniads" — scabrous semi-philippics — compose the third part. Matern, released from an English anti-Fascist camp, inherits Prinz whom he first thinks of calling "Shit" but finally names Pluto (shades of Cerberus). He embarks on a tour of revenge which involves infecting the wives and daughters of his former comrades in the S.A. with venereal disease. While he does so the novel, like Matern and his lewd hosts, Sawatzki and his Inge, sleeping three to one bed, develops a "yearning for intricate harmony: so many arms and legs!" But things do come together, as when Matern and Sawatzki accidentally touch fingers while exploring Inge-pussy from different sides of the common bed. One touch of Matern's clap makes the whole nation kin, and not until his vengeance is complete does he cure himself by urinating into an electric socket. He swyves on, however, unable to resist the hungry Inges, and five times more has to resort to electricity to rid himself of "his lordship's cold."

He begins to fail while, all over Germany, the meal worms (those born survivors) take over and the novel becomes a bombinating parody of the *Wirtschaftswunder* through which, on their six legs, Matern and Pluto stumble vengefully, clad in patches of Joycean prose. A radio script partly in verse falls into the narrative like a curbstone, and Matern ends up visiting the infernal region of Brauxel's mine, where countless mechanical scarecrows called rage engines now

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await the invasion order from above. As Brauxel observes, "A cardinal emotion that promotes the grinding of teeth can't be a passing fad." *Sic transit* Eddi Amsel.

No two ways about it: the book is a work of genius, no matter how cantankerous, willful, filthy, tedious, brutal, nihilistic, long-winded, importunate, self-conscious or Germany-obsessed you find it. If execution can be lyrical, then *Dog Years* is that. But the hangman is far from affable and, it is worth pointing out, this is the second time he has formally executed this body. Never has a dunghill been reported with such a consummate sense of its pageantry or the violence of racism smacked dead with so savage a hand. Matern and Amsel are both to blame, both to be felt with, neither to be excused. To be human is not to be excused, but only to make excuses when confronted with a censor as drastic as this. Isn't that, perhaps, why Grass lingers with such terrible infatuation over his childhood years? Then, at least, the brutality is supposed to be partly innocent. Ralph Manheim's translation, an impossible task, brings into being an English that might give pause to English-writing novelists themselves. If, of course, this stupendous, lethal *graffito* doesn't stop them dead in their tracks in the first place.

Notes From Afar: Part I

Harold Clurman

I left New York on April 17 and returned July 5. The ten weeks were spent at the University of California, Davis; in Tokyo, Kyoto and Nara in Japan; in Paris and London. Ordinarily I return to New York eager to report on the theatre of distant shores, often anticipating the arrival of plays from abroad, especially the British plays, which if they have been hailed in England sooner or later turn up, along with our musicals, on a Broadway that has become a receiving station for London goods. This time, however, I prefer to set down "travel notes" rather than deliver opinions, because I am more concerned at the moment with the sources, the tendencies, the social and psychological environment of drama than with the detail of individual examples.

In California I was encouraged in my belief that the "breakdown" of Broadway—due in large part to economic strangulation — may prove a boon to the American theatre. There is a lively appetite for theatre in and around university towns in many parts of the country. I don't refer simply to shopworn metropolitan hits or even to the respectable routine of modern repertory — Shaw, Chekhov, etc., — but to plays unfamiliar even among the more adventurous producers off-Broadway: for example, such a play as Michel de Ghelderode's epic farce *Pantagleize*, recently performed by a new company in San Francisco. But it may take ten years before this upsurge of activity outside New York assumes major proportions.

In Tokyo the most interesting theatre is still provided in the traditional framework: the Puppet Theatre, the Noh and the Kabuki. It is truly an exotic theatre, wholly distinct from any Western tradition. It does not seek to imitate nature but to create a reality of its own. Scholars explain that the Kabuki, almost as much as the Noh theatre, does not model its playing on human behavior so much as on the first and favorite actors of the Japanese stage — the puppets.

Very little of the ancient Greek, Elizabethan or neo-Classic French corresponds to the old Japanese theatre. The sounds we hear in the Noh playhouse strike sorrowful notes from a supernal dimension, sounds which at no time echo the actual speech in any of the feudal courts where the plays were originally performed. The masks are marked by serenity, as if the types they indicate had transcended tragedy; pain itself wears a smile, gentle or ever so faintly ironic. The masks for demons display a frozen rictus with eyes rendered cavernous by fury or dismay.

One's sense of time is made to vanish in the Noh play. The very gestures and the progress of the actors across the beautifully burnished cypress stage floor are calculated to create a feeling of timeless immobility. The spectator feels himself lifted to a realm of pure Idea, a heaven above concepts of good and evil, pleasure or pain. If there remains some trace of earthly woe it has been so etherealized that we are induced to contemplate it with godlike imperturbability and yet with the most intimate concern. The weird music of the Noh theatre makes Webern seem like Wagner. In it, a bereaved soul emanates eerily from a remote sphere. To appreciate Noh one must liberate oneself from Western impatience, from the impulse to immediately purposive action.

Most Americans prefer the Kabuki, a form developed to please the emerging middle class of the 17th century. Noh is essentially aristocratic. Kabuki is gayer, grosser, more colorful, more closely related to real life. Still Kabuki is to an Occidental play as Noh is to Kabuki. Genuine performances are permeated with sounds in speech and music as formalized and distinct from normal Japanese speech as is the Noh play.

Nowadays one sees relatively little of what I call "genuine" Kabuki. One finds in the Kabuki repertory (especially during the late spring and summer) too many plays dating from 1868, in which the earlier forms have become adulterated by commonplace influences from the West. The results are often neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring.

Apart from certain Kabuki dances and other exquisitely savage moments (in one case a double love-suicide—always idealized in old Japan) the best Kabuki I saw was not at the accredited Kabuki-za but at the Zenshin-za, a group organized thirty-five years ago. Here I saw a scrupulously organized performance of a play in the classic Kabuki style. Music, movement, costumes and speech were marvelously modulated in alternations of humorous characterizations, irony and violence. But it is interesting to note that the gentleman who served as my interpreter was shocked that in one scene the leading actor made slurping noises when he drank from a bowl of wine—a bit of coarse realism that is abhorrent to Kabuki purists.

Elderly and educated folk attend Noh performances with "librettos" in their hands because the language of the plays is archaic. A less refined but on the whole middle-aged crowd (often accompanied by kids) frequent the Kabuki-za. The younger generation goes to the movies and is even more addicted to television. There are also revues, equivalents of our old burlesque shows, an all-girl musical entertainment and the inflaming rites of the strip tease. The young sophisticates have become enthralled by all the forms of abstraction and Pop art that we know so well.

There has also been for some time a Japanese theatre in the "Western style," playing contemporary Japanese plays (some by the highly gifted novelist Yukio Mishima) and foreign plays, including most recently Giraudoux's *Ondine* and Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*. One is constantly questioned about Stanislavsky's system and Brecht's practice. While the mechanics of the camera have been thoroughly mastered in Japan, the Western style in the theatre has not yet matured. One senses the difficulty that Japanese actors experience in changing from the presentational style—of Noh, Kabuki, Brecht and vaudeville—to the representational, that is, the more or less realistic. The Japanese actor tends to relate either directly to the audience or to his own individual virtuosity, rather than to his fellow actor in a closely knit context, every part of which must contribute to the whole.

The Japanese will learn this technique in time, as they have assimilated other things from other lands. At present their civilization is in a state of catapulting transition. Tokyo is New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh in one — with occasionally sharp throwbacks to an age-old past. The 20th century and the 18th seem to have become scrambled. One feels like crying out, "Too fast!"

Industrialization is epidemic. Tokyo, for all its April cherry blossoms, its June wisteria, azaleas and lotus flowers, is not beautiful. It is exciting, a kind of spectacularly mad Wonderland, a wilderness of machinery, heavy traffic, swirling neon. One is reminded of our twenties and one fears a sudden depression. Even now there are signs that a recession is affecting the middle class (most movie companies are bankrupt through overproduction of cheap films) though there is full employment for the workers.

When in 1963 I wrote here about my first Tokyo visit I spoke of asymmetry as a characteristic feature of Japanese art, to be observed in flower arrangements, in gardens, in the dance and in the graphic arts. On this trip I heard a guide in Kyoto—he was something of a poet, painter and sage in the manner of the elite of a past age—say, "Irregularity appeals to the Japanese. But there must be harmony in the irregularity." As he spoke I wondered whether the present irregularity of Japanese civilization, its hectic growth, could be composed into a harmony.

I cannot leave off here without speaking of my work in Japan. Under the auspices of the Office of Cultural Presentations of the U.S. State Department, I staged O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* with an American cast I had brought with me for the benefit, and with the co-operation of a company that is now rehearsing the play in Japanese for a Tokyo production in September. This company called Kumo (which means cloud) is an Institute of Dramatic Art, a training ground as well as a theatre group. It is one of a number of such groups—all of them engaged in an acute rivalry that arose initially over political differences—devoted to Western-style drama. The Kumo group has given productions of Sartre, Ionesco and recently Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* under Michael Benthall, the director emeritus of the Old Vic.

I began from scratch with the reading of O'Neill's play and rehearsed it for four weeks until the American troupe was able to present two run-through rehearsals (no scenery or "effects") for invited audiences, predominantly Japanese. Most of the preparatory rehearsals were attended by actors, directors and students. They came prepared with the Japanese translation of the play and were thus able to follow the action. My comments and instructions to the actors were translated.

Apart from much else I learned from the experience, I began to see the play in a new light. For though I had read and reviewed the play on its publication, saw and reviewed its New York production, I had never understood what for me at present is its most significant aspect. Like *A Touch of the Poet*, *Long Day's Journey Into Night* is a tragedy of the American immigrant.

James Tyrone of *Long Day's Journey* was born in Ireland. In his struggle to establish himself in the new country he is cut off and cuts his family off from his or any other tradition — even Catholicism. All is submerged in the fight waged first for security, then for success. What has wrecked the Tyrone family is a loss of faith, that is, a principle of spiritual coherence. This leads to

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Tyrone's artistic failure. The theatre was the faith which he betrayed by the endless repetition of a huge box-office success. This made him what he supposed he had to be to get ahead in America: a rich man—who remained forever fearful of poverty. His wife, no longer sustained by religion, cut off from the comfort of a permanent home, is shattered by this outer and inner displacement and has taken to drugs. The elder son has become a drunkard in constant conflict with his parents though he loves them. The younger son alone saves himself from the fatal cycle by his realization of how the family misfortune occurred and what it means. The physical and moral homelessness of the American immigrant in the industrial era is what O'Neill struggled to reveal throughout his career. It is a factor crucial to the understanding of our cultural history. Through this perception, which had escaped me in the hasty contact that most of us effect in journalistic criticism, I was able to integrate my work on the play and to make it a sort of metaphorical lesson. This interpretation possessed a special value for those who were rehearsing the play, and I hoped it would also convey something particular to the Japanese as well—for they, in the past twenty years, have been launched on a tortuous path in what is virtually a new land. The challenge for the Japanese today is possibly even more astounding than was that of our country between 1865 and the present.

(To be continued)

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

MUSEUM HAUTEUR

The older the buildings, the better they seem in the Museum of Modern Art's current architectural exhibition—Sixty-five Years of Modern Architecture in the United States. The show starts with Frank Lloyd Wright's Unity Church in Oak Park, Ill. (built in 1906, when Ernest Hemingway, born in Oak Park, was but 8), meanders around the country watching modern architecture grow belligerently moral, like Clifford Odets, before beginning to mirror Madison Avenue, and finally ends up with an odd couple of still unfinished buildings—one rather good, one not. The good one is back in Chicago, the tall, wide, plain Chicago Civic Center, by architects C. F. Murphy Associates, with the assistance of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, and of Loebl, Schlossman and Bennett. Beside it is the small, single-story IBM office building in Cranford, N.J., by Victor Lundy.

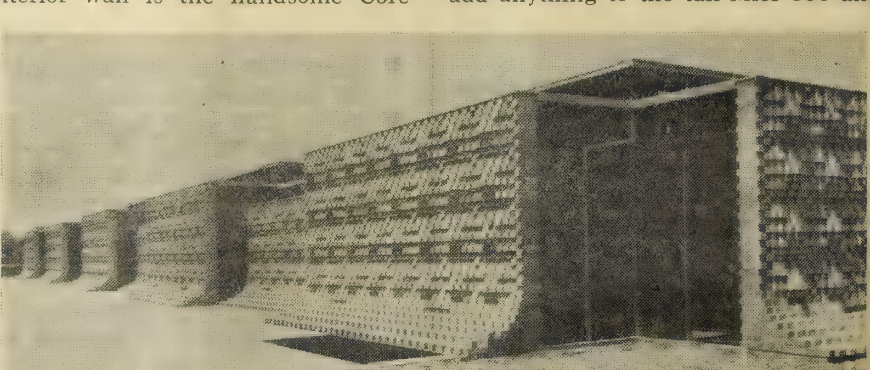
To find an evident source for both the latter buildings, you have only to keep revolving through the exhibition until you begin again, with Frank Lloyd Wright. Unity Church can provide antecedents for almost anything or everything in modern architecture, without very hard looking. It was plain; its reinforced concrete structure, very advanced for its day, saw to that. In essence it was a glorious shoe box, but the space inside was hardly pedestrian. The volume was (and is; the building survives) noble almost beyond belief. Equally impressive was the oriental architectural caligraphy of the trim and the church furniture, prayerfully severe. The building predicted the best efforts of several architectural movements of our time, and rendered the prediction not at all rawly.

For example, L. Mies van der Rohe's early masonry houses in Europe had something of the expression of Unity Church, although Mies probably derived it through Peter Behrens' industrial work, rather than directly from Wright. Subsequently, of course, Mies manufactured his own modern movement in steel and glass. Today we have the gaunt towering slab of the Chicago Civic edifice, which follows the Mies model with the addition of an icing of rust (used in its exterior wall is the handsome Corten steel which, unpainted, shells itself securely in rust, with a very old, Etruscan expression). It is a truly impressive design, although almost entirely unoriginal for its time.

The latest Victor Lundy original is a unique but irrelevant building. Lundy was just back, it is evident, from South and Central America, from the thin air of Machu Pichu to the dangerous lowlands of Chichen Itza, which impressed Wright too, and built, for IBM of all people, a pre-Columbian postcard of a building. It shows his talent, but it also shows a wild lack of restraint, and a passionate love for all his own ideas or interests. The exterior walls are a clever, jittery composition of panels made of concrete blocks, protruding to various degrees, and, at their bases, curved outward into the ground line. The wall crawls. Indoors, the design dominants are the widely flaring columns with very thin ankles that feel like a combination of Wright's Johnson's Wax mushroom columns and Victorian raffia work. They are cast in concrete.

All in all, this IBM job is fancy rather than forceful, and it says clearly what the show murmurs in other quarters: modern American architecture is dispersing its fervor in flourishes. The period of reaction to the historical nonsense which preceded modern architecture was secure, confidently energetic in its crusading zeal. Today, at worst, we have buildings which are carnivals; at best, buildings which show great craft in their design.

To return to Chicago once more, to Wright and Mies, it is clear that some of the reinforced concrete buildings in this exhibition are very serious work. But none of them approaches Unity Church's elemental force. They are cake; it is bread. Nor do any of the steel frame buildings add anything to the tall Mies 860 and

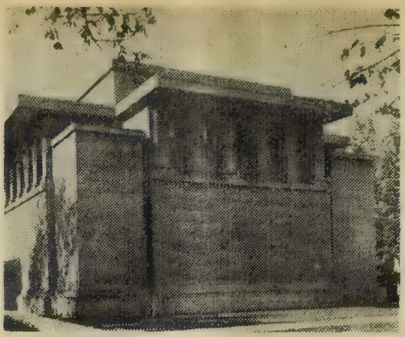


IBM Office Building, Cranford, N.J.

80 Lake Shore Drive apartments of the early 1950s or the lower frames of Mies's work at Illinois Institute of Technology. True, the fancy work continues to become more skillful. But after pausing at the photograph of Edward Stone's house for A. Conger Goodyear (Long Island, 1940) and admiring the way in which this early American International Style essay now wears its ivy, one is not made happier by turning to Yamasaki's weightless arches or Stone's famous screens—industrial ivy.

The show itself suffers in overall seriousness because it does not even include the most hopeful building of the past ten years: Saarinen's Dulles Airport, a structure in which the original questing character of modern architecture was rediscovered. I visited it again a few weeks ago. There it sits, riding its swelling sea of Virginia landscape, rhapsodic in its rigorous functionalism. Another great work out of the late Saarinen's shop, the Deere and Co. administrative building in Moline, Ill. (also clad in a Core-ten rust), is present in this Museum of Modern Art show, although not well photographed. Deere is difficult to photograph, but Dulles is not, and its omission marks this aggregation of architectural photography as a pleasantly wandering essay that declines judgments, and does not care much of a damn—museum hauteur.

Although not driving toward real conclusions, Arthur Drexler's captions do the responsible duty of pointing out how roughly we are treating some of these buildings.



Unity Church, Oak Park, Ill.

About Mies's IIT Minerals and Metals Research Building (Chicago, 1943), he says: "Recent additions and poor maintenance have marred this and other IIT buildings." About Erich Mendelsohn's Maimonides Health Center (San Francisco, 1950), "The balconies were walled in and the building disfigured beyond recognition."

The installation has been criticized severely, but I did not find that so bad. Although some of the hardware is rather golden, the buildings themselves are shown more than adequately in immense back-lighted transparencies, and the color is generally very good. All that Kodachrome sky is bound to give it somewhat the air of *The National Geographic*, but the *Geographic* at its best is not bad.

What the design of the exhibition does demonstrate is the high quality of the big new hall in the Museum of Modern Art. A very fine space indeed, it is finally shown to us in its entirety, not cut up by devious display designing.

THEATRE

Julius Novick

TWO CHERRY ORCHARDS

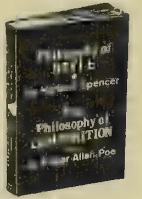
The past few years have seen the rise of an international movement directed at getting Chekhov out from behind the proscenium. David Ross did a cycle of his plays in a small room on Fourth Street in New York; Sir Laurence Olivier mounted *Uncle Vanya* on a vast thrust stage at Chichester in England; Sir Tyrone Guthrie did *The Three Sisters* in Minneapolis. And this year *The Cherry Orchard*, in a new translation by Dr. Guthrie and Leonid Kipnis, is on view at both the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis and the Shakespearean Festival Theatre at Stratford, Ontario.

The Chichester and Minneapolis stages were inspired by that of the Ontario Stratford, which was designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch and Dr. Guthrie with Shakespeare primarily in mind. The argument of the open-stage proponents, that Shakespeare ought to be produced on the kind of stage for which he wrote, would if extended to Chekhov provide a further reason for keeping him behind the proscenium. Perhaps, then, these two open-stage *Cherry Orchards* would have been even better on a proscenium stage, but both of them are very good as they stand. The experience they provide is, essentially, not of the open stage but of Chekhov.

Chekhov thought—or said he thought—that *The Cherry Orchard* was "a comedy, and in some spots even a farce"; Stanislavsky, on the other hand, said flatly: "This is not a comedy; this is a tragedy." Both of the current productions express an intermediate point of view, striking a nice balance between comedy and pathos. In neither is there any question of tragedy. Madame Ranevskaya and her brother Gaev, who allow their ancestral cherry orchard—and the way of life it represents—to slip through their fingers, are aristocratic spoiled children, too weak and silly for tragic purposes. But though the comic side of their difficulties is acknowledged in both productions, and much is made of the out-and-out absurdity of their friends and servants, in neither production is the seriousness of their plight scanted or burlesqued.

Guthrie's production at Minneapolis seemed to me both funnier and more touching than John Hirsch's at Stratford, though not by a very great margin. As Ranevskaya and Gaev, Jessica Tandy and Robert Pastene in Minneapolis move through twin hazes of dreamy disconnection. William Hutt, the admirable Stratford Gaev, cannot quite compete with Mr. Pastene's exquisitely detailed vaguery. Neither can Miss Tandy—until the climax of the play, when the upstart ex-peasant Lopahin bursts in with the news that the cherry orchard has been sold. Ranevskaya has nothing to say in this scene: in the Guthrie production she simply sits in an armchair, facing front. As Lopahin shouts and carries on behind her, she listens, tries not to cry, and fails. Miss Tandy does this with such grace and such power as to make the scene, and the evening, hers.

At Stratford, Ranevskaya is played



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by hearty, dumpy Kate Reid—rather an odd choice for the last of a long line of aristocrats, in spite of the skill and subtlety of her playing. If only she were a man, however, what a Lopahin she would make! As things are, Lopahin is played well at Stratford by stubby Douglas Campbell, and less well by Lee Richardson in Minneapolis; Mr. Richardson shows no sign of ever having been a peasant, and so obscures Lopahin's position in the play.

Minneapolis and Stratford are the two foremost repertory theatres on this continent, and *The Cherry Orchard*, with its round dozen of rich but difficult roles, shows off the strength in depth of both companies. The two Trofimovs are very different: Ken Ruta at Minneapolis plays this "perennial student" as a drowsy, plaintive, bewildered spaniel puppy, while Hugh Webster at Stratford makes him a dry, wizened insect. The two excellent Varyas, however, are much alike: Nancy Wickwire (Minneapolis) and Frances Hyland (Stratford) are sober, fretful, sharp-tongued, and just about equally touching; incipient spinsterhood hangs like a cloud over both.

The other Minneapolis offerings to date have been justifiably less admired, although Douglas Campbell's production of *The Way of the World* (this season Campbell has worked at Minneapolis as well as at Stratford) proves how beautifully actable this Restoration masterpiece is. Zoe Caldwell is often exquisitely delectable as the flirtatious Millamant, though her energy level is sometimes dangerously low; Robert Milli as her lover Mirabell, though a little lacking in glamour and sparkle, is in period without being foppish, and makes it clear that Mirabell is the play's standard of value, the only man in it who deserves respect. But one of Congreve's most marvelous feats in this play is to make fashionable wit into a language of love more erotically alive than any endearments; since the two Minneapolis lovers never seem particularly in love, the play's central relationship loses much of its urgency and fascination.

What is left is still quite enough for a good evening's entertainment: a great deal of brilliant dialogue, well rendered, and several funny fools. Few American companies could do even as well as this.

Tyrone Guthrie's production of *Richard III*, which opened the current Minneapolis season, is of little consequence. Nobody could say of Hume Cronyn's Richard, as Tennyson said of Henry Irving's, "Where did you get that Plantagenet look?" Little Mr. Cronyn is not very kingly, nor very formidable; he does not catch much of Richard's perverse heroism. The production gets by well enough, however, on Mr. Cronyn's good timing and general professionalism, and on Guthrie's gift for theatrical excitement.

It has been a good season so far at the Guthrie Theatre, nor is this all. *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* joined the repertory after I had left for Stratford (whence I shall report further in my next column), and a revival of the 1963 Minneapolis production of Molière's *Miser*, with Hume Cronyn again in the title role, will open in September. Good intentions are no substitute for professionalism, but this company appears to have both.

The Unthinkable Target

(*Continued from page 75*)

that the sins of the other side excuse and outweigh our own. Whatever the merits of such a morality, however, they are more relevant in retrospect than in anticipation of a given decision to step up the war. The decision to bomb Hanoi, once taken, would be officially justified by reference to all the genuine and fictitious evils of communism. But the decision has yet to be taken; and in the meantime the Administration seems to have reservations, of whatever sort, about taking it. There remains a little time in which to give support to these reservations, and to remind ourselves that the issue facing us is not merely resistance to communism, with its evils both genuine and fictitious, but the question of whether we can square the wholesale destruction of civilian populations with our claims to humanity. It is not yet possible, in this particular instance, for Arthur Schlesinger to tell us that it is pointless to rake over old errors and lies, that we have no course but to assess the hard alternatives. At this moment, one of these alternatives remains not to bomb the cities of Vietnam and their inhabitants as a possible solution to our accumulated embarrassments.

We have had two decades to ponder, without resolving, the questions of collective guilt for collective monstrosities. If one does not adhere to an absolute pacifism and to the condemnation of violence under any circumstances, then one must face moral issues as they are posed in specific political-historical contexts. Pacifists and "pragmatists" both miss the interrelatedness of political and moral questions. Moral decisions have inescapable political consequences. Moral decisions which normalize terror are politically disastrous because in normalizing terror they erode the traditional bases of democracy—a respect for life and a certain disrespect for authority, especially when it wields ultimate weapons in the name of ultimate truths. There is still time, in this particular case, to say that no matter what atrocities have been committed in the past, under no matter what provocations, another resort to terror would serve only to hasten our political decline.

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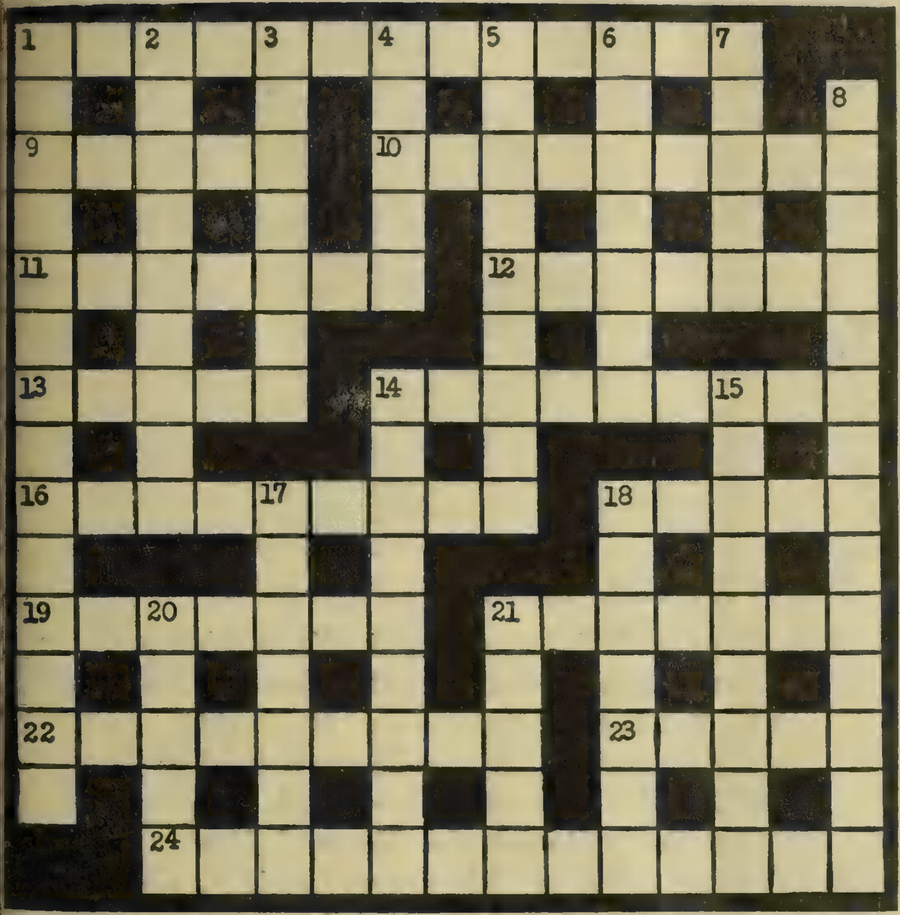
Crossword Puzzle No. 1116

By **FRANK W. LEWIS**



ACROSS:

1 Proving I am, with endless practice, competent but still not suited for the job. (13)
9 Suggests inveiglement in such a family, rather than the sound of music! (5)
10 One who might manipulate the soap to shape it? (9)
11 Hoping to catch the voters moving fast? (7)
12 Getting ready to use the hammer, or just adjusting the head? (7)
13 The things that wreck lives, and reputedly live longer. (5)
14 Blend. (9)
16 What the landlord necessarily does if he makes a flower out of the bowl. (9)
18 Act like a catcher, possibly, or a poet. (5)
19 And acts like a catcher. (7)
21 The place of dead-letters in the wrong sort of work? (7)
22 The position of the upright? (9)
23 Is such a musical direction all in Italian? (5)
24 The refractory action of a cleric disturbed by mental absorption.

DOWN:

1 You can easily make out tree from tree in this, and thereby tell how short the distance is. (14)
2 Expressing a grievance? (9)
3 Has a bearing on what one does in looking for work, possibly. (7)
4 Part of the lashing, although not good if both are short. (5)
5 Where one wouldn't expect those in recess to be quick. (9)
6 Air tubes. (7)
7 Coming from Maine, as a friend of French extraction. (2, 3)
8 What was scheduled after the Great Train Robbery? (Naturally many had to come across.) (3, 5, 6)
14 One couldn't strike with it while the iron is hot! (4, 5)
15 Browning and Mather, possibly, might cause one to reach a new high in carelessness. (9)
17 Like Koko's frown, when not frightful and fearful. (7)
18 It might be swell in painting, but a painful reward for the inexperienced worker. (7)
20 The Irish don't have his sort belonging to them. (5)
21 A singer might be forever making his good-by. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1115

ACROSS: 1 Overclothes; 9 Pollster; 11 Francis; 12 Diaries; 14 Edging; 15 Overrate; 17 Freeborn; 20 Refuse; 22 Smashed; 24 Amnesia; 26 Inmate; 27 Fraction; 28 Peashooters. DOWN: 2 Valentine; 3 Rotting; 4 Lure; 5 Termite; 6 Ester; 7 Soured; 8 Ardent; 13, 25 and 10 Point of no return; 16 Reflector; 18 Remand; 19 Openers; 20 Remnant; 21 and 23 Ship of State.

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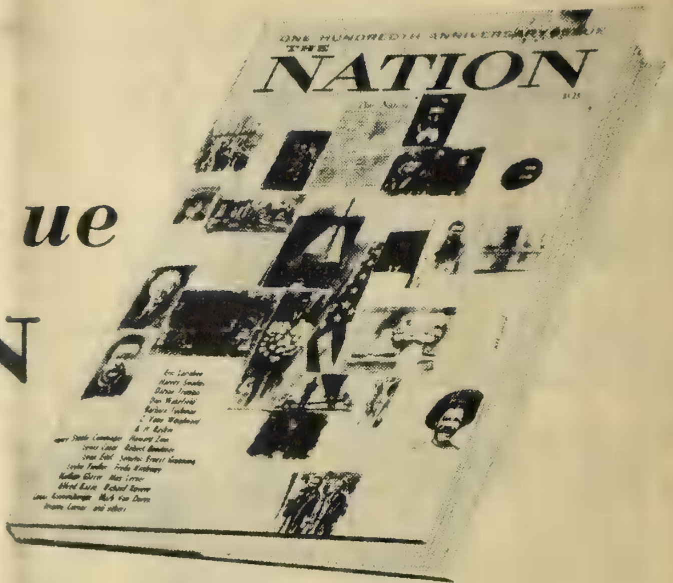

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LETTERS

Springs of violence

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: The researches John Paul Scott cites in "Anatomy of Violence" [*The Nation*, June 21] do not disprove the thesis he is trying to disprove: that man's violent behavior springs from man's "animal nature." Nor do they disprove that violence is natural in animals. They show, at best, only that an animal or human raised in an "organized society" (i.e., a society characterized by dominance-subordination and territoriality relationships) (usually) behaves nonviolently. But this consequence is compatible with the view that such a society merely represses or else does away with the infant's natural instincts for violence — the view Mr. Scott opposes. . . . *William Crossman*

Bar Harbor, Me.

Dear Sirs: In reply to Mr. Crossman's letter, I might point out that all evidence from studies of the physiology of aggression, whether in man or other mammals, indicates that stimulation to fight is initiated from external sources. There is an internal mechanism which can be triggered by outside stimulation, but there is no spontaneously arising internal stimulation independent of external events. In any practical situation it is, of course, impossible to avoid all external stimulation for fighting, and therefore it is necessary to have some form of social control. In many cases the practical remedies may be very little different from those which are indicated by the traditional view that there is an instinctive need for fighting which has to be satisfied. There is, however, an important theoretical difference. These modern discoveries indicate that it is possible in an ideal environment to completely eliminate fighting and feelings of hostility, and that this can be done without doing serious psychological damage or producing unhappiness. Under the older view such a result would be impossible. . . . *John Paul Scott*

To meet a challenge

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The Berkeley defendants are in serious trouble. The judge, in his attempt to demoralize us and to dissuade us from appealing his decision, has set our bail at $440,000. We must meet this challenge. Between now and Sept. 1, at least 10 per cent must be raised to cover the bondsman's nonrefundable premium. Some students are already in jail, and if we cannot raise at least the $44,000, then most of the remaining 760 defendants will be jailed until the money can be raised. This exorbitant price is being charged us simply for the right to appeal. And if the appeal fails, we will be faced with the problem of raising $200,000 for our fines. . . .

We went into Sproul Hall as a group; we are now being differentiated on the basis of our ability to pay. The admission price to Sproul Hall was not money but conscience, and we must not allow those who cannot pay to be jailed for their commitment.

This country does not yet have laws forbidding political protest. But it is more pernicious to make political protest impossible by taxing it so heavily through fine and excessive bail that those who would protest dare not. The right of political protest must not become a luxury which few can afford. Donations may be addressed to FSM Defense Fund, Box 448, Berkeley, Calif. *Susan Stein*

Diplomatic pun

Amherst, Mass.

Dear Sirs: In connection with your article, "Latin America: Alliance for Reaction" by Edmundo Flores [*The Nation*, June 21] it ought to be pointed out that whoever the robot was who officially translated "Alliance for Progress" into Spanish as "La Alianza para el Progreso," certainly missed the pun: the Spanish word "para," in that specific position and context, equally means "for" and "stops." . . .

More significant, perhaps, the whole phrase "La Alianza para el Progreso," because of its awkward construction, sounds like translated English to any sensitive Spanish ear.

José Brain y Suárez

Conference at Rutgers

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Last spring a group of historians at Rutgers University issued a call for the convening of the first of a series of Socialist Scholars Conferences. The intention was to provide an opportunity for the discussion of scholarly matters of interest and importance to Socialists. Response was gratifying, and preliminary arrangements for the first of these conferences has been made for Sept. 11 and 12. Rutgers University has graciously made available to us facilities on its New Brunswick campus for the two-day conference. We have been honored by the acceptances of invitations to Isaac Deutscher and Conor Cruise O'Brien to address our meetings. . . .

In planning this program we have intended to bring together from many disciplines intellectuals who share a broadly Socialist perspective. No one's ideological credentials will be scrutinized; whoever will feel at home or be interested is welcome. But no partisan purposes will be entertained at the Socialist Scholars Conferences, nor will partisan polemics be welcomed at the meeting sessions.

General information about the conference may be obtained by writing to Prof. Eugene D. Genovese, Department of History, Rutgers—The State University, New Brunswick, N. J., or to me, Department of History and Economics, Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, 333 Jay Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201. *Marvin E. Gettleman*

THE NATION

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The Nation, Aug. 30, 1965. Vol. 201, No. 5

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Watts: The Forgotten Slum

Thirty-one dead, over 700 injured, 2,200 under arest, 1,000 fires, property damage of $200 million—uch is the preliminary toll for the long weekend of rioting in the Watts area of Los Angeles. A feverish search for scapegoats is now under way and will no doubt continue through the 1966 gubernatorial campaign. High on the scapegoat list is the self-righteous Chief of Police who dismisses as a "canard" the charge that the Los Angeles police could ever be guilty of brutality; apparently Chief Parker doesn't watch television. Then there is Sam Yorty, the agile Mayor, playng political tricks as always; warned of the possibility of riots, he did nothing. The list is long and includes The Heat—a favorite scapegoat in all race-riot investigations—and Social Conditions. Here Watts qualifies on all counts: dropouts, delinquency, disease and dependency. But none of these social factors alone or in combination necessarily "cause" race riots; actually it is when conditions seem to be improving that the riots usually explode. Predictably the forthcoming investigation ordered by Governor Brown will stress the same tiresome clichés: police brutality, inadequate leadership, The Heat, slum conditions. All the while the truth about Watts is right there in front of people, in plain boldface type, for all to read; so simple that it is incredible. The hatred and violence of race riots is triggered by contempt, and of all forms of contempt the most intolerable is nonrecognition, the general unawareness that a minority is festering in squalor. Until the riots began, Watts had simply been forgotten by the encompassing "white" community.

A sizable Negro community began to develop in Mud Town, as Watts was then called, after 1916; the community later spread along Central Avenue with the influx of Negro migrants from the South which came after World War I. In the 1920s, Watts was a well-known slum—the unfailing butt of bad jokes by comedians on the Orpheum circuit. But it did exist; people knew about it. Arna Bontemps wrote a novel about it (*God Sends Sunday*, 1931), while Gilmore Millen wrote a novel about the rise of Central Avenue (*Sweet Man*, 1932). For the new residents of the 1920s and 1930s, Watts was a fact: perceived, studied (a bit) and understood (to some extent). But the big post-World War II migration and boom changed all that.

Today there are thousands of new residents who have never seen Watts. They may have driven through it or over it or around it but never to it, nor have they ever stopped there except to change a tire. Artfully isolated from the disagreeable, the *haute* bourgeoisie of Brentwood, Bel-Air and Beverly Hills can shop, lunch and play games for years on end without seeing a Negro except as a domestic. The new middle class, living in jerry-built "lily white" subdivisions, each with its own shopping center, can honestly claim to be no more aware of Watts than the nice Germans were of Belsen. For the highly paid technicians at the Jet Propulsion Lab, Watts might well be an unnamed crater on the moon. If the culture-conscious upper middle class, currently preoccupied with new music and art centers, has heard of Watts at all it is probably as the site of the three bizarre and oddly beautiful Watts Towers. This universal unawareness of the squalor and misery that is Watts has fostered the illusion not merely that Los Angeles is without a serious "race problem" but that it is a much better city, in this respect, than Chicago (see p. 92) or New York which, for a time, was true. Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy found that Negro migrants had made a better adjustment in Los Angeles than in any other American city, a circumstance they explained by suggesting that the Japanese- and Mexican-Americans had drawn off much of the racial hostility which otherwise would have been concentrated against Negroes (*They Seek A City*, p. 205), but this has long ceased to be the case.

For a time, Negroes flocked into Los Angeles in the post-1945 period at the rate of 2,000 a month, most of them looking for but not finding defense jobs; more recently, the rate dropped to about 1,000 a month. Watts is the ghetto of the migrants; 98 per cent Negro, it has the highest population density in the country. "Ever since World War II," the *San Francisco Chronicle* notes, "Watts has been a little like a pressure cooker." Of course there is a lack of local leadership; most of the residents are migrants. Following the Los Angeles pattern, middle-class Negroes left Watts years ago and today have little direct contact with it. Moreover, by ignoring the existing middle-class Negro leadership, the larger community has undercut whatever influence this leadership might have exerted among Watts residents.

Two brief camera shots suggest the reality of Watts. In one a large, calm-voiced Negro patiently explained to Governor Brown that the larger community was "always taking from Watts and not putting back"; why, he wanted to know, "do they do us like they do?" In another shot, a Negro told the Governor that the Negroes of Watts "know how other people live"; they watch television. They know, he said, how much the government is spending on "missiles and things like that." They could hardly *not* know, living in Southern California. Only last fall, shortly before the election, President Johnson reminded the Californians that the government pours more than $2 billion annually into the payrolls of the state's aerospace industries, most of it in Southern California. For a time the general boom provided a measure of upward mobility even for Negro residents and thereby stimulated still further Negro migration. But for the last year or so, new Negro migrants have found themselves increasingly bottled up in Watts with little immediate prospect of escape, while being bombarded day and night with images of affluence, and constantly tempted by the well-stocked shelves of the supermarkets. Even so, matters might have gone along as before, given a measure of insight and recognition and understanding. Neglect can be tolerated; discrimination can be endured; but the contempt of indifference inflames.

Now, at last, Watts has recovered its social identity. Those who say that the riots have set the civil rights movement back—that they have left permanent scars, etc.—simply do not know the history of big-city race riots. The sad fact is that most race riots have brought some relief and improvement in race relations and the Los Angeles riots will not be an exception. The seeming indifference of the larger community is structural. Los Angeles is the city of sprawl. To sprawl is to relax and feel comfortable. For most residents, Los Angeles is a comfortable city, psychologically as well as physically, because the unpleasant can be kept in its place—at a safe distance from most of the people. By accident more than design, Los Angeles has been organized to further the general tendency toward social indifference. The freeways have been carefully designed to skim over and skirt around such eyesores as Watts and portions of East Los Angeles; even the downtown section, a portion of which has become a shopping area for minorities, has been partially bypassed. Now that the community knows once again that Watts exists, it will begin to pay some attention to its problems. Nothing could be more fatuous, therefore, than the suggestion advanced, most surprisingly by Max Lerner among others, that the Los Angeles riots were "without a cause." Hatred never exists in a vacuum, and violence of this sort is never without a cause.

If Watts lives in history it will be as the scene of the riots and the home of the Towers. The three Watts Towers, which have drawn the praise of distinguished art critics, were built by Simon Rodia alone, unaided, at his own expense, over a period of thirty-three years. He built the towers out of "waste" which he had collected: broken tiles, dishes, bottles, over 70,000 sea shells, bottle caps and whatnot. The walled garden from which the towers rise is covered with multicolored mosaics or with imprints of tools, hands, corncobs and baskets. Out of this "waste" he built three structures of great beauty. He built them with no drawing-board designs, machine equipment or scaffolding: they were literally "built in the air." Rodia was born in Rome and came to this country when he was 12. A tile setter and telephone repairman, he settled in Watts and devoted most of his life to building the towers which, when completed in 1954, he gave to the city and his neighbors. "I wanted to do something for the United States," he said, "because there are nice people in this country." Whatever his reasons, the towers—and the towers alone—redeem to some extent the ugliness and hatefulness of Watts, the slum Los Angeles forgot. In 1959 Rodia left Watts, not to return; a man of his quaint old-world social attitudes obviously did not belong in jet-age Los Angeles. He was reluctant to say why. "If your mother dies and you have loved her very much," he said, "maybe you don't speak of her." On July 21 he died in Martinez—in Northern California—at the age of 90. It is fitting that he died away from Watts and before the riots.

Carey McWilliams

Cat out of the Bag

In a *Meet the Press* program on May 23 (see "Negotiate or Discuss," *The Nation*, June 7, p. 601), Henry Cabot Lodge made it quite clear that the Administration was willing to "discuss," but not necessarily "negotiate," with the North Vietnamese. Pressed for clarification, he added a further limitation: we would not really be willing to negotiate until a viable regime had firmly established its authority in South Vietnam. The effect of this diplomatic hedging was to make an end of the war even more remote than it had been before. This postponement has now been repeated, with Mr. Lodge once more the spokesman. On July 27, at the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on his confirmation, Mr. Lodge was quoted as saying that we would insist on keeping forces in South Vietnam even if a South Vietnamese government requested their withdrawal. This candid reply occasioned the predictable flap, since it contradicted the most sacred premise of our presence in Vietnam—that we were there at the request of the South Vietnamese people, to defend them against the aggression of the North Vietnamese, supported by the Chinese Reds. The President himself had to get into the resulting wrangle over what Mr. Lodge had said. Mr. Lodge and he were agreed, the President said, on the underlying principle "that in Vietnam we are there to help the people and their government to help themselves. . . . The United States would never undertake the sacrifice these efforts require if its help were not wanted and requested."

Mr. Lodge concurred but he did not enlarge on what he had actually said, leaving the suspicion that it had been something tantamount to what had been reported. The Washington *Evening Star*, which had printed the alleged remark, did not back down. "Competent authority," it said, "confirmed its authenticity to the *Star*." Then another "high official" sought to clear matters up. What Mr. Lodge almost certainly had in mind, he told Robert B. Semple of *The New York Times* (August 13) was that the United States would not withdraw if asked to do so by a "left-wing or even neutralist government that, in the United States view, did not reflect the true feelings of the South Vietnamese people or military leaders."

That is clarification of a sort, and it makes nonsense out of the pretense of American altruism and solicitude for the people of Vietnam. What other than a left-wing or neutralist government would request American withdrawal? Who but the United States will decide what are the "true feelings" of the South Vietnamese people? When will South Vietnamese military leaders not be willing and eager to interpret the "true feelings" of the Vietnamese people to American military and political leaders?

One would have to search long in the annals of American diplomacy to find more devious excuses for a war than those we are now being offered to cover up our aims in Asia. The Administration feels it cannot say that we are in South Vietnam to contain the expansion of Chinese power, as Charles J. V. Murphy explains candidly in the August *Fortune*. That admission on the part of the Administration would give rise to an embarrassing question: by what right do we involve South Vietnamese civilians in what is essentially a power struggle with our real adversary? The truth, as Albert J. Guerard wrote in a letter to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, is that we are in "(a) a war to contain communism; (b) a war to prevent any shrinkage of American power; (c) a war to prove, again, that might makes right." Mr. Lodge and his apologists have said as much, but served it up under a thick layer of obfuscation and hypocrisy.

Wrong-Way Johnson

As things are going, the President is in a fair way to acquire the appellation of a famous aviator who flew solo across the Atlantic on a clearance to fly west from New York. According to journalistic gossip, some of which apparently leaked from Presidential conferences with members of Congress, the President is now really anxious to find a way out of the trap into which he walked when he began expanding the war in Vietnam far beyond anything contemplated by Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy. (President Eisenhower has since politely disavowed the intentions President Johnson ascribed to him on the basis of a 1954 letter from Eisenhower to Ngo Dinh Diem.) The scuttlebutt now circulating has Mr. Johnson saying, in effect, that the war hawks must deliver the goods by February, 1966, or else. That date is supposed to inaugurate the 1966 Congressional campaign, and Mr. Johnson is probably aware that in another six months the war will either have been won or it will have become exceedingly unpopular, not only abroad but among American voters.

With American air power thrown fully into the scales, a partial suppression of Vietcong activity is not to be ruled out. It might be sufficient to be represented as a victory, at least for the time being. But suppose the stalemate continues or, worse, that the North Vietnamese and the Chinese Reds keep pace with our escalations so effectively that they seem to be getting the better of it? An inkling of what will then develop is contained in the rhetorical question of Chairman L. Mendel Rivers of the House Armed Services Committee: "Should we use our atomic power to wipe out Red China's atomic capability?" To which Mr. Rivers' predictable answer was: "We must get ready to do this very thing if we want to stop Red China. I will insist on victory in Vietnam. Anything short of that would be treasonable."

It is harder for Mr. Johnson to find a way out of his dilemma now than it was six months ago. It will be harder six months hence. In Mr. Rivers' declaration containing the most potent political accusation in the American vocabulary, Mr. Johnson may read the handwriting on the wall.

Water—Too Little and Too Much

It is ironic that old-fashioned water wars of the kind the West has lived with for the last century and a half should now be breaking out in the effete and sophisticated East. Just when the Western states have achieved a degree of amity in sharing water—and even Arizona and California are no longer threatening to call up the troops along the Colorado River—Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York are eyeing one another belligerently over the waters of the Delaware basin. And this absurd, yet deadly serious, situation is developing under three relatively enlightened governors—Rockefeller of New York, Hughes of New Jersey, and Scranton of Pennsylvania, with Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall announcing that the New York metropolitan area, with its 20 million inhabitants, is "walking on the edge of disaster."

The basic reason for all this anxiety and interstate hostility is lack of foresight—and laissez faire, based on the notion that private advantage and the public welfare are one and the same. In New York City the policy has been to get the best water available, which came from relatively small streams like the Croton River, the Esopus and Schoharie in the Catskills, and the upper reaches of the Delaware. This passion for pure upland water was momentarily compromised in a previous drought by the construction of a pumping station on the Hudson below Poughkeepsie, but when that emergency passed the equipment was dismantled and the building razed. Yet there was some basis for this decision—it was only 75 per cent folly. The Hudson is little better than an open sewer for communities and industry. The cheapest way to get rid of waste is to pour it into the nearest stream, and that is what rugged individualists do, whether the stream is the Hudson or the Rhine. Nevertheless, with treatment the water would be potable, and the record shows how shortsighted the engineers and politicians have been.

The same myopic attitude is exhibited when the trouble is an excess of water. During the disastrous spring floods on the Mississippi, an official of the United Auto Workers, Robert Johnston of Chicago, revived the idea of a National Water Resources Commission. He wondered why the Tennessee Valley Authority had not been duplicated in the other great river basins of the nation. Flood-control installations have been made elsewhere, but the full integration of flood control, power generation, navigation and recreation in TVA remains an isolated case. The privately owned power companies are hostile to such ventures; the more successful they are, the more they are likely to be branded as "socialism." Why doesn't the Great Society, admittedly modeled on the New Deal, seek to duplicate, in half a dozen river valleys, the New Deal's greatest social achievement, which was TVA?

Confrontation in Chicago

Mayor Daley Meets the Movement

. . Lois Wille

Chicago

Little girls in Chicago's old and proud Bridgeport neighborhood had a new jump-rope chant last week, and you could hear it all afternoon, over and over, in the playground behind their red brick grammar school:

I'd like to be an Alabama trooper,
That's what I would truly like to be,
'Cause if I were an Alabama
trooper,
I could kill the niggers legally.

Four blocks from their playground is the modest, bungalow-style home of Chicago's Mayor Richard J. Daley, the Venetian blinds in its bay window tightly shut against the hot afternoon sun. At night, the blinds remain shut—but against something far more disturbing to the Mayor than summer sunshine.

About 100 civil demonstrators file silently into the neighborhood around 10 P.M., and an eerie pantomime begins. Hundreds of Bridgeport residents, the sons and daughters of Lithuanian, Polish, Italian and Irish immigrants, gather on their front porches and lawns to stare at the marchers. No one jeers or hoots. No one says a word. They just stare, as if under command not to utter a sound—as, indeed, they are. Precinct workers from the 11th Ward Democratic organization circulate among them, shushing any talkers.

The marchers—ministers, social workers, college students and relief recipients, half of them Negro and half white—slowly walk around the Mayor's block, equally silent. Their cadres, dressed in denim jackets and wide-brimmed straw plantation hats, move up and down the lines whispering commands: "No talking, two-by-two, stay on the sidewalk, men on the outside." Even the Bridgeport babies sitting on their mothers' laps on the front steps of the bungalows are quiet.

The one overwhelming impression you get is this: Here are two teams of superbly disciplined, fiercely determined combatants. Neither is going to yield—ever.

It's like the early black-white confrontations in the South—and that's precisely the point of this dramatic shift in Chicago civil rights demonstrations. By moving the battleground to the Mayor's sidewalk, the marchers hope to mold the city's sporadic and somewhat aimless protests into the first genuine civil rights movement in any Northern city.

"The shock of Negroes walking into Bridgeport must be compared to the shock of the first Southern demonstrations when Negroes walked downtown en masse," says one member of the Chicago civil rights' brain trust. "It's a whole new concept for the North. . . ."

The "new concept" is based on several radical moves that have appalled some of the rights' supporters, including influential clergymen who marched in Selma, Ala. (and newspaper editorial writers who endorsed the Selma marches):

¶Mayor Daley has become the chief target of the demonstrations. To a powerful Democratic chief who prides himself on running a progressive city, this has been most distressing.

¶Last month the Coordinating Council of Community Organizations (CCCO), Chicago's civil rights amalgamation, asked U. S. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel to withhold federal funds from Chicago's schools, charging *de jure* segregation and violation of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. This would mean a loss of more than $16 million a year in badly needed federal assistance. Keppel is still studying the complaint, and has not yet said whether he will send an investigating team to the city. The core of the complaint is that Chicago schools are "separate but unequal," willfully segregated, with Negro schools inferior to those of the whites. As proof, the CCCO cites these figures compiled by the United States Civil Rights Commission, the Urban League of Chicago, and a team of educators headed by University of Chicago sociologist Phillip M. Hauser: Segregation in Chicago schools is increasing. In 1963, 81.6 per cent of all grade schools were virtually all white or all Negro. By 1965, the percentage rose to 82.3. The percentage of high schools that were almost all one race rose from 73. to 74.4.

¶School Superintendent Benjamin C. Willis blames neighborhood segregation, but civil rights groups say Willis has further contained Negroes through such devices as trailer classrooms attached to all-Negro schools and "branch" high schools in all-Negro grade schools.

¶The Hauser committee reported that white grade schools averaged 29.7 children per class, but the Negro classroom average is 34.4. It also said that Negro schools have fewer libraries, social-adjustment classes and auditoriums.

¶The U. S. Civil Rights Commission reported that 12 per cent of the teachers in the average white school are noncertified—for one reason or another, they hadn't passed the school system's qualifying examinations for teachers. In the average Negro school, a whopping 27 per cent of teachers are uncertified.

In the past four years, Chicago civil rights groups succeeded in making the tough and intractable Willis a symbol of inferior, segregated education. Their cry of "Willis Must Go" was picked up by an imposing number of religious groups and social-welfare organizations. And in May it seemed they were finally getting what they wanted.

At an "unofficial meeting" (meaning its actions were not binding) seven of the eleven Board of Education members voted not to renew Willis' contract, which expires August 31. Ten days later the board met again for its official vote, and the outcome stunned the anti-Willis group: three members who had voted "no" changed their minds, and Willis was retained. As a compromise, the board extracted from him a verbal promise to retire on his 65th birthday in December, 1966.

Civil rights groups were enraged. "We felt the slap in the face we got with the reappointment of Willis came directly from the Mayor," says Albert Raby, a thin, intense Negro schoolteacher who heads the CCCO.

The three who changed their minds had all been appointed to the school board by Daley within

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Ward says shut up, you shut up," says one authority on Chicago politics. "What you're seeing is ward discipline. A riot would hurt Daley, and he's told his people there isn't going to be a riot."

As the Bridgeport people stopped hollering, many influential Chicagoans jumped to their support. Picketing a man's home is an outrageous invasion of privacy, they say. The villain who lured all these marchers to Bridgeport, as they see it, is Dick Gregory, the rambunctious Negro comedian who always seems to be at the head of any civil rights march anywhere. "He's the John Brown of the movement," says one admirer.

It's true that Gregory, in his denim jacket and straw "freedom" hat, has led the marches in Bridgeport. But it's also true that the marches have the open or behind-the-scenes support of most of the Chicago civil rights leaders. And they say that among the Negro masses the idea of black men parading through forbidden Bridgeport has immense appeal, more than any complex school issue the rights struggle has raised. "The mayor has lived in the tightest, most closed community of the city for a long, long time," says the Rev. Alvin Pitcher of the University of Chicago Divinity School. "And he cannot duck responsibility for it."

The few Democratic Negro politicians who have been sympathetic with the civil rights movement in the past are clearly embarrassed by its new anti-Daley tone. State Rep. Cecil Partee points out that it was suburban Republicans who defeated his open-occupancy bill in the state legislature, and asks: "Why haven't they been picketed? I say the marches are political. . . ." They are, in the sense that their ultimate goal is to break through the monolithic machine and force politicians to hear, and hopefully to correct, their complaints about urban renewal, slum landlords and inferior schools.

Whether this is possible through nightly marches is another question. "I'd say the net result so far is that they're doing Daley some good in the white wards," says one astute City Hall authority. "He won't lose many Negro votes, unless the civil rights organizations start working a lot harder, out in the precincts."

But attorney Leon Despres, one of the few civil rights minded aldermen in the Chicago City Council, thinks the marches have had a profound effect. "Anybody in politics who has to do organizing himself knows that to produce marchers day after day, from thirty-five to 100, is a mammoth task and requires a tremendous underlying sentiment of support," he says. "Laymen don't always realize that. They think, well, 100, 125 people—that isn't much. But that means you have to draw on a very big body of interested people. Daley knows this. That's why he is very anxious. For ten years he has relied on keeping a balance between Negroes and white reactionaries. Through the political patronage system, through subsidizing Negro ministers, through such things as the poverty program, through the appeal of the Democratic label, he controls enough Negroes directly so that their support is firmly under him. With this support guaranteed, he is able to curry favor with the white segregationists, whose support he also needs. With this equilibrium," Despres adds, "he's been able to avoid any kind of progress, any boldness, in civil rights, without exception. The meaning of the marches is that there is a real crack developing in this coalition."

If that's their meaning, what is their immediate goal? This is the question most often asked by the marchers' critics, who keep telling them to go home and do something "constructive" instead.

John McDermott, director of the Catholic Interracial Council of Chicago, a group that has lost considerable financial support this summer because of its civil rights activities, has given the best answer. "The Democratic Party is for all practical purposes the only party in the city," he says. "If civil rights is our number one issue, and I think it is, we are saying to the Mayor that we want him to have a civil rights program—much as President Johnson has." McDermott agrees with many Chicagoans that in every other area Daley has been an excellent mayor. "But on civil rights the fact is he does not have a program," McDermott adds. "He has a policy of peace first, and justice second."

REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE

How To Tell When the Rebels Have Won

Eqbal Ahmad

Vice President Humphrey expressed the national concern over guerrilla warfare recently when he spoke of this "bold new form of aggression which could rank with the discovery of gunpowder" as constituting the "major challenge to our security." It is viewed as the latest weapon in the Communist arsenal with Vietnam as its testing ground [see "Goliath and the Guerrilla," by Eric Hobsbawm; *The Nation*, July 19]. "If guerrilla techniques succeed in Vietnam," wrote James Reston in *The New York Times*, "nobody in Washington dare assume that the same techniques will not be applied in all Communist rimlands from Korea to Iran." This view is based on two assumptions and at least one serious misconception. It assumes that the Vietnamese situation is typical, historically and politically, of other underdeveloped countries, and that American policy toward other nations would be comparable to the one pursued in Vietnam. The misconception concerns the nature of revolutionary warfare.

America's interest in revolutionary warfare began from a defensive

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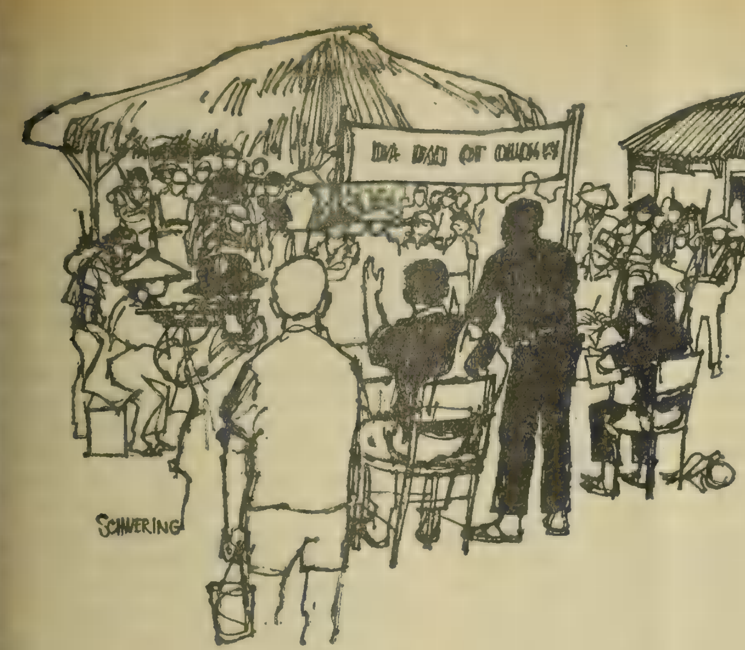
posture as a result of reverses in China, Korea, Cuba and Laos, and of protracted involvement in Vietnam. It was natural for its officials to be attracted more to the myths and methods of those who have had to defend themselves against guerrillas than to an understanding of the causes and characteristics of such a war. Americans are therefore unable to avoid the psychological and political pitfalls of colonial powers and feudal regimes like France and Nationalist China. A symptom of this negative posture is that while recognizing "a bold new form" of warfare, government publications, including the course books of Fort Bragg, reject the term "revolutionary war" in favor of old terms which do not suggest the vital distinction between revolutionary and other types of guerrilla conflict.

The official American interpretation of revolutionary war can be summarized as follows: (*1*) It is essentially a technical problem, i.e., a problem of plotting and subversion on the one hand and of intelligence and suppression on the other. As the chief conspiratorial group, the Communists are believed to be the most likely initiators and beneficiaries of revolution. It was this attitude which led to the recent attempt to nip in the bud what was construed as the Dominican Communist conspiracy. A logical extension of this theory is the belief that any revolutionary movement is inspired, directed and controlled from abroad. (2) The active sanctuary—from which guerrillas can smuggle supplies and train their troops—is considered the primary factor in their success. (3) The guerrilla movement is believed to enjoy considerable advantage because in the words of W. W. Rostow, "its task is merely to destroy while the government must build and protect what it is building." (4) The civilian population is considered important for providing information and protection to the guerrillas; it is believed that civilian-guerrilla cooperation is enforced by terror. (Dean Rusk, while complaining of the "gullibility of educated men and their stubborn disregard of plain facts," asserted that the Vietcong "has no significant popular following . . . it relies heavily on terror.") Serious inquiry into other bases of guerrilla support and mass mobilization is therefore deemed of no great importance.

Judging from the failure of Washington's prophecies in Vietnam and from the policies followed to date, it would seem that these assumptions represent the actual official view and cannot be dismissed as myths consciously constructed for public consumption. Wrong premises do not usually produce right policies, and these assumptions are, at best, half truths—credible and misleading. (Oliver Wendell Holmes once remarked that a half truth is like half a brick: it can be thrown a considerable distance.) Studies in the field of revolutionary wars and my personal observation of the Algerian struggle lead to very different conclusions which may be summarized as follows: (*1*) Revolutionaries consider mass support the primary condition for their success; winning and maintaining popular support remains their central objective throughout the struggle. (2) The requirements of guerrilla war, as well as the history of its failures and successes, confirm the primacy of political factors in such a conflict. (3) Popular support for the guerrillas is predicated upon the moral alienation of the masses from the existing government. The revolutionaries' chief aim is to activate and perpetuate the moral isolation of the enemy regime until such isolation has become total and irreversible. (4) The conditions leading to revolutionary wars are not created by conspiracy. They are partly inherent in a situation of rapid social change, but the outbreak normally results mainly from the failure of a ruling elite to respond to the challenge of modernization. (5) A revolutionary guerrilla movement concentrates on "outadministering," not on "outfighting" the enemy. This is a constructive and not simply a destructive undertaking. (6) The use of terror by guerrillas is highly selective; it does not constitute the main reason for the favorable reaction of the masses to their cause. (7) The external sanctuary has greater psychological and diplomatic than military or political value to the guerrillas. A discussion of these points follows.

Organizers of guerrilla warfare give prime attention, in practice no less than in theory, to the human factor. T. E. Lawrence (of Arabia) spoke of guerrilla war in terms of "the algebraic element of things, the biological element of life, and the psychological element of ideas." In other words, although Lawrence's goals were essentially military, military considerations constituted, for him, only one third of the problem of organizing and sustaining guerrilla troops. When Tito was told of the exceptionally unfavorable terrain in the region of Srem ("the area is level as the palm of your hand . . . and with little forests") he remarked: "What a first-class example it is of the relative unimportance of geographical factors in the development of a rising. The basic factor is studious political work, the attitude of the mass of people and the fighting leadership—if these are present the population would fight to the last man." Mao Tse-tung states, "Because guerrilla warfare basically derives from the masses and is supported by them, it can neither exist nor flourish if it separates itself from their sympathies and cooperation." This belief in the need to command popular support governs the movement through all stages of its development.

History confirms the sovereignty of the human factor in revolutionary warfare. While shying away from the wars that were "lost," American military analysts are prone to cite cases of successful anti-guerrilla operations. A heavy favorite—the British "counterinsurgency" in Malaya—is faithfully imitated in Vietnam. (Sometimes too faithfully, as in the case of the strategic hamlets program launched in April, 1962.) But comparisons with Malaya are fallacious, because there the guerrillas were at a severe disadvantage. Their support was limited to a minority of 423,000 Chinese squatters, who were ethnically distinct from and distrusted by the majority of Malays, and popular grievances were not acute enough to make the guerrillas look like liberators to the Malay peasants. Furthermore, the British acted quickly to remove the grievances on which the rebellion was based. Even then it took thirteen years and a total of 260,000 soldiers and police (80,000 British, 180,000 Malays) to put down 8,000 guerrillas (a ratio of 30 to 1). Another success story, the joint U.S.-Philippine victory over the Huks, is less frequently cited because of its embarrassing aspects. The Huk movement collapsed dramatically when Magsaysay convinced the peasants of his will and capacity to introduce re-



forms. However, the promises made to them were not kept and the Garcia administration witnessed a resurgence of guerrillas. In April, 1962, Macapagal swallowed his embarrassment and ordered a mop-up operation in Central Luzon. According to the latest reports, guerrilla strength in the Philippines is increasing.

The Algerian revolution, the least studied in this country though it comes closest to the Vietnamese situation, had actually been crushed militarily but had won politically when de Gaulle negotiated independence. By 1961, the guerrillas had been reduced to some 5,000 and their ability to engage the French at will had markedly declined. But France faced a sullen Algerian population that it had conquered but could not rule. The F.L.N. was defeated in the field, but it continued to outadminister and "illegitimize" the French.

Why did the Algerian peasants risk, for seven remorseless years, their lives, the honor of their women, and the security of their paltry belongings? Nationalism alone could not explain their violent and resolute rejection of French rule. In no other colony, except Indo-China, did the movement for independence take so violent a turn. And why did not the peasants respond earlier to the militants' calls to arms? The answer comes from one of the historic chiefs of the Algerian revolution. The time was not "ripe," he said. "These events occur where foreign rule is resented, where acute grievances exist and institutional channels for ventilating and satisfying them are ineffective."

Peasant rebellions had occurred in past years of famine and high taxation, but these spontaneous and periodic disturbances, as expressions of frustration over social and economic conditions, are not a sufficient condition for guerrilla revolution. "Revolutionary warfare does not require simply discontent among the masses but a sense of desperation and a grim determination to end injustice and humiliation. It demands patience with prolonged suffering, and a determined conspiracy of silence, and militancy."

A people can summon up that resolution only if they feel morally alienated from their rulers. "The success of a revolutionary war is predicated upon the continual and increasing moral isolation of the enemy. When it becomes total the war has been won, for the population will then fight to the last man." Later, other Algerian leaders told me they had spent more effort fighting the French promises of eventual independence and reforms than fighting the military. The Algerians became increasingly alienated from the French as the latter increased their military effort, which in revolutionary warfare means large-scale killing of civilians (if for no other reason than because the guerrilla is undistinguishable from other peasants), and the F.L.N. became more confident of winning not the military battles but the revolutionary war.

The conditions leading to revolutionary warfare are not created by conspiracy. They are inherent in the dislocations and demands produced by rapid social change, and are predicated on the failure of ruling elites to respond to the challenge of modernization. The pressures for change in the political, economic and social relationships of the past inevitably lead to a confrontation with those whose interests lie in the maintenance of the *status quo*. In countries and colonies whose rulers are willing to abdicate their monopoly of power and privileges, where genuine reforms are introduced, and new institutions begin to provide for a sharing of power and responsibility, the change is effected in an orderly (if not entirely peaceful) and democratic manner. But when a ruling class resists reforms (which invariably mean reduction in its power and privileges), its confrontation with the new political forces becomes increasingly violent. A regime unwilling to satisfy popular aspirations begins to lose legitimacy; revolutionary forces deliberately accelerate this process, by weakening the efficacy and cohesion of the ruling elite, and by giving form to the amorphous revolutionary conflagration. In the competition for leadership which often takes place in this volatile situation, non-Communist revolutionary groups are handicapped by several factors, the most important of which are the attitudes and policies of Western powers. By supporting the defenders of the old order, a great nation like the United States weakens the fighting power of the democratic forces, drives the cold-war neutralists to seek the help of the Communists, and gives the latter new heroes and martyrs.

Once a revolutionary movement enters the guerrilla phase its central objective is to confirm, perpetuate and institutionalize the moral isolation of the enemy by providing an alternative to the discredited regime through the creation of "parallel hierarchies." The major task of the movement is not to outfight but to outadminister the government. The main target in this bid is the village, where the majority of the population lives, and where the government's presence is often exploitative (collection of taxes). Here the chief and his council are the main link between the people and the government. Breaking this link demands careful planning, organization and hard work. The government is systematically eliminated from the countryside by the conversion or killing of village officials, who are then controlled or replaced by the political arm of the movement. The rebels must then build an administrative structure to collect taxes, to provide some education and social welfare, and to maintain a modicum of economic activity. A revolutionary guerrilla movement which does not have these administrative concerns and structures to fulfill its obligations to the populace would degenerate into banditry. The official American view that the guerrillas' tasks are easier because they only destroy contradicts the findings of those who have studied and observed these movements. During this phase, military confrontation is normally avoided, and the government also treats assassinations as a police problem, and ascribes nonpayment of taxes to administrative lags, bad harvests, etc. The Vietcong is known to have gained control over 70 per cent of rural Vietnam during 1957-60—a period when Americans were presenting Uncle Diem as a rival of Uncle Ho and were going around saying: "Look, no Vietnamese army units are attacked. Therefore, there is no guerrilla threat."

Most compelling, but also most self-defeating, is the myth that terror is the basis of civilian support for the guerrillas. Guerrilla warfare requires a highly committed but covert civilian support which cannot be obtained at gun point. Only degenerate and defeated guerrillas are known to have risked the loss of mass support by terrorizing civilians (some Huk and Malayan die-hards were reduced to it). An outstanding feature of guerrilla training is the stress on scrupulously "correct and just" behavior toward civilians. Political work, believes General Giap, is "the soul of the army," and a Chinese guerrilla expert explains that "army indoctrination is primarily aimed at training the troops to act in such a way that they will gain this total support [of the people]." Guerrilla use of terror, therefore, is sociologically and psychologically selective. It strikes those who are popularly identified as the "enemy of the people"—officials, landlords and the like.

Killing a village chief, however, is often a more complicated affair. Since most chiefs are local farmers who command legitimacy and loyalty through tradition and kinship, the militants ideally want to persuade them into the movement. When that fails, it takes painstaking political work to engineer their assassination and to prepare the villagers to accept it. In the early years of the Algerian revolution it took the F.L.N. from two months to a year to kill a village chief without incurring the liability of public hostility, and that was an anti-colonial war. I was, therefore, amazed to learn that in Vietnam, about 13,000 local officials were killed between 1957 and 1961. Professor Bernard Fall gives a simple explanation: These chiefs, as appointees of Diem, had little legitimacy compared with the Vietminh cadres who had liberated the country from France. Furthermore, the local officials became involved, along with the American-equipped and trained army, in the sordid business of restoring the landlords who had fled the country during the war. (A *de facto* land reform was achieved under the Vietminh.) These absentee aristocrats even demanded eight years worth of back rent, covering the period from 1945 to 1954. Before the war, the rent had been 50 per cent of the yield; the peasant was thus required to pay 400 per cent of his produce and to surrender his rights to the land! The Vietcong had no problem preparing them to accept the killing of officials engaged in such work.

Terror is also used to insure survival of the militants and of the movement. Robert Kleiman of *The New York Times* (May 3, 1965) informs us that in Vietnam's "contested areas, with 40 per cent of the population, Saigon usually gets cooperation by day and the Vietcong by night—because that is when their troops and officials are present. It is an old Asian custom." I was amused by the last sentence, for I know it is not our custom, but a universal practice of guerrilla warfare. The population must seem at least neutral if it hopes to escape full enemy treatment from government troops. Rebel troops and officials do not arrive at night from "somewhere in the mountains"; they are present during the day, too, and often lead the show of obedience to the government. At night, the loyal peasant turns into a guerrilla and all know him as such. To insure that the popular conspiracy of silence develops no seams, exemplary punishments are given to those suspected of having informed.

Second-degree terror, which normally does not result in killing, is used to sabotage the government's belated effort to gain popular support. Government schoolteachers and health workers are favorite targets of kidnaping and indoctrination. In June, 1962, a South Vietnamese UN observer informed UNESCO that the Vietcong had kidnaped more than 1,200 teachers; the government's malaria-eradication campaign collapsed after twenty-two health officers had been killed and sixty kidnaped. Guerrilla sabotage normally guards against causing too much hardship on the population and long-range damages to the economy. Industry and even foreign-owned plantations are spared if they pay their "taxes" to the liberation front. And they normally do so when the government is unable to protect them. (In Vietnam the large European rubber plantations, Michelin, SIPH, Terres Rouges, resisted for a while, but started paying taxes to the Vietcong after their French supervisors were kidnaped.)

It is difficult to say at what point the moral isolation of a government becomes total and irreversible, so that no amount of promises and reforms would restore the lost confidence and reduce the peoples' resistance. In Algeria, at least, the point seems to have been reached when the French were reduced to torturing and killing civilians and to "regrouping" the population. Many Algerian leaders believe that their revolution became irreversible at the moment of France's greatest military victory — General Massu's conquest of the Casbah (the Muslim section of Algiers was reduced to rubble during 1957-58). France could no longer expect the confidence, much less the loyalty, of a people it was destroying indiscriminately, albeit unwillingly and despite itself.

The desertion of the intellectuals and moderates often signals, not so much the irreversibility of a revolutionary war, but its take-off. Intellectuals, especially the Asian variety, are a democratic, liberal group, who view organized violence with distaste. Somewhat alienated from their culture, Westernized and city-centered, they distrust the peasants but desire an improvement of their condition. When an armed revolution breaks out, they are likely to play in the middle, hoping to get some reforms under way by using the armed threat as a counter for bargaining. They begin to go on exile or to defect to the rebels after the failure of the regime and the success of the revolution become imminent.

The defending army's pressures for conventional attack on an external sanctuary is yet another sign that a revolutionary war has been lost on home grounds. In revolutionary warfare, armies trained for conventional combat follow a vicious logic of escalation, which derives from acute frustration over an elusive war that puts in question not only their effectiveness but the very validity of their training and organization. Moreover, the morale of professional soldiers cannot be maintained if they know they are fighting a popular rebellion. Hence the compulsion to believe that behind the popular behavior lies the terror of an army trained, equipped and directed by a foreign power, and the wish to draw the enemy into open battles. Since reprisals against the population fail to produce the desired result, carrying the war to a sovereign nation becomes the only road to a conventional showdown. In Algeria this demand led to French participation in the invasion of Suez, then to the bombing of the Tunisian border town of Sakiet Sidi Youssef, and produced a succession of army revolts, the last of which destroyed the Fourth Republic. Had the French Government succumbed to these pressures, France would have been the first power to violate the international practice of respecting the rights of sanctuary—a principle that was observed in Korea, Greece, Cyprus and Malaya.

The importance of an active sanctuary should not be underestimated, although it is not essential to guerrilla success. In Cuba, Yugoslavia and China the revolutionaries did not have active sanctuaries. In Burma and to a lesser extent in Greece, sanctuaries proved of limited value. Politically and militarily, revolutionary guerrillas are, by and large, a self-sustaining group who can go on fighting indefinitely even if infiltration from across the border stops. External help, however, has great psychological and diplomatic value. In a war of attrition, there can be no decisive victory over a strong foreign enemy. At best, one hopes to inflict on it heavy losses, tire it out and, through international pressure, force it to negotiate withdrawal. External help is important in internationalizing guerrilla demands, and keeps alive the hope of liberation. When a revolutionary army loses an ally, it loses not so much military support; it loses hope. When the world is not watching, when the fear of diplomatic sanctions and the threat of a widened war are absent, a foreign power trapped in counter-guerrilla operations is likely to make the final and the only move that may "win"—it starts to commit genocide.

Finally, the assumption that a guerrilla outfit, like a conventional army, can be controlled and commanded by a foreign or externally based government, ignores the organizational, psychological and political facts of revolutionary warfare. The distrust of the "home based" guerrillas, even for their own government in exile, cannot be overstated. The resourceful and tough "interior" leaders and cadres who face the enemy daily, collect taxes, administer, make promises and give hopes to the population are not easily controlled from abroad and make suspicious, exacting and hard-to-please allies. Therefore, zone commanders and political commissars are, for the most part, monarchs of what they survey. As a group, they are joined together by shared experiences, by a common mood which is defiant and insular, by a shared suspicion of "politicians and diplomats over there" selling them out, and by a collective will to defy a settlement that is not of their making.

In Vietnam, the signs are clear. The South Vietnamese regime has no legitimacy, and no government backed by a Western power can hope for popular support in a country where the Communists have capitalized on the nationalist appeal of restoring independence and unity, and where the pro-Western leaders have been Bao-Dai, Diem and the musical-chair generals. The massacre of civilians began as early as 1960 (not counting the earlier repressive measures of the Diem regime), as attested by reputable scholars and even a former Chief U.S. Military Adviser (Lt. Gen. Samuel T. Williams; see *U.S. News & World Report*, Nov. 9, 1964). It has since escalated. The intellectuals and moderates have deserted or defected. And North Vietnam is subjected to daily bombings. America and its South Vietnamese allies have lost the revolutionary war because they could not win the support of the Vietnamese people, and now their moral isolation is total.

As an Asian, I am aware of the appeals and threat of communism, and I would support policies likely to prevent its expansion. But I do not believe that communism is the wave of the future, and therefore I am neither panicked nor paralyzed. I believe that Vietnam is a unique case—culturally, historically and politically. I hope that the United States will not repeat its Vietnam blunders elsewhere. I do not subscribe to the domino theory and I am anguished by Americans who call Vietnam a test case. Vietnam is the only country in the world where the nationalist movement for independence was led by the Communists during its most crucial and heroic decades. In new countries where institutional loyalties are still weak, the legitimacy and popularity of a regime derives from its nationalist heroes and martyrs. Unfortunately for the free world the George Washington of Vietnam, its Gandhi, was a Communist nationalist. Ho Chi Minh and his associates (including General Giap of Dienbienphu fame) are understandably considered the founding fathers of modern Vietnam. It was morbid optimism to expect an absentee aristocrat to supplant a leader who had devoted a lifetime to the liberation of his country, and to defeat a leadership and cadres whose organic ties with the peasants were cemented by the bitter struggle for independence. It is not fair to blame

Diem for driving the Vietnamese to desperation. He had no choice. Given his circumstances his only possible weapons were a power apparatus to regiment the population, all-out support of minorities, and widespread terror. These were not aberrations of a program but the program itself.

Vietnam is also the only country in which the United States gave substantial support to a colonial power in a war of independence. This could not have endeared America to the Vietnamese people. Then in the "Southern zone" America replaced France, and supported the ex-French puppet Bao-Dai; next it put up Diem as "the democratic alternative to Vietnam," and also failed to honor its pledge to hold elections for the unification of the country. To most Vietnamese the present war, therefore, is a continuation of the struggle for independence. I know how Asians feel about America's action. They call it neo-colonialism; some think it is imperialism. I know this is very wrong because Americans are naturally sympathetic to peoples' struggles for freedom and justice, and they would like to help if they could. I prefer the term "maternalism" for American policy in countries like Vietnam, because it reminds me of the story of an elephant who, as she strolled benignly in the jungle, stepped on a mother partridge and killed her. When she noticed the orphaned siblings, tears filled the kind elephant's eyes. "Ah, I too have maternal instincts," she said turning to the orphans, and sat on them.

Soccer: The Rabble Game . . . . David Cort

The relationship between a people's games and its morale is still a riddle, in spite of all the discussion of Greek physical culture, Roman circuses, Gothic tourneys, English playing fields, Prussian duelists and Spanish bullfights.

In America today, the point is sharpened because TV and radio expose American sports to enormous audiences, and reward them handsomely for the commercials. Every sports promoter wants to squeeze into the picture. Right now a plot is unfolding to add yet another, essentially foreign, sport to those molding the American character. That is soccer, played, believe it or not, in 131 nations, because literally anybody is smart enough to kick a large ball. Before we examine the soccer invasion, let us look at the other games we already have, especially on TV.

The striking thing about baseball is that its restrictive rules refine out all spontaneous passion. It has been sublimated to an arbitrary abstraction, a tension of comparative numbers: four balls, three strikes, three outs, four bases. The pitchers screw up the tension with their extraordinary tricks and skills; the batters try to explode it. But for the rules, what would stop a runner on the base paths from picking up the ball and running home with it? Of course, he would be out on two counts: being touched by a batted ball and interfering with the fielders. As visual spectacle, baseball is a dismal thing; as involvement with the team and all the players, personally, it is a compulsive incubus. For in baseball, a player exposes his inner character, and the fans come to know him through and through. Since the game is one of individuals in cooperation, it has the complexity of real life. A baseball fan gets very little catharsis; he worries about the team and all its players.

Football, the other great American game, is extroversion. The passion is formalized and visible: three downs to make the 10 yards, or failure and kick. The great quarterback, the King Arthur, drops back to pass, surrounded by his paladins, and in drive the villains to foil him. But under the very avalanche he gets the ball away, winging straight to a friend who nips it out of the air and runs for a touchdown. Or in the slashing, twisting style of running, given to few, a back miraculously slips off the tacklers and is in the open. There is exhilaration, catharsis, explosion, release. In football, but not in baseball, a numerical defeat can be a "moral victory." But all football games are more alike than all baseball games.

The many games that involve open play to get an object from one end of an arena to another are all said to derive from polo, a very ancient Persian game. They may be roughly said to include hockey and basketball (both on TV), as well as lacrosse, water polo and, of course, soccer. Body contact is inevitable in all of them. The hockey contact is aggravated by great speed, the sticks and skate blades. The basketball

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David Cort is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

contact is made somewhat comic by bare skin and the preternaturally tall boys slapping one another. Hockey has kept an air of heroism; basketball none, but it is still a game of individuals.

And what of the other TV sports? Golf is so difficult to dramatize that the show consists mainly of the putting on the last few greens where the ball can be vaguely seen rolling toward the cup. In bowling, one strike is exactly like another, and as in golf, the tension comes only toward the end of the tournament, in comparative numbers. A horse race is over so quickly that there is no time for commercials; the horses' numbers can hardly be seen and one must trust the hysterical voice. Boxing is probably the best TV program: a prolonged meeting man to man for all the marbles, with time between rounds for rapid commercials. Of course the current heavyweights have destroyed the cash value of the commercials by falling down quickly. (Parenthetically, the roller derby is choice entertainment for people who liked the old-time slapstick.)

These frivolous conflicts engage people's attention far more seriously than thoughtfully written and staged shows for, I believe, one overriding reason. A sophisticated audience can predict the outcome of most humanly plotted entertainments. It cannot predict the result of an honest sporting event, or there would be no such word in sport as "upset." And the only life anybody is familiar with is one of anxious unpredictability, of, so to speak, "upsets." But the formality, the elaboration of rules, makes defeat less brutal and undignified in baseball and football than in life. Even the best teams are often, or occasionally, beaten. For losers, unpredictability means hope.

Now, suppose one wants to add a new sport to the American scene—and the TV income. We are watching the process right now. In 1960, a businessman, William D. Cox, former owner of the Phillies baseball team and the Brooklyn football Dodgers, rounded up ten crack European soccer teams from both sides of the iron curtain, added a Brazilian team and a pick-up team called the New Yorkers, and started a tournament in New York. This was for the championship of something called the International Soccer League, now in its sixth year. The winner plays the previous year's champion, and since 1962, this has always been Dukla of Czechoslovakia.

William Cox is not paying all these players as a form of foreign aid. What he wants is an American professional soccer league of *Americans*. The present "New Yorkers" include Germans, Hungarians, Greeks, Englishmen and a Honduran.

How to create American soccer players? One possibility: encourage soccer in the 288 secondary schools that play soccer in the New York metropolitan area. (But only 250 colleges in the whole country play it.) Cox pays for a British professional coach to come over and teach the New York area school coaches. He also has a junior league that plays for the Governor Nelson Rockefeller Trophy. An individual award for "sportsmanship and skill" in his big league is called the Dwight D. Eisenhower Trophy. Certain games are sponsored by the most respectable charities. The public relations are impeccable.

From these innocuous dragon's teeth, Cox expects a crop of first-class soccer players to spring up, fully armed. It is said, in support, that in the New York secondary schools three times as many boys play soccer as play football. Since anyone with feet can kick a ball, the claim is not implausible. But tournament soccer requires a kind of grinding toil that American boys are not attracted to. John Dewey would not have approved of championship soccer.

Come what may, Cox hopes to have an American professional soccer league by 1967, with franchises and teams in ten cities, and TV coverage. Right now he has an occasional TV hour (sponsor: Schaefer beer) with commentary and an interview with himself. The soccer season here would presumably run from September to May, as it does in Europe.

A significant triumph came this year when Cox's New Yorkers won the first section of his tournament; in the play-off against the winner of the second section, they were briskly outfooted by Polonia Bytom of Poland. On August 8 and 11, the Poles met the Czechs' formidable team, Dukla, for the American Challenge Cup and unexpectedly defeated them.

In watching soccer, one is first struck by the foolishness of trying to maneuver a ball only by kicking and butting it. The players seem to be affecting an inefficiency, even contempt. The footwork in fact requires great skill, but this is hardly visible on TV. Soccer's inefficiency is proved by the low scoring: an average of four goals to a match of two forty-five-minute halves, with no substitutions and no time-outs except for the goal keeper (though this rule was waived for this tournament).

Nor can one identify the individuals. The game is a faceless rabble rushing up and down the field. Long-distance runners caught in a squirrel cage, the players pant out the long scramble to nowhere. These are the disinherited of the earth. A soccer game can be compared only to forms of frantic insect activity. It takes a scientist to tell which ants are eating which.

Precisely to avoid this charge, soccer publicity is aimed at creating stars (which do exist, even though one cannot identify them), usually a forward or goal keeper. Still, the game remains a confused hurly-burly. Perhaps that is why it so often leads to patriotic riots. Since one's own side is ignominious, one cannot possibly afford to give the ignominious opponents any magnanimous admiration. The fans hate the enemy without qualification. Life is symbolized as a mean, desperate, endless, exhausting, futile shambles, as in fact life is in many of the 131 countries where soccer is played.

At this very period European soccer is flushed with scandals of bribery and game-throwing, even as two Italian players were sold for $800,000 apiece. Recent fan casualties have been: two killed in Sunderland, England, March, 1964; 318 killed, 500 hurt in Lima, Peru, May, 1964; fifty hurt in Glasgow, January, 1965. In 1963, even New York City fans mobbed the referee. When the Congo team plays Katanga in Leopoldville, troops patrol the field.

If professional big-league soccer becomes an American fixture, it is certain that the top talent will for a good many years be drawn primarily from recent immigrants. One must consider the possibility that the teams would represent immigrant minorities, fighting out and perpetuating their imported national antagonisms on the field and in the stands. That is surely a gloomy prospect.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Tyranny of the Unplenishable Self

DREISER. By W. A. Swanberg. Charles Scribner's Sons. 614 pp. $10.

Leo Marx

This breezy, intimate, thoroughly documented biography reveals everything knowable about the life of Theodore Dreiser except its significance. Not to seem ungrateful, let it be said at once that W. A. Swanberg has written an invaluable book. It is the most complete record we have of a major novelist's life. Yet readers who come to the book without an appreciation of Dreiser's work may find Mr. Swanberg's purpose obscure. "This book," he explains in a concluding note, "is intended solely as biography, not criticism. There have been many analyses of Dreiser's work, but no attempt to study the whole man."

What a curious way to put it! If at times Mr. Swanberg's *Dreiser* seems to lack a center, the reason may be right there, in the phrasing of that statement. Is it possible to study the "whole man," if the man happens to be an artist, without studying his work? Why write a biography of Dreiser anyway? As if anticipating the only plausible answer, Mr. Swanberg goes on (in the same note) to make a case for the importance of Dreiser's extraliterary life. He says that Dreiser led a life of constant struggle, a struggle "often far removed from literature," and that in his later years Dreiser's "compulsion toward social criticism and mystic philosophy so overmastered him that he all but abandoned creative writing." All of which is borne out by Mr. Swanberg's impressively marshaled evidence.

But it is necessary to add that most of those struggles were confused and pathetic, the social criticism shallow and the philosophy puerile. The Dreiser we meet outside the books he wrote was a miserable human being. ("The story of a tormented life," is the accurate motto on the dust jacket.) Virtually all of his friendships were wrecked by his wanton self-regard. He was an opportunist, a plagiarist, a liar and a lecher. By any standard other than literary his life was a mess, and except for his novels he accomplished nothing memorable. But of course that is a mighty big exception! It is the beginning and the end of all discussion of Dreiser. If anything like "wholeness" can be found in the shambles it will be found in his work. As Mr. Swanberg shows again and again, Dreiser himself could not find it anywhere else. At 60, absorbed in one of his countless brief love affairs (he had been separated from his wife for years), he explains to his mistress, "I am trying to find myself." It is sad and ludicrous, and it is significant only if Dreiser's high place in American letters can be taken for granted.

Yet that is just the trouble: it cannot. If there is an important fact about Theodore Dreiser that Mr. Swanberg fails to make plain it is that his reputation as a major writer is far from secure. Nor would a reader of Mr. Swanberg's *Dreiser* realize that this man's work has been the subject of one of the longest, most radical and illuminating controversies in our literary history.

It began in 1900, when the manuscript of his first novel, *Sister Carrie*, arrived in the office of Doubleday, Page & Company, and it is still going on. Frank Norris, a Doubleday reader at the time, thought the book was great. He admired it for its audacious, truth-telling realism, and he persuaded Walter Hines Page, a partner in the firm, to sign a contract. Later, the Doubledays (Frank and his wife Neltje) returned from Europe and read the proofs. They were shocked by the vulgarity and immorality of the novel. (These two charges have recurred endlessly in the sixty-five-year argument about the value of Dreiser's work.) They thought it was vulgar because of the commonplaceness of both its matter and its manner. And they thought it was immoral not because of any erotic details but rather because it seemed to subvert all respectable values. "Amoral" would have been more accurate: Carrie had a successful career even though she had lived in sin; it was as if Dreiser had endorsed unchastity as a way of life.

The Doubledays also regarded the book as a bad commercial risk. They tried to persuade Dreiser to release them and, having failed, they reluctantly honored the contract. Their judgment soon was confirmed by the reviewers, most of whom condemned the novel for immorality, inelegance, pessimism and general unpleasantness. The public, incidentally, took the reviewers' word, buying only 456 copies of the first edition, and giving Dreiser a total of $68.40 for his efforts. This calamity nearly crushed poor Dreiser. He went into a decline almost as disastrous as the one he had described (in depicting Hurstwood) at the end of *Sister Carrie*. But he was staunch in his commitment to the ideal of fictional truth embodied in that novel. In fact, his loyalty to the canon of "realism" probably was his major lapse in the direction of integrity. Notice, however, that this admirable trait was called forth by literature; unless we place his work at the center there can be little to admire about the "whole man."

Most subsequent arguments about Dreiser's work have been elaborations of the disagreement between Norris and the Doubledays. His early antagonists—Stuart Sherman, a genteel professor of the New Humanist persuasion, was typical—condemned him for "barbarism." That charge embraced his prosaic characters, his inelegant style and his naturalistic view of life. Dreiser's people, said Sherman, were animals, and "his stubborn insistence upon the jungle-motive results in a dreary monotony in the form and substance of his novels." In reply, Dreiser's defenders, notably H. L. Mencken, Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis, pictured him as a courageous, lonely iconoclast. (This controversy often has tended to line up professional writers against academicians.) Dreiser's friends argued that his crudity was justified by his subject, and that if art accurately imitated nature it could not be harmful. "He is true to something in the life about him," said Sherwood Anderson, "and truth is always wholesome." In 1930, Lewis took the occasion of his Nobel Prize acceptance speech to tell the world about his radical colleague:

> *Usually unappreciated, often hounded, he has cleared the trail*

Leo Marx is the author of The Machine in the Garden (*Oxford*).

> *from Victorian Howellsian timidity and gentility in American fiction to honesty, boldness and passion of life. Without his pioneering I doubt if any of us could, unless we liked to be sent to jail, seek to express life, beauty and terror.*

The choice, as Dreiser's supporters saw it, was between effete aestheticism and harsh truth.

During the great depression and the war, however, the debate seemed to be over. With the vogue of proletarian literature, Dreiser's fictive world became a stock setting for the novel. To readers of Dos Passos, Farrell or Steinbeck, his work hardly seemed subversive. In fact when Dreiser died in 1945, it was evident to most commentators that he had been in the mainstream all along.

But then, the following year, Lionel Trilling reopened the controversy. Writing in *The Nation* (Apr. 20, 1946), he shifted the ground to the assumptions, largely political, that governed responses to Dreiser's work. The discussion was prompted by the posthumous publication of *The Bulwark*, but Trilling's real concern was to call into question the values of the liberal-Left literary establishment. He took the liberal tolerance of Dreiser and severity toward Henry James as the measure of a certain intellectual softness. To be sure, some of Trilling's animus—it is impossible to say how much—was directed against the contamination of the New York literary world by Stalinism. (Not long before his death Dreiser had made himself a conspicuous target for just this attack by joining the Communist Party.) That Trilling saw his essay as something more than a routine literary piece is suggested by his polemical, melodramatic tone. "James and Dreiser: with that juxtaposition," he wrote, "we are immediately at the dark and bloody crossroads where culture and politics meet."

Later Trilling made even more of his attack upon Dreiser. He combined the gist of the *Nation* piece with his earlier *Partisan Review* attack on V. L. Parrington, and he used the new version, called "Reality in America," as the lead essay in his influential book, *The Liberal Imagination* (1950). Since then the essay, which has been reprinted in many anthologies, has acquired something like scriptural authority in the academic world. It makes Dreiser and Dreiser's admirers the embodiment of a crude and peculiarly American anti-intellectualism. Trilling identifies this view of life with the populist tendency to denigrate the trained intellect and its works that Tocqueville had discussed long before. And he associates it with a simple-minded, representational theory of art: the test of literary value being the degree of correspondence, as in a mirror image, between the work and a tangible "reality" out there. These unexamined assumptions account for the doctrinaire liberal's preference for Dreiser over James. To think this way is to betray the intellectual's cause. It is the way Dreiser thinks, and he thinks, says Trilling, "as the modern crowd thinks when it decides to think." Hence the readiness of the liberal, who assumes that the crowd is right, to excuse Dreiser's crudities of thought and expression.

The most effective answer to Trilling is Alfred Kazin's "Introduction" to *The Stature of Theodore Dreiser*, a collection of critical essays published in 1955. On the sources of Dreiser's power, however, he merely rephrases the old arguments. "Every line hurts," he says of certain passages, ". . . because it is all too much like reality to be 'art.'" Unfortunately, he neglects to say whether it is, nonetheless, art—a point on which Trilling is more cogent. At times Kazin talks about Dreiser's work as if it issued from an unmediated, artless transaction with experience. He seems to endorse the ingenious idea, advanced by Malcolm Cowley and others, that in Dreiser's case stylistic ineptitude unwittingly becomes art. Trilling is rightly skeptical of such illogic. His position is closer to that of Joyce Cary, who seems to me convincing on the problem of Dreiserian awkwardness. "Dreiser," he said, "is so anxious to make the reader receive the story as true, that he pretends to have no art at all, not even

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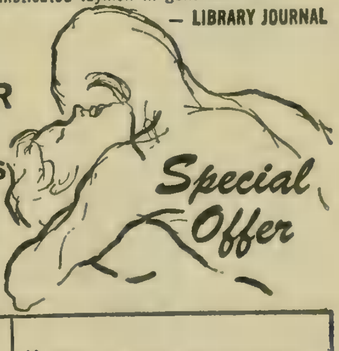

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grammar. And this itself is high art."

But Kazin contributes most to the defense of Dreiser by placing Trilling's attack in its proper historical context. In effect, he associates the reaction against Dreiser and our insurgent realists with the new genteel tradition that had come in after the war. Now the country was prosperous, the writers moved into the universities, the mistakes of the sociological criticism of the thirties became obvious, and although Trilling did not intend it that way, his sniffish contempt for Dreiser was in perfect keeping with the taste for clean writing and well-bred uninvolvement that was nurtured by the victorious "new critical" school of literary pedagogy. In 1950, the charge against Dreiser was still what it had been in 1900—vulgarity, but now it was exemplified less by inelegant characters than inelegant sentences.

And that is more or less the way things stand today. As anyone who teaches American literature at the college level will testify, Dreiser is a problem. Many students schooled in the reigning academic criticism hardly can bear to read him. Their literary taste has been formed by the essays of T. S. Eliot, the textbooks of Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren and the novels of Henry James. (In the chronology, moreover, James comes just before Dreiser.) Imagine trying to persuade them to take seriously a man capable of writing a sentence like this:

> *The death house in this particular prison was one of those crass erections and maintenances of human insensibility and stupidity for which no one primarily was really responsible.*

But there always are a few independent spirits who discover Dreiser's other kind of writing, who respond to its power, and who recognize him for what he is—a test case of currently received critical doctrine. Is it possible to write "badly"—compose soggy sentences — and still, in the same work, move the heart? Or, as H. L. Mencken put it after quoting that sentence from *An American Tragedy*, "What is one to say of such dreadful bilge? What is one to say about a novelist who, after a quarter of a century at his trade, still writes it?"

One great merit of Mr. Swanberg's *Dreiser* is that it helps us answer the question. I am not suggesting that biographical facts can, of themselves, resolve the critical argument. But the very density of the evidence does clarify some issues. We always have known, for instance, that Dreiser was an ignorant man. But the depth of his ignorance makes a difference: he was ill-read, bigoted, superstitious—at various times he patronized every kind of quack. No wonder the express ideas that appear in his work are stock ideas. Besides, he had no genuine respect for language. He was willing to lend his name to the lowest kind of hack writing. For a time he cynically and successfully edited a high-pressure slick magazine. He did not even care much about the language of his own serious work; incompetent people were invited to cut and rewrite large sections of his novels. Some of his correspondence seems unbelievable. At 40 he addresses an 18-year-old as "Honeypot" in baby talk, viz., "Do ju lub me? Had you sweet doe eyes? Or are dey dough eyes? (Oooh what a slam)." To say, as Mr. Trilling does, that Dreiser thought as the crowd thought may be correct. What it means, though, is that he was largely uneducated, and that the Jamesian sense of a literary vocation (and of the novel as an aesthetic object) was almost wholly foreign to him.

There seem to be two quite distinct and even mutually exclusive conceptions of the novel involved here. One is the representational or realistic novel in the tradition that Dreiser inherits from Defoe. It is judged almost wholly by its lifelikeness, that is, by the novelist's capacity to create an illusion of artless reportage. When the reader is made aware of its formal properties the writer has failed. The other conception is the well-made, imagistic or poetic romance written by Hawthorne and James. Nowadays, formalist critics submit it to a test of holistic integrity not unlike that applied to a Shakespearean sonnet or a Mozart quartet. In this view Art, the writer's ordering of his material, supplants Truth-to-Nature as the primary object of attention. With this conception of the novel Dreiser had no commerce whatever.

But if the weakness of Dreiser's work can be traced to ignorance, its strength derives from a kind of knowledge unavailable to Henry James. Mr. Swanberg's book is the record of a man suffering from acute deprivation, not material poverty alone, but deprivation of status, dignity and — subtlest by far — cultural identity. Many American writers began their lives in poverty, but few of them (at least few white men) have known anything like the total ostracism, the sense of being helplessly down at the bottom that Dreiser knew as a boy. To be put down as poor is one thing, to be rejected as the brother of whores is another. In any case, Dreiser's youth seems to have made him permanently incapable of passing over into middle-class respectability. Even when he had wealth and fame he did not try to make it the way Howells and Mark Twain had made it. When he had his first and best chance, a year at Indiana University, he simply quit — evidently because he was so ill at ease socially. His desperate, lifelong effort to "find himself" enabled him to create Carrie Meeber and Clyde Griffiths. The tyranny of the unplenishable self is the hallmark of all his great characters; they are people who got from their parents little or no sense of themselves, and whose "nothingness" could be assuaged only by an endless reaching out toward new objects of desire.

What are we to say about such a writer? Perhaps Mencken pointed the way in his astute comments on Dreiser's characters: "Their thoughts are muddled and trivial," he said, "—but they can feel. And Dreiser feels with them, and can make the reader feel with them. It takes skill of a kind that is surely not common. Good writing is far easier." No doubt Mr. Trilling would admit that James was not as skillful at making us feel with plebian characters. Yet the James novel he chooses to discuss at length in *The Liberal Imagination* is, significantly, *The Princess Casa-*

A Spruce of Marshall Washer's

It had to happen
the lovely spruce
silver and green
growing on Marshall's rock growing
in open sunshine
thicker and thicker the needles
clogging the wind
the roots inching over the stone
searching for ground
that lay twenty feet distant or maybe
thirty straight
down
it had to happen
but we'll miss it.

Hayden Carruth

massima. Here James, as if testing his virtuosity, takes for his hero a man who sprang from the pavement of the London slums. The astonishing result is a brilliant political fable. Compared to Dreiser's working-class characters, however, James's Hyacinth Robinson is a figure out of books. Creating him was a literary tour de force, to be sure, but James did not, could not possibly, know what Dreiser knew about lives of chronic deprivation. Each of these writers was formed by a special combination of ignorance and knowledge, and—given the circumstances of American life at the time—the parts were not interchangeable. Having to choose between James and Dreiser, as some would have us choose between Eliot and Lawrence, is a silly, academic game. We need both. To ignore either is to limit the range of the American consciousness.

Notes From Afar: Part II

Harold Clurman

Something about Paris—was it the traffic-choked streets, the political apathy, parts of the exposition of 20th-century sculpture at the Rodin museum?—made me say: "I disapprove of most things nowadays while I enjoy almost everything." This quip ought to be borne in mind in much that follows.

I loved Paris all over again, not because of any plays or pictures I saw there but because it reeks of life. Its wounds as much as its charms are immediately revealed to the eye. Its theatre at the moment is poor but the city itself is theatre.

London now is Europe's most "swinging" town. I went to the theatre six times in seven days. Though I cannot say that I "liked" what I saw, I found everything more than casually interesting. Something is going on in England and I was glad to observe a little of it in the theatre-mirror.

The National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company (the latter appears both at Stratford-on-Avon and at the Aldwych in London) command the finest acting troupes of the English-speaking world. The cast of Harold Pinter's latest play, *The Homecoming,* at the Aldwych offers no "stars," but is so thoroughly right that it gives the impression of being the play itself. Acting everywhere in London today generally displays remarkable competence and at times brilliance. One often suspects, however, that roles are being played for recordings rather than for the stage: so much of the effect is verbal and vocal. One hears almost too well.

The plays piqued me in a peculiar way. Each of them seemed to have been conceived in one family and inspired by a single motive. Nearly all were bitter comedies with grins bespeaking self-pity and mockery. My first guess was that the British were now in the grip of an obsession, part of that sexual revolution one hears so much about these days. But I soon realized that this was a mistake. It was not the warmth of sex that emanated from the plays I saw but the chill of a vengeful frustration. Sex provided no solace, tenderness, sensual gratification, entertainment or progeny. It was closer to suicide.

It would be easy to conjecture that having frivolously defied Victorian prudery in the twenties, the British are now grimly battering away at its Puritan residue. But in the plays I refer to sex appears to cause greater frustration than the original inhibitions ever did. The laughter provoked by these plays is rarely ribald or lewd; it is the laughter of a man jeering at his own impotence.

The ambivalence immanent in the new dramatic cycle may be discerned in the recurrence of the homosexual strain. Homosexuality may hold a special fascination for the British theatregoer because mention of its very existence was hitherto banned from the stage. The taboo has now been exorcized. Still, the presentation of homosexuality does not occur in plays which are really about homosexuality. It is made an adjunct to a play's central theme.

The three characters in Frank Marcus' *The Killing of Sister George,* a spoof on British television, are all Lesbians. In John Osborne's *A Patriot for Me,* exposing hypocrisy in aristocratic Establishments (an allusion to the Profumo case), the protagonist is a homosexual officer in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire whose betrayal of his country under pressure of blackmail is covered up by recourse to anti-Semitism. Nevertheless, scene after scene is either comically or melodramatically given to displays of homosexual misbehavior — actually irrele-

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vant to the play's subject. If there is any pornography in these plays it is pornography of the intellect. Muddy thinking, the turbid sentimentality of chattering minds are the end results.

If it is all sex in the head, if the sexual emphasis is artistically marginal, one wonders what, apart from its theatrical effect, is its true purpose or significance. What is really being exposed is rage, the curse sparked by an inability to feel.

There is a positive aspect to this: these plays are not just smartly shocking. Despite faults as drama, they reflect a reality. We can neither dismiss nor forget them. They are almost all well written in the rhetoric of vituperation for which Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* set the tone, and of which he is still the prime master.

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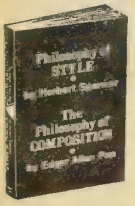

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The psychological condition of which the new plays are oblique signs has a social cause of great significance.

Because Britain is freer than it has ever been, its people more alert, they shake the old Establishment without seeming to move ahead to anything wholly fresh and liberating. We witness this in the virtual impasse of their politics. The conservative stagnates, the Left feels stymied. Though there surely have been "improvements" since the war, the progress made does not appear to have altered matters enough to act as an inspiring force. There is little mass enthusiasm except for "Beatles," the escape into infantilism. How then can there be any animating purpose? Where action is not sustained by confidence in concrete social consequence the individual, unless he be a true artist, a revolutionary or a saint, lapses into depression, lethargy, cynicism, psychosis or crime. Sex becomes a substitute for the release sought, but sex by itself cannot satisfy the greater hunger or carry the burden of humanity's broader needs. Hence the sadistic sentiments it induces.

The plays themselves do not sufficiently project an awareness of this cause and are thus more symptomatic than interpretive. They strike me as being, for all their hooting and growling, fundamentally complacent. There is little sign that their authors would like to change anything or harbor some notion as to the course through which a change might take place. They appear pleased to enjoy the fruits of their displeasure—personal acclaim with the additional advantage of being definitely "in."

One of the clues to the poverty of these plays is their peculiar length. Once stated, a primary situation is repeated again and again. Nothing specific develops. The often coruscating talk is prolonged from one jibe to another, as if to illustrate the art of insult and making customers. Two plays employ soliloquies, stream-of-consciousness verbiage, semi-fantasy, and in one case the denuding of the central character. Typical too is the use of various women as foils upon which the central male personage may play off his moral disarray and hate. The characters are not made more understandable or sympathetic as the action proceeds; they diminish with verbal extension. They are neither pathetic nor tragic: they are, at best, wretched with jokes which to the audience's delight are frequently obscene.

In David Mercer's *Ride a Cock Horse*, a one-shot novelist out of the coal pits of the North, a man who manages to render his wife and two mistresses thoroughly miserable, speaks of himself as "harassed by insight but incapable of meaningful action." Insights there may be but not the kind which lead to new paths. That is why they harass.

What is missing in so many of the new plays is the substance of experience. Beckett's shudder is aesthetically admirable in its concise passion. Pinter's *The Homecoming* is a collage abstracted from real elements pithily picturing a society indifferent to or ignorant of any values. Osborne forages in ever new areas but always returns with the same bag of disaffection. John Arden, none of whose new plays were on during my visit, has greater scope and feeling but is not always master of his material. But generally speaking I find that too many of the new plays, as so much else in contemporary expression, eliminate the world itself, the vessels, bones and structure, even the geography of daily life, so that we find ourselves on a constant excursion in the air, winging over everything without being permitted to land and *see* anything.

My recent theatregoing in London produced the effect—no doubt exaggerated by its intensity—of making me grateful for the romantic rattle and youthful splash of *Cyrano de Bergerac* which I had just seen in Paris. Rostand wrote in that play, as in most of his others, an exuberant dramatization or glorification of inadequacy. If we are to suffer defeat, let us at least do so with a suggestion of splendor. And though I don't find Pirandello especially profound in *Tonight We Improvise*, which I also saw in Paris, he at least offers us the excitement of his game.

Let me add by way of exemplary paradox that my London theatregoing converted me to Socialist Realism! I have never seen a play in this style that I thought really good, but what is suggested by that dismal epithet is something to which I declare myself partial. It is the encompassing of the phenomena of existence informed by a positive ideal, an affirmation of some activating conviction in the face of enduring hardship of life. All the rest is smirking, hissing or puling surrender.

Julius Novick

MAHAGONNY

And appetite, an universal wolf, . . .
Must make perforce an universal
prey,
And last eat up himself.

Thus Shakespeare's Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida*. But Ulysses was speaking conditionally, about what would happen *if*. According to Bertolt Brecht, the process was already far advanced in the bourgeois society of Europe in the 1920s, and he dramatized its workings in a very odd opera that he wrote with Kurt Weill, entitled *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*. Thirty-five years after its first production in Leipzig, *Mahagonny* has finally been given its North American première in Stratford, Ontario, in English, as an offering of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival. By now it is a Weimar Republic period piece; but it is also as contemporary, as timeless, as a piece of Dead Sea fruit.

Brecht's Mahagonny is a mythical town on the coast of a mythical Florida, a shabby Never-Never-Land for grownups. The opera's story concerns a good-hearted lumberjack named Jim Mahoney, who turns up in Mahagonny with three of his buddies, looking for fun. But one lumberjack dies of gluttony, another in a crooked prize fight; Jim is betrayed by his remaining friend and by his girl Jenny, and he dies in the electric chair, guilty of Mahagonny's one capital crime: being without money.

As usual, Brecht is not particularly interested in his plot, nor yet in his characters. In this case they are merely the means of evoking Mahagonny itself, a multi-faceted metaphor for a civilization without solidarity or legitimate purpose, where the only rule is *sauve qui peut*:

And if someone should kick, well,
that's me, Sir,
And if someone gets kicked it will
be you.

Mahagonny is devoted to idleness ("Every week here will be seven days free from labor") and freedom ("Whatever you may want to do, There's nothing would prohibit you"). But in Mahagonny total freedom means total indulgence, an absolute abandonment to personal gratification: eating, fornicating, prize fighting and drinking.

As Brecht portrays it, the life of pleasure lacks even the superficial appeal conventionally ascribed to it. From the first it is tawdry, and gradually it becomes grim. When God condemns everybody in Mahagonny to Hell, He is told that they are in Hell already. Here Brecht is echoing Shaw, who in *Man and Superman* defined Hell as "a place where you have nothing to do but amuse yourself." But in *Man and Superman* this idea remains one among many ideas, whereas in *Mahagonny* "amusing yourself"— the life of appetite — is the subject of the work.

According to Shakespeare's Ulysses, appetite is unleashed by the abolition of "degree," of the system of power and subordination by which the world is ruled and anarchy prevented. Brecht does not consider the cause, nor does he propose a cure. At the end, the characters sing, "We can neither help ourselves nor you now," and walk off-stage. *Mahagonny* is purely and simply the image of Brecht's despair.

As such, it might tend to seem somewhat repetitious, somewhat heavy-handed, especially in comparison with *The Threepenny Opera*, the other well-known Brecht-Weill collaboration. In *Threepenny*, Brecht is working with borrowed material, and the plot and characters are more than merely functional. *Threepenny*, moreover, is very funny in its sardonic way; *Mahagonny*, although bristling with ironies, provides very little to laugh at.

The variety and humanity that *Mahagonny* requires is provided by Kurt Weill's music. Much of it is merely atmospheric, harsh and relentless, underscoring, building up tension, keeping our nerves raw. But when Jim and Jenny sing their tender duet in the second act, a recurring theme in the orchestra suggests that perhaps love is possible even in Mahagonny. Brecht made his characters as vehicles for his own emotion; Weill's music, now and then, gives the characters emotions of their own.

It is an odd sort of music; it reminded me of those "assemblages" which are put together out of assorted junk and fragments of anything that appeals to the artist. And yet, for all his eclecticism, Weill in his Brecht period had a pungent, poignant, highly personal style.

Mahagonny is musically more ambitious than *The Threepenny Opera*. There is far more music in it; only an occasional line of dialogue is spoken unaccompanied. Much of this music, moreover, requires legitimate voices, which the *Threepenny* music mostly does not. The *Mahagonny* music is somehow denser than that of *Threepenny*, and harder to take in. The best tunes in the one are as good as the best tunes in the other; but in *Mahagonny* there are fewer of them.

In a bad production, *Mahagonny* could be a bore. At Stratford, Jean Gascon, the director, has brilliantly capitalized on the opportunities it of-

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fers. In collaboration with designer Brian Jackson and choreographer Alan Lund, he has bodied forth Brecht's vision in a series of harsh, cogent, vivid images and actions. In the song about God's visit to Mahagonny, for instance, God stalks around on stilts, with an obviously fake beard and a pot for a hat, persecuted by a hideous green follow spot. It is the very image of the modern dead God: pompous, impotent and patently phony.

The performances are brash and broad, but never strident, never out of control. (Muriel Greenspon, a fat mezzo-soprano from the New York City Center, plays one of the founders of Mahagonny with tremendous aplomb; Jean Bonhomme and Yoland Guérard are her colleagues; Thomas O'Leary, a tenor, is Jim, and Martha Schlamme is Jenny.) All the characters spend much of their time speaking for the author directly to the audience, and the performers seem as urgently involved with the author's emotions as with the emotions of their characters. Whether this has anything to do with the famous "alienation effect" I should hate to have to say; but it is an essential factor in the impact of this production.

I wish I had the space to praise this year's Shakespearean offerings at Stratford: *Julius Caesar* (directed by Douglas Campbell) and particularly *Henry IV* (both parts; directed by Stuart Burge; with Douglas Rain as a tough-minded Hal, Tony Van Bridge as a charming—sometimes too charming—Falstaff, Leo Ciceri as an imposing King Henry, and William Hutt as a hilarious caricature of Justice Shallow). But the great event at Stratford this year is *Mahagonny.* It would be a pity if such a production should be allowed to die as scheduled. Is there no way of sending it south of the border, for the edification of us provincials in the United States?

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE IPCRESS FILE

After two World Wars and the liquidation of an empire, espionage no longer serves the British as a subject for popular romance. Like the cowboy with us, the secret agent has become for the British a figure so remote from plausible experience that the common reader can no longer invent Mitty dreams from him. The last wine is now being pressed from this vintage by force of distortion and the taste is wry and disconcerting. A way of measuring how far these late works are "off" is to imagine the embarrassed disapproval a John Buchan hero would feel in the company of James Bond or the spy who came in from the cold. Even leaving aside their personal habits and lack of patriotism, these newcomers have made a trade of danger; the great game is played no more.

Now comes *The Ipcress File,* a thriller admirably plotted and crackling with violence, but flaunting the absurdity of its subject matter. The agent on the spot is a horn-rimmed hoodlum with affectations for *haut cuisine* and chamber music and a rat's instinct for survival; his home-office bosses are waspish aunties in bowler hats and Savile Row suits; the master mind working for Albania is an aristocratic sadist whose psychological torture chamber is copied from the apparatus that surrounds Francis Bacon's screaming cardinal. The language of the film is effete mockery, and Sidney Furie, the director, has filmed it in a high style intended to emphasize its paper-thin theatricality. Mr. Furie's mannered camera work has the pseudo-elegance of fashion photography.

The Ipcress File makes wit of style and accomplishes the tricky feat of coining excitement from the very material it is lampooning. But of the old innocent verities—the queen, the flag, the purity of England's young manhood—on which the spy thriller was built into an export product as reliable as Scotch whisky, it has not a trace.

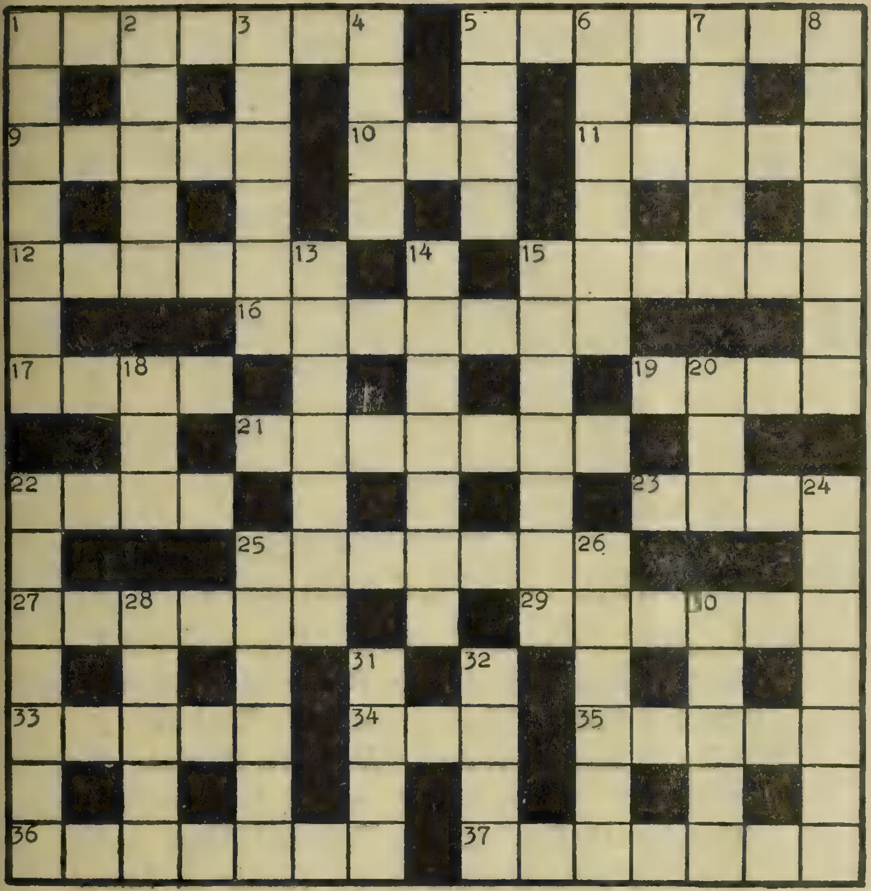
DARLING

Another British movie whose action seems to revolve around a vacuum is *Darling,* directed by John Schlesinger and starring Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey. Miss Christie's Dianna Scott, the darling of the title, looks at first like a familiar type: the woman of small talent, no scruples and a compulsive ambition, who will climb to eminence over the wrecked lives of those who trust her candid femininity. But as the film progresses one comes to realize that she has no direction, is incapable of sustaining a scheme, suffers from chronic boredom induced by inability to grasp any idea, and samples life with the petulence of a nervous invalid making her way through a box of chocolates.

As clinical sociology, this character may have merit (and Miss Christie plays it well), but dramatically it is without savor. The Scott woman does considerable damage, but she is bad for people as dry rot is bad for buildings—without volition or profit to herself. It struck me early in the film that she was an appalling bore and then the puzzle was to determine why Bogarde, playing an Ed Murrow type of B.B.C. interviewer, should think otherwise. The picture's psychology never cuts deep enough to encounter that sort of paradox, and the viewer is forced to satisfy himself with the crumbs of incidental satire with which the work is liberally sprinkled. These poke fun at basic institutions, folk wisdom, the pomposity of old age, the gaiety of youth, the glamour of gossip-column society, the sweet boyishness of homosexuality. The thrusts are deft but the targets are almost as modish as the kind of modishness the picture professes to scorn. The dialogue is often so arch that it seems to become embarrassed by its own cuteness. In world affairs the devil theory persists, but on the personal level we seem to have lost our belief in even common wickedness. Without it, drama is becoming one of the decorative arts.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1117

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 35 Legally exact, and like Yankee Doodle, everything's in song. (4, 3, 5)

5 A defect in the operation to carry needless fear. (7)

12 As the reed is broken, so does one live. (6)

15 Take out the pledge? Think again!

16 Counseled to join so as to increase what should have a tight grip in it.

17 A radio studio one might be on the 10. (4)

19 and 9 Sort of 4-11 which might make various pillow standards lower. (9)

21 Might be shifted during play, not out in the open. (7)

23 Descriptive of generation associated with 19 and 4. (4)

25 Might contribute to reproducing the work of clients. (7)

27 and 18 One of those tiny weapons carried in some women's handbags, used in periods of mourning or distress? (6, 3)

29 Is it usual to be not, as an alternative, sick of the French? (6)

33 You could make this musician drink big or in kingly style. (5)

36 Some chickens or dogs? (7)

37 and 5 down Bill could be lighter if you have it. (5, 2, 4)

DOWN:

1, 22 across and 34 across Evidently a body can't be prone to make an accountant's justification. (7, 4, 3)

2 Comes close to being caught in its own snare. (5)

3 Time to begin, and it ends up being confused! What to do! (6)

4 and 11 Certainly doesn't take a quick right in the way of 19-9. (4, 5)

6 Graduates might be the new sort in dog-raising. (6)

7 Take one's leave with a lover of an unpenned heroine. (5)

8 The prevailing system of an endless military group. (7)

13 Train of old money in certain signs of the orient. (7)

14 Drawing a number in the inner fabric? (7)

15 Keep oneself from the 10? (7)

20 Metal money? (3)

22 Obviously a barrier confines waters! (7)

24 Sort of holly, at the sound of sight.

25 Strange that one should go hungry this way, since it's made at the end of the harvest. (6)

26 He certainly was a capital writer.

28 and 10 Nocturne? (5, 3)

30 Used to express possibility about a worthless term, and mean. (5)

31 Does not have to need to be given them? (4)

32 Proving time should have meaning. (4)

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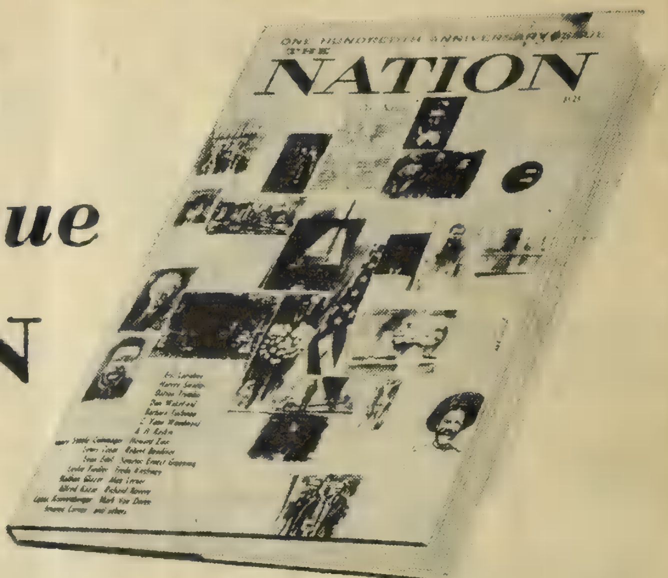

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LETTERS

Doctrine of hopelessness

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I want to disagree with a major point in Eric Hobsbawm's stimulating article, "The Pentagon's Dilemma: Goliath and the Guerrilla" [*The Nation*, July 19].

If I understand Mr. Hobsbawm rightly, his answer to the question, "Why is the United States committed in Vietnam in the way that it is?," is threefold: (1) An almost total disregard of the most basic common sense ("Before common sense flies completely out of the window, it is therefore worth taking a look at the nature of modern guerrilla war"); (2) the choice of an inappropriate model for successful anti-guerrilla operations ("That the Mau Mau were defeated in Kenya is no help to the Americans in Vietnam . . ."); and (3) mental illness ("The risk is that the United States, suffering from the well-known disease of infant great powers — a touch of omnipotence — will slide into nuclear war rather than face reality"). We continue to pursue an impossible course in Vietnam either from stupidity or infantile omnipotence or both. . . . I cannot help but find these reasons unsatisfactory, and should like to propose an alternative set.

I believe the United States is pursuing the course of action so well described by Mr. Hobsbawm in his article just because vital interests are directly threatened. The United States Government has laid down the following, I believe, as its total global strategy: (1) At this point in time Socialist governments which do not support actively the notion that national liberation movements ought to be influenced and inspired by Socialist thought are to be tolerated. (2) Those Socialist states which hold the contrary view cannot be tolerated, *as they are presently constituted*. . . . This does not imply that war with a country such as China is prudent. In fact, given this strategic goal, war is likely to produce quite the opposite effect, although carefully applied military operations might be reasonable. . . . (3) In those areas of the world where social change is inevitable, all efforts must be spent in directing those revolutions toward a national capitalist development, having as their characteristics limited land reform, elimination of radical Communist parties and room for foreign investment.

Our policy in Vietnam is nothing other than full-scale implementation of this total strategy. There is no ignorance concerning the infiltration of personnel and materiel from North Vietnam. Otherwise how account for the absence of a concerted attempt to seal the border and the long-awaited appearance of a systematic naval blockade? No, the bombing of North Vietnam has as its purpose the attempt to force renunciation of an *idea*, actively and enthusiastically advocated. . . .

Neither is there any ignorance of the usefulness of destroying guerrillas by bombs unleashed by B-52s which are Guam-based. The purpose here is both twofold and indirect: To indicate to the Chinese the possibility of SAC weaponry being converted to conventional purposes and thereby being used to attack Chinese industrial and nuclear capability with conventional weapons from a noncontinental base, namely Guam. Likewise, the Vietnamese peasant is being shown the dangers of supporting a real revolutionary movement. . . . In short, the purpose of the United States Government in Vietnam is to demonstrate with conclusiveness that no truly revolutionary movement can succeed in the "underdeveloped world." And it has chosen this particular area well, for in Vietnam such a movement clearly would have succeeded, without massive intervention. There is no need to win, although surely this would be best and some think possible. All that is required is that the enemy should not win and the hope that the peoples of the world should decide that if such a movement cannot win in such favorable circumstances, there is no hope. Our purpose in Vietnam is to spread the message of hopelessness.

Paul S. Rosenberg

The new persuasion

Oconomowoc, Wis.

Dear Sirs: Eric Hobsbawm is probably premature in stating in your pages that the United States will be defeated by guerrillas in Vietnam. Having experimented with supplying military support and advisers to the Saigon forces, and more recently with its own air and naval forces, the U.S. will now give up "going guerrilla," and bring in its conventional land combat forces and civil-affairs teams. Under these circumstances it is doubtful that local popular support of the Vietnamese and Vietcong guerrilla tactics will be decisive. . . .

Without failing to be appalled by the unbelievable horror of war, I do not find the expected result unwelcome. The world has reached a stage in its military technology at which no group, no matter how outraged, can resort to arms, as the Vietcong has done, to establish its cause.

THE
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The United States, with some lapses in consistency as in the bombing of North Vietnam, is applying no more force than is necessary to keep the guerrillas from succeeding. Naturally the more ardent in this country are calling for a higher level of devastation, and the squeamish are objecting to the use of even minimum force. The question is, do the majority of the American people agree in the main with a conventional ground force and civil-affairs teams course of action? . . . *Robert L. Kealy*

Is Violence Un-American?

If it is, so is Old Glory. No nation of modern times is more addicted to violence, legal and illegal, than the United States. But it cannot take its violence straight. It prefers violence mixed with moral hypocrisy.

Los Angeles is a case in point. The headlines provoked the usual flood of editorials and preachments about how much we abhor violence, the senselessness of it, how it never really benefits anyone, and how we must have "order"—meaning, in this context, a return to the old disorder. Genuine order, which must be based on justice and magnanimity, is like the heavenly saints—formally revered but given short shrift in practical affairs.

Isn't it true that our foreign policy has been under strong Pentagon influence since 1945? Who is the international wholesaler of arms today? Who has scattered military aircraft, tanks, bombs, submarines, guns and every variety of weapon throughout Latin America and the Middle East? Who has armed the Pakistanis and the Indians alike? What nation has spent, in all history, what we have spent on arms since 1945—in what we are pleased to call peacetime? What nation has a reputation (and not undeserved) for turning what are basically political questions into military questions, to be settled by violence?

But, it may be objected, the comparison is unfair. War is conducted according to rules and as a last resort in defense of national interest. This is true only up to a point. Was it according to the rules when the United States bombed Hiroshima and Nagasaki, or, for that matter, when it burned Tokyo from the air? Pearl Harbor was infamous enough, but the attack was not directed against civilians. In Vietnam today, we are shown pictures of Vietcong prisoners being tortured by Vietnamese government troops while American "advisers" look on. This most abominable form of violence is sanctioned because the enemy is Communist and therefore, in our lexicon, subhuman. But this is no more true than that all Americans condone torture. A U.S. sergeant has returned after twenty months in Vietcong captivity to report that he received the same food as his captors and was given medicine when they had it; his complaints boil down to forced labor, propaganda lectures, and a bamboo bed with one blanket.

Listening to the propaganda chorus, one would think that the quality of humanity belongs only to us. We say that the casualties in Vietnam are not really terrible. We compare *our* casualties there with our highway fatalities (our automobiles are built to contain a considerable element of violence), but the Vietcong casualty figures are sweet to our ears. So far in 1965, U.S. and Vietnamese pilots have killed more than 15,000 Vietcong in air strikes alone. The kill ratio during the week of the Vantuong Peninsula battle was more than 12 to 1 in our favor.

We not only love violence but the more killing we can do, at a distance and with a minimum of risk, the better we like it. The tradition of violence is embedded in American history. But anyone who thinks that the violence of technological warfare does not feed back into the civilian population must think that babies are born without insemination.

The fact we must face is that a large part of the Negro population is without occupation, without status, without hope. If in a particular place like Watts these pariahs decided that "Whitey" could be made to listen to their "manifesto" only if they attacked the police and property, they may have been misguided but they were certainly not un-American. They were simply following the American pattern as laid down in war, labor disputes, race relations in the deep South, electronic entertainment, and much else separated from the more genteel aspects of American life. The ratio of their casualties was about the same as that in Vietnam, but they did a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of property damage and scared the country. It is the property damage that has attracted attention. In that respect the "manifesto" was successful. If it is not to be repeated, we shall have to understand that once again our own violence recoiled on us. If we want peace, whether at home or abroad, we shall have to do a great deal more than meet violence with violence.

Handcuffs on Foreign Policy

When responsible citizens offer cogent criticism of our role in Vietnam or other aspects of foreign policy, they are politely brushed off or, of late, accused of betraying the men at the fighting front. In contrast, the Johnson Administration is acutely sensitive to the political blackmail exercised by minor pressure groups. These sodalities exercise a significant veto power over U.S. foreign policy which the Administration suffers without audible protest and to the disadvantage of the country. Three instances may be cited.

1. In June, 1964, Moscow approved a consular treaty with the United States which had been under negotiation since 1959. Five years had been spent in bargaining and deliberation for a modest achievement, namely, setting up the ground rules for the conduct of consular relations, in anticipation of the reopening of consulates closed down since 1948. The proposed treaty is clearly in the American interest. Some 12,000 American tourists went to the USSR last year, compared with 1,079 Russians who came here. But the Administration simply sent the treaty up to the Senate where it languished for a year until last July 30, when the Foreign Relations Committee under Senator Fulbright held hearings and on August 3 reported the measure to the Senate, with only three Republicans and two Democrats opposed. But Senator Mansfield apparently will put the matter over until next year—

an election year in which there will be little chance of ratification by the required two-thirds vote.

Why has the Administration been so dilatory? Partly because the Liberty Lobby, a small but noisy right-wing outfit, began to bombard Senators with mail and telephone calls, but mainly because J. Edgar Hoover opposed the treaty. The President was in favor, the State Department was in favor, the Foreign Relations Committee was in favor, but Mr. Hoover was opposed, and that was that.

2. The State Department suggested to the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company the building of a synthetic rubber plant for Rumania, which is showing Titoist tendencies and ogling the West. Again Mr. Fulbright was in favor, but Young Americans for Freedom began to scream, Goodyear saw a chance to sideswipe a competitor, and the project died.

3. Again, consider this year's big Soviet wheat purchase from Canada — $450 million — bringing this year's Soviet grain purchases in the West to $600 million, but none of it from us. In the meantime, we are sitting on a 900-million-bushel wheat inventory. In 1963 we were going to sell wheat to the Russians, and President Kennedy pronounced it in the national interest. Hoping to cajole George Meany, Mr. Kennedy included a "sweetener": 50 per cent of the wheat was to be carried in American bottoms. This imposed a surcharge of some 11½c a bushel, and killed off the deal. Canada got the business. American shipping interests, longshoremen and sailors missed out entirely.

The reasons for this chronic Presidential timidity are no doubt complex, but one stands out. Perhaps the most woeful result of the cold war has been the erosion of integrity, courage and dignity among seemingly powerful American businessmen and politicians, right up to the President. As soon as there is the least danger of the accusation of softness on communism being hurled at them, they act as if they had no power at all.

The Rim of Hell

If every American could be induced to read Robert Scheer's pamphlet, "How the United States Got Involved in Vietnam" (Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Box 4068, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93103, sample copy free), the outlook for the future of mankind would be considerably less gloomy. Scheer shows how easy it is for a private pressure group to hoodwink most of the people of a technologically advanced, highly literate country like the United States and to impose a tyrannical regime on a small, backward, largely illiterate country like South Vietnam. All this was and is carried on under the cloak of godliness and patriotism, and ends up with the advanced country using its superior technology to devastate the small country and its neighbor to the north.

Scheer has interviewed many of the key participants in the Vietnam tragedy, including Edward Lansdale, the CIA operative and Air Force major general who is now taking a second try at persuading the Vietnamese peasantry that though Uncle Sam comes laden with napalm and high explosives, their welfare is close to his heart. The activities of William C. Bullitt, Cardinal Spellman, Joseph P. Kennedy, John F. Kennedy, Leo Cherne and a host of others are documented. Wesley Fishel, a young professor at the University of California at Los Angeles, was the first to promote Ngo Dinh Diem as the man to overturn the Geneva Agreements between the Viet Minh and the French on behalf of the Americans. He was joined by many liberals and ex-liberals. Justice William O. Douglas introduced Diem to Senators Mike Mansfield and John F. Kennedy, who were likewise impressed with his qualifications. Leo Cherne, active in the cold war as president of the International Rescue Committee, sent Joseph Buttinger, a former leader of the Social Democratic party in Austria, to set up a refugee office in South Vietnam. Lansdale introduced Buttinger to the Diem entourage in Saigon. President Eisenhower was reluctant to involve the United States deeply, but Sen. Joe McCarthy was on his flank and Cardinal Spellman, Joseph P. Kennedy, the Luce publications and a host of other influences were brought to bear on him. Soon the crusade against the Ho Chi Minh regime and the South Vietnamese peasants was in full career, although Eisenhower conceded that 80 per cent of the South Vietnamese would have voted for union with North Vietnam had the United States and Diem allowed the election agreed upon at Geneva to be held.

A bizarre item in the subsequent hostilities is the role of Michigan State University as a cover for the CIA and in the organization of a South Vietnamese government. Fishel had left UCLA for MSU, which thereupon became a power in both South Vietnamese and American politics. Fishel asserts that for months he was the only effective contact between Ambassador Lawton Collins and Diem. After two years Fishel "surfaced," in CIA terminology, and became head of the MSU program in Vietnam, which employed fifty-four professors and 200 Vietnamese assistants to organize a South Vietnamese FBI and perform other services for the freedom-loving people. The head of the MSU School of Police Administration trained Diem's palace guard, which was supplied with guns and ammunition from the U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group. "Interviews with some members of the project," Scheer writes, "revealed that involvement in a high priority program gave them a heady feeling of glamour and prestige." And good jobs.

Diem received a tremendous build-up in the United States as the savior of Vietnam, but since his only domestic support came from his co-religionists and the mandarinate, he was finally thrown aside and assassinated. The subsequent series of pseudo-governments is recent history. The late Dr. Tom Dooley, whose role in these events has been celebrated in book and movie, unknowingly summed it up when he called the 17th Parallel "the rim of Hell," with "the demons of Communism stalking outside and holding the upper half of their country in their strangling grip." Hell now blankets both North and South Vietnam, and the end is not in sight.

Engineering Misdirected

Strong support for Seymour Melman's complaints about the misuse and exhaustion of national resources by the cold War (*Our Depleted Society*) may be found in an article by Dr. J. R. Pierce, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, in the July 23 issue of *Science*. It is Dr. Pierce's contention that by the use of government funds we are alienating engineering education from the civilian economy.

Of the 20-odd billions going annually into research and development, two-thirds or more is supported by the federal government, and this huge expenditure is largely channeled into things like nuclear submarines, combat aircraft, radar and guidance, missiles, atomic explosives, and space travel. Of these outlays Pierce heartily approves, but what worries him is the effects on engineering education. Engineering research at educational institutions is supported by the government with an equally lopsided proportion. About 80 per cent of all such support comes from the government, and over 80 per cent of that originates in the Department of Defense and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. The rest is accounted for in driblets, of which the only sizable ones come from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the National Science Foundation, and the Atomic Energy Commission. Only in chemical engineering does major support of research and development flow from other than governmental sources.

What effect does this funding have on the students and the profession? "Undergraduate engineering education," Pierce writes, "is a reflection of the ideas and attitudes of leaders in engineering education. These are men who have been leaders in university research and teaching. Their attitudes reflect the research they have done." Nowadays that research is predominantly centered in "mission-oriented" defense and space subjects. This bias, continually fed with federal money, filters down to the students, graduate and undergraduate alike, who are the future members of the profession.

Those graduates who go into industry are no longer content with the traditional responsibility of the engineer, which is to invent and design industrial equipment and consumer products inexpensive and efficient enough to find a market. Most of the highly talented graduates flock with their mission-oriented Ph.D. theses into glamorous and well-paying jobs in defense and the aerospace industry, while those who stay at the universities, with the same preoccupations and conditioning, prepare to raise another generation of engineers in their own image. In turn, these engineers will create a new technology as divorced from human needs as the present one.

The top leaders of engineering education—men on a par with the intellectual leaders in the law, medicine and other professions—are by no means oblivious to all this but, says Pierce, "they have been subjected to inexorable financial forces, and these forces have established a pattern which makes it difficult for the educators to follow the dictates of their own wisdom." At this rate, there will soon be little wisdom to draw on.

Addendum to 'WHY VIETNAM?'

A Basis for Negotiation Exists . . .

John Gittings

London

Speaking on July 28, President Johnson told his news conference that "Hanoi has set forth its own proposal. We are ready to discuss their proposals and our proposals and any proposals of any government whose people may be affected. . . ." This was in fact the first official recognition by the President or any of his spokesmen that the North Vietnamese Four Point Proposal for negotiations was even worth discussing—although it had been put forward by Premier Pham Van Dong as early as April 8. It had previously been given scant attention. Speaking at a teach-in at Oxford University on June 16, the British Foreign Secretary, Michael Stewart, had followed the American line in dismissing Hanoi's proposal as totally unacceptable, since it required that Americans should leave at once and that Communists and Communists alone should determine the future of Vietnam.

This is an inaccurate interpretation of the Four Point Proposal (which I shall detail later), as President Johnson presumably now recognizes. Failure to examine these proposals in detail has led to the belief that Hanoi is opposed to any kind of negotiations, except on the unrealistic precondition of prior American withdrawal from Vietnam. But what is really at issue is not the *willingness* to negotiate—both sides have said that they will — but the *basis* on which Hanoi is prepared to negotiate. A corollary to this lack of analysis of the Hanoi position is the widespread belief that the "Communist side," as Michael Stewart used the term at Oxford—North Vietnam, the National Liberation Front (NLF), China, and even the Soviet Union — is united in its attitude toward negotiations. The truth is that major differences exist between the Soviet Union and China on this question; even between the NLF and Hanoi there are noticeable variations in nuance.

Considerable efforts have been made to present the Soviet Union as being unwilling to shoulder its responsibilities as co-chairman of the 1954 Geneva Conference on Vietnam. These efforts have been particularly noticeable at

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the Foreign Office in London, where the British Government itself has been under pressure to assume those responsibilities as the second co-chairman, and to dissociate itself from American policy. But the record gives a very different picture.

It was in August, 1964, at the time of the Tonkin Gulf incident, that the Soviet Government under Mr. Khrushchev virtually washed its hands of Vietnam, and indicated as much to the then British Foreign Secretary Mr. Butler. But the new Soviet administration, headed by Mr. Kosygin, saw the dangers of this stand-off policy, both because it gave China a free hand in Southeast Asia and because it encouraged the United States to think that it could safely escalate the war in Vietnam. In November, 1964, Kosygin pledged Soviet support for Hanoi if the war was extended from the South, and on February 6, 1965—the day before such extension took place—he arrived in person in Hanoi at the invitation of the North Vietnamese Government.

The following day, speaking before a mass rally in Hanoi, Kosygin publicly proposed that the Geneva Conference should be reconvened. He said that the Soviet Union "supports the resolution of the conference of nonaligned countries in Cairo on the convocation of a new international conference on Indo-China with a view to the peaceful settlement of the questions which have arisen there."

According to private information, the same proposal had already been made on February 6 by the Soviet Ambassador in Peking to Foreign Minister Ch'en Yi, and on February 7 by the Ambassador to France in Paris.

This new initiative was overshadowed by the Vietcong attack on Pleiku and the instant American "retaliation" of the same day. British and American officials took no notice of Kosygin's remarks. In the official view of the British Foreign Office, "suggestions that a new Geneva conference should be convened are regarded as premature," there was "no purpose" in reconvening such a conference, nor was there "any enthusiasm" for cooperation with the Soviet Union (*The Times* and *The Guardian*, February 9, 1965).

Meanwhile, the French Foreign Minister, M. Peyrefitte, called on the Soviet Union and Great Britain to take the necessary steps to restart talks, and twice in the following week the Soviet Union was reported to have informed Britain that it wished to promote negotiations and to resume the co-chairmanship. But Britain supported, without reservation, the American view that negotiations could not take place unless—as Mr. Stewart put it—"the Vietcong should cease their activities," thus demanding what amounted to a unilateral cease-fire by the Vietcong. The French proposal met with an unenthusiastic reception in London. On February 20, Britain proposed to the Soviet Union a form of words to be circulated to the Geneva powers asking their views on the situation, but reportedly emphasized that "it would do nothing without the closest consultation with the United States."

In view of Britain's unquestioning alignment with the United States, the Soviet Union appears to have regarded Paris rather than London as the most fertile ground for discussions. On February 23, following talks between President de Gaulle and Mr. Vinogradov, it was made known that Russia and France had agreed to seek an international conference on Vietnam. It has been argued that their motives were disingenuous — that Russia simply wanted to embarrass the West, and that France was motivated by plain anti-Americanism. Yet it cannot be denied that France has consistently advocated negotiations since September, 1963, and that the Soviet Union was sticking its neck out—and inviting Chinese criticism — by its advocacy of a peaceful solution even after the bombing of the North had commenced. "It has become clear," wrote the diplomatic correspondent of the London *Guardian* on February 25, "that the Soviet Union has been taking the initiative over the calling of an international conference on Indo-China."

But it soon became apparent that the Soviet initiative had shot its bolt for a variety of reasons. Chief among these were the lack of British cooperation and the intensification of American bombing, which stiffened the resolve of both Hanoi and the NLF not to negotiate under duress. Their reluctance was made clear at the Indo-Chinese People's Conference, held in Cambodia, March 1-9, and attended by all the neutralist or Communist governments and parties of Indo-China. There a Cambodian proposal for a new conference on Vietnam, backed by the Soviet Union and supported by the nonaligned nations, was firmly rejected by Hanoi and the NLF.

Since then the Soviet Union has apparently refrained from further initiatives, although as late as June a Chinese statement accused Moscow of "trying to bring about peace negotiations, in a painstaking effort to find a way out for the U.S. aggressors," which suggests continued activity behind the scenes. Kosygin seemingly realizes that the decisions can only be taken in Vietnam and Washington, not in Moscow. Visiting London in late March, Gromyko again expressed willingness to act jointly with Britain as co-chairman, but expressed the pessimistic belief that the calling of a conference was a matter for the countries principally involved — North Vietnam and the United States. Three months later the same sense of impotence was reflected in Moscow's reply to the suggested "Commonwealth Mission." The Soviet Union, it said, was not "authorized" to enter into any discussions with regard to Vietnam.

One related initiative—for a conference on Cambodia, proposed by the Soviet Union on April 3—had also come unstuck. This was due partly to British delay in acting upon the proposal, and the clumsy admission by Gordon Walker on his mission to Southeast Asia that the conference would provide a backdoor approach to negotiations in Vietnam. This in turn aroused North Vietnamese suspicions and led to Cambodia's own rejection of the proposal.

At various times since 1962, North Vietnam and the NLF have expressed willingness to negotiate on the "neutralization" of South Vietnam. In effect, they were prepared to offer the U.S. a "way out," by which South Vietnam would be neutralized but would remain independent of the North for a period of time, although in the long run reunification would take place. In November, 1964, for instance, senior officials of the NLF told British reporter Dennis Bloodworth that they now accepted "a broad, largely non-Communist coalition government [which would] mean that outh Vietnam would remain a sep-rate state for several years to ome." Premier Pham Van Dong of North Vietnam told a British M.P., Villiam Warbey, at the beginning f this year, as reported by *The uardian*, February 9:

> *We have no desire to rush political re-unification. We want the opening up of trade and communications between the North and South and the reunion of the divided families, but political re-unification will result from a slow process of rapprochement between our Government and the new democratic Government in Saigon. This is a matter we shall settle between ourselves, in our time, and without outside interference.*

This relatively cautious and long-term approach is written into the manifesto of the NLF, which calls for the institution of a "largely liberal and democratic regime" and the election of a "new National Assembly through universal suffrage" (Article 2); for the "peaceful reunification by stages on the basis of negotiations," and the restoration of "commercial and cultural exchanges between the two zones" (Article 9). It reveals a sense of sober realism at the difficulties which any process of reunification is bound to encounter. Even following the bombing of North Vietnam, this long-term view of reunification has been reaffirmed by leaders of the NLF in, for example, the well-known interview of its Secretary-General, Huynh Tan Phat, with the French journalist Georges Chaffard (*L'Express*, April 25). There seems little doubt that if reunification ever did take place, it would do so along these lines, and that it would not assume the form of a simple North Vietnamese "take-over" of the South. It is believed that sections of the NLF itself would resist any attempt at annexation of the South by Hanoi.

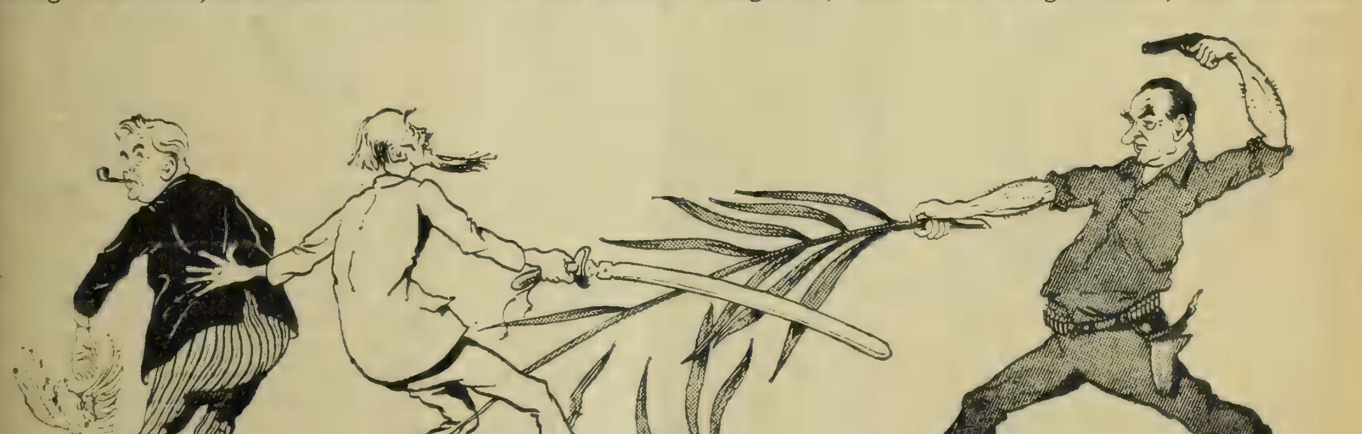
But the question now is whether Hanoi and/or the NLF believe any longer that negotiation is a viable method of attaining their objective. The immediate effect of the bombing of the North was to stiffen the resolve of both, and to make them unwilling even to talk of negotiations. It was not until April 10 that the North Vietnamese National Assembly put forward what could be regarded as a realistic offer of negotiations—the Four Point Proposal which has been reiterated at regular intervals since then. This proposal enumerates the following four points, which it regards as the only proper basis for a political settlement: (*1*) . . . the U.S. Government must withdraw from South Vietnam all U.S. troops, military personnel. . . . (2) Pending the peaceful reunification of Vietnam, the military provisions of the 1954 Geneva Agreements must be strictly respected; the two zones must refrain from joining in any military alliances with foreign countries. . . . (3) The internal affairs must be settled by the South Vietnamese people themselves, in accordance with the program of the South Vietnam NLF, without any foreign interference. (*4*) The peaceful reunification is to be settled by the Vietnamese people in both zones, without any foreign interference.

"If this basis is recognized," the proposal concludes, "favorable conditions will be created for the peaceful settlement of the Vietnam problem, and it will be possible to consider the reconvening of an international conference along the pattern of the 1954 Geneva Conference on Vietnam." In plain language, what does this mean? The essential points in the North Vietnamese position, as outlined in this proposal and in subsequent statements, are as follows:

- The eventual withdrawal of U.S. forces from Vietnam has to be *recognized* as the basis of a settlement; it does not have to be *carried out* before negotiations can begin. It has been made quite clear that the method of withdrawal is negotiable, but that the principle must be accepted in advance. For example, in an article by General Nguyen Van Vinh, broadcast by Hanoi radio on July 26, it was stated that:

> *For a political solution, and to achieve true peace in South Vietnam, the U.S. imperialists must first of all agree to the withdrawal of their forces. Concerning the way of conducting this withdrawal, the imperialist side has many experiences: the French have withdrawn from Indo-China and Algeria, and the Americans have withdrawn from Laos and other areas in the world.*

- Hanoi will not accept any negotiated settlement which perpetuates the division of Vietnam, or otherwise seeks to dilute the full force of the Geneva Agreements. The purpose of negotiations is simply to insure that those agreements are fully carried out. North Vietnam has repeatedly pledged its support for the agreements, and the NLF



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American Peace Offensive

wishes to see them implemented "in accordance with the spirit and letter of an international agreement of full legality" (statement of March 22). They presumably continue to accept the authority of the International Control Commission in any settlement, although this remains to be clarified.

◖ Hanoi's precondition for negotiations is that the United States should publicly "recognize" that the object of such negotiations should be the implementation of the Geneva Agreements, restoring the territorial integrity and unity of Vietnam. The United States is also required to "recognize" that the NLF program is the right way to set about political reform in South Vietnam. What is then negotiable, it is implied, is the way and the pace and the guarantees by and with which reunification will be carried out.

It can be argued that this is a totally unacceptable proposal. Nevertheless, from Hanoi's point of view, the United States has already moved a long way toward it and could move even further. In February, Johnson would only negotiate after prior withdrawal by the Vietcong; in April, only with Hanoi and for the sole purpose of securing an "independent South Vietnam"; by June-July, at least some lip service was paid in Washington to the principle of reunification, and to the NLF's right to participate in negotiations. The longer we hang on, the argument in Hanoi might run, the further Johnson will move toward the realization that the only face-saving way out for America is to beat a decent retreat through negotiations which will lead to reunification and total American withdrawal. As the article quoted above suggested by way of sweetening the pill:

> *The Americans also want to know what they will obtain in return for this withdrawal. Certainly, they will get something. They will, in return, obtain peace, friendship, honor for the U.S.A., and benefit for the American people's interests and lives.*

But does the NLF see eye to eye with Hanoi on the question of negotiations? Its five-point stand as set out in the March 22 statement differs from Hanoi's Four Point Proposal in three respects: (1) It lays greater stress on the role of the NLF as the "only genuine representative of the 14 million South Vietnamese people." (2) It employs more hostile and belligerent language. (3) It appears to make the actual physical withdrawal of the U.S. from South Vietnam a precondition for negotiations—a demand so unrealistic as to amount, in effect, to a rejection of negotiations.

This is another of those occasions where the NLF speaks with a voice different from that of Hanoi. Even if the difference is not particularly marked, it should give food for thought to those who believe that the NLF is merely a Hanoi puppet. It is partly explicable by the simple fact that those who actually engaged in the field — i.e., the Vietcong—have even less reason to take American offers of negotiations seriously, and are reluctant to weaken morale among their own supporters by making the slightest conciliatory gesture. In addition, there have been occasional hints of a certain amount of disillusion within the NLF toward Hanoi. Some NLF leaders may well feel that negotiations would give North Vietnam a greater say in the future of the South than they themselves could win on the battlefield. Most important of all, until the NLF is recognized in its own right as a major participant in any negotiations, it obviously will not reveal its hand publicly.

In private, as usual, the NLF attitude is slightly more conciliatory. On the major point of American withdrawal, its president, Nguyen Huu Tho, told one journalist that "withdrawal of all American troops with all their arms and equipment" need only be the "basis of any eventual agreement" (*Sunday Times*, June 27). Both he and the Secretary-General, Huynh Tan Phat (in his interview with Georges Chaffard), have defined the kind of negotiations which they would accept. Such negotiations should be primarily an internal affair *among all the Vietnamese parties*. The role of the foreign powers should be limited to making proposals, ratifying the agreements reached, and providing guarantees for their execution. What the NLF rejects absolutely is the idea that any foreign power should have a decisive say in the internal affairs of Vietnam.

The attitude of the Chinese toward negotiations accords more closely with that of the NLF than of North Vietnam. Prior U.S. withdrawal is an absolute precondition, all offers of mediation are imperialist or revisionist hoaxes, etc. This strong propaganda line is reinforced by three considerations: First, there is the genuine belief, based on the Chinese Communist party's own revolutionary experience, that a people's war can be won against superior odds, and that offers of negotiation are meaningless. Second, the fact that the Soviet Union is in favor of negotiations in itself compels the Chinese, in their present implacable mood toward "modern revisionism," to be against. Third, China regards Vietnam as a test case in the struggle against American imperialism (just as America believes the reverse). Opposition to American aggression in Vietnam is the "spearhead" of a world-wide frontal attack on the enemy, and no weakness must be shown.

But as in the case of the NLF, the real Chinese position is undoubtedly more complex, and is explained unofficially in terms which could be paraphrased in the following way: In the present tense situation, decisions must be left entirely to the people on the spot — the Vietcong. Even if they are making mistakes, we must be scrupulously careful not to diverge publicly from them—unlike the Soviet Union, which has blatantly weakened solidarity with the Vietcong by its so-called "peace initiatives."

But we Chinese reserve our position on negotiations; we don't reject them out of hand if circumstances change. For instance, we have not yet given a reply—affirmative or negative — to the Soviet proposal of last February. On the question of American withdrawal, we would refer you to Chairman Mao's interview with Edgar Snow early this year, in which the Chairman said that U.S. withdrawal *after* a conference was one of several possibilities. [Interview published by the *Sunday Times*, February 14.] If a conference does eventually take place with the full participation and concurrence of the NLF, of course we shall be there. But it is up to them to decide.

To conclude, "the Communist side" does not present a totally united front on the desirability of negotiations. This is the first myth which needs to be exploded among a major part of Western political and press opinion. Further, Hanoi is on open record as accepting the principle of a negotiated solution—China and the NLF accept it but with more ambiguity. What is at issue is not whether negotiations should take place but what the *basis* of such negotiations should be. Here lies the crux of the difference between America on the one hand and North Vietnam and the NLF on the other. The latter will negotiate only on ways and means of implementing the 1954 Geneva Agreements, and would prefer to fight on rather than accept any dilution of those agreements. America, however, has refused to endorse them from 1954 until very recently. The Vietnamese suspect that despite recent statements, America's policy has not undergone any genuine change, and that talk of "reunification" and "respecting the Geneva Agreements" by Mr. Rusk is outweighed by talk of "maintaining an independent South Vietnam" by Mr. McNamara. It will take a lot to convince them otherwise. From their point of view, they accepted one compromise solution in negotiations at Geneva in 1954, and were subsequently let down; they will not accept another compromise. As the North Vietnamese delegation to the Helsinki Peace Congress argued at a meeting with the British contingent (*Peace News*, August 13):

> *On the question of negotiations, we think we already have negotiated and have the basis for the solution of the problem. The Geneva Agreements recognize the independence, sovereignty, unity and territorial integrity of Vietnam. It was not easy to get these agreements—they took a lot of negotiating. Now it is said we should negotiate again. For what? Shall we negotiate for a solution where Vietnam is not independent and not unified? No. Nor shall we negotiate for the perpetuation of division of our country.*

Like almost every other facet of the Vietnam situation since 1954, the problem of negotiations can be reduced to the following question: Do we accept the reunification of Vietnam on the terms of the Geneva Agreements? If the answer is no, then it is futile even to offer negotiations to Hanoi and the NLF, and there is little alternative but to fight on. If the answer is yes, then in effect we have accepted their "basis" for negotiation. However much Western liberal opinion may dislike it, there is no middle way between these two choices.

The Shadow Presidency

. . . James MacGregor Burns

People were freely predicting at the time of Lyndon Johnson's inaugural in January, 1965, that the nation was headed for a modern era of good feelings. The President himself had said after his election that the country had reached a new "consensus on national purpose and policy." He was quite right—the nation had indeed reached a consensus over the goals of freedom and equality. But these are not the only problems that occupy men, and history warned that eras of apparent good feelings could conceal heats and ferments that would erupt in turbulence and strife years later.

And an unblinking look at the world and the nation in the mid-sixties discloses a profusion of interlaced problems, any one cluster of which could occupy a people's energies: at home the problems of rapidly changing group and class and generational relationships, education, urban disorder, mounting crime rates, social anomie and alienation, automation, political apathy, along with the more old-fashioned issues such as transportation, farm subsidies, labor-management relations, tax reform, monopoly and administered prices, medical care; and abroad, nuclear proliferation, the continuing and in many areas deepening poverty of tens of millions, the population explosion, the disruption of old rural cultures and the flood of people into the restless cities, the fragmentization of Africa, the social unrest of Latin America, Communist expansion in Asia, along with the week-to-week "little" crises, any one of which could explode into a major one.

It is impossible in the mid-sixties to predict in what forms these problems will emerge with the passage of time. One might speculate, though, that many of the most crucial domestic problems will revolve around certain old but still compelling value questions. Given the trends in the nation that one can predict with the greatest certainty—huge population increases in the urban and suburban areas, accelerated social mobility, a constantly enlarging and increasingly homogenized middle-class population, a decline in ethnic solidarity and variety—one might guess that once the old problems of equality and freedom have been subdued, sharper questions will emerge over the possibilities of individuality and privacy in a mass culture. If the past century has seen the early tension and later partial reconciliation of values of liberty and equality, we may be at the threshold of an age increasingly preoccupied with the relation of liberty and fraternity, of privacy and community, of the individual and the group. If in past years we have been concerned with mainly quantitative problems—the amount of goods and services produced and how they were distributed—we may be more occupied in the future with the quality of American life in a great, affluent, complacent, and perhaps mediocre society.

The quality of American life—this is not a new phrase nor a new political issue. It is older than Jefferson's dreams and as young as the Great Society. No one has defined the hope and the promise better than President Johnson. In May of 1964 he proclaimed at the University of Michigan:

> *The Great Society is a place where*

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every child can find knowledge to enrich his mind and enlarge his talents. It is a place where leisure is a welcome chance to build and reflect, not a feared cause of boredom and restlessness. It is a place where the city of man serves not only the needs of the body and the demands of commerce but the desire for beauty and the hunger for community.

It is a place where man can renew contact with nature. It is a place which honors creation for its own sake and for what it adds to the understanding of the race. It is a place where men are more concerned with the quality of their goals than the quantity of their goods. But most of all, the Great Society is not a safe harbor, a resting place, a final objective, a finished work. It is a challenge constantly renewed, beckoning us toward a destiny where the meaning of our lives matches the marvelous products of our labor.

The crux of the problem is whether a system of Presidential government so perfectly adapted to, and so largely facilitative of, quantitative liberalism—that is, of the augmentation and fairer distribution of goods—can redefine its purpose and shift its strategy in order to embrace new values with their implications for changes in means and instrumental goals. Such a shift calls for much more than making the White House into a show place of the arts, or awarding medals to heroes of culture, or bestowing Presidential recognition on private cultural enterprises. It means a concerted and sustained and expensive effort to impart values like those of Johnson to the barren lives of millions of Americans, middle class as well as deprived. It means diverting the kind of resources into cultural, recreational and educational activities that we have in the past poured into economic recovery, or even into national defense. And such an effort might be controversial and even unpopular. Many Americans would oppose it and deride it; by its very nature such an effort would bring foolish blunders and mishaps that could be easily caricatured; and certain ventures—perhaps an effort to improve the quality of commercial radio and television—could precipitate clashes with powerful interests.

Above all, the shift from the pursuit of quantitative to qualitative goals would call for comprehensive, sustained and broadly unified policies—in short, for planning. Effective planning is impossible except in the context of at least a rough ordering of values, instrumental goals and means. It will be as important to have clearly thought out, long-range priorities in this respect as it would be in planning increased productivity. Winston Churchill once said that "those who are possessed of a definite body of doctrine and of deeply rooted convictions upon it will be in a much better position to deal with the shifts and surprises of daily affairs than those who are merely taking short views, and indulging their natural impulses as they are evoked by what they read from day to day." Considering the intractable nature of the many human problems implicit in the quest for a qualitatively great society, Churchill's remarks are as relevant to a cultural strategy as to a foreign or economic.

Presidential government is a superb planning institution. The President has the attention of the country, the administrative tools, the command of information, and the fiscal resources that are necessary for intelligent planning, and he is gaining the institutional power that will make such planning operational. Better than any other human instrumentality he can order the relations of his ends and means, alter existing institutions and procedures or create new ones, calculate the consequences of different policies, experiment with various methods, control the timing of action, anticipate the reactions of affected interests, and conciliate them or at least mediate among them. If, as Hubert Humphrey has said, we need not a planned society but a continuously planning society, the Presidency provides strong and versatile tools for that purpose.

Still, we must acknowledge that the Presidency has become an effective planning agency for reasons of chance as well as volition. In this century the Presidency has been the center of the conflict between labor and capital and later between segregationists and civil rights forces; it has steeled its will and its ideology in the struggles against Nazi tyranny and Communist expansion. After a century of planless growth the Presidency found its place as a key part of the American system of ends and means. The question is whether Presidential government can detach itself enough from set ideas and existing institutions and old ways to embrace new goals. With leadership, to quote Philip Selznick, "the problem is always *to choose key values and to create a social structure that embodies them.* The task of building values into social structure is not necessarily consistent, especially in early stages, with rules of administration based on economic premises. Only after key choices have been made and related policies firmly established can criteria of efficient administration play a significant role. Even then, the smooth-running machine must accept disturbance when critical problems of adaptation and change arise."

To define new goals, to fashion new institutions to realize those goals, to avoid both utopianism and opportunism, to build popular support without improper manipulation, to allow for flexibility of means and redefinition of ends, and always to elevate purpose over technique—all this is the test of creative leadership. It will be the test of Presidential government in the years ahead. To define leadership in this way is to see the importance of a number of proposals that have been made to strengthen the Presidency and hence to enable the President to reshape institutions and processes: four-year terms for Representatives (to bring Presidential and Congressional constituencies into closer correspondence); the granting of full power to the President to control executive department organization; finding means of attracting the highest talent to the executive department, especially to its major staff positions; efforts to bring into the policy-making process intellectuals with creative and innovative gifts; providing the President with greater discretionary power over fiscal policy, including the item veto and the granting of authority to change tax rates within certain limits; and above all, the further strengthening of the elected leadership of Congress so that it can act more quickly and comprehensively in harmony with the President. But the greatest need of Presidential government does not lie in this kind of reform. We can expect many of these changes to take place in any event as the Presidency becomes increasingly institutionalized. Indeed, some are already taking place, in substance if not in form. Some of them at best will simply speed up transitions that already are under way—for example, greater Presiential control over fiscal policy.

The greatest need of the Presi- ency in the years to come will e an opposition that challenges residential values, Presidential nethods, Presidential institutions, hat is eager to take power and to resent its own definition of the ational purpose.

Of all the vital elements of Amer- can democratic government the ational opposition is the most dis- rganized, fragmented and ineffec- ive. As a responsible opposition to he President, Congress is an almost total failure. Hostile Senators nd Representatives bombard the White House from all directions. Typically they fail to advance alternative proposals and hence they do not provide the voters with an idea as to how the opposition would govern if it got the chance. The Congressmen usually prefer to play the game of bargain and even resort to various forms of genteel blackmail with the President rather than criticize forthrightly and dramatically. No wonder that Presidents in recent years have been far more sensitive to criticism in the press than on Capitol Hill.

Good reasons exist for the debility of the opposition. In part it is a simple reflection of the power of Presidential government. "The aggrandizement of the President, especially by the electronic media," as V. O. Key, Jr., has said, "has made the dispersed minority leadership one of low public visibility." The main difficulty is the bifurcation of the opposition into the Presidential and Congressional parties. Once the Presidential candidate—the Presidential party's leader—has made his strenuous campaign and lost, he then becomes "titular" leader of the whole party. This is a polite term for being shelved or even repudiated. For once the campaign is lost, the Congressional party leaders try to assume the opposition role. They hold formal and visible positions from which to conduct the attack, while the titular leader usually has no formal position to fall back on, as in the cases of Stevenson in 1956, Nixon in 1960 and Goldwater in 1964. But the Congressional party cannot carry the burden of militant leadership, because of its own internal divisions, its separation between the House and the Senate, and its lack of institutional structure (as compared with the Shadow Cabinet in Great Britain). If the opposition party has lost the Presidency but still controls one or both branches of Congress, as in the case of the Democrats after 1956, it lacks the advantage of being completely in the opposition; it suffers from having a modicum of power and responsibility. If the opposition party lacks control of Congress as well as of the White House, it has a poor forum from which to appeal to the public and virtually no machinery to support a focused and sustained attack on the government.

Schwering

The opposition's impotence becomes more serious as Presidential government becomes more powerful. No matter how benign a government may be, it will be tempted to manipulate public opinion, to try to dominate the flow of opinion, to cover up mistakes, and to cast doubt on the patriotism or at least the honesty of outside critics. The more that government represents a consensus, or claims to, the more tempted it may be to succumb to some of these tendencies. Above all a consensus government may become flabby and complacent and lose the cutting edge of energy, initiative and innovation. The very tendencies toward excessive concern with technique that we noted above can cause a government to lose direction and momentum unless the opposition holds it to its promises and threatens to oust it from power.

The problem is especially acute in the United States because of the lack of well-organized and programmatic parties. This is less of a problem for the President because, as we have seen, he has built up his own Presidential party to provide him with an electoral footing and other political resources. The opposition Presidential party, lacking a President and having to make do with a titular leader, is not anchored in an organized mass following and a militant cadre. It must improvise—and that in turn encourages a similar opportunism and absence of direction in the Presidential establishment.

Another great need of the American Presidency is a potent and competitive shadow Presidency. At the very least the opposition party should establish some kind of collective leadership, modeled perhaps after the Democratic Advisory Council of the 1950s, to give the Presidential party a strong voice. More than this, it should experiment with an annual or biennial convention or conference both to choose a top leader and to renovate its program. The failure of the opposition to take this primitive step is not due to any innate difficulty but mainly to the divergent constituencies and institutional jealousies of the Congressional party, which wants to dominate the opposition role even though it fills that role so feebly. Ideally there would be an annual convention, a dependable system for collecting adequate funds, a large national staff with regional and state units under it, an effective propaganda apparatus, and talented, articulate and highly visible leadership. Whatever the exact form, it is clear that the opposition party today has a rare opportunity to exercise Jeffersonian leadership — that is, to build a new political institution.

Even more important, the opposition party must display creative leadership in defining its own version of the national purpose. It is not for outsiders to lecture the opposition party as to the goals it might propose, but one must note the great opportunity that may lie before it. If Presidential government as shaped by liberals for egalitarian purposes cannot shift its own strategy toward qualitative goals, if Presidential government under Democratic Party leadership may be hobbled by its own successes, then the opposition could seize the initiative. American conservatives have long been interested in the now intensifying problems of individuality and community, identity and alienation, liberty and fraternity, innovation and tradition, equality and hierarchy. As Clinton Rossiter has argued, they have not blinked at the hard questions about man in society. And it was under Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, both Republicans, that the nation first addressed itself most directly to problems of the quality of American life. In executing one of the oldest of political and military strategies —shifting the grounds of the combat—modern conservatives can come to grips with liberal democracy and its Presidential establishment.

Perhaps all this is unnecessary—perhaps we can give in to the acknowledged rewards and virtues of Presidential government, without worrying much about competition, criticism, alternatives and the tasks of an opposition. But a great people will not be content long to float in such a slack tide. At the conclusion of his study of a group of working men in an Eastern city—a group that was not technically a cross section of a larger population but may be highly indicative of social trend —Robert Lane wrote: "The man o Eastport has no cathedral buildin in his air space to raise his sens of importance and mission; he i not engaged anywhere in a struggl against want or fear or squalor i such a way as to engage his min and take him out of himself; he i not, like the Italian Fascists wh were his uncles, rebuilding a glori ous Roman history; manifest des tiny, the conquering of a continent are parts of a history not quite hi own, and anyway they refer t completed tasks. What shall he d that will call out the greatness i him? Against the background of a great purpose, he might measure th political system and say whether o not it is just. But he has no way t conjure up such a vision, and henc no way to take the measure of his society."

Poland's Perennial Problem . . . Carey McWilliams

Warsaw

That age-old irritant, "the Polish Problem," which Briand called "le rheumatisme de l'Europe," seems to have been finally eliminated. The essence of the problem was that Poland had no natural borders except in the north, the Baltic, and the South, the Carpathians. Caught up for centuries in East-West, largely German-Russian, power politics, Poland's geographic position invited the partitions, risings and suppressions which were recurrent themes in its tragic prewar history. Historically the Poles sought to play one power against the other, but this seldom resulted in a policy of "neutrality"; what the Poles most often succeeded in doing was to antagonize both Germany and Russia. Poland, as John W. Wheeler-Bennett once said, was "a canary who has persistently endeavored to swallow two cats."

In this sense, "the Polish Problem" has ceased to exist—for the foreseeable future. Circumstances have aligned Poland with the Soviet Union in such a way that it would not want to be "neutral" if this were possible. It is not merely that the "recovered" or former German territories have been valuable acquisitions but that the Soviet Union has the same stake in holding the present Oder-Neisse line as do the Poles. Present-day Poland, moreover, is ethnically more homogeneous, and makes more sense geographically, than did the Poland of the inter-war period. Also, 50 per cent of the population now living in the former German territories was born there. But the main reason for feeling that "the Polish Problem" has been solved is the permanent alienation of Polish opinion which German cruelty achieved in World War II.

Nearly every Polish family has good reason to remember German inhumanity. Two generations of Poles would have to die before these memories would dim perceptibly. Today it is not so much a question of active enmity as of profound distrust. The behavior of the East Germans, ideological blood brothers, merely confirms Polish attitudes. The East Germans, who can now visit Poland on border-crossing cards, are regarded as arrogant and hypocritical. The East Germans profess, for example, a vast lack of interest in visiting concentration camp sites and memorials; their position is that they have no responsibility for what happened there and no desire to be reminded of it. Nor are the West Germans more tactful. When the Krupp interests recently proposed the construction of industrial plants in Poland on a partnership basis, the Poles made careful note of the fact that Krupp had sited the proposed plants in the former German territories.

But if World War II liquidated "the Polish Problem," it left Poland with its historic problem—peasant agriculture. As late as 1921, Poland had roughly the same percentage of its population dependent on agriculture as England had in the late 17th century — about seventy out of every 100. The value of output per farm was about half as much as in West European countries, and a huge surplus labor force was to be found in rural areas. Virtually nothing was done betwen World War I and World War II to break the dominance of peasant farming; the level of industrialization on the eve of World War II was lower than in Spain, Hungary and Italy. The need to industrialize was widely acknowledged but there were strong pressures against it. Large landholders were not favorable, and peasant political leadership in Poland as elsewhere tended to be demagogic and reactionary. Even those who sought to press industrialization did so in terms of recommendations, usually prepared by French or American advisers, that failed to consider the extent to which peasant agriculture handicapped any effort to modernize the Polish economy.

As Samuel L. Sharp has pointed

ut, pre-World War II Poland was a “capitalist” country without capital: “The poverty of the peasant masses prevented the development of an internal market for industrial goods.” In 1922, the 64 per cent of the population still dependent on agriculture consumed only 47 per cent of the national income, mostly in the form of their own retained production and “only 12 per cent in the form of goods purchased on the market.” France, of course, had an interest in propping up Pilsudski’s Poland as a buffer state, but neither French nor West European industrialists generally were eager to further the industrialization of Poland. The little capital Poland managed to secure from the West, obtained at excessively high interest rates, was improvidently invested. In a word, prewar Poland displayed the characteristic feature of an economically underdeveloped country, namely, a striking discrepancy between available capital and existing manpower: “insufficient capital endowment for the productive and efficient use of the labor force” (Jozef Pajestka).

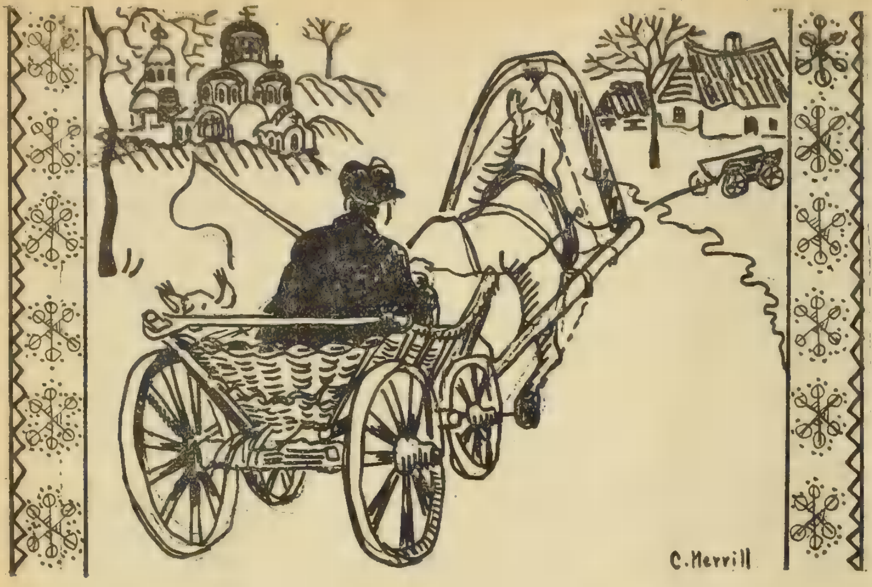
Restructuring such an economy is not an easy task, particularly in a war-ravaged land. It is not surprising, therefore, that special circumstances as much as ideology have dictated the form the effort has taken. Since native capital was inadequate, and foreign funds were not available, Poland had to tap what its economists call “the reserves of backwardness” — that is, unused manpower — in order to launch an investment program. In effect, its reserves of manpower had to be capitalized. One such device was to require compulsory deliveries of certain farm products at prices lower than those obtainable on the free market (this was also, of course, a device to control prices for these products). Obligatory deliveries were in addition to normal land taxes, which were graduated in relation to size of farming unit, different kinds of soils, amount of arable land, and other factors. The difference between the value of forced deliveries and the market price constituted a sizable fund which was used to press industrialization.

For the time being, the modernization of agriculture had to be deferred; industrialization offered better immediate prospects for putting large numbers of unemployed to work with the minimum delay. To this end, a policy of maximum employment was adopted based on the fullest utilization of existing industrial plants which, in the interwar years, had never been operated at full capacity. By comparison with the prewar period, employment outside of agriculture rose in the postwar period by over 4 million (in spite of lower population figures). The reconstruction of the economy from losses suffered during the war was fairly quickly achieved; by 1949, Polish industrial production surpassed the prewar level by 63 per cent. Postwar construction needs were, of course, enormous; the reconstruction of Warsaw alone took about 10 per cent of the national investment while it was under way. Here again policy stressed the importance of putting as many people to work as quickly as possible. Construction work was often carried out with the use of simple techniques and with no major supplies of equipment and machinery. The big construction program was, in turn, a factor in stimulating the demand for industrial goods and industrial investment. In industry, construction and government, certain categories of normally high wages were kept at an arbitrarily low level. The policy of maximum employment stepped up the demand for agricultural products and thereby tapped reserves of “hidden” peasant manpower on the farms. It also drew surplus farm manpower to the cities. The agricultural population declined from 60 per cent before the war to 47 per cent in 1950, then to 38 per cent in 1960. Western critics would say that such policies amounted to “sweating the capital out of the peasants and workers,” but a nation without capital, faced wth an imperative need to industrialize, has got to get the capital from some source.

To carry out such drastic policies in an economy as war-ravaged and backward as Poland’s was in 1945, required tight controls, notably over wage and price policies. But the extent of the debacle facilitated the imposition of these controls. In Poland today, foreign trade is rigidly controlled by the state. The entire wholesale and over 90 per cent of retail trade is handled by state firms or cooperatives. Over 93 per cent of all those working outside agriculture are employed in the nationalized sector of the economy.

Only in agriculture does private ownership of the means of production prevail, and even here the state exercises strong indirect controls. There is, as might be expected, the usual bureaucratic top-heaviness and inefficiency. The fact, too, that state socialism was imposed in Poland — that it came in the wake of wartime collapse and occupation— creates an odd impression at times, as though large sections of the population had never been directly involved in the process of social revolution. An economically underdeveloped country, particularly in the circumstances that Poland faced after the war, has great need for favorable foreign trade balances but few means of acquiring them. Polish ham is a fine product but the market is limited. Breaking into competitive West European markets is enormously difficult. Then, too, Poland has a shortage of raw materials. In fact all the East European countries face this same problem, a circumstance that minimizes inter-bloc trade and makes these countries competitors for inadequate supplies of Russian raw materials. To develop raw-material sources requires large capital expenditures and takes time. Another factor limiting inter-bloc trade is that the member states are all strongly protectionist (they have to be), so that there is not too much that they can do in the way of mutual aid, except in technological exchange and a few other fields.

The ideological blueprint for reconstruction called, of course, for the collectivization of peasant holdings. But Poland was in no position to press collectivization. The Church was one block but of greater importance was the fact that not enough alternative jobs were available to absorb the manpower that would be displaced. Peasant farmers are at least self-supporting. By deferring plans for collectivization, which the regime was forced to do, migration to the cities was slowed down while new job opportunities were being created. Nor was there much point in attempting to collectivize peasant holdings when the means to mechanize agriculture were not available, with the result that today 87 per cent of Polish agriculture is still in the private sector. State farms account for 12 per cent and cooperatives for 1 per cent. Most of the state farms are in the western or “recovered” territories; here it was easy to collectivize farms and, in this area also, farm units were



larger to begin with. The state farms are primarily used as experimental farms, to supply seed and breed livestock for the peasant farms. Most of the privately owned farms are very small holdings of 5 to 7 hectares; 50 hectares is the maximum for a single holding. Something like 50 per cent of the peasants live in villages. Today 78 per cent of the villages have electricity, which is also available in about 74 per cent of the isolated farmsteads. Quite a number of peasants—say 10 per cent—work part time in factories or for the government, and a large number of holdings are really no more than rural residences for urban workers.

Until about 1955, the regime used the device of compulsory deliveries as a means by which it hoped to force peasants into cooperatives or state farms. But with characteristic stubbornness, the peasant wouldn't be squeezed; he simply clamped down on production. Without increased capital investment in agriculture—which the regime was not prepared to make at the time—the only way to step up agricultural production was to relax controls. Once compulsory deliveries were cut back, those mysterious "hidden" reserves of the peasant were promptly tapped. For a period of four or five years production steadily increased, but it has now begun to taper off. The Polish planners I interviewed are convinced that if further gains are to be achieved, substantial investment funds must now be channeled into agriculture. A big nitrogen plant is being constructed, which will increase the amount of available fertilizer; Polish farms should be receiving three or four times more fertilizer than at present. Investment is needed also to develop better seed and livestock, for storage facilities and drainage projects, for pesticides, for mechanization, etc.

Initially the regime set out to stimulate agricultural production in areas which promised the largest immediate results. For example, pig production was encouraged. Polish peasants know how to raise pigs, Polish rye is excellent pig fodder, and the life cycle of the animal is short. Pig production also yielded an export item for which there was a good if limited market. But soon the Poles found themselves in a bind. Polish soils are thin and mediocre, and pig manure is not a satisfactory fertilizer. Cow manure is better, and cattle products, milk and beef, offer a better market potential. However, cattle require grain, and Poland is short of grains. In addition, Poland has more horses than the United States and horses consume grain. If Poland could afford a variety of special-purpose tractors, it might be possible to decrease the dependence on horses, but the available types are less versatile on peasant holdings than horses.

Moreover, Polish peasants have a special fondness for horses which are, in their eyes, status symbols. In cities such as Warsaw and Krakow, a familiar sight is the V-shaped shallow peasant cart, drawn by one horse, used to transport building materials, rubbish, farm produce, almost anything. The peasant, wearing a cap, squats in the V-shaped trough, flecking the horse with a whip and cursing him fondly. The horse trots along on one side of a long, often very crudely fashioned wagon pole. Uniformly the horses are well kept and exhibit the marks of good breeding; many seem to have been bred for more elegant uses than those to which they are put. Surplus American grains were a great aid to the Poles for a time but, unfortunately, Poland has little to offer us that we want or need by way of exchange for grain. Recently it has been possible to buy grains on somewhat more favorable terms from France and Mexico, but the problem remains.

The main device used to channel investment into agriculture is the Agricultural Development Fund. Previously the total value of the difference between obligatory deliveries of meat and grain was simply added to the general social accumulation. Now it is returned to the peasants, not on an individual basis but as a village investment fund which is administered, subject to firm guidelines, by the local Agriculture Circle. Such funds can be spent only for the purchase of the means of production (about 75 per cent is spent for mechanization) and peasants must pay a portion of the purchase price. The equipment, of course, is in charge of the local Agriculture Circle. Compulsory deliveries—long a bone of contention—were being gradually eliminated, but the curtailment has been checked for the time being, in an effort to increase capital investment in agriculture. Today the price difference with which the accounts of some 38,000 Polish villages are credited each year amounts to approximately 3,500 million zlotys (24 to the dollar). This is about as much as the taxes paid by farmers.

Admittedly, peasant holdings are too small to be economically efficient. But consolidation is slowly taking place by a process of "natural elimination." The son of a peasant couple goes to the city to take a factory job. For a time the couple can carry on alone but as they grow older — and eventually die — the holding is usually consolidated with some larger unit (much the same process is at work in our own Middle West). In some areas of Poland there is still a large pool of unemployed manpower in rural areas; in her areas there are actual man- wer shortages. One of the prob- ns is the immobility of peasant bor; ties to village and family are rong, and peasants do not like to ove. With a population of around million, the Poles do not have a rmal population policy; population essure is not regarded as exces- ve. The population profile shows rtain distortions: for example, a g increase in young workers for hom jobs must be found in ever- creasing volume. If one takes into nsideration families for whom griculture is a supplementary urce of income, then about 50 per ent of the population is still rural —a high percentage. But only 38 er cent are directly dependent on griculture for a livelihood—a sig- ificant drop compared to prewar igures.

Progressive taxation is used to iscourage capitalist tendencies in griculture; the percentage of farm- rs formerly in the *kulak* class— hose who employed permanent arm laborers—has dropped signifi- antly. Today the rural population ivides—depending on the region— nto three classes: medium farmers the real peasant-type holding), rom 45 to 62 per cent; peasant aborers, from 47 to 24 per cent; nd the remainder, composed of inhabitants of rural areas whose occupation is nonagricultural — old-age pensioners, part-time factory workers, et al.—from 6 to 20 per cent (*Social and Political Transformations in Poland*, edited by Dr. Stanislaw Ehrlich, Warsaw, 1964, p. 83).

Polish agricultural planners and economists are quite specific on the point that town-and-country, urban-rural relations are with them the subject of constant investigation and an ongoing, unresolved theoretical debate. With automation on the increase, it may well be that there is more of a future for the small holding, in one form or another, than might have been thought possible some years ago. Jerzy Tepicht, writing in the volume cited, puts the problem this way: "An obstacle in agricultural growth is not only—and now not even primarily—the small size of the farms but their social *peasant* character. By peasant character we mean a *universal* one (many crops and many kinds of livestock on a small farm) based on traditional means of production and *not counted* (unpaid) family labor, plus countless other ties of the family with the farm. For the time being this peasant nature of agriculture may spare us some of the trouble connected with investments and with finding employment for a portion of the rural population, but in a country undergoing the process of industrialization it is bound to produce unavoidable conflict" (p. 83, the author's emphasis). Later, in the same article, Tepicht goes on to say: "The fact that these experiments"—in the type of farm unit—"are being conducted suggests that no new model for social farms has yet been formed in People's Poland to replace the peasant farm of today. . . . It is possible that not one model, but several, may emerge."

Because Poland is the classic case of peasant-dominated agriculture, it will be extremely interesting to see how Polish policy unfolds. In Geneva, shortly before his death, Adlai Stevenson called attention to the world-wide problem caused by the rush of small farmers, and rural residents generally, into cities at a vaster rate and in larger volume than the cities can provide jobs for them. The Poles have wisely decided not to accelerate this process but to use the "reserves of backwardness" in rural areas to achieve Socialist ends. The peasant problem—preeminently Poland's problem—has clearly not been solved, but it is assuming new dimensions and it has been reduced in scale.

The Forgotten Amendment . . . .

James D. Carroll

In *Griswold* v. *Connecticut*, the birth-control case handed down on June 7, the Supreme Court confounded most of the informed members of its public by giving everyone something and no one everything. June 7 was one of those days when it was impossible to tell the good guys on the Court from the bad. While Justices Harlan and Black in the background were decorously exchanging the mantles of judicial restraint and judicial activism, in the foreground Justices Douglas and Goldberg were excitedly announcing the discovery of a general constitutional right to marital privacy and the rediscovery of the Ninth Amendment to the Constitution.

The Court's decision was clear and simple: seven members agreed that the Connecticut statute prohibiting the dissemination and use of birth-control information and devices is unconstitutional. The grounds on which the decision was reached were not so simple: the statute violates a right to marital privacy that is fundamental to our civilization and our way of life. To explain their reasoning, the seven members of the Court who agreed with the decision produced four opinions. The dissenting Justices Black and Stewart produced two. June 7 was a good day for those who like to read Supreme Court opinions.

It is evident that the appellants, Estelle T. Griswold and Dr. Charles Lee Buxton, had got what they wanted. The Planned Parenthood League's birth-control clinic in New Haven can now legally disseminate birth-control information and devices. The citizens of Connecticut can now practice birth control in peace. But the appellants paid for this victory, if not out of their own intellectual pockets, then out of the intellectual pockets of those who believe that some form of compulsory birth control will be necessary in the future. The price they paid was the Court's recognition of marital privacy as a right that transcends the social interests of the state. Three of the Court's liberals, Chief Justice Warren, Justice Goldberg and Justice Brennan, went far out of their way to state flatly that a law requiring compulsory birth control would be just as unconstitutional as the Connecticut law outlawing voluntary birth control, since both laws would violate the right of marital privacy. This observation was a dictum, of course, but it was no idle or academic dictum, nor was it a sop

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tossed to the beggars who wanted the Connecticut law upheld.

These Justices expressed an acute awareness that many people in the United States and elsewhere are convinced that some form of compulsory birth control is inevitable. For example, Kenneth Boulding, who is widely and I think rightly respected as a thinker of prescience and insight, recently outlined the world's population problem and explained his response to it: "I think in all seriousness," Boulding wrote in *The Meaning of the Twentieth Century,* "that a system of marketable licenses to have children is the only one which will combine the minimum of social control necessary to the solution to this problem with a maximum of individual liberty and ethical choice." Boulding's plan may seem absurd at the moment, but who fifty years ago could foresee that in the 1960s the Catholic Church would re-examine its stand on artificial birth control?

The grounds of the Court's decision should satisfy many citizens who wanted the Court to leave the Connecticut statute alone. Even those who think the Court should quit playing the role of interpreter of the American conscience should be pleased with the majority's affirmation of a right to marital privacy and with the clear suggestion that the majority will recognize other forms of a general right to privacy in the future.

Prior to the birth-control decision, a right to privacy had to be tagged on to one of the specific rights affirmed in the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth or Sixth Amendments. If the action of a state were involved, the right had to be arrived at through interpretation of the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. A central issue in the case was this: Is there a constitutional right to privacy that applies to both state and federal action involving relationships not enumerated in the Constitution?

The majority of the Court held yes. The majority flatly stated that a constitutionally protected "zone of privacy" against state and federal action exists, a zone not limited to the exact relationships specified in specific constitutional provisions. In cases of state action, this zone of privacy is guaranteed both by the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment and by the Ninth Amendment. In cases of federal action it is guaranteed by the entire Bill of Rights.

The boundaries of the zone of privacy will have to be defined in future cases. Those who regard the invasion of the individual's privacy through the collectivization of man as one of the great threats of our time may come to regard the Griswold case as the Magna Charta of the 20th century. In more modest terms, they may derive immediate solace from Justice Douglas' concluding words of the Court's opinion:

> *We deal with a right of privacy older than the Bill of Rights—older than our political parties, older than our school system. Marriage is a coming together for better or for worse, hopefully enduring, and intimate to the degree of being sacred. The association promotes a way of life, not causes; a harmony in living, not political faiths; a bilateral loyalty, not commercial or social projects.*

To the student of constitutional history, perhaps the most interesting aspect of the birth-control case is the Court's recognition of the Ninth Amendment as a mechanism for the expression of "the collective conscience of our people" against both federal and state action. The Ninth Amendment reads: "The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." The recognition at this time of the Ninth Amendment as a substantive limitation on state and federal action is truly an astounding development. As Bennett B. Patterson pointed out ten years ago in the *Forgotten Ninth Amendment,* the Supreme Court throughout its entire history has almost completely ignored the Ninth Amendment.

As far as I can determine from a recent check of Supreme Court cases, the Court never in its entire history has decided a single case on the basis of the Ninth Amendment. It has discussed the Ninth Amendment in half a dozen cases. In one of these, *United Public Workers* v. *Mitchell,* it used the Ninth Amendment to support a decision arrived at on other grounds. Throughout most of its history, the Court has apparently accepted the traditional understanding of the amendment expressed by Justice Stewart in his dissenting opinion in the birth control case. Justice Stewart argued that the Ninth Amendmen was adopted merely to make clea that the adoption of the Bill o Rights did not alter the plan tha the federal government is a government of express and limited powers "Until today, no member of this Court has ever suggested that the Ninth Amendment meant anything else. . . ."

Justice Goldberg expressed the new meaning of the Ninth Amendment in his concurring opinion He argued that the language and history of the Ninth Amendment reveal that the framers of the Constitution believed that other fundamental rights which are protected against government infringement exist alongside the rights specifically mentioned in the first eight amendments to the Constitution. The Ninth Amendment recognizes that these fundamental personal rights, such as the right to marital privacy, are protected from abridgment by government though not specifically mentioned in the Constitution. The courts must look to the "collective conscience of our people" to determine whether a principle is so rooted there as to be ranked as fundamental.

The recognition by the Court of the Ninth Amendment is of fundamental importance as an affirmation of the Court's intention to protect the sovereignty and dignity of the individual. In a way, this recognition constitutes the declaration of a new Bill of Rights for the 20th century, for as Patterson said in his prophetic book:

> *There is no clause in the Constitution, except the Ninth Amendment, which makes a declaration of the sovereignty and dignity of the individual.*
>
> *Since individual freedom is the basis of democracy, and is the virtue which marks the excellence of our form of government over all other forms of government . . . the Ninth Amendment immediately takes its place as the most important declaration in our Constitution, because such a declaration is nowhere else therein to be found.*

Who won the birth-control case? All of the parties to the case, both immediate and remote, lost something, but I personally think that in the Court's recognition of a constitutional right of privacy and in the Court's recognition of the Ninth Amendment, everyone gained a lot.

The Explosion That Froze the World

TOMIC DIPLOMACY: HIROSHIMA AND POTSDAM. By Gar Alperovitz. Simon & Schuster. 317 pp. $7.50.

Christopher Lasch

ar Alperovitz is a young historian ained at Wisconsin, Berkeley and ambridge; he is presently a fellow King's College. His book is not lemic but history, done with great are and subtlety and with a keen nse of the limitations of historical roof." It rests on the works of other storians, on the official records of merican diplomacy, on the published emoirs of participants in the events escribed, and on the important unublished diary of Henry L. Stimson -in other words, on all the available vidence, in English, bearing onAmeran diplomacy from March to Auust, 1945.

The book contains hundreds of itations to these sources, to say othing of scores of additional foototes carefully expanding on points reated in the text. Because his conlusions differ in important respects rom the conclusions of other hisorians—notably those of Herbert Feis — Alperovitz has taken appropriate are to show, in minute detail, exacty where other historians have gone wrong and why they have gone wrong, and he has done so without rancor or ostentatious display of superior wisdom. In short, he has proceeded in the best traditions of historical scholarship.

The nature of the subject makes it inevitable that *Atomic Diplomacy* will become part of a continuing debate about the origins of the cold war. It is for this reason that I have tried to emphasize the nonpolemical, noninflammatory character of the book. And although I shall be concerned here with showing what light the book throws on the debate over the cold war, I should be doing the book an injustice if I were to give the impression that it has to be justified on the grounds of its immediate contemporary relevance. As an extremely thorough and imaginative exercise in historical reconstruction, based on evidence which is necessarily incomplete and often ambiguous, *Atomic Diplomacy* can stand on its own feet. It will be reviewed and advertised as "controversial" and "provocative," but the most important thing about this book is that it is the work of a historian who knows and respects his craft.

Alperovitz's chief contention is that the atomic bomb had a decisive influence on American diplomacy in the period in question, particularly on American relations with Russia. Alperovitz is *not* attempting to explain why the bomb was used against Japan, still less why it was dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki instead of an uninhabited island. He believes that the available evidence does not permit conclusive answers to those questions. It is possible, indeed, that they should not even be asked, because the statesmen who made the "decision" to use the bomb did not see them as questions at all but as foregone conclusions. Truman's celebrated remark about the bomb's having been "no 'great decision,' " often taken simply as a sign of moral callousness (which it was), also points to an important historical truth: the question was not whether to use the bomb but what implications using it would have for our diplomacy. It is those implications, and the way in which they were perceived by the men who knew the secret, which *Atomic Diplomacy* sets out to explore.

As early as April, 1945, according to Alperovitz, American officials from Truman on down had decided to force a "symbolic showdown" with the Soviet Union over the future of Eastern Europe. Truman believed that a unified Europe was the key to European recovery and economic stability, since the agricultural southeast and the industrial northwest depended on each other. Soviet designs on Eastern Europe, Truman reasoned, threatened to disrupt the economic unity of Europe and therefore had to be resisted. The only question was whether the showdown should take place immediately or whether it should be delayed until our bargaining position had improved.

At first it appeared to practically everybody that delay would only weaken our bargaining position. Both of our major bargaining counters, our armies in Europe and our lend-

Testament of the Ringed Snake

Your eyes are my mirrors.
I wake at noon. I wake in a walk
of somber sun. The earth's unremembering
is in my coil; semblance is the ground grovelling
of what-is met with what-yet-is-not
— adamant bright scales underlaid, overlaid!

My shade is the swift shape that's there
in timedark, Lethean dark of your eye.
If the cold and the dead make you prey,
Can you, belly-proud, listen for rebirth?
The black spot draws black weather.
Death's a summer circus, earth-consigned, blood-sweet.

In me, wed descent, ring down
from your noon reflection. Each pool of shining
regathers you, great predator and fancy's
daft rash renegade. I find no vein
of mineral or crystal that can hold you still.
Heat urges mutations. I see you change.

I flick forth my red tongue (never committed to song):
"Perhaps there's lightning of living yet."

Sam Bradley

Chistopher Lasch, a member of the History Department, the University of Iowa, is the author of The American Liberals and the Russian Revolution *(Columbia University Press), and most recently,* The New Radicalism in America 1889-1963: The Intellectual as a Social Type *(Alfred A. Knopf).*

lease credits, could be more effectively employed at once, it seemed, than at any future time. Accordingly, Truman tried to "lay it on the line" with the Russians. He demanded that they "carry out their [Yalta] agreements" by giving the pro-Western elements in Poland an equal voice in the Polish Government (although Roosevelt, who made the Yalta agreements, believed that "we placed, as clearly shown in the agreement, somewhat more emphasis" on the Warsaw [pro-Communist] government than on the pro-Western leaders). When Stalin objected that Poland was "a country in which the USSR is interested first of all and most of all," the United States tried to force him to give in by cutting back lend-lease payments to Russia.

At this point, however—probably on April 25—Secretary of War Stimson convinced Truman that "we shall probably hold more cards in our hands later than now." He referred of course, to the atomic bomb, and if Truman decided to postpone the showdown with Russia, it was because Stimson and other advisers persuaded him that the new weapon would "put us in a position," as Secretary of State James F. Byrnes argued, "to dictate our own terms at the end of the war."

To the amazement of those not privy to the secret, Truman proceeded to take a more conciliatory attitude toward Russia, an attitude symbolized by the Hopkins mission to Moscow in June, 1945. Meanwhile, he twice postponed the meeting with Churchill and Stalin at Potsdam. Churchill complained, "Anyone can see that in a very short space of time our armed power on the Continent will have vanished." But when Truman told Churchill that an atomic bomb had been successfully exploded at Alamogordo, exceeding all expectations, Churchill immediately understood and endorsed the strategy of delay. "We were in the presence of a new factor in human affairs," he said, "and possessed of powers which were irresistible." Not only Germany but even the Balkans, which Churchill and Roosevelt had formerly conceded to the Russian sphere, now seemed amenable to Western influence. That assumption, of course, had guided American policy since April, but it could not be acted upon until the bombing of Japan provided the world with an unmistakable demonstration of American military supremacy.

Early in September, the foreign ministers of the Big Three met in London. Byrnes—armed, as Stimson noted, with "the presence of the bomb in his pocket, so to speak, as a great weapon to get through the thing"—tried to press the American advantage. He demanded that the governments of Bulgaria and Rumania reorganize themselves along lines favorable to the West. In Bulgaria, firmness won a few concessions; in Rumania, the Russians stood firm. Litvinov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, made a telling comment on American policy. "Why," he asked, "did you Americans wait till right now to begin opposing us in the Balkans and Eastern Europe? You should have done this three years ago. Now it is too late, and your complaints only arouse suspicions here."

Alperovitz does not comment on the remarkable events he describes, but they point implicitly to two conclusions. In the first place, the object of American policy in the first months of the cold war was not to defend Western or even Central Europe but to force the Soviet Union out of Eastern Europe. The Soviet menace to the "free world," so often cited as the justification of the containment policy, simply did not exist in the minds of American planners. They believed themselves to be negotiating not from weakness but from almost unassailable superiority. Nor can it be said that the cold war began because the Russians "broke their agreements." The general sense of the Yalta agreements—which were in any case very vague—was to assign to the Sovie Union a controlling influence in Eastern Europe. Armed with the atomi bomb, American diplomats tried t take back what they had implicitl conceded at Yalta.

The assumption of American mora superiority, in short, does not stan up under analysis. That conclusio leads to a second: that America diplomacy in the early stages of th cold war must be judged strictly b the standards of power politics, if i is to be judged a success. But the inescapable fact is that, even by tha test, it completely failed to win its objectives. Atomic supremacy did not as Byrnes had hoped, enable us t "dictate our terms." Instead it merely encouraged what William A. Williams has called the "illusion of omnipotence." Stimson himself, the architect of the strategy of delay, was the first to realize that its failure dictated a new approach to the Russians, designed to internationalize atomic power. The alternative, he now saw, was an arms race which would imperil the world for years to come.

The only defense of American diplomacy which Alperovitz's book leaves intact is the defense made by unthinking anti-Communists, that it is sound policy to oppose Communist power anywhere, at any time, by whatever means come to hand. Such a defense can be made, but it can hardly claim to go by the name of realism. Realism demands a more accurate assessment of one's own power to control events. The failure to understand the limits of our own power, it is now clear, has undermined our foreign policy at every turn.

Scientists and Policy at Ground Zero

A PERIL AND A HOPE: The Scientists' Movement in America. By Alice Kimball Smith. University of Chicago Press. 591 pp. $10.

Elinor Langer

A Peril and a Hope is an almost day-by-day account of the problems and accomplishments of atomic scientists in the years 1945-47, as they moved out of their laboratories to attempt to influence political decisions about the disposition of the bomb they had constructed. It is a detailed and loving book, the kind some mothers keep about their babies, and it suffers from some of the same defects. The problem is not exactly lack of objectivity: no facts are twisted, events distorted or evaluations biased. What is missing is perspective. It is as if a mother recorded "July 20: today Johnny said 'Mama' "—but neglected to note that Johnny was 5 when the event took place. Nobody could have taken the trouble to write this book unless he assumed that the scientists about whom he wrote were seated firmly in the center of the universe during the years in question. In Mrs. Smith's case it seems likely that this conviction grew out of affection and close association: during the war her husband was one of

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Elinor Langer writes on politics for Science *magazine.*

e scientists at the Los Alamos labora ry where the first bombs were as mbled; later she herself worked on e *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists,* e most enduring and significant em em of the scientists' political com itment. But even her own exhaustive holarship fails to prove the point. he result is that while *A Peril and Hope* is a highly competent book, ifficult to criticize on its own terms, s own terms are a trifle ludicrous. ore seriously, the book contributes a fundamental misconception that as now reached such large propor ons that a fresh article examining it ppears nearly weekly: the Myth of he Important Scientists.

Like all myths, the Myth of the mportant Scientists reflects some ele nentary truth — in this case, the fact hat scientists *are* more important than hey used to be. Before World War II, cience was a private occupation, ometimes pursued at great sacrifice, ursued almost always in isolation rom politics and from society. Now cientists are part of the national establishment. They preside over a research and development budget now approaching $16 billion annually. They advise the President and members of the Cabinet on a wide range of public-policy issues. They administer large government bureaucracies in the fields of medical, nuclear and basic research. They sit on panels deciding how federal research dollars should be distributed. They are presidents of universities. They head successful corporations in aerospace and other new fields. They organize for LBJ. A few will be going to the moon.

Since the Hiroshima bomb marks for many people the great divide between Then and Now, it is natural that they have looked to the early postwar period for the source of the scientists' alleged political power. But even in the most fluid period, the power of the scientists was much overrated. The physically concentrated conditions of wartime work on the bomb encouraged a corporate sense among atomic scientists. The bomb elicited passionate introspection and moral concern. Droves of scientists flocked to Washington to see what they could do. They set up an organization known as the Federation of American Scientists. They worked feverishly, often without salaries, talking to Congressmen, cajoling editors and reporters, lecturing to the public, trying to explain what atomic energy was, and how the government might safely cope

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with it. But the truth was they could do very little. They revolutionized the life of the scientific community, but their revolution had relatively little impact on your life and mine.

From 1945 to 1947 the scientists were involved in three main problems. The first was the question—if there ever really was a question—about whether to use the bomb against Japan. Acting within the rigid limits of Manhattan Project security, many scientists, particularly those at the Chicago laboratory, whose role in building the bomb was largely completed before the closing months of the war, made intense efforts to bring a variety of alternatives before United States policy makers. A famous poll suggests that they never spoke with a single voice but tended essentially to take a long-range view. Some scientists argued for a nonmilitary demonstration of the bomb; others advocated warning Japan in advance and seeking to end the war without such massive slaughter. Many also urged that the fact of the bomb's existence be shared with Russia (which it never fully was) and that an early start be made on plans for postwar control. But the scientists who were most influential in the government and who had mediated between the government and the bomb project throughout the war tended to view the question with the shorter range vision that prevailed in Washington. In a report to the War Department, top scientists—including men like Oppenheimer and Compton—finally concluded that "we can see no acceptable alternative to direct military use" [of the bomb]. Whether the sometimes eloquent counterarguments of the scientists in the field went read or unread in Washington is essentially irrelevant. This episode foreshadowed a phenomenon that now occurs continually. The closer scientists are to government, the less likely they are to take a stand on unfashionable premises or contribute new modes of analysis. In a sense, "administration scientists" are more "administration" than "scientists," and as they cease to express a viewpoint that can be called "independent," they have neither more nor less power than other government functionaries. More important in assessing scientists' influence on the decision to bomb Japan, are the political and diplomatic considerations stressed in the book by Gar Alperovitz, also reviewed in this issue. United States decision makers paid some attention to the moral and other questions raise by the scientists, but they weighe more heavily other matters on thei minds.

Arguments about the bomb were ca ried on under the tightest secrecy. Th first fight in which the atomic scien tists were publicly prominent was th postwar struggle over what kind c domestic atomic energy agency Con gress should establish, and whether should be controlled by civilians or b the military. The Manhattan Projec was run by the military. Securit measures were heavy. There was stric compartmentation: two scientist working in the same laboratory o related topics could not communicat with each other about their work un less one had a clear "need to know. Virtually no research could be pub lished.

The scientists came to hate the ar my brass who ran the isolated enclave where they worked and who, the thought, totally misunderstood the na ture of scientific research. They feare that continued military control woul not only interfere with their work i nuclear physics but would appear bel ligerent to the rest of the world an seriously handicap the research o peaceful uses of atomic energy the hoped to undertake. On this point th scientists won their only major battle after a lengthy fight, the Atomic En ergy Commission was established un der civilian rule. But the result wa disappointing. In almost no time th AEC became what amounted to a civil ian arm of the military. While th agency is not itself belligerent, it ha contributed docilely to the develop ment of international tensions: it main job until recently has been sim ply to produce fissionable material fo the military.

Often the progress in peaceful use of atomic energy has been so slow i is not even in the same league wit military applications. And the securit provisions are not exactly a mode for the ACLU. This is not to say tha the atomic scientists were at fault Individuals might have reached privat nirvanas by burning their clearance and refusing to build more bombs, bu collectively they were powerless t make the AEC turn out the way the hoped.

A third measure of the scientists' in fluence is an event that is surprisingl unremembered. Perhaps dearer to th atomic scientists than the domesti arrangements for atomic energy wa their belief in the need for some kin of international control. They were

The Medium

It is essentially reluctance   the language
a darkness, a friendship, tying to the real
but it is unreal

the clarity desired, a wish for true sight,
all tangling

'you' tried me, tried the everyday which
caught me, turning the house

in the wind, a lovecraft   the political
was not my business   I could not look

without seeing the decay, the shit poured
on most things, by indifference, the personal

power which is simply that,   demanding a friend
take dullness out of the world   (he doesn't know
his lousy emptiness)   I slept
in a fire   on my book bag, one dried wing

of a white moth   the story is of a man
who lost his way in the holy wood

because the way had never been taken without
at least two friends, one on each side,

and I believe my dream said one of the others
always led   now left to acknowledge,

he can't breathe, the darkness bled
the white wing,   one   of the body

of the moth that moved him, of the other
wing,   the language is bereft

Robin Blaser

erwhelmingly surprised by the flex- le position outlined in the Acheson- lienthal report which, with key modi- cations (in the direction of tough- ss), became the keystone of the U.S. osition in the first talks on interna- onal control at the United Nations the summer of 1946. The scientists dorsed the report and worked hard gain its acceptance. Two weeks and vo days after the U. S. plan was un- eiled, the United States set off an tomic bomb at Bikini. Mrs. Smith emarks with some surprise that the ilitary had played almost no role at ll in formulating the U. S. disarma- ent proposals. They didn't need to. hey had plans of their own—whose xecution caused *Red Star* to point out hat the U. S. seemed more interested perfecting the bomb than in limit- ng it. Many people feel that Bikini ad a lot to do with the hardening Soviet suspicions of U. S. intentions, and, therefore, with the cold war. Again, the point is not that the scientists were in the slightest measure at fault. It is that other concerns and other people were shaping our lives and in these decisions the scientists were only marginally involved. They were just as helpless as the rest of us.

The record of the 1945-47 period is not such a sturdy one: two losses—dropping the bomb, and the failure to achieve international controls; and one doubtful victory—the civilian Atomic Energy Commission. In the end, the one thing the scientists seem to have done that really touched our lives was to invent first one bomb, then another. It seems to me it is the same way now. We are still vulnerable to the products of their laboratories. But in political matters the scientists are like the rest of us—mastered rather than masters.

THEATRE

Henry Popkin

INTERNATIONAL THEATRE INSTITUTE

Tel Aviv

At the recent congress of the Interna- ional Theatre Institute in Tel Aviv, an East European delegate whom I had never met before abruptly announced to me: "*Vous êtes un ange.*" This happens to be true, but I was surprised that the Eastern bloc knew it and thought it worth mentioning at this moment. When the delegate went on, in French, to praise my generosity and to urge me to visit his country, I realized that I had been mistaken for the UNESCO representa- tive. I could not think of a graceful way of correcting the error, and so I tried discreetly to direct attention to the badge that identified me as an American delegate. Finally, I could do no more than to promise a visit next year to the country in question; at the first opportunity, I informed the UNESCO representative that one of the East Europeans was looking for him.

Imperfect as it was, the encounter was characteristic of the ITI. This body exists to promote international communication among theatre people, and the estimable goal must often have as one of its by-products international conversation at cross-purposes, or even international misapprehension. I prize the ITI precisely for the opportunity it provides for a continuing dialogue among nations. It is in order to keep up my part in the conversation that I keep attending the ITI congresses—Vienna in 1961, Warsaw in 1963, Tel Aviv in 1965. I might even go to New York in 1967.

The official business of the ITI is no more exciting than the official business of most conventions, but some of its incidental reverberations are significant. The formal discussions that follow are sporadically interesting. What is really important is the possibility, realized in various ways, of communication with the great theatre world of Europe and especially with that mysterious universe behind the iron curtain. The cultural thaw goes on; it continues and develops, even in the face of the war in Vietnam.

Consider that Rumania, which used to be rather resistant to the thaw, has now officially permitted the free choice of artistic forms. I trust there is no penalty for failing to express oneself freely, but I am reminded of a line from an *avant-garde* Czech play, Václav Havel's *The Garden Party* (itself a sign of the times): "Everybody who is honestly interested in our common cause should have from one to three contrary opinions." Gradually, East Europe has been becoming less of an indistinguishable inchoate mass. But the Soviet Union stands aloof.

Enlightening dialogues are not confined to exchanges across the iron curtain. Sometimes even the nations of the West can startle one another. When, in 1963, I made a passing reference to the extraordinary off-Broadway success of Jean Genet's *The Blacks* in New York, a French delegate rose to express his surprise. How was this possible, he wondered, in view of the American racial situation of which we have heard so much? He supplied his own answer to this hard question: The success of *The Blacks* must be due to the integrationist policy which is led by President Kennedy. This year, during the formal discussion of the classics on the modern stage, I was speaking up in defense of certain free reinterpretations, like Roger Planchon's *Henry IV: Part One* and *George Dandin* in France and Jerzy Grotowski's *Doctor Faustus* in Poland, when a French delegate attacked, with surprising sharpness, the inauthenticity of Planchon's *George Dandin* (which was an example of right-wing conservative interpretation in comparison with his *Henry IV*). Alan Schneider, who was an American delegate, remarked dryly that he had been meaning to ask what the French Establishment thought of Planchon, whose work he admired; he supposed that now he knew.

Even though the official languages of the congress are English and French, the Russians always speak Russian and bring their own translator. (In 1963, they moved that the tongue of Pushkin and Chekhov be made one of the official languages of the meeting; the motion failed.) Some of the Russians do, unofficially, speak English and French, but they evidently prefer not to do so. The language barrier serves to isolate the Russians; at the concluding banquet of the session at Haifa, for example, a Soviet delegate made the principal address, which was then translated into Hebrew, and so remained a mystery to most of those present. I am informed that he deplored the decision to discuss the classics on the modern stage at this year's meeting. This complaint again reflects the "official" stiffness of the Soviet position. It reminded me that two years before, the Russians—while objecting to the prevailing pessimism of Western drama

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Henry Popkin frequently writes on the theatre for Vogue *and other magazines.*

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—had complained that the West had not sent its leading, deplorable dramatists to that year's discussion of the dramatist and his audience. Why were Duerrenmatt and Ionesco and Tennessee Williams not present? The question was valid, but the Russians had no dramatists in their delegation either. The Russians, unlike the rest of the East Europeans, seem determined not to be "with it." (The only communicative Russian I met this year was a cultural attaché who drove me from Haifa to Tel Aviv and urged me to collect stamps.) On two occasions at this year's meeting, the Russians found themselves voting against most of their East European allies. One of these votes occurred when the Polish delegation led a revolt against the leadership of the ITI. The Polish revolt was largely symbolic; the Poles did not, I believe, object to the character of the leadership or of its official slate of candidates for the next executive committee, but only to their existence. Proposing two additional candidates, a Polish delegate told an illustrative anecdote in the form of a fable: God created Eve and then told Adam: "You have now grown to man's estate. You are an adult, capable of mature, reasoned choice. Now tell me, and decide carefully, whom do you want to marry?" God, he explained, was the present executive committee, Eve was the new slate, and Adam was the congress. In a close vote, the official slate won, but those who opposed it comprised a strange alliance — the Scandinavian nations and the so-called satellites of East Europe. Alone among the Communist nations, the Soviet Union voted on the side of the Establishment.

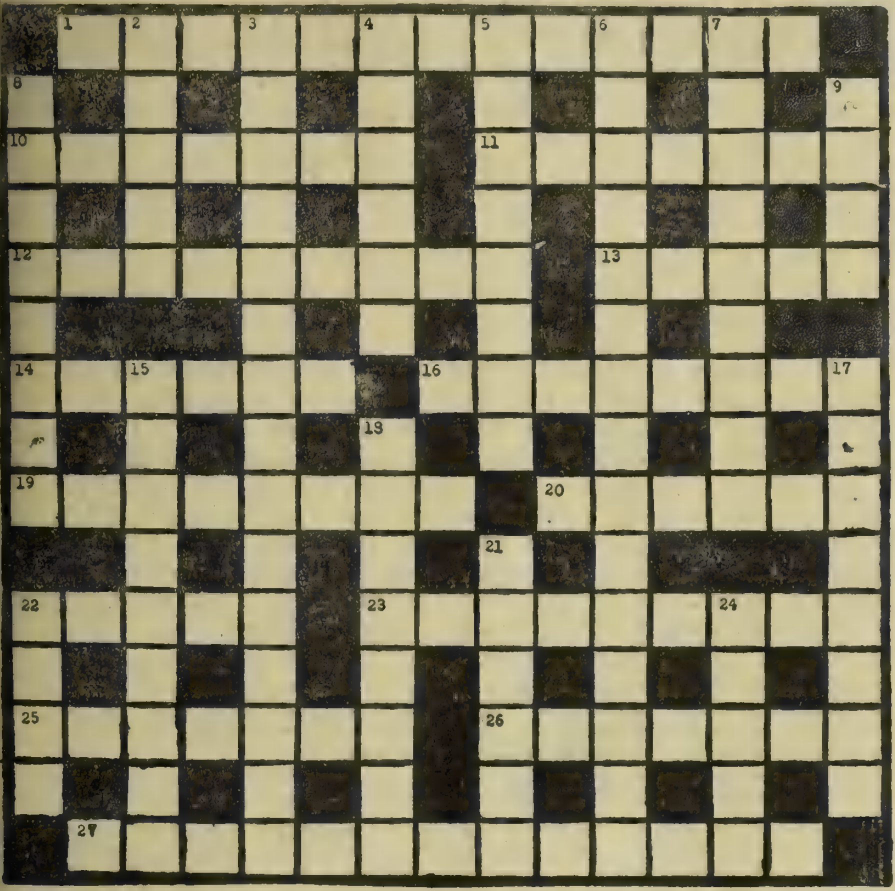
Another curious division accompanied one of the few truly dramatic moments at this drama conference. Invitations for the 1967 congress were issued by the United States, Canada and Hungary, but it was clear at once that only the American bid would be taken seriously. The Colombian and Canadian delegates asked if American visas could be obtained for everyone who wanted to attend. The American chairman, Rosamund Gilder, who is also president of the ITI, replied that she had been promised cooperation from the State Department, and pointed out that even nations not on friendly terms with the United States manage to be represented at the United Nations in New York. O delegate arose to observe sadly th his nation did not belong to t United Nations; he was, of course, East German. At last, the Hungari delegate effectively terminated t discussion by rather gallantly e pressing his hope for a successf congress in New York, offering renew Budapest's bid only if Ame can visas were not forthcoming. Th congress voted unanimously to ho its next meeting in New York; fo countries—the Soviet Union, Ea Germany, Bulgaria and Colombia- abstained. I imagine that the Sovi Union weighed, with proper tole ance, the self-indulgent desire of th Poles, Czechs, Hungarians and R manians to go to New York, but co cluded that East Germany was more need of moral support.

The discussion, when we final reached that long-promised topic, th classics on the modern stage, pr duced no division along political line It was considerably more animate than the Warsaw discussions whic had consisted mainly of the readin of formal, frequently irrelevant pa pers, interrupted only by the eloquer protest of an Israeli actress wh wanted to hear some real discussior

This year, the delegates refough the battle of the ancients and modern as they revealed themselves to b partisans of traditional or "modern ized" versions of the classics. Th American delegates who participate in these talks were consistently "mod ern" — Schneider, Richard Schechne of *Tulane Drama Review*, and my self — and we were joined by th Rumanian director, Liviu Ciulei, an Luigi Squarzina of Italy, who told hov he had interpreted *Troilus and Cres sida* as an antiwar play of contem porary significance and had cla Cressida in a bikini. An East Euro pean, irked by the emphasis on cos tume, asked derisively who was th best-dressed Hamlet we had ever seen The case for a conservative approach to the classics was stated more elaborately by two French delegates, the director Jean Meyer (formerly of the Comédie Française), who provided French instances of the influence of historical circumstance upon dramatic form, and A. M. Julian, of the Theatre of the Nations in Paris, who called upon the director only to respect the play and not to express himself. Such differences could only be aired and not resolved, but the dialogue continues and that's what cultural conventions are for.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1118

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Fashionable, but relying completely on the little things? (2, 2, 3, 6)

10 A dated dancer might be dangerous in Kansas. (7)

11 Acts as a rule. (7)

12 Things about our country that might be caught in a camera? (9)

13 A baby song is extremely like this composer. (5)

14 Weaponless—hence rather jumpy?

16 Fond and fast becoming like a tie?

19 Presented in public, but clarified for the cook. (8)

20 Petit four, perhaps. (6)

22 The way one might have met to make music? (5)

23 There's little work in such as silver associated with a dish and a spoon, if you remember! (9)

25 Disorders that cats and dogs have? (7)

26 Is it a sign of softness to tell an important church official? (7)

27 With reflection, is such a raid not so nice? (13)

DOWN:

2 Would den mothers possibly have such assumption of superiority? (5)

3 Stage fans, perhaps, but they didn't give the original owner a lift. (7, 8)

4 The one who did Frankie wrong, or is it some other chap? (6)

5 Smarting under a new environment? They don't always stay put. (8)

6 Main event for fighters? (5, 10)

7 Is the rule not so broken as to be let go? (4, 5)

8 Commoner? Certainly not—though you might not recognize him. (8)

9 A modest sort of pale blonde? (4)

15 See 17 down

17 and 15 down Strictly speaking, not much in the way of 12 could precede it. (8, 6-3)

18 A few lines obviously left around and transposed. (8)

21 Should such a box be found next to the skipper? (6)

22 Mark an animal to hold back the main force. (4)

24 The muse of moderators? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1117

ACROSS: 1 Fine and dandy; 5 Bugbear; 12 Reside; 15 Redeem; 16 Advised; 17 Sign; 19 and 9 Downgrade; 21 Scenery; 23 Beat; 25 Stencil; 27 and 18 Minute gun; 29 Normal; 33 Elgar; 36 Setters; 37 and 5 down Money to burn. DOWN: 1, 22 across and 34 Figures don't lie; 2 Nears; 3 Agenda; 4 and 11 Dead wrong; 6 Gowned; 7 Elope; 8 Regimen; 13 Educate; 14 Limning; 15 Refrain; 20 Ore; 22 Dampens; 24 Tallyho; 25 Starve; 26 London; 28 and 10 Night air; 30 Mangy; 31 Alms; 32 Term.

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ALTERNATIVE PERSPECTIVES on VIETNAM

International Conference at Ann Arbor, Michigan, Sept. 14-18, 1965

PURPOSE: **To carry forward the critical examination of current U.S. policy begun by the teach-in movement by moving from the analysis of the weaknesses and dangers of current policy to the search for viable alternatives through the development of new perspectives not based on the assumptions of the Cold War which have led us into a dead end on the issue of Vietnam.**

PROGRAM: **An international cooperative venture that seeks to unite three integrally related functions: *analysis, communication and action.***

1. International Study Groups (September 14-16) composed of about 40 humanists, religious thinkers, social theorists and area and development specialists who will meet in small groups, each set up to examine the problem of Vietnam from a particular new perspective—other than that provided by power politics and within the Cold War framework—and to derive concrete alternatives to current American policy.

2. Open Sessions (September 17) with members of the university community throughout the nation and representatives of other communities—writers, artists, professionals, and religious, labor, civil rights and community groups interested in the problem of Vietnam and world peace—to hear reports from the study groups and addresses by study group members from different parts of the world; to be followed by teach-in type seminars concerned with alternative perspectives on Vietnam and concrete alternative policies.

3. Action Workshops (September 18) composed of individuals and representatives of groups from various parts of the U. S. and from other parts of the world who will report on various activities and plans; participants, in accord with their specific interests, will divide themselves into workshops to map out specific action projects of a local, regional, national or international nature.

The three conference segments are designed to feed into each other. The study groups to generate new ideas on which the subsequent activities will draw; to contribute to the development of international networks of intellectuals; to make possible the drafting of a joint statement of principles; to produce ideas that can be fed into the seminar discussions and into the action workshops; the seminars and action workshops to lead to a basis for cooperation between all persons and groups interested in ending the war.

A full statement of the assumptions of the conference and a detailed outline of the conference program are available in a 20-page booklet, "Alternative Perspectives on Vietnam."

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Whatever Happened to the State Department?

CHARLES W. TAIT

The Return of Flying Saucers

Daniel Cohen

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LETTERS

Socialists' conference

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: In your August 30 issue you published my letter informing your readers of the First Annual Socialist Scholars Conference to be held Sept. 11 and 12 on the New Brunswick campus of Rutgers University. The site of the conference has now been changed to Columbia University. For further details we refer your readers to our advertisement which appears in this issue.

Marvin E. Gettleman
Assistant Professor of History
Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn

A shade of difference?

New York City

Dear Sirs: Eqbal Ahmad's article, "Revolutionary Warfare" [*The Nation,* Aug. 30], moves me to ask the following question: What magic formula does one use to distinguish a noble, idealistic, progressive guerrilla movement which murders thousands of local officials (13,000 in South Vietnam between 1957 and 1961, according to the author) and a certain number of schoolteachers and health workers ("selectively," of course!) from a wicked, unidealistic, unprogressive guerrilla movement which does exactly the same thing?

J. Hermann

Note: Just for laughs (and for a change), how about publishing a letter that doesn't agree with you?

Woodland, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Professor Ahmad's article on revolutionary warfare is required reading every American politician and diplomat. *Ernest Nash*

The above message was received by Western Union telegram.—Editor.

The question of guilt

Bronxville, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Watts: The Forgotten Slum" [Aug. 30], stresses the one most important contributing factor to that tragic riot which could have been avoided had persons in responsibility only listened to the warning cries that were in the air constantly these past two years.

The most typical and damaging of this attitude on the part of various Los Angeles leaders was Cardinal McIntyre's remark in a 1963 press conference: "The Negro is better treated in Los Angeles than anywhere in the United States." He then went on in the next several months to refuse to support those who were fighting to retain California's Fair Housing laws, and silenced by action or threat any members of the Catholic clergy who dared speak out in defense of civil rights. The DuBay case was but one of many, and how right Father DuBay was when he predicted the serious unrest among the Negroes of Los Angeles. To one who has served as president of the Catholic Interracial Council in San Diego and been active in the same organization in San Francisco, I can only say that Cardinal McIntyre's lack of awareness best demonstrates the truth of your editorial.

It is hoped that the board appointed by the Governor considers the charges against Cardinal McIntyre as well as those against Chief Parker. They may be quite similar.

Walter G. Hooke

Appreciation

Quito, Ecuador

Dear Sirs: This letter is written to express my appreciation for the many fine editorials and articles you have published discussing the Vietnam situation. They have been excellent. Please continue them.

James J. Billings

Education versus culture

Burbank, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The drive toward conformity and the elimination of "controversy" in publicly supported facilities has reached ludicrous proportions here in Burbank. By a vote of 4 to 1 the City Council has changed the existing rules regulating the use of the auditorium and meeting rooms of the Public Library. Under the new rules these facilities are limited to "city-sponsored organizations or community cultural groups." Specifically excluded are educational organizations. Yes, education has been declared out of bounds in the Burbank Public Library. Not culture, just education. This weird pitting of the educational against the cultural is just a transparent façade, to ban from the library auditorium such groups as the American Civil Liberties Union, which was characterized as an educational group; Human Relations Council and the American Association of University Women, which were classed as "political" because they have legislative committees. ACLU and other groups concerned with vital public issues have been in a running battle with a city manager and city council pressured by right-wing and extremist elements since last spring, when ACLU (local chapter) dared to hold a debate on "Released Time for Religious Education in Public Schools" in the library auditorium. Extremists failed to stop or disrupt this meeting. A timid city council caved in at the demands of the right wingers to stop all "controversy" at the public library. ACLU is preparing its court case against the city of Burbank, for clear and flagrant violation of the First Amendment of the Bill of Rights (free speech and assembly).

The question arises: how great is the distance between censorship in the library auditorium and censorship on the bookshelves? At which step of the escalation is book burning reached? Is this an isolated incident or is it the forerunner of a systematic campaign to "purify and sterilize" Library U.S.A.?

Theodore Schoenman

THE
NATION

Monday, September 13, 1965
Volume 201, No. 7

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EDITORIALS

The Decline of State

n this issue (p. 137) Charles Tait tells the story he gradual supersession of the State Department he Department of Defense. It is not so much that military have muscled in—there was no necessity rough tactics. The State Department and its cian staff have sought out the military, deferred to n, and given them responsibilities which in preis U.S. history had never belonged to them. Thus lem situations all over the world have come to defined in military terms, with diplomacy playing ibsidiary role if any role at all.

revealing light is thrown on this sinister process an imbroglio that recently engaged the attention Senators Morse and Fulbright. American Univer's Special Operations Research Office was set up 1956 as one of the innumerable "nonprofit" outfits ducting research for Defense on whatever the detment conceived to be within its ever-widening ere of interest. One of SORO's operations was oject Camelot," the purpose of which was to identify tors involved in social change and, in the words one reporter, "suggest possible actions for forestal violence and a breakdown in government." The ale in this case was Chile. Our ambassador in ile, Ralph Dungan, knew nothing about this enterse; either his superiors in Washington were ignot of what was going on or they did not bother to orm him. It was all left to the delicate sensibilities mature judgment of the soldiers and the SORO ial scientists. However, when news stories appeared the Chilean Government protested, Dungan comined to Washington and the project was provinally canceled.

The Camelot social scientists were mobilized under other name and set of initials—Special Activities oup (SAG) — and are currently at work on new posals for the Army. A number of similar studies in progress: "Task Simpatico" for Colombia, "Task lony" for Peru. Most of these are designed to prole the basis for "civic action" programs, which nator Fulbright found to be essentially counterolutionary. He said he was concerned about such ojects, not only because they gave offense to the ellectuals of the countries involved but "because I lieve there lies beneath the jargon of 'science,' in ich these studies abound, a reactionary backwardking policy opposed to change. Implicit in Camelot, in the concept of 'counterinsurgency,' is an asmption that revolutionary movements are dangers to the interests of the United States and that the ited States must be prepared to assist, if not acally participate in, measures to repress them. . . ."

The key to this "intervention by research" is to be und in appropriations. The Department of Defense has $6.7 billion for research and development—more than 1,000 times the $5.9 million allotted to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Defense has at its disposal $23 million for research in the behavioral and social sciences, as opposed to $3.5 million for *all* forms of research and intelligence in the State Department.

The Defense Department has now agreed that all projects that affect foreign relations must henceforth be cleared through the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, who presumably will take someone in the Department of State into his confidence. But the problem remains. The State Department created a vacuum and the Defense Department, abetted by eager academics, proceeded to fill it. President Eduardo Frei Montalva of Chile told Ambassador Dungan that militarism might become as dangerous to Latin American democracy as communism is supposed to be. Militarism has been defined by Hannah Vogt as the *"abdication of the political way of thinking in the interest of the military one."* It is a perfect description of the State Department's role in recent years.

Firm Denial

Further evidence of the abject performance of the State Department is provided by the "firm denial" which the department issued when first queried about Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew's charge that he had been offered a $3 million bribe to release a CIA agent who had been attempting—with a clumsiness characteristic of the agency—to buy security secrets in Singapore. In a matter of hours, the department was forced to withdraw its denial. Our Ambassador in Kuala Lumpur, James D. Bell, was also made to look ridiculous because he, too, had issued a "firm denial" of the charge.

Nor is the Singapore incident an isolated case. In *The New York Times* of September 2, Seymour Topping provides an interesting run-down of similar incidents in Southeast Asia. At one time or another, Burma, Cambodia and Indonesia have, with good reason, complained of hostile operations against their governments conducted by the CIA. Activities of this sort have left a heritage of anti-Americanism in the region that will cause trouble for American diplomacy for a long time to come.

These embarrassments would not have occurred if the State Department had been directed by men with a proper respect for its role and function. The trouble is that successive Secretaries of State in the postwar period have abjectly surrendered, without audible protest, a large measure of the department's traditional responsibilities to the Department of Defense and to the Central Intelligence Agency.

The New York Election

Whether the City of New York is any longer governable is an open question, but in this year's election the voters have been given a chance to put the proposition to a fair test. Divisions within the Democratic Party have flushed out some likely candidates.

In the September 14 primary, Democratic voters will be offered not an echo but several choices. Beame, Screvane, O'Dwyer and Ryan are better than average candidates and the competition among them has dramatized the key issues. Orin Lehman, a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Comptroller on the Screvane slate, is an exceptionally well-qualified candidate who brings to the dispirited politics of New York a family name and tradition long identified with public service in the city and the state.

Of the Democratic candidates for mayor, Rep. William F. Ryan stands first in our ratings. He has been an able, energetic and courageous Representative, and in his handling of issues in the primary campaign he has demonstrated a real flare for big-city politics.

Looking beyond the primary, *The Nation*'s choice will be Rep. John V. Lindsay. Whether Mr. Lindsay, if elected, could succeed in governing a virtually ungovernable city is, to repeat, an open question; but he would bring to this formidable task the necessary qualities of character, intelligence and leadership.

The Air Force Takes Over

At the 1961 convention of the American Rocket Society, General Bernard A. Schriever, the commanding general of the Air Force Systems Command, told the delegates that "the ability to operate in space may be the key to our national survival." *The Nation*'s reporter followed him around as he sounded this theme at press conferences, a big luncheon meeting, private interviews, televised panel sessions, and wherever the bull was thrown. *The Nation* saw little chance that in the long run the Air Force could be limited to the 100,000-foot ceiling then imposed on it, with the ostensibly civilian NASA in charge of the vast domain beyond. Now the Air Force generals and their legislative allies (some of whom, like Barry Goldwater, are also Air Force officers) have won a long running battle, and Schriever will head up the "Manned Orbital Laboratory" program as well as the Systems Command. Lyndon B. Johnson was never one to thwart the Air Force, and he will now be happy to see it thrive in space alongside NASA, his other love.

The outlook is that NASA will thrive less, and the Air Force more, for Schriever and company are not accustomed to sharing their domain on a live-and-let-live basis. Not that NASA is in danger of early starvation—enough of it must be preserved to lend some public relations substance to the shadow of the 1958 Space Act, which dedicated our efforts up there exclusively to "peaceful purposes for the benefit of mankind." The President paid touching tribute to
noble concept when, in his announcement that
would soon be orbiting, he reiterated that "our A
can dream for outer space is a dream of peace."
the moist-eyed gaze he reserves for such occas
he used the right word. It is indeed a dream, and
eral Schriever can be relied on to treat it as such

Of course the Air Force has not been waiting
the MOL go-ahead to pursue its aims in space.
have the Russians. The empyrean is already fu
Russian and American hardware equipped with e
rate sensing and photographic apparatus to obs
what is going on down below. But the Air Force,
the Chinese Reds, believes that man is the dec
force in war, and they want airmen in space w
they can not only observe but act. The $1.5 bi
MOL program announced by Mr. Johnson is ha
more than an Air Force version of the NASA Ge
program, but it is only a beginning. From it, by al
dications, an aerospace force will not develop acc
ing to any dream of peace but the strategy and t
nology of war. The Air Force wants the capabilit
intercept the reconnaissance satellites of the en
and end their nefarious activities. It would like to
all the observing and deny it to the enemy. If
can do this better than unmanned hunter spacec
the Russians will be sending their astronauts aloft
the same purpose. A glorious prospect emerges.
the vacuum of space, where man has all he can
to survive, men who happen to have been born
different parts of the earth will be killing one ano
for God and country.

The Biggest Gimmick

America, the land of opportunity, is also the
sium of the sales gimmick. In dollar volume,
other gimmick can approach the trading stamp
dustry or, as it prefers to be called, the premium
centive business. Its prosperity is a living proof
P. T. Barnum knew what he was talking about.
now a cloud appears on the stamp horizon.
Lester L. Wolff, an enterprising freshman Congr
man from New York, has been asking questions ab
the inner workings of the stamp business and gett
answers from food chains and other retailers,
when he invited representatives of the stamp c
panies, none showed up. They sent observers to
informal meetings, they sent lobbyists to try to
suade Mr. Wolff from pursuing his inquiry, but t
are not going to talk unless a formal Congressio
investigation is launched and subpoenas are issu

Representative Wolff became interested in trad
stamps because he suspected that this essenti
parasitic industry might be a factor in the stea
rising cost of living. Over $38 billion in annual re
sales is tied in with stamps, including 43 per cent
all food sold in the United States. Food mark
operate on a low margin of profit—between 0.5
2 per cent of sales—while stamps cost the stores
3 per cent. The ratio may be even higher when m

try to beat the competition with double or triple
p days. The companies used to claim that the
ps were paid for out of increased volume, and
was true when the first store in the neighbor-
to adopt stamps took customers away from
· stores; but now that the saturation point has
reached it must be clear that neither the con-
r nor the merchant is getting something for
ing.

effect the housewife (the clientele of the pre-
n store is almost entirely female) is supporting
ırallel, high-priced retailing system. The stamp
ies are already the largest wholesale buyers of
l appliances like toasters and heating pads, which
distribute at the manufacturers' inflated list
s, on which the stamp collector more often than
pays a sales tax. The intelligent housewife is
ed into defensive stamp collection, since she
vs she is paying for the stamps, willy-nilly. Un-
ɔtedly many women revel in perusing the premium
logues and choosing "gifts" for themselves and
r loved ones, but why should the sensible house-
be forced to pay extra for the food her family
ls in exchange for overpriced merchandise they
't need?

Another point raised by Representative Wolff is that the Internal Revenue Service may have been too indulgent with the stamp interests. Company practice is to file corporate income tax returns on the basis that not less than 95 per cent of the issued stamps will be redeemed. But the actual redemption ratio is generally estimated at 90 per cent, and some industry estimates range as low as 80 per cent. Whatever the true figures, the difference is gravy for the companies. Redemption is usually prompt—six to twelve months—yet the companies hold back $50 million a year against stamps that may never be presented for redemption. Since 1950, they have accumulated $950 million in reserves against 384 billion stamps, most of which will still be unredeemed at the Last Judgment.

Some food chains in the Northeast are beginning to rebel against the stamp imposition, but at the same time, with the price of medicines already high, drug stores are going under the yoke. *The Nation* has always been opposed to promotions of this type. [See editorial, "The Trading Stamp Mystique," October 5, 1964, and "Trading Stamps—The Welcome Hoax," by Desmond Smith, October 26, 1963.] It is high time for a full-dress investigation which will bring all the facts to light.

he Return of Flying Saucers . . . Daniel Cohen

July 26, 1952, the U.S. Air
ce diverted all commercial air
fic away from Washington,
., and sent up jets to defend
city from invasion by invisible
ceships. Radar operators had
ected a number of unexplained
ps" on their screens, and al-
ugh the weather then prevailing
Washington had produced simi-
"blips" on other occasions, the
ing-saucer "flap" had by then
ched such intensity that mete-
logy was ignored in extraterres-
l panic.

Compared to the boom years of
47-58, flying saucers have today
len into relative obscurity, but
re are still thousands of people
the United States who believe
ssionately that the earth is being
ited regularly by great numbers
spaceships from other worlds.
ery unexplained light in the sky
a possible spaceship, every un-
plained hole in the ground a sign
a possible spaceship landing, and
ybody who calls this nonsense is
possible agent of a giant con-
iracy to hide the truth. Some of the enthusiasts are quite mad, but surprisingly, the majority are sane and often very intelligent. Yet they have remained in this bizarre state of mind for nearly twenty years. Flying saucers are, as one commentator has termed them, "a major myth of the space age."

The Air Force is still patiently investigating reports of saucer sightings. In the latest information sheet it notes that since 1947 it has investigated 9,127 cases of sightings. Of these only 667 are now classed as "unexplained." Any unusual bit of publicity will bring in a new flood of sightings. This happened last January when *True* magazine ran another "flying saucers are really here now!" article by Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe (U.S.M.C. Ret.). The article resulted in a healthy jump in newsstand sales for *True*, and Major Keyhoe's organization, the National Investigations Committee for Aerial Phenomena (NICAP), got some 3,000 letters from saucer-seeing readers.

During the summer of 1965 the country experienced the biggest wave of saucer sightings it has had in years. Large numbers of reports came in from Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, and from as far east as Chicago. Newspapers gave saucer stories prominent display and flying saucers again became a common topic of dinner-table conversation. One of the saucers that was seen over Texas was even photographed. The picture showed only an indistinct light, but according to *The Christian Science Monitor* of Aug. 16, "It makes the clearest case yet for a thorough look at the saucer mystery."

Officers at Project Blue Book, the Air Force's agency charged with investigating saucer reports, calmly pointed out that the sightings were most likely cases of mistaken identification of the planet Jupiter and four prominent stars, due to unusual atmospheric conditions that "gave them a scintillating effect." But such an explanation was hardly satisfactory to the man who thought he had seen a spaceship.

The original flying saucers were seen by Kenneth Arnold, a salesman and veteran pilot. On June 24, 1947, Arnold was flying his private plane over the Cascade Mountains in Washington when he

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niel Cohen is managing editor of
ience Digest.

saw nine bright, disk-shaped objects approaching Mt. Rainier. The disks were probably a mirage caused by the mountains, but to Arnold they looked like strange craft traveling at almost 1,700 miles an hour. Arnold's story was picked up as a "silly season" item by newspapers all over the country and Arnold found himself the butt of a lot of jokes.

But one person who read Arnold's story didn't laugh. He was Raymond A. Palmer, editor of Ziff-Davis Publishing Company's science-fiction magazines, *Amazing Stories* and *Fantastic Adventures*. Palmer was, and is, devoted to the idea that truth is stranger than fiction. He had already published a collection of "true stories" known as *The Great Shaver Mystery*. The articles were written by Richard S. Shaver, a Pennsylvania welder, who claimed to have a racial memory of the fabled continents of Lemuria, Atlantis and Mu. All the old mystic tales were there, but Shaver and Palmer breathed new life into them. It was effective stuff: people began to come upon Shaver's evil deros (detrimental robots) as they popped up from beneath the ground.

By 1948, the Shaver mystery was losing its grip on the science-fiction audience; circulation was slipping. Palmer then took up the cause of flying saucers. In the first issue of his new magazine, *Fate* ("true stories of the strange, the unusual and the unknown"), published in the spring of 1948, he printed an article under Arnold's byline entitled, "I Did See The Flying Disks."

Fate had limited appeal and to most people saucers were still a joke, but a series of deaths took the humor out of them. In June of 1948, two men reported seeing six saucers near Tacoma, Wash. Palmer sent Arnold to investigate. The men told Arnold that the saucers had dropped metallic fragments on their boat and showed him some lumps of slag as proof. Puzzled by the story, Arnold notified Army Intelligence. Two officers from Hamilton Air Force Base, Calif., arrived and after an investigation decided that the whole thing was a hoax. As they were returning to base their plane crashed and both officers were killed. The cause of the crash was determined to be entirely natural, but Arnold was convinced that it had been due to extraterrestrial sabotage, and Palmer wrote darkly that he "wanted no more dead men on his hands."

A genuinely mysterious death took place on January 7 of that year when Capt. Charles Mantell was killed in a crash of his P-51 while chasing what he thought was a flying saucer. The almost certain cause of this tragedy has now been established. Mantell must have blacked out and crashed while pursuing a giant plastic skyhook balloon. These instrument-carrying balloons, sometimes 100 feet or more in diameter, were launched quite frequently during 1948. Although they were easy to see and thus produced a large number of saucer reports, they were officially classified as secret until 1950. Mantell did not know what he had seen; neither did the public. Those who did know couldn't say anything. Imagination ran wild.

For the rest of 1948 and 1949, reports of sightings continued to pour in. The Air Force was naturally interested in any unknown craft that might be cruising U.S. air space and started an investigation. At first the investigators were inexperienced and their explanations were unconvincing. To the believer, simple inefficiency could not account for the garbled reports. The reason was more sinister — conspiracy.

In December, 1949, Major Keyhoe produced his first saucer sensation for *True*. It was "The Flying Saucers are Real," and was one of the most successful articles in magazine history. By pulling together the best saucer sightings and adding his authoritative-sounding interpretation, Keyhoe managed to convince a lot of people that there were spaceships in the sky. After that everybody jumped in. One news commentator said the saucers were from Russia. Columnist Henry J. Taylor said they were a secret U.S. Air Force project. *U.S. News & World Report* agreed. Even *The New York Times* ran an editorial entitled, "Those Flying Saucers — Are They or Aren't They?" *True* kept banging away with new "revelations." *Look* publicized "The Hunt for the Flying Saucers." *Life* asked, "Have We Visitors From Outer Space?" Worried now, the Air Force gave investigation of saucer reports high priority and drafted a panel of civilian scientists to help.

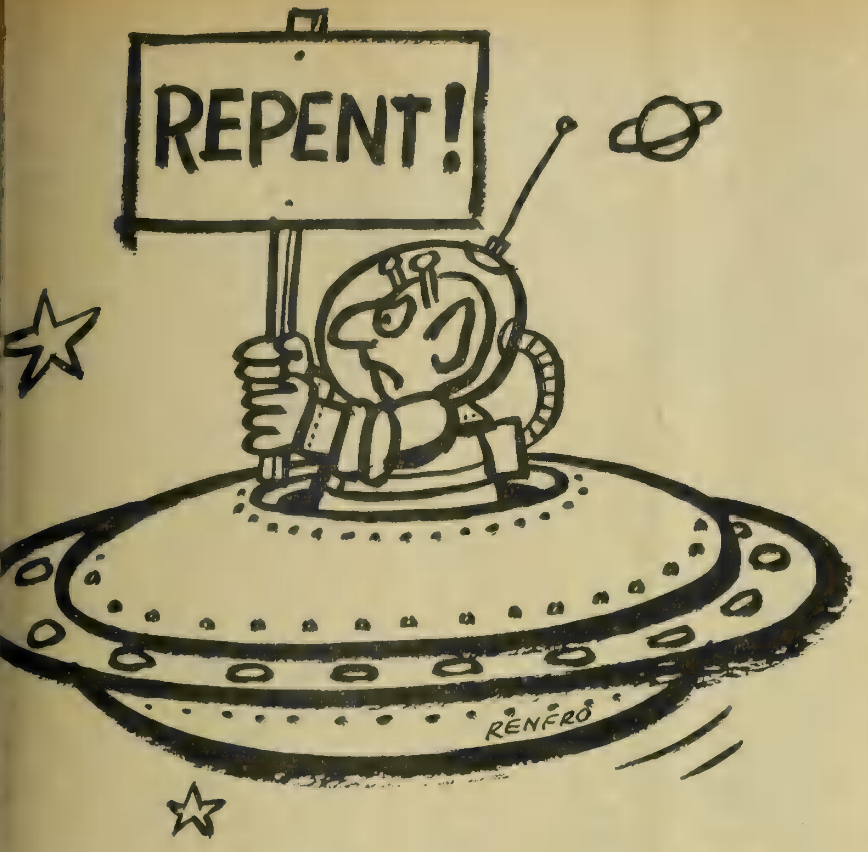
Meteors, mirages, balloons,
and a host of other things
to be flying saucers to a
fused public. There were
hoaxes but they were usually
and did not form the back
of saucer sightings. If som
thought he had seen a spacesh
was difficult to convince him
he had not. Even the Air Force
puzzled. As late as 1956, Ed
J. Ruppelt, former head of
saucer-investigation project,
a book in which he concluded
he had never found any evid
that spaceships were cruising
earth, but added that all the
ports couldn't be written off.
haps the galactic Magellans
there after all.

There were other more typi
American responses. One radio
sonality billed himself as "the
ing disc jockey." Manufacturer
children's toys brought out
saucers. There were saucerbur
and flying-saucer candy. But
lic interest can be maintained
rumor for just so long. Reports
tinued to come in, but they
all of the same vague type.
spaceship landing had ever
reliably reported and no little g
men had turned up at the W
House. Interest began to fade.

When the saucer tide recede
left behind a hard core of dedic
believers. And, as is typical of
believers, they have split int
number of mutually hostile
tions.

There have probably been 10
more flying-saucer groups in
United States during the last tw
ty years. Some have thousands
members. Others are composed
the founder and a few frie
sometimes just the founder. Gro
are born, die and are replaced
different arrangement of the s
people under a new organizati
name. One thing they always do
they can put a few dollars toge
and get their hands on a mi
ograph machine, is publish.

On one fringe today are
"contactees," those who have a
ally seen, talked to, or comm
cated telepathically with space
ple. An example of a conta
group is The Star Light Fell
ship. They meet in New York
to hear messages from the sp
people "instrumented telepathic
through the Direct Voice Met
of Mental Channelship by Ja
White Star." Messages are recei
from The Interplanetary M



ncil, June of Venus, U-Ray-Ma
Mars and other Buck Rogerish
ures. Jackie White Star also
rs from Medgar Evers and Pope
n XXIII. All messages are a mix-
e of hope, cheer and a fuzzy,
stic Christianity.

Flying-saucer contacts are re-
rted regularly in the Hollywood-
sed *Cosmic Star*, perhaps the
gest metaphysical-psychic publi-
tion in the country. The story of
California man who boarded a
aceship that landed near his
me can be found in the same
ue with an announcement of a
icago psychic convention which
ll feature the clairvoyant, Peter
rkos.

The most successful contactee
s George Adamski. In 1952, he
et and talked with the pilot of a
ing saucer from Venus. After
at he reported many chats with
ace people and even a trip to the
oon via saucer. Adamski's book,
side the Space Ships, attracted far
eater attention than a book of
is type usually gets. Until his
ath this year he toured the world,
cturing on his experiences. Natu-
lly Adamski's success inspired a
st of imitators.

Somewhere in the middle of the
eological road is *Saucer News*,
published by The Saucer and Unexplained Celestial Events Research Society of Fort Lee, N.J. The editors of *Saucer News* do not automatically accept the claims of the contactees, but are sympathetic to all but the most extravagant. They are interested in the facts of saucer sightings but are equally interested in what they conceive to be the philosophical implications of saucers.

In their June issue, Peter Kor, a veteran of millions of words of saucer speculation, wrote: "The saucer movement is nothing less than a spontaneous religious revolution in process! Almost unconsciously, it is forcing a reformulation of the basic existential questions in the public mind."

On the extreme right of the saucer spectrum is the largest and most influential of the saucer groups, Major Keyhoe's NICAP. Estimates of NICAP membership run as high as 5,000. The group emphatically rejects the contactees and almost all other saucer groups —in fact, it emphatically rejects the term flying saucer. Saucers, they correctly point out, have been seen in many shapes: round, spherical, square and cigarlike, and in many sizes ranging from the tiny to the enormous. They prefer the term Unidentified Flying Objects or UFOs.

The organization has a heavy military-technological bias. Most of the sightings they report seem to take place over military installations and NICAP regards the word of a serviceman, pilot or police officer as far more reliable than that of an ordinary citizen. They devote approximately equal energy to investigating reports and harassing the Air Force.

NICAP has four basic beliefs: (1) That UFOs are spaceships; (2) that the Air Force knows this and is covering up the facts; (3) that the only solution to the UFO problem is a Congressional investigation; and (4) that NICAP is made up of serious, intelligent, responsible people who are not at all like the rest of those saucer nuts.

Understandably, other saucer groups resent this attitude and strike back in various ways. The June issue of *Saucer News* carried the headline, "Is NICAP an Air Force Front?" The article didn't contain any facts but reached plenty of conclusions: NICAP is headed by an ex-military man and a lot of ex-military men are members; NICAP is also very strict and stuffy compared with other groups. Therefore, NICAP has been set up by the military to smother all real saucer investigation in boredom.

This accusation was comparatively mild. In 1958, *Flying Saucers* published an article which insisted that NICAP, all the other saucer groups, the Air Force, and just about everyone else were dupes of "minds schooled in deception and contraception [*sic*] — the elite corps of the Central Intelligence Agency." Just what the CIA was covering up, and why, was not made clear. The conspiracy fantasy plays an important part in saucer lore.

NICAP's drive for respectability is almost touching. It proudly lists its Board of Governors and Advisors, which include engineers, military officers, clergymen, doctors and several professors. Some members also claim that the group includes Congressmen, Senators and a former head of the CIA, although their names are not published.

Keyhoe proudly quotes Barry Goldwater as saying, "I am indeed interested in UFOs. I frankly feel that there is a great deal to this and I have discussed it often with many Air Force officers."

The United States is not the only country with saucer enthusiasts. One of the slickest saucer publications today comes from Japan. The French, who take a more theoretical approach, have contributed much sophisticated pseudo-scientific hash to saucer lore. Aimé Michel claimed that saucers drew their tremendous power from an unknown electromagnetic force.

Brazil has had a particularly embarrassing time with saucers. In 1958, a group of faked saucer pictures was presented to the Brazilian Government. After weeks of dispute they were released to the press as genuine by the President of Brazil himself. On July 12 of this year, *The New York Times* reported sightings in Britain, France, Portugal, the Azores and Deception Island in the Antarctic.

Science popularizers like Isaac Asimov and Willy Ley have made occasional forays against the saucer enthusiasts. At a lecture Asimov once said, "I think anyone who believes in flying saucers is a crackpot." Most scientists, however, simply don't want to get involved and ignore the whole thing. One who does get involved is the astronomer and astrophysicist Donald H. Menzel. For years, Dr. Menzel has carried on a one-man war with the enthusiasts in books, articles, on radio and television and in the columns of the saucer publications. He has traveled thousands of miles to investigate saucer reports. Among the believers he has a place next to the Air Force as the chief instrument of the powers of darkness.

The saucer enthusiast is ever hopeful. NICAP's *The UFO Investigator* announces a "wave of important new sightings" in its April issue. Readers are told to prepare, because at any moment a saucer might land where it can be seen by hundreds, or fly at a low altitude over a city where thousands can see it. Failing such contacts, "rapidly growing UFO evidence can end the censorship; more and more cracks have appeared in the secrecy wall."

The breathless anticipation that at any moment they will be proved stunningly right, and all their detractors will bow their heads in shock and shame, keeps saucer morale high. But for how much longer? The saucer groups are probably doomed to extinction as older members die and others, disillusioned by the coyness of the space people, drift off to other interests.

Still, there is something about the saucer myth that holds the imagination. The various g
have had some success in recr
high school and college stu
who could not have experience
intoxicating excitement of "th
flap." Belief in saucers, as in
thing else, generates a sense of
munity, and gives the believ
feeling of superiority over clo
outsiders who refuse to see wh
so obvious. It becomes a conve
weapon with which to strike
at an indifferent government
military bureaucracy. It give
believer a chance to thumb his
at all those smart-guy scie
who talk about all sorts of thin
can't understand but are too s
to know that the world is
rounded by spaceships. And
important of all, it promises
the whole dull pattern of ordi
day-to-day life may be drasti
altered at any moment, and
the chosen few will be prepare
the big change.

A saucer renaissance, per
touched off by space-explor
activity, is always possible.
summer's saucer sightings
doubtless made many new conv
Even if the movement does
guish, the flying saucer will n
really die. It has become, like
lantis and the Great Pyramid
integral part of mystic litera

PORTUGAL

Imperialism on Credit . . . . .

Antonio de Figueire

London

The comment being made by many Portuguese on the re-election of 70-year-old Admiral Americo Tomas on July 25 for a new seven-year term of office as President was that his insistence on remaining in power could spring only from the naval tradition whereby the captain is expected to go down with his ship. Yet the tranquil façade of Portugal this past summer was such that the casual visitor could hardly have grasped the reasons for this sense of doom.

The apathy of the Portuguese was partly caused by the re-election itself. For the first time since a constitutional amendment abolished universal suffrage in 1959, the President was to be elected by an electoral college comprising the members of the National Assembly, the Corporative Chamber, and representatives of municipalities and legislative councils from Portugal and the overseas provinces. The facts that only 556 of the 582 members of the college turned up for the ceremony, and that there were thirteen blank votes cast in protest for the mere formality of the re-election of a single candidate, seem to indicate that even the long-dormant consciences of some of the power elite in Portugal were pricked by the significance of the event. The constitutional amendment, which c
soon after and was partly prom
by General Humberto Delga
agitated campaign in 1958,
been one of the main factors be
the ferment in Portuguese pol
over the past few years.

The Portuguese President,
head of state, is empowered to
point or dismiss the Prime Minis
Dr. Salazar, who is—constitutio
ly at least—no more than a str
man by proxy. Under universal
frage it was theoretically poss
for the opponents of the regim
elect a candidate of their
choice. He would then, accordin
plan, dismiss Dr. Salazar, app
a new prime minister, and open
way for what was known in Po
guese politics as "the constitutio
coup d'état."

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years past, the opposition's ef-
centered on this possibility.
n Dr. Salazar was more vigor-
they repeatedly saw their plans
rated by electoral rigging;
her their candidates resigned
he eve of election day or, like
ral Delgado, stood for election,
achieved little more than the
orary embarrassment of the
ne. Now, however, when Dr.
zar's age is a factor in Portu-
e politics, the constitutional
ndment has acquired even
ter importance; the Presidential
ion is bound up with the prob-
of the succession of Dr. Salazar
the very survival of the re-
. In the event of Dr. Salazar's
h or retirement, the responsi-
y for the succession of the prime
ister will fall on the President;
he event of the latter's death
ther equally suitable candidate
ld be found for election by the
tuguese regime's own electoral
ege.

irect universal suffrage still ap-
s for the 130 members of the
ional Assembly, whose election
takes place later in the year.
the government has refused to
w the creation of a Christian
nocratic Party, and with censor-
, State Police (PIDE) vigilance
doubtful electoral rolls and
ctices, the opposition has very
e chance to compete against the
ernment's own publicly financed
tional Union (Uniao Nacional)
ty. Since, in any case, the Na-
al Assembly members are only
art of the electoral college, and
re are still other government
lies intervening over the eligibil-
of candidates, the legalistic cita-
has become virtually invulner-
e.

Against this background it
necessary to place the element of
speration that has characterized
opposition's actions. The seizure
the *Santa Maria* in 1961, the
rtive Beja uprising in 1962, Gen-
l Delgado's foolhardy conspira-
ial visit to Spain that ended in
brutal assassination earlier this
r are part of a wide and dramatic
uggle. The Portuguese opposition
unique in that it is the only demo-
tic movement to depart from the
spectability of European politics,
operate under a central *Frente
Liberacao Nacional* (National
eration Front) in exile in Algiers.
Inside Portugal itself two alterna-
es remain. One, mostly preferred
by the younger generation and equally desperate, is to join clandestine organizations, largely controlled by the Communists. These belong either to the classic *Partido Comunista,* specializing in long-term indoctrination, or to its rival, the more militant *F.A.P.* (Popular Action Front). Both are linked to the exile movement that operates among the Portuguese settled in Brazil (a former Portuguese colony, still the home of 1 million Portuguese-born); France (where there are an estimated 200,000 Portuguese immigrants, many of them illegal); Morocco, Algiers and wherever Portuguese are found. Lately there have emerged some equally desperate radical and Catholic groups, since Portugal is perhaps the only Catholic country in the world where underground Catholic publications, such as *Direito a Informaçao* (The Right to Know), are circulated along with illegal Communist newspapers. The other alternative, paradoxically, is the exercise of the only constitutional right that is open to the opposition—that of appealing to the President, such as he is, to dismiss the prime minister and appoint a more conciliatory government.

It has long been a feature of Portuguese politics that groups of elderly men, the identifiable torch carriers of Portuguese liberalism, periodically write to or are received by the President, to whom they try to explain the opposition's view of the state of the nation. The group, Social Democratic Action, is headed by Senhor Cunha Leal, a former Republican prime minister, and Prof. Mario de Azevedo Gomes, a former Republican minister. The group enjoys a semi-tolerated status, partly because five of its fifteen directorate and secretariat members are in their 70s, partly because they are all on indefinite bail for previous charges. Earlier this year, apparently due to a mistake on the part of the censor, their statements were published in a daily Lisbon newspaper. Their periodical submissions to the President, nevertheless, can be said to form a historical record of the opposition's doctrine on national issues, especially those affecting the crucial problem of the empire.

When Dr. Salazar integrated the colonies in the constitution as overseas provinces of a single Portugal, the Social Democrats were quick to warn that the expedient would not work out. The status

Catherine Merrill

of colonies, they argued, implied at least a transition; the new status was tantamount to a unilateral territorial annexation that could only lead to trouble, as it meant the perpetuation of Portuguese rule. Successively they alerted the regime to the impending rebellion in Angola in 1961, and tried to find an honorable solution to the Goan question. So far they have been remarkably accurate in their prophesies.

Now, when Portugal is apparently holding its own on three colonial fronts in Portuguese Guinea, Mozambique and Angola (all of which are beset by guerrilla warfare), and despite the existence of a small colonial boom in both Angola and Mozambique (exports have more than doubled in the past few years), the opposition still anticipates disaster. Defense expenditure already takes up as much as 40 per cent of the budgets of Portugal, Angola and Mozambique, often as much as the combined total spent on social assistance and education. Portuguese Guinea, where there are now more Portuguese troops than settlers, has long been a liability. In order to meet the dual task of maintaining an estimated 100,000-man military and police apparatus dispersed in Portuguese Guinea, Angola and Mozambique, and stepping up economic and social development in a race against time, Portugal has had to increase taxes to the extent of wiping out the gradual improvement in living standards that was beginning to be felt after the first thirty years of dictatorial rule.

Moreover, Portugal's economic future is now heavily mortgaged. Since 1961, the flow of incoming capital, through investments and public and private loans, has averaged £30 million annually, a large sum by Portuguese standards. In the crucial year of 1962, West Germany alone contributed with a loan of 250 million marks; from 1963 to 1965, the amount of loans granted by United States and European banks exceeds $100 million, at rates varying from 5½ to 5¾ per cent and terms between five and twenty years. In addition to the already considerable foreign stake in the economies of Portugal, Angola and Mozambique, the opposition argues, the economic partnership offered to West German, Belgian, Japanese, British, American, French and South African investors and creditors will be a threat to Portuguese sovereignty. West Germany, now one of the main exporters of goods and capital to the Portuguese escudo area, already has secured a major military establishment in Portugal, including an air base at Beja.

In addition, the phase of international police collusion with South Africa and Rhodesia has been superseded by an increasing trend toward military and economic integration of Angola and Mozambique in the white supremacist bloc now in the making in southern Africa.

The premise of Dr. Salazar's policies is that financial commitments will be paid by increased earnings with the export trade of the overseas territories. Politically he believes that the apparent incompatibility between Portugal's nonracist legislation and South Africa's apartheid will maintain the distinctive political entity of Angola and Mozambique. On the international level he hopes that the West will eventually and openly rally behind the white-dominated bloc in southern Africa, to form a Formosa-like citadel against the less reliable forces of Pan-Africanism. The Portuguese Foreign Minister, Franco Nogueira, has repeatedly pointed out that the United States and British attitudes toward Southeast Asia are an encouraging precedent for Western support in the event of Africa's own liberation wars, waged from the independent territories north of zambique and Angola.

The long-term risk of such cies, the opposition contends, is Dr. Salazar is committing the co try to perpetual colonialism war; his policies, even in a pu Portuguese context, might be clever by half.

No one welcomes Dr. S zar's imperialism on credit m than the strong white element Mozambique and Angola who now being flooded by South Afri apartheid propaganda. Unless believes that their reactions southern Africa's social and ra environment were miraculously ferent from those of white So Africans and Rhodesians, one easily understand why they are coming increasingly sympathe toward their white neighbors. Angola there are now an estima 220,000 whites as opposed to million blacks; in Mozambique, equivalent figures are 120,000 6.5 million.

Until recently Africans were g erned by a native statute which duced them to the condition wards of the administration; il eracy was as high as 99 per ce Since they did not qualify for t vote, the statute was a natural fo of political apartheid. In 1961, the wave of legislative reforms th were made necessary owing to t international pressure that follow the rebellion in northern Angola, t *indigenato* system was abolish and the franchise extended to literate Africans. At the same ti education for Africans was stepp up to such an extent that in bo Angola and Mozambique the nu ber of rudimentary schools increas by 50 per cent. New lyceums (hi schools) and technical schools we opened in all main towns; unive sities in both Angola and Moza bique were established in 1964. form of apartheid still persists the requirement of primary (n rudimentary) school examinati for the right to vote. Even so, th overall consequence is that the pe centage of the 1 million-odd Af cans now attending school, wh could qualify for the vote, will in decade or so be greater than tha of white voters. Under Dr. Salaza citizenship rights may mean ve little, but the implications in th future of equality between white and blacks might mean that Afr cans could come to occupy powe gally by sheer weight of numers.

The government's propaganda as managed only to deceive those ho conceive it. It consists of emhasizing, for the benefit of international diplomatic opinion, the omparison in negatives between he alleged Portuguese racial tolerance and South Africa's apartheid, r the segregation prevailing in colnies formerly under British rule. ccording to the regime's theorists, he Portuguese were somehow enowed with a historical vocation for ontacts with peoples of different aces and creeds. The fact is that n southern Africa apartheid is the bsolute negative on which all comarisons must be based; as long ago s the 1940s, the South Africans ave been saying that the Rhodeians, the Mozambicans and the ngolans would adopt apartheid when conditions were ripe.

The racial *tolerance* of the Portuguese for Africans in their own land s still based on a deeply ingrained sense of their own racial superiority. n practice it results from the differences in income and social standards which run along the boundaries of race, thus creating a natural color barrier in everyday life. The changes that will follow the simultaneous rise in living standards of a new class of African white-collar workers—including education and the franchise—have introduced incipient racist philosophies into minds of white Angolans and Mozambicans. These, however, are disguised in oversimplified forms of ideological suspicion toward the hundreds of Africans who are now jailed for nationalist activities. Already Dr. Salazar has had to curb the sympathetic tendencies of high-ranking military and administrative people who, after only a brief term of duty among Angolans and Mozambicans, have come to share the view that the future of Portuguese reaction is in the untapped territories of Angola and Mozambique, not in impoverished and exiguous Portugal.

In order to escape the dangers of African independence, Portugal is likely to end up, just the same as a bad debtor, after losing the colonies to the white Angolans and Mozambicans. Any major dislocation in Portugal, such as might be caused by Salazar's death, will be the white settlers' golden opportunity to follow the example of Rhodesia in proclaiming their own unilateral declaration of independence. In such circumstances Portugal would have crowned its long imperialist exploitation of Angola and Mozambique by contributing to the creation of a bloc in southern Africa that would, in years to come, be a threat to peace in Africa and the world. The establishment of foreign bases in Portugal, coupled with a keener interest on the part of Spain in the future of the only rebel Iberians who succeeded in escaping the rule of Madrid, is seen as an indication that Portugal's imperialism in Africa is being made at the expense of Portugal's own subordination to foreign influence.

These are some of the main factors that explain the sense of doom of Portuguese democrats. While the attentions of the world are diverted to successive crises in Vietnam and the frontiers of the cold war, they know that it would be useless to make pathetic appeals for the solidarity of progressive opinion in the world. Therefore, in my efforts here to state the case of the silenced and oppressed Portuguese democrats, I feel I should not mislead with partisan optimism. It is a painful fact that the assistance provided by the West and NATO to Salazar's regime is for the time being achieving some measure of containment, or postponement, of Portugal's moment of truth.

When one reflects on the race between the various forces that make up Portuguese politics — fascism, capitalism, white separatism, racial supremacy on the one hand, and those of radicalism, African nationalism, liberalism, communism on the other — one wonders how long a regime embodied in a 76-year-old dictator can last. The danger in the Portuguese situation is that no one, not even Salazar, really knows. The regime itself, in a recent statement refusing the creation of a Christian Democratic Party, admitted the possibility of civil war if parties were tolerated. By implication, it acknowledged that after forty years it can still do no better than impose a policy of containment in which peace is a euphemism for oppression. Perhaps the world, when it finally finds a solution for Vietnam, will discover that the process of disintegration of the Portuguese empire also did not develop overnight —it fermented in neglect until it was too far advanced for United Nations peace missions to bring a solution.

Whatever Happened to the State Department?

Charles W. Tait

In the first half of 1965 three events gave evidence of a dangerous new turn in American foreign policy: the dropping of Belgian paratroopers on Stanleyville, combined with support of the white South African mercenaries; the bombing of North Vietnam and commitment of American ground troops to South Vietnam in large numbers; and the unilateral military invasion of the Dominican Republic. Common to all three moves is an open reliance on military force. It is no longer a simple question of whether military men are making decisions that they are not qualified to make—and are supposedly forbidden to make under our tradition of government. They are making such decisions because our foreign policy is in the hands of *civilians* who are unable to view the world in other than military terms, because the military's overconfidence in solutions by force of arms and its restless impatience with less direct methods have infected civilian policy makers. And this has happened because the President, the Congress and much of the press have accepted the dangerously oversimplified view that

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America's foreign-policy problems are military, to be decided by military means, and at times and places of America's choosing.

More than ten years ago, C. Wright Mills described in *The Power Elite* how the American Government had come to view international reality in purely military terms. He showed how we had become convinced that peace was no longer a real goal but, at best, only "an uneasy interlude existing precariously by virtue of the balance of mutual fright." Similarly, in his lectures at Princeton in 1954 (*Realities of American Foreign Policy*, Princeton University Press), George Kennan pointed out how military considerations had become for us the only reality, and called attention to the dangers arising from our concentration on the military aspect of the Soviet threat. Both Mills and Kennan deplored the neglect of diplomacy that resulted from this change of view.

Subsequent events have only confirmed what Mills and Kennan said a decade ago. Having solved to our satisfaction the problem of containing communism by a system of military alliances and foreign bases, we believe that we have now also perfected the military means for solving the problem of Communist revolution and military insurrection within the perimeter of our influence. We have the military and technical means to intervene quickly and decisively almost anywhere in the world, without consulting anyone, without regard for treaties, and without even a decent regard for the opinions of mankind. And we have shown this year that we intend to make full use of these means whenever and wherever we are convinced that the situation calls for them.

Where is this to stop? Already there are signs that a conflict with China, far from being something we are trying to prevent, may be something we are trying to provoke. A section of the American military wanted to launch a nuclear attack on the Soviet Union in the years before the Russians had acquired their own atomic bombs. Given the background of American fear of China and the smarting, among the military, over the stalemated war in Korea, it is plausible that these views should again come to the surface as China moves toward nuclear arms. Surely we do not believe our own assertion that the escalated war in Vietnam, a war reaching up to the very borders of China, will provoke no Chinese response. It could be that we would welcome a response, any response, which would give us the pretense for a massive nuclear strike against China.

How has the military view of foreign affairs come to dominate the American mind? Our high command won a great victory in World War II, and won for itself great power and prestige as a consequence. Out of that war came vast new problems and responsibilities, and the military leaders seemed the only ones capable of handling them successfully. So General Marshall was entrusted with the important mission to China and later became Secretary of State.

But the military also controlled the two defeated and occupied enemy powers, Germany and Japan. In the chaotic postwar years, in the developing cold war, this meant a *military* control of policy in both Asia and Europe. The creation of NATO and the rearming of Western Germany as a full-fledged military partner have given a permanent military cast to American policy in Europe. In the Far East, Communist victory in China, followed almost at once by the invasion of South Korea, led to a permanent militarization of U.S. policy in that area as well.

In the absence of any other view, a military interpretation of foreign affairs was inevitable, and led to the permanent ascendancy within the counsels of government of military men. The aim of U.S. foreign policy has become the formation of military alliances, the establishment of military bases, the development of military-aid programs — even in areas such as Latin America, remote from Communist military threats. As the war-damaged economies of Europe and Asia recovered, foreign economic aid became foreign military aid, and the export of American military equipment is now a principal activity of the Pentagon. Military staffs have become a prominent part of every diplomatic mission and often overshadow all other diplomatic functions.

As a result, we have accepted the view which no other Western government has ever accepted (and no Communist government either, for that matter) that foreign-policy problems are basically military problems, that in fact the conduct of foreign policy is basically a mil tary exercise. Everything from th European Common Market to th Indian development plan is viewe from a military perspective and, there is trouble in an area like Vie nam, General Collins must be se out to appraise the situation an make recommendations. If the situation gets worse, General Taylor mus be dispatched to solve it. And if becomes desperate, the resources c all four armed services must be directly employed in force.

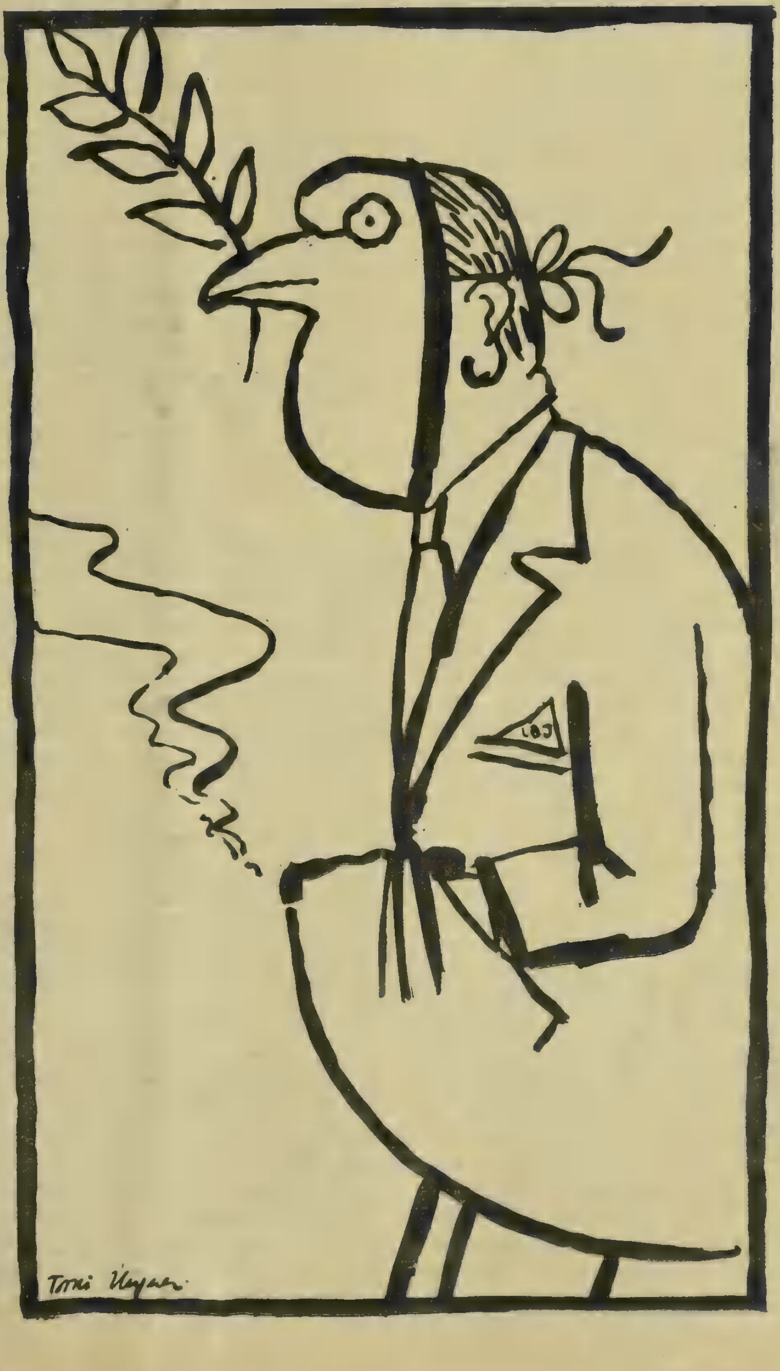
Yet it is not right to tal loosely of military control of for eign policy. Soldiers have not seize power—they have done what the have been asked to do by their civi ian superiors. It is not their fault i their way of looking at things, thei way of solving problems, has bee taken over as national policy. Civilians, represented by McNamara McCone and Bundy, have convince a President who is unsure of himself in affairs abroad that militar solutions offer the quickest an most effective answers to the problems of foreign policy. The attraction lies not only in the directnes and simplicity of actual militar force. The air of technical efficienc and objectivity which surrounds decisions made by computers; the impressive apparatus of intelligenc agencies with their networks o agents and almost instantaneou transmission of top-secret, evaluate intelligence to policy makers; th jet transports, aircraft carriers, helicopters, radio communications from Pentagon to forward command pos —all these give an illusion of purposeful action. Is it any wonder tha they impress men who worship technical gadgetry and pride themselve on their ability to make speedy executive decisions?

Unfortunately, even the most refined gadgetry cannot be a substitute for knowledge of men—knowledge of their history and knowledge of how and why they think and ac as they do. David Halberstam, appraising McNamara's performance as Secretary of Defense, has sai that he understands everything "except men and ideas." It is ironic tha the first civilian Secretary of Defense to establish control over the Pentagon should end up as its mos abject captive because he canno understand the strange ideas, and still stranger behavior, of the men of Vietnam. But he is not alone in his ignorance and bewilderment.

essors, who are supposed to be
icularly clever with ideas, have
the same difficulties.
cGeorge Bundy, the President's
cipal adviser on national se-
ty affairs, spoke to the Harvard
pter of Phi Beta Kappa last June
he four basic elements this na-
must consider in its relations
the rest of the world. They
e, in his view: U.S. military
er as the key to peace; limited
of the United Nations; foreign
and the threat of communism.
Bundy's list is an accurate sum-
y of what the Administration
as the true situation, with mili-
power in first place. Conspicu-
ly absent from his list of reali-
are the nationalism, anti-colo-
ism and social revolution which
convulsing Asia, Africa and
in America, and the manifesta-
s of which take up a lot of Mr.
dy's time in Washington and
field trips as well. Of course,
se factors do appear in Bundy's
—they are part of his definition
the threat of communism which
must oppose with military
ans, with economic aid and,
en it suits our convenience, with
ited use of the United Nations.
in the end Bundy's view of re-
y is as oversimplified and dis-
ted as McNamara's. He too has
understanding of men and ideas,
d prefers to move in the more
nageable world of military pow-
economics and empty oratory
ore the United Nations.

Finally, the President himself has
licated in his many public state-
nts on Vietnam and Santo Do-
ngo that he has adopted the view
reality that sees only a vast Com-
nist conspiracy and armed ag-
ession that must be halted by su-
rior military power, or bought off
vague promises of economic aid.
s actions and his statements be-
y an ignorance of how other
untries feel. President of a coun-
convulsed by racial troubles, he
n see no harm in sending white
lgian paratroopers into Stanley-
le and supporting white South
rican mercenaries in the Congo.
can order Marines to Santo Do-
ngo, without even notifying the
S of his intentions, when Marines
the very symbol of U.S. inter-
rence in the affairs of the Carib-
an republics. He can insist on the
ntinued military occupation and
rtition of Vietnam, under a pup-
t government lacking any au-
ority among its own people and held in power only by American power, and then go solemnly before the UN and ask that the northern part of that country, which he has placed under ceaseless air attack, be pressured into ceasing its aggression against its neighbor. These actions bespeak a poor sense of judgment in the White House, a loss of the sense of reality, a grasping at military straws, while the great waves of events beat over the heads of bewildered advisers and planners.

The United States Government has always said that the danger posed by Communist Russia and China flows from three sources: their aggressive, messianic pretensions toward the rest of the world; their highly developed military machines; and their ignorance of the true state of affairs outside their own borders, especially of their adversaries' willingness to fight. Yet even in the most trying days of Stalin we could count on the political prudence of the Soviet leaders and on their strict control over the Red army. But now in our own government, the boundary between responsible political judgment and rash military action has broken down. And it has done so because we have developed our own aggressive and messianic pretensions to-



ward the rest of the world, and have misjudged both the limits of our own military power and the strength and determination of the forces arrayed against us. Just as the Germans and Japanese by 1941 had become reckless from their long series of easy victories and the steady retreat of their opponents, we too are now dizzy with success. Our victories in the Second World War, our holding the line in Germany, Korea and Formosa, our successful confrontation with Russia over Cuba—all these have given us an exaggerated confidence in our cleverness and strength, a disdain for prudence and compromise, and an itching desire to move on to greater and more decisive victories.

Perhaps none of this would have happened so easily if we had had all these years a vigorous and effective State Department with a decisive voice in the formation of American foreign policy. We do have a State Department and a foreign service, but the index of its present effectiveness and role in policy making has been Mr. Rusk's infrequent appearances this year to state the Administration's policies. Ten years ago, C. Wright Mills pointed out that America lacked a genuine civil service, and that nowhere was the lack of professional competence and detached judgment more conspicuous than in the Department of State. Prior to the Second World War we had a small and highly competent body of professionals in the foreign service; it matched, more or less, the rather limited role we chose to play in world affairs as a detached, neutral nation. But we had never developed a service that was fully professional —ambassadorial appointments remained part of the political spoils system, and the American people deeply distrusted both diplomacy and diplomats.

As the United States role in world affairs expanded rapidly after 1941, the State Department and the foreign service failed to expand correspondingly in power and influence. The basic reason for this was that our involvement, when it came, was overwhelmingly military, but continuing hostility and suspicion in Congress played its full part. So did the prominence of economic aid in our relations with other countries. The State Department voice became only one of many speaking on foreign affairs, and it was often a weak voice treating of things hard to understand and even harder to accept. For it was the unexpected victory of the Communist revolution in China, coming at a time when the United States was most apprehensive about the dangers of internal Communist subversion, which struck the first blow at the professionals of the department and foreign service. The campaign against the department was carried on by Sen. Joseph McCarthy, but it was aided and abetted by the new Republican Secretary of State who took office in January, 1953. John Foster Dulles not only failed to shield his department from attack; he gave the attackers key positions in the department from which to launch their destructive activities. He went far toward emasculating the department by disbanding the Policy Planning staff and by adopting an Olympian disregard for all internal counsel not in accord with his own rather simple and fixed ideas.

The result has been to reduce the Department of State and the foreign service to the status of a second-echelon agency that conducts certain technical overseas operations of the U.S. Government. It is difficult to believe that the State Department, if it had had any real say in the decisions made this year, would have allowed matters to proceed as they have. At the very least, it would have urged a greater solicitude for the political sensitivities of African and Latin American states, more recourse to consultation and discussion with friends and allies, keener appreciation of the long-range political effects of precipitate military actions. And from these there might even have arisen different policies!

The eclipse of the State Department has been accompanied by the rise of the Central Intelligence Agency to a decisive position of power in the formation of American foreign policy. This inscrutable agency had its origin in the wartime intelligence and secret-operation organization of the OSS, and it has never lost its semi-military character, its close links with the Pentagon, its access to unlimited funds, and its freedom from Congressional scrutiny and control. Designed originally as a central clearing house for intelligence and as the agency responsible for operating spy networks overseas, the CIA has grown to monstrous proportions. It is
agency whose views seem to ca
most weight with the Adminis
tion's policy makers; and it c
ducts its own foreign policy thro
its clandestine operations on all c
tinents. It commands an impress
technical apparatus, and can gr
out at short order imposing in
ligence reports on any subject, h
ever abstruse, on any country, h
ever remote. Like McNamara's P
tagon, it sports that indefinable
of the go-ahead, no-nonsense, 20
century corporation which can
liver reliable technical data in
shortest of time to busy executi
who themselves must make s
technical decisions.

But the CIA has never been a
to transcend its military and c
spiratorial origins, either in its vi
of reality as a whole, or in its e
mate of concrete situations. Si
the agency is committed to all ki
of doubtful operations aimed
changing and influencing the cou
of events in critical areas, it is
able to separate its intelligence ju
ment from its desire to see s
operations succeed. The most tra
instance was the Bay of Pigs
aster, yet despite this and other
backs, the agency has remained p
eminent in the counsel of the
ministration, not only because
intelligence it provides is so mu
more "definite" and "concrete" th
that provided by the State Depa
ment but because it embraces
same view of reality held by
Pentagon and White House.

Finally, much of the bla
for the permanent ascendancy
the military point of view in
world relationships must be laid
Congress and the national pre
Few Congressmen have lived outs
the United States for any length
time. Because of this isolation a
the limited vision that goes with
few legislators arrive in Washi
ton with any background kno
edge of foreign affairs. On
other hand, most Congressmen ha
spent some part of their lives
the armed forces, and a very c
siderable number keep up active
serve commissions. This means
the very least that the military
joy an understanding of and
ceptivity toward their point of vi
And often it means active supp
in Congress for the military posit
and a readiness to accept all-
military demands which have be
rejected even by the civilian sec

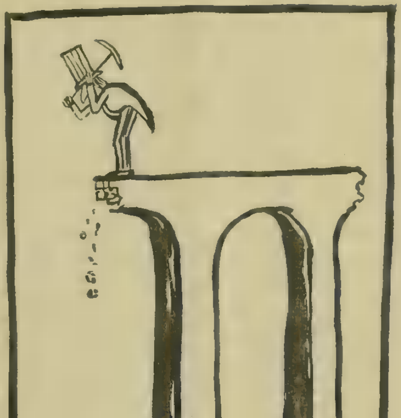
es of the various military de-
tments. The Pentagon has used
ample supply of officers and its
sh budget to keep Congress well
plied with military liaison offi-
s—that is, lobbyists. And it has
de sure that committees and
npathetic Congressmen and Sen-
rs are fed with a version of
nts that supports the military's
atiable demand—not only for
re men and equipment—but for
re and more say in the determi-
ion of foreign policy.

As for the press, it is not on-
that some columnists manage to
the military view before the pub-
disguised as impartial, objective
nment, and not only that the
ve views of people like General
vers are widely syndicated. In its
ndling of foreign news the press
s two steps further. First, the
sh of an American helicopter
es as more important news than
fall of a civilian government in
tnam. Even David Halberstam,
former *Times* correspondent in
tnam, reveals inadvertently in
book how inadequate his view
s. He was reporting on a *war*,
d more particularly on the Ameri-
ns participating in that war. Very
le of his time went into the Viet-
mese side of it; he shows al-
st no understanding of the colo-
l background and the French in-
lvement after 1945. Is it any won-
r that Halberstam accepts un-
tically the necessity for the war?
this is the best that American
wspapers can do, the public must
vitably remain ignorant of what
really happening in the world.
ain, the reporting in the Ameri-
n press of the rescue from Stan-
yville last winter was a vivid in-
nce of the failure of the press to
form and clarify, because all at-
ntion was focused on the "human-
terest" aspect of Americans being
amatically rescued from crazed
ommunist" insurrectionists. How
any papers took the trouble to
etch the tortured background of
ese events, to explain the violent
rican reaction to them, or even
print the interview with the res-
ed American consul who denied
ntly that the rebels were Commu-
sts?

Furthermore, the American press
ils to report how responsible
iends of the United States view a
oblem like Vietnam or Santo Do-
ingo, and how they react to what
e are doing there. To an alarming degree the American press handles foreign opinion as does the Soviet press. It selects those foreign statesmen and newspapers that support American policy, and omits all qualifications and reservations. Outright criticism is ignored or put down to perverse anti-Americanism, Communist influence or both. It is unlikely that more than a handful of Americans are aware of the sober, restrained criticism of our actions that has appeared in the London *Observer*, and in the counterparts to that paper from Oslo to Tokyo.

Yet at no time since the thirties has the United States been more divided in feelings and attitudes from the outside world, and the separation is not confined to the questions of Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. The other nations can see, if we will not, the dangers that our policies present to the peace and stability of the world. And the critical issue is that policies based on a military view of reality are being pushed to their logical limit by the very party and Administration that claims to represent liberalism, respect for other nations and a patient search for world peace.

What can be done to bring sanity back into our conduct of foreign affairs, to prevent the steady escalation toward a nuclear war with China, and possibly with Russia as well? Even though Congress dutifully endorsed the Administration's actions in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic and issued a blank check for further such actions, there are signs of unrest among responsible Congressional leaders, especially in the Senate. Senator Fulbright's speech on Vietnam recognizes the true Vietnam situation —that a military victory cannot be won, and that major concessions will have to be made by us as well as by the other side. But Congressional action must go much further in the direction of open opposition. The crisis demands it, and the opportunity now exists because the present Congress contains enough new men in both houses who have broken free, at least in part, from the stereotyped military thinking of their immediate predecessors. Only open, determined opposition in Congress will force the President and his Administration to face the facts of the external world.



Maybe the moment is also at hand to attempt to reconstruct the State Department and foreign service into the professionally competent and effective body that this country needs if it is to play its responsible part in the world. This means an end to the use of ambassadorial posts as political pay-offs, and to the spirit of dilettantism that underlies it. But it means also a recovery of respect for professional diplomacy. It means a readiness to seek patiently after peace and stability, to take the long-term view (which implies taking the past seriously), and a willingness to grasp the powerful historical forces which are changing the face of the earth and our place on it.

Perhaps such reform will occur only when a sizable portion of the American people are converted to reality in foreign affairs, when they are willing to drop their fear of revolution and communism, their misplaced faith in military solutions and pious oratory at the UN. This would mean listening to someone like George Kennan, even to General de Gaulle, to say nothing of Romulo Betancourt and Jomo Kenyatta. But meanwhile we have a right to expect that our elected officials, both in the White House and Congress, will do some of this listening and pause before it is too late. And we may hope that our press will help us see the world as it is and hear some of the voices speaking the truth. At the moment these voices are drowned out by the roar of helicopters, jet fighters and machine guns.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Flannery O'Connor: Faith's Stepchild

EVERYTHING THAT RISES MUST CONVERGE. By Flannery O'Connor. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 269 pp. $4.95.

Webster Schott

After reading Flannery O'Connor's final stories I ended the night listening to the mathematical music of the baroque. Order had to be restored, the monsters exorcised from the imagination and pressed back into her fiction.

Losers all, her characters act out the Gothic rituals of defeat and destruction in the nightmare American South. And if Miss O'Connor's god was ever aware of them (a problem to return to eventually), he is now obliviously sawing logs in heaven, as Pär Lagerkvist suggested in *The Eternal Smile*. Let them kill and be killed or grind their teeth in anticipation.

There are nine stories here, all episodes of fatal error and ironic retribution—modern Old Testament scenes in eschatology as the earth binds winding sheets around her failures. First a fat white woman, beaten to the pavement for offering a Negro boy a penny at the end of a bus ride, dies of a stroke or heart attack. Next a farm spinster is gored to death by the bull she commanded her hired man to shoot. A progress-crazed old farmer in "A View of the Woods" pounds his 9-year-old granddaughter's skull against rocks until her "eyes were fixed in a glare that did not take him in"; then he staggers suicidally into a lake as immense as his guilt. In "The Comforts of Home" a son accidentally shoots his mother; he was aiming at their slut boarder. In "The Lame Shall Enter First" a child hangs himself after seeing his dead mother waving from a distant star. In "Judgment Day," the only story placed in the North, an ancient Southern D. P. headed home to die gets as far as the stairs and expires; the Negro in the next apartment shoves the corpse's head, arms and legs through the spokes of a staircase as if in a stock. The last three stories settle for purgatory: an invalid intellectual returns to Georgia and waits for the water-stain holy ghost to descend from the ceiling above his bed. A maniacal ex-sailor, with a Byzantine Jesus tattooed on his back, wails against a tree, unrecognized, like Christ crucified. A self-righteous hog raiser, deranged by accusation and assault, sees a vision of herself at the very end of a heavenly procession led by white trash, bands of "black niggers in white robes and battalions of freaks and lunatics shouting and clapping and leaping like frogs."

Flannery O'Connor ventured into the world. She was born and reared in Georgia, and died there a year ago at the age of 38. But she lived as an adult in New York City, Connecticut and Iowa City, where she studied in Paul Engle's Writer's Workshop. She lectured and read in at least five states and visited France and Italy. Yet all her fiction—these stories; her first collection, *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* (1955); her two novels, *Wise Blood* (1952) and *The Violent Bear It Away* (1960)—rise out of the Baptist South. Their recurring ethos is that hereditary conflict of wills one imagines warring behind closed doors as he drives lost at twilight on a back road near the battlefield at Vicksburg. Like an expert on one function of the spleen, she chose a small territory of soil and soul and treated it as though nothing else really existed. Human behavior beyond distorted Christianity, outside the lower social orders of the rural South and the domestic arrangements of widowed parents and their children, is perceived as if by accident.

She had only a few ideas, but messianic feelings about them. Children and parents, rarely husbands and wives or brothers and sisters, strike at one another. The family unit—not society as a whole—opens the trap to dysfunction and cataclysm. Only the land, trees and sky possess beauty. Her adults look like mistakes; even her children are ugly. Love enters her stories as the comprehension of loss after death of a child or parent.

Her chief characters belong to genus Southern Neanderthal. Th minds are pre-Darwinian and p Christian. The only belief that mi make a difference in their lives Baptist literalism. Like astrology, nonfunctional, but provides a defens reflex system against thought. M O'Connor's Negroes are "niggers," dowed with physical strength, gr fears and animal survival powers. I intellectuals — a college profess schoolteacher, social worker, th failed writers and a Wellesley girl create special hells. They know ab paperback books, psychic compen tion, electric blankets, racial equal but nothing about themselves. E cated atheists, they can claim more stability than the red-necl semi-literates they loathe. Flann O'Connor's reality is destiny out control, choices made after alter tives have been frozen. To begin of her stories is to anticipate its e The only questions are how the dre ful punishment for living will be livered and in what manner savage sense of humor will delay agony.

"If nothing happened, ther no story," Flannery O'Connor once s to Robert Fitzgerald. Events take pla words are spoken in her stories reasons her characters would not derstand. Buried in their psychic h tories, black flowers of chaos blo because Miss O'Connor creates the The tattooed Parker marries a wom he does not love. The social work Sheppard, persists at rehabilitating psychopathic youth even though boy is destroying his own son. H characters aspire to the impossible of mysterious inner needs. We beli in them because Flannery O'Conn visionary logic descends on us like clamp. Intelligence says wait. But emotions follow her to exhausti She had the fictionalist's only requis gift—a genius for deception.

"I think the first thing you ne to realize about fiction," she wrote one of her nun correspondents, "is the writer [tries] to see an action, a series of actions, clearly. To ma anyone see a thing, you have to straight out what it is, you have describe it with the greatest accura The fiction writer is concerned w the way the world looks first of all."

The phenomena of sight obsess

Webster Schott is literary editor of Focus/Midwest *and reviews for the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch *and* The Christian Science Monitor.

. Events and revelations come in ngs of optical epiphanies. What characters see and how they see the colors of their eyes and the ections in them, their visions in is or at the instant of death, the y of hues and shadows in trees and , reinforce what we feel about the e-man inside the shell.

Before the reducing class at the the fat woman's sky-blue eyes in title story are "as innocent and ouched by experience as they st have been when she was ten." mpled like a blimp after the hand- blitzkreig, she seeps into death. e eye, large and staring, moved htly to the left as if it had become noored. The other remained fixed him [her son], raked his face again, nd nothing and closed." Lights 't farther away the faster the youth s for help. Darkness and his sins ep him back to her.

Vindows to the soul, eyes signal ludes and clues to action and mean- . Visions and vistas serve as codas. "same pale slate color as the an," O. E. Parker's eyes "reflected innocent spaces around him as if y were a microcosm of the mys- ous sea." The Jesus tattooed on his k as a desperate gesture to make tact with his wife has "eyes to be yed." His wife cannot recognize the us. "He don't *look*. . . . No man ll see his face." She watches Parker, ing like a baby against the pecan , welts forming on the face of his ooed Christ, and "her eyes harden- still more." As the horns pierce her y, Mrs. May in "Greenleaf" had look of a person whose sight has n suddenly restored but who finds light unbearable." Smell, sound, esthesis orient Miss O'Connor's racters. Vision directs them; emo- nal stimuli enter through their eyes. eir frustrating pasts, obliquely ed, turn their responses into acts hostility, hatred, violence. Curiously, are denied the sensuality of sex. introduce the erotic would have en Miss O'Connor outside the psy- physical graveyard. She was, ap- ently, never in love.

lannery O'Connor is everywhere in stories. She entered fiction by way of painting and cartooning, which partly accounts for the visual intensity. Many of her characters struggle to walk or move in their states of shock; she herself used crutches when these stories were written. Like most of her characters, the continuous personal presence in her life was one parent—her widowed mother. One sees the spinster author sitting in bed, paring her fingernails and watching the peacocks on her farm, tolerating the ministrations, wandering through visions of violence in the distances surrounding her. Along with physical pain, sight was the most intense sensual experience available to her. Enlarged by a medieval religious attraction to the manifestations of evil, sight gave her art its phantasmagorial reality.

The most imaginatively endowed Roman Catholic writer the United States has developed, Flannery O'Connor once said of the eucharistic symbol, "If it were only a symbol, I'd say to hell with it." She received the last sacraments before her death in Milledgeville. She went to mass every day when she lived with Robert Fitzgerald and his wife in Connecticut in 1949 and 1950. When lupus (the disease that eventually killed her) got worse in 1957, she went to Lourdes and then to Rome for an audience with Pius XII. At Notre Dame that year she had said: "The Catholic sacramental view of life is one that maintains and supports at every turn the vision that the storyteller must have if he is going to write fiction of any depth." She chose the title of this book from Teilhard de Chardin, the evolutionist Jesuit theologian who theorized that matter and spirit would eventually converge at "point omega." Judging from Fitzgerald's introduction and the evidence of the stories, she did it for ironic effect. Flannery O'Connor must have viewed Chardin as another "interleckchul" and Vatican II an "Eyetalian" conspiracy against the blood of Christ and the one true faith.

Her Catholicism belongs, it seems to me, somewhere near the time of the Inquisition. The village priest in "The Enduring Chill" is a hard-of-hearing country bumpkin. "You will never learn to be good unless you pray regularly," he says, when Asbury Fox asks him what he thinks of James Joyce. Ignatius Vogle, S. J., appears briefly in the same story to suggest the "real probability of the

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New Man, assisted, of course, by the Third Person of the Trinity." Very cool, he has the same trouble as Asbury and looks beyond the cross. He's too damned smart.

On three occasions in the Gospel according to John, Jesus calls the devil "the ruler of this world," and in Flannery O'Connor's stories evil is man's inevitable fate. Helplessly enveloped by satanic emanations, her characters sense the poisons, breathe deeper and sink. "Pride is the queen and mother of all vices," Thomas Aquinas said with rhetorical affection. The loss of Paradise was the price Adam and Eve paid for their pride. In every story, Flannery O'Connor's characters aspire beyond their capabilities. Asbury tries to write and can't. He attempts to liberate Negroes and instead gets undulant fever and his mother's banalities. Sheppard, in "The Lame Shall Enter First," cannot possibly rehabilitate a monster who has the intelligence of a near-genius and the will to destroy his child. Thomas, another would-be writer living on his vanity and his mother, in "The Comforts of Home," stumbles into matricide when he exceeds his psychological potentialities. O. E. Parker tries to have himself tattooed out of anxiety—his solitary fate—and into love. He goes down the emotional drain with Jesus on his back.

Vanity corrupts Christian belief, selfless intention, personal sacrific "To help anybody out that need it was her philosophy in life," M Turpin tells herself in "Revelation In the doctor's waiting room as s says, "Thank you, Jesus, for maki everything the way it is," she ge socked in the eye and thrown to t floor. Grandpa Fortune tries f wealth and progress and succeeds murder. The boy Norton acquires belief in God and hangs himself ov it; the delinquent Johnson believ so strongly in the Bible that he tea out a page, eats it and goes on his life of crime.

According to Christian orthodox everything is inverted in Flanne O'Conner's stories. No one can fi happiness or salvation. No one a quires the grace she speaks of. H South is Salem metamorphosed; would take a Second Coming to gi her people hope.

In one of her letters to the nove ist, Richard G. Stern, Flanne O'Connor said to look up Joh Hawkes in Providence because h was a good writer. Despite her a tacks on existentialists, she saw th world in the same distorted an sinister form as did Hawkes. Sh dramatized Sartre's hell of oth people. She confirmed James Purdy conviction that love is impossib in the present. Pagan Christian symbols and practices frame her wor Ignorant fundamentalism, not Catholic pageantry and transubstantiatio haunts the preachers and believe in her stories and novels. Why, on wonders, could she not write length about Catholics? Why did sh choose as her larger models the mi shapen Oral Robertses of the South She selected those properties Christianity that served to justify he black reality. The emerging Catholi theology that implies the visitatio of Christ may have regenerated ma ter and dignified all of life wa anti-art and personally intolerabl It denied her particular vision hell on earth. She talked about fre will, the sacramental view, redem tion by Christ. But her characte have no real choice — only fai glimmers of possibilities lost.

Flannery O'Connor's work is fille with irony — small hope turned t great despair, rewards transforme into punishments, seriousness mocked by comedy, vanity in modest hate in place of love, grotesque disguised as simplicity. But the del cious irony probably escaped he

(*Continued on page 146*)

SOCIALIST SCHOLARS CONFERENCE

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY — McMILLIN THEATER
September 11-12, 1965

PANEL I —9:35 A.M., Sept. 11: **Class and Ideology**
Chairman: **H. H. Wilson**
Papers: **Richard Hamilton, Eleanor Leacock**
Commentators: **Vernon K. Dibble, James F. Becker**

PANEL II —2:30 P.M., Sept. 11: **Modern Imperialism**
Chairman: **Paul M. Sweezy**
Paper: **Conor Cruise O'Brien**
Commentators: **Timothy Harding, A. Norman Klein, Said Shah**

PANEL III—9:30 A.M., Sept. 12: **American Conservatism**
Chairman: **Alan Trachtenberg**
Papers: **Allen Guttmann, Warren Susman**
Commentators: **Norman Dain, Eileen Kraditor**

PANEL IV—2:45 P.M., Sept. 12: **The Future of American Socialism**
Chairman: **Ann Lane**
Discussion Leader: **Staughton Lynd**
Discussants: **Herbert Aptheker, Norm Fruchter,**
Eugene D. Genovese, Sylvester Leaks

Registration: 9:00 A.M., Sept. 11 and 12. Full registration fee $5.00
Students any sum between full registration fee and $1.00

Luncheons: John Jay Hall, Sept. 11 and 12, 12:30 P.M., $2.50 each

Dinner: John Jay Hall, Sept. 11, 6:30 P.M., $5.00
Dinner Address, 8:00 P.M.—Maxwell Geismar

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NINE-YEAR MINE-MILL CONSPIRACY CASE GOES TO U. S. SUPREME COURT

nited Auto Workers

We oppose governmental harassment of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. . . . The civil liberties of that union must be protected in the interest of ensuring the civil liberties of all unions.

mal. Meat Cutters Butcher Workmen

We . . . feel that a great miscarriage of justice is being perpetrated upon a union that deserves to live.

eamsters Union

We feel that it is of vital importance that we lend our aid to make sure that trade unionists are fully protected against the abuses that grow out of the use of conspiracy charges by the government.

lational Farmers Union

. . . The Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers have not been fairly treated.

ulp, Sulphite & Paper Mill Workers

. . . The conspiracy charges against these officials of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers is a matter of grave concern to all sections of our American trade union movement.

ntl. Typographical Union

. . . The 107th Convention . . . authorizes the Executive Council to join with the American Civil Liberties Union, and other trade unions . . . seeking reversal of these convictions.

National Maritime Union

We are deeply concerned about the persecution of some of the officers of your International, and it was the decision of the National Office . . . to aid in your appeal of the "conspiracy charge" . . . which threatens the entire labor movement.

United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers

We have regarded the accusations against the leaders of your union . . . as part of an employer-inspired conspiracy to weaken and divide a militant American trade union and to hamper the efforts to protect and advance the interests of its members.

The American Civil Liberties Union will soon file a brief with the U. S. Supreme Court asking the court to review the conviction, after a second trial, of six past and present officials of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. The six have been charged with conspiracy to defraud the gvoernment with the filing of false non-Communist Taft-Hartley affidavits.

Also asking for Supreme Court review will be several international unions. The concern of these unions in Mine-Mill's defense stems from the following:

- The indictment, charging a "conspiracy" dating back 16 years, was handed down in 1956 and is a hangover of the shameful mccarthyite Fifties.
- The case was first brought to trial in the midst of a long and bitter nationwide strike by Mine-Mill against major U. S. copper producers.
- The section of Taft-Hartley involved in the case was repealed by Congress six years ago, a month before the first trial opened.
- The defendants, each with more than 25 years service in the industry and in the union, have steadfastly denied the charge. They have the united support of the Mine-Mill rank and file membership.

For over 150 years the American labor movement has fought the use of the conspiracy charge against unions. It has been a favored weapon in attempts to smash unions and unionism.

"It is difficult," says Norman Thomas, "to resist the conclusion that [in this case] the government was willing to do a little unionbusting in the name of anti-Communism, under the forms of law. . . . Should the decision of the lower court be sustained, civil liberties for us all would be less secure."

Oil, Chemical & Atomic Workers

A strange and cruel persecution. . . . OCAW . . . has taken the position that this case should have been dropped.

Transport Workers Union

It is with serious concern and grave alarm that we view the prosecution of officers and members of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union on a "conspiracy" charge. We thought that such a charge . . . had been relegated to the dust heap of history where it belongs.

Bro. Sleeping Car Porters

We are deeply concerned about the persecution of the officers of your union. . . . I sincerely hope . . . you will be able to reverse this conspiracy conviction.

Amal. Clothing Workers

Enclosed find check . . . in connection with the defense of some of the officers of your International against a "conspiracy" charge. . . . There is common cause for concern in this situation.

Packinghouse Workers

We join . . . in opposing the governmental harassment of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. . . . Labor must particularly disapprove the use . . . of the conspiracy doctrine which has historically been the legal weapon of the anti-labor forces.

International Longshoremen & Warehousemen

The conspiracy trial is a gimmick. . . . Mine-Mill needs every support—from within the labor movement and from outside . . . to help lick the conspiracy trial.

Amal. Lithographers

. . . We believe that a victory for the defense in this case is very important to the labor movement and to the preservation of civil rights.

Retail, Wholesale & Dept. Store Union

We in the RWDSU believe that the use of charges of conspiracy against your union leaders represents a most serious threat to the entire labor movement.

WRITE: Mine-Mill Defense Committee

941 East Seventeenth Avenue
Denver, Colorado 80218

Based on the most depressing features of Christianity, the consignment of man to the evil forces within him and the denial of an evolving intelligence to help himself, her stories created a small universe. As patterns of thought her work suggests the absolute theological dead end enlightened Catholicism is struggling to escape. Artistically her fiction is the most extraordinary thing to happen to the American short story since Ernest Hemingway.

Reality is fantastic. Violence does bear life away. Sometimes. Myopic in her vision, Flannery O'Connor was among those few writers who raise the questions worth thinking about after the lights are out and the children are safely in bed: What is reality? What are the possibilities for hope? How much can man endure?

THEATRE

Julius Novick

SHAKESPEARE FOR THE PEOPLE

It was obvious, when Joseph Papp was starting his New York Shakespeare Festival, that Mr. Papp was out of his mind. Shakespeare is an expensive author to produce; when you refuse, on principle, to charge admission, the whole thing becomes an economic nightmare. It is said that a certain foundation once refused to give Papp a grant on the incontrovertible ground that there was no prospect of his festival's ever becoming self-supporting. One New York critic publicly begged him to charge a small admission in order to stay alive.

But Mr. Papp, in addition to being a madman, is a master promoter, a born impresario. His enterprise has prospered, and become an empire, with an annual budget of close to a million dollars. In the winter, a Papp company tours the New York City schools; this summer, three separate Papp companies mounted six plays, all by Shakespeare; and Papp presents folk-song concerts, poetry readings and dance recitals as sidelines.

Similar enterprises have begun to proliferate in many places, extending Papp's work of bringing theatre to the people by means of free outdoor performances. A group called Theatre in the Streets tours New York City every summer; Brooklyn has its own outdoor theatre in Prospect Park; Washington, D. C. has its outdoor Shakespeare Festival in the shadow of the Washington Monument; other cities have followed suit. One is reminded of the epigraph Moss Hart made up for one of his plays: "Mad, sire? Yes, sire, they are mad, but observe how they do light up the sky."

The audience at Papp's 2,300-seat outdoor theatre in Central Park is probably the most cosmopolitan in New York. It lacks the air of constipated prosperity so prevalent among Broadway audiences; students, Negroes, foreigners, turn up in good numbers, and so do ordinary families from Queens who can't afford Broadway. But it is predominantly a middle-class audience, and this has n satisfied Mr. Papp. Last summe therefore, he expanded his operatio to include a second company, whic tours the five boroughs with its ow portable 1,600-seat outdoor theatr This summer, after the second cor pany got finished taking *Henry V* ar *The Taming of the Shrew* to neig borhoods like Harlem and Bedfor Stuyvesant, the portable theatre w taken over by a third company, whic is presenting *Romeo and Juliet* i Spanish for the benefit of New York large and widely neglected Spanis speaking minority.

I usually catch up with the tourir productions in a playground in Spa ish Harlem. The audiences the seem to be drawn almost entire from the neighborhood, and they co sist mostly of small children (wh will grow up, if Papp's efforts pro per, far more familiar with Shak

Up Rising

Now Johnson would go up to join the great simulacra of men,
Hitler and Stalin, to work his fame
with planes roaring out from Guam over Asia,
all America become a sea of toiling men
stirrd at his will, which would be a bloated thing,
drawing from the underbelly of the nation
such blood and dreams as swell the idiot psyche
out of its courses into an elemental thing
until his name stinks with burning meat and heapt honors

And men awake to see that they are used like things
spent in a great hecatomb of youths, this Texas barbeque
of Asia, Africa and all the Americas,
And the professional military behind him, thinking
to use him as they thought to use Hitler
without losing control of their business of war,

But the mania, the ravening eagle of America
as Lawrence saw him "bird of men that are masters,
Lifting the rabbit-blood of the myriads up into—"
something terrible, gone beyond bounds, or
As Blake saw figures of fire and blood raging,
—in what image? the ominous roar in the air,
the omnipotent wings, the all-American boy in the cockpit
loosing his flow of napalm, below in the jungles
"any life at all or sign of life" his target, drawing now
not with crayons in his secret room
the burning of homes and the torture of mothers and fathers and children,
their hair a-flame, screaming in agony, but
in the line of duty, for the might and enduring fame
of Johnson, for the victory of American will over its victims,
releasing his store of destruction over the enemy,
in terror and hatred of all communal things, of communion, of communism;

has raised from the private rooms of small-town bosses and business men,

are than most of us above the
verty line). I saw several babes in
ns; one in front of me sucked
gelically on her pacifier and emitted
t a peep all evening. Most of the
ls, and some of the adults, behave
if they were at a ball game: saun-
ing in late, leaving early, wander-
around the theatre, keeping up
ntinuous conversations, occasion-
y shouting their opinions at the
ayers. One little girl had a toy ray
n, which she fired off noisily at
tervals during the show.

One performance in another part
Harlem had been bombed out by
ck throwers, but the audiences I
as part of seemed to like what they
ere getting. The youngsters enjoyed
e comedy, especially the bawdy
ssages in *Romeo y Julieta*, but
ey liked the fights best of all. When
ercutio fell to the stage and rolled
er in his death throes, they laughed and shouted and clapped and cheered. Such a lively crowd makes empathy difficult, but after a while I realized that many people were sitting quietly and seemed to be listening attentively; the rest seemed to be enjoying the occasion and the spectacle, if not the play itself. Almost every scene in *Romeo* was applauded.

It is admirable of Papp to refuse to condescend to his neighborhood audiences, and to insist on giving them Shakespeare instead of *Harvey* or *Mr. Roberts*; it is brave of him to schedule, for his 1965 Central Park season, three of Shakespeare's least popular plays. The catch is that his productions these days tend not to be very good, so that it is questionable how much of Shakespeare his audiences are actually getting. Papp has so spectacularly made two blades of grass grow where

from the council chambers of the gangs that run the great
cities,
swollen with the votes of millions,
from the fearful hearts of good people in the suburbs turning
the savory meat over the charcoal burners and heaping their
barbeque plates with more than they can eat,
from the closed meeting-rooms of regents of universities and
sessions of profiteers—

back of the scene: the atomic stockpile; the vials of synthesized
diseases eager biologists have developed over half a century
dreaming of the bodies of mothers and fathers and children and
hated rivals swollen with new plagues, measles grown enormous,
influenzas perfected; and the gasses of despair, confusion of
the senses, mania, inducing terror of the universe, coma,
existential wounds, that chemists we have met at cocktail
parties, passt daily on the way to classes or work, have workt
"to make wars too terrible for men to wage";

raised this secret entity of America's hatred of Europe, of
Africa, of Asia,
the deep hatred for the old world that had driven him out,
and for the alien world, the new world about him, that might
have been Paradise
but was before his eyes already cleard back in a holocaust of
burning indians, trees and grasslands,
reduced to his real estate, his projects of exploitation and
profitable wastes,

this specter that in the beginning Adams and Jefferson feard
and knew
would corrupt the very body of the nation
and all sense of our common humanity,
this black bile of old evils arisen anew,
takes over the vanity of Johnson;
and the very glint of Satan's eyes from the pit of the hell of
America's unacknowledged, unrepented crimes that I saw in
Goldwater's eyes
now shines from the eyes of the President
in the swollen head of the nation.

Robert Duncan

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9-13-65

none grew before, that few crit have had the heart to discuss i quality of his crop. Probably ev city with any cultural life to spe of possesses its critical sacred co in New York, the Shakespeare Fe val is one such (although Wal Kerr of the *Herald Tribune* very ge ly blew the whistle on it recentl

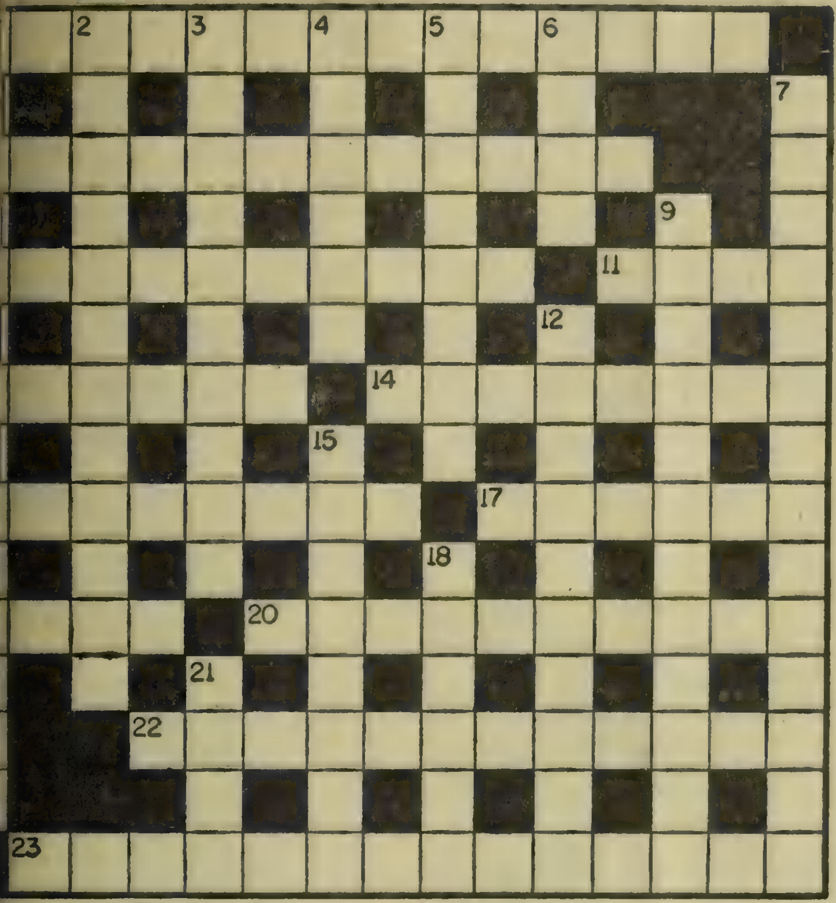
The most obvious fault of the fe val's productions is the tendency its actors to be either miscast, or ready for Shakespeare, or sim lousy actors. All festival compan are sedulously integrated, with ple of Negro actors and even an Orien bit player; of course nonwhite acto up to now, have had even less centive than white ones to beco proficient in Shakespeare. But wh as well as nonwhite actors have giv terrible performances for the festiv There are plenty of good classi actors, of various colors, around directors who know where to fi and how to use them. Better dire ing is what the Shakespeare Festiv really needs.

The Central Park season this su mer was the best in years, but th only means that little flagrant i competence was to be seen. The se son opened with a slick but supe ficial *Love's Labor's Lost*, directed Gerald Freedman. *Coriolanus*, staged by Gladys Vaughan, was de perately dull: the lines were spok well enough, except by a few ha cases, but not much creative atte tion was paid to their meanin Shakespeare's *saeve indignatio* w largely missing from *Troilus an Cressida* as directed by Mr. Papp, b the production was entertaini enough; Richard Jordan, an excelle Shakespearean juvenile, was an a pealingly vulnerable Troilus, a there were some funny caricatur and grotesques.

It could be argued, of course, th since after all they're free, Papp shows are bargains in any case; t same can be said of the Washingto D.C. festival's woeful *Merry Wive* But a Shakespearean performan still costs three hours out of the li of every member of the audience, a this expenditure, even if there be other, still demands compensation the quality of the production. Fu thermore, second-rate productions gi their audiences a distorted idea Shakespeare, and are likely to p some people off him forever. A finally, the best way to get good wo is to demand it loudly and insistent and to accept no excuses in its p'ac

Crossword Puzzle No. 1119

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

n eager miss might not really try keep one this length—since a anner following is implied. (8-2-4)

pertains to the basis of life itelf. (12)

roving true art's an awkward alernative to home-cooking. (10)

ee 2 down

escriptive of a figure in speaking f a pair on iceskates. (6)

iolet? If you have a problem of djustment, the head type might e called for. (8)

oldier-writer with a sister in the anding beach. (8)

f things do, you probably find hem touching. (6)

hooting is often said to be comaratively free from apprehension. 4)

What such a slipper does is wrong. (10)

What a storm on Lake Erie might do for an animal. (5, 7)

Fairly low bowers, though it somеimes takes pluck to emulate them.

DOWN:

The one of state, with agreeable parties? (14)

and 11 across The people of Ireland, in the long run? (5-7, 4)

3 Made by those calling up? (10)

4 A masquerade role is played by those who make things go smoothly. (6)

5 An upset basin over the liqueur. (8)

6 A legendary hero? Sharp! (4)

7 Stone repairing, possibly, in order to make journeys from one place to another. (14)

9 Are they otherwise legal, perhaps spent alongside the river? (4, 8)

12 Such a state is fluid, and is not looking up, certainly! (10)

15 Score one more, if you're counting.

18 Quite likely to be ultimately responsible. (6)

21 For protection, they used to put it on the post. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1118

ACROSS: 1 Up to the minute; 10 Twister; 11 Governs; 12 Americana; 13 Lully; 14 Gun-shy; 16 Stand-off; 19 Rendered; 20 Gateau; 22 Motet; 23 Elopement; 25 Litters; 26 Prelate; 27 Consideration. DOWN: 2 Pride; 3 Ostrich feathers; 4 Herman; 5 Migrants; 6 Naval engagement; 7 Turn loose; 8 Stranger; 9 Ashy; 17 and 15 Fourteen ninety-two; 18 Reversed; 21 Hopper; 22 Mole; 24 Erato.

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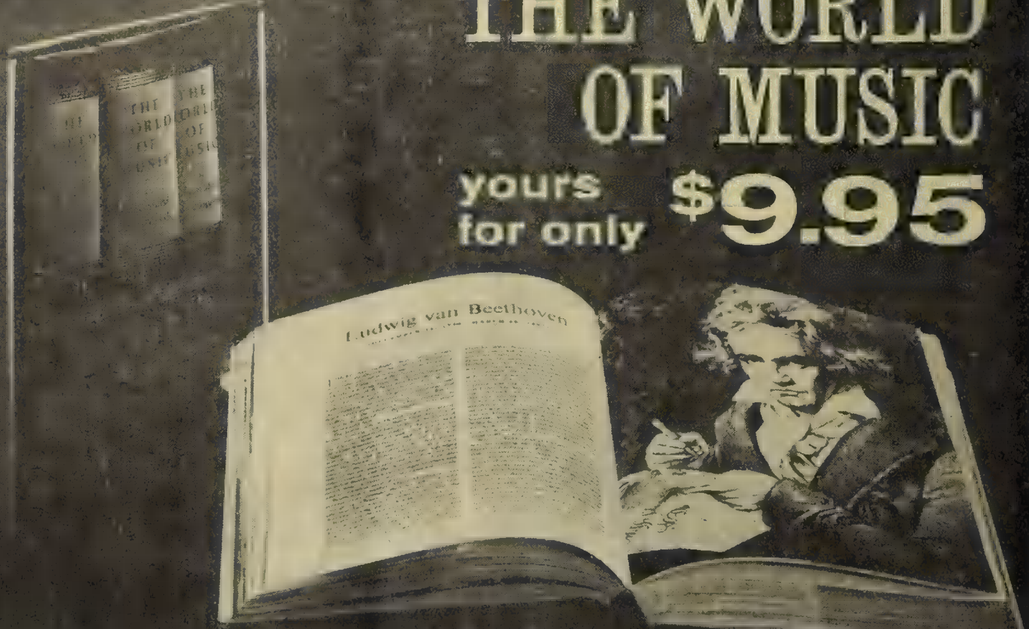

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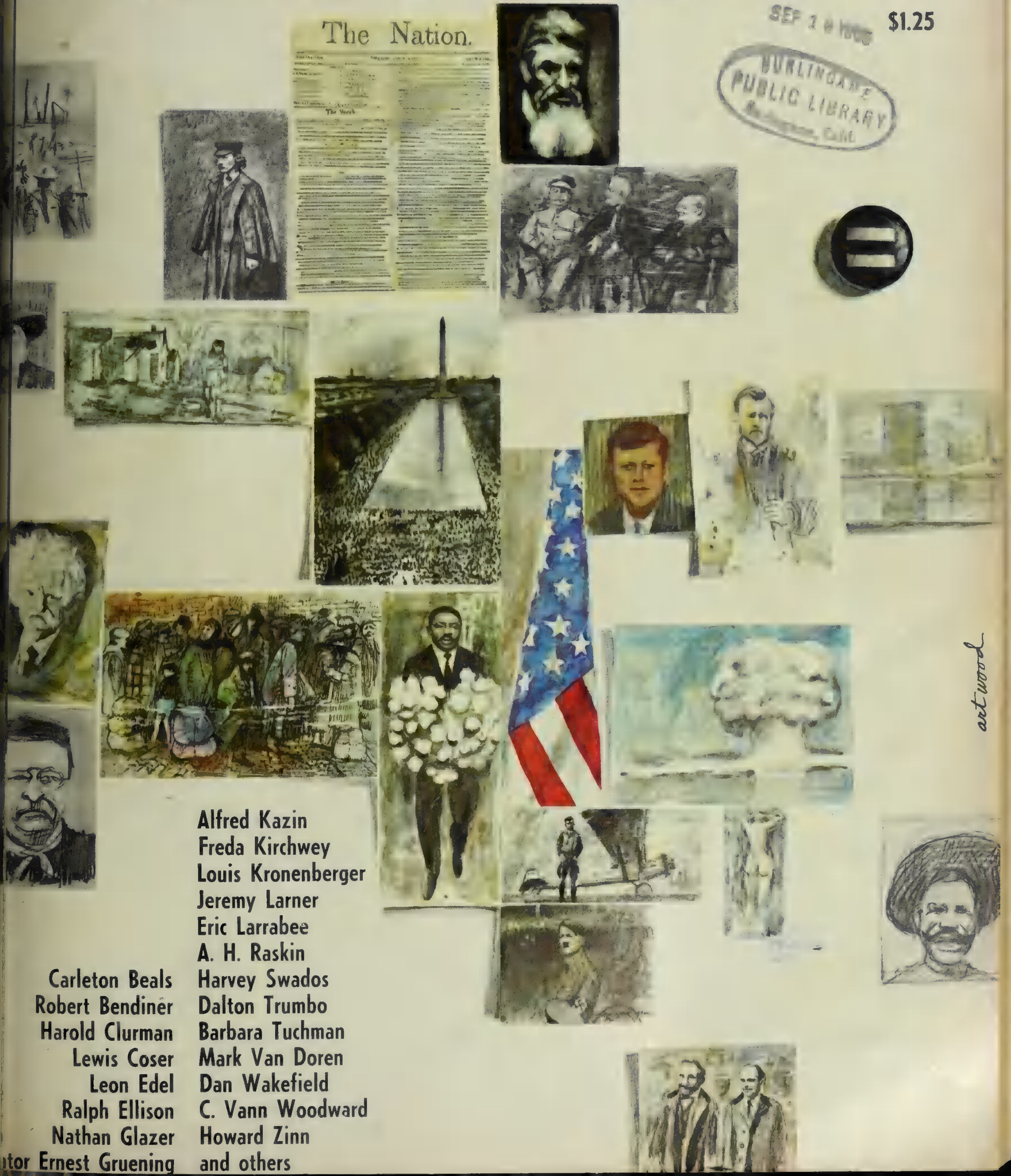

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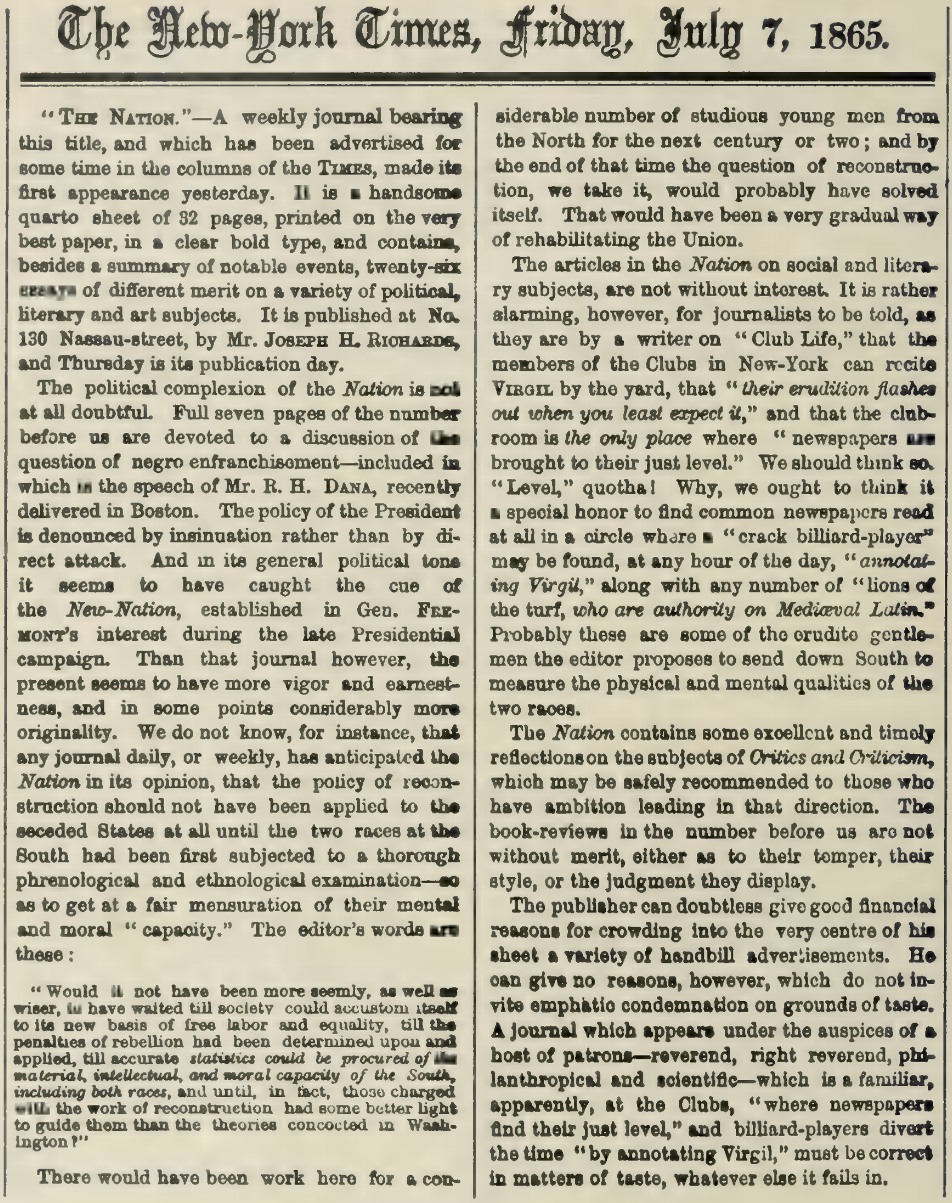

The New-York Times, Friday, July 7, 1865.

"THE NATION."—A weekly journal bearing this title, and which has been advertised for some time in the columns of the TIMES, made its first appearance yesterday. It is a handsome quarto sheet of 32 pages, printed on the very best paper, in a clear bold type, and contains, besides a summary of notable events, twenty-six essays of different merit on a variety of political, literary and art subjects. It is published at No. 130 Nassau-street, by Mr. JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, and Thursday is its publication day.

The political complexion of the *Nation* is not at all doubtful. Full seven pages of the number before us are devoted to a discussion of the question of negro enfranchisement—included in which is the speech of Mr. R. H. DANA, recently delivered in Boston. The policy of the President is denounced by insinuation rather than by direct attack. And in its general political tone it seems to have caught the cue of the *New-Nation*, established in Gen. FREMONT'S interest during the late Presidential campaign. Than that journal however, the present seems to have more vigor and earnestness, and in some points considerably more originality. We do not know, for instance, that any journal daily, or weekly, has anticipated the *Nation* in its opinion, that the policy of reconstruction should not have been applied to the seceded States at all until the two races at the South had been first subjected to a thorough phrenological and ethnological examination—so as to get at a fair mensuration of their mental and moral "capacity." The editor's words are these:

> "Would it not have been more seemly, as well as wiser, to have waited till society could accustom itself to its new basis of free labor and equality, till the penalties of rebellion had been determined upon and applied, till accurate *statistics could be procured of the material, intellectual, and moral capacity of the South, including both races*, and until, in fact, those charged with the work of reconstruction had some better light to guide them than the theories concocted in Washington?"

There would have been work here for a considerable number of studious young men from the North for the next century or two; and by the end of that time the question of reconstruction, we take it, would probably have solved itself. That would have been a very gradual way of rehabilitating the Union.

The articles in the *Nation* on social and literary subjects, are not without interest. It is rather alarming, however, for journalists to be told, as they are by a writer on "Club Life," that the members of the Clubs in New-York can recite VIRGIL by the yard, that "*their erudition flashes out when you least expect it*," and that the club-room is *the only place* where "newspapers are brought to their just level." We should think so. "Level," quotha! Why, we ought to think it a special honor to find common newspapers read at all in a circle where a "crack billiard-player" may be found, at any hour of the day, "*annotating Virgil*," along with any number of "lions of the turf, *who are authority on Mediæval Latin*." Probably these are some of the erudite gentlemen the editor proposes to send down South to measure the physical and mental qualities of the two races.

The *Nation* contains some excellent and timely reflections on the subjects of *Critics and Criticism*, which may be safely recommended to those who have ambition leading in that direction. The book-reviews in the number before us are not without merit, either as to their temper, their style, or the judgment they display.

The publisher can doubtless give good financial reasons for crowding into the very centre of his sheet a variety of handbill advertisements. He can give no reasons, however, which do not invite emphatic condemnation on grounds of taste. A journal which appears under the auspices of a host of patrons—reverend, right reverend, philanthropical and scientific—which is a familiar, apparently, at the Clubs, "where newspapers find their just level," and billiard-players divert the time "by annotating Virgil," must be correct in matters of taste, whatever else it fails in.

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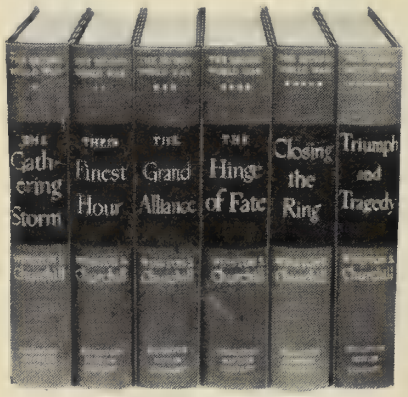
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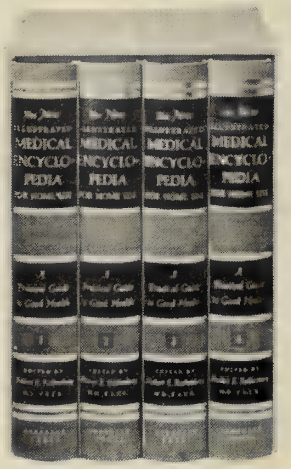
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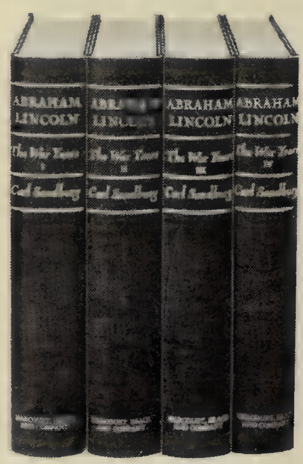
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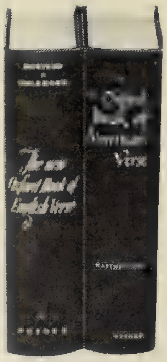
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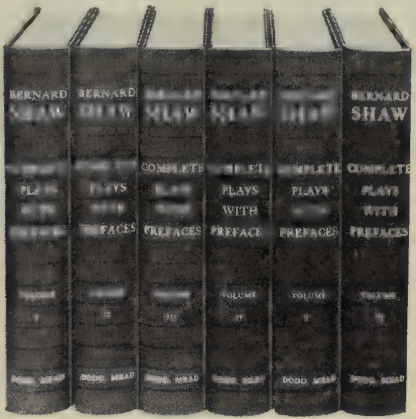
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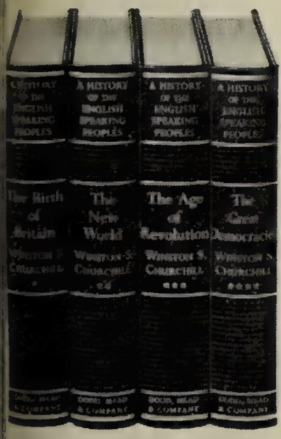
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Frederick M. Thrasher died a year ago with no descendants. But the solitary scholar who left the masterpiece, THE GANG, had, in another sense, thousands of descendants. His work charted a new direction for sociology, focusing the study of man in society into a study of man in cities—in the great metropolises which have come to dominate, shape and menace our culture.

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>
> The Nation
> July 13, 1865

A CENTURY ago, in its second week of publication, the new magazine carried a long editorial to welcome the founding of Cornell University. The hopeful words quoted above were soon shown to be prophetic. The fledgling university did face great dangers, but these were met with courage and verve, while its freedom from the fetters of precedents was employed to advantage.

Led by its brilliant first president, Andrew D. White, Cornell marked out many new paths in American higher education. Only four years later, in 1869 (and acknowledging the example of Oxford and Cambridge), Mr. White established Cornell University Press, the first university publishing enterprise in this country. White named as director of the press his close friend, Daniel Willard Fiske, who was also professor of north European languages, and librarian. While playing all three roles, Professor Fiske managed to publish a list of books before the year was out.

Cornell University Press was to contribute to publishing history again in 1931, when the Comstock Publishing Company was incorporated into its organization, and once more in 1955, when it launched the first modern trade paperback series to issue from an American university press.

The Comstock firm, founded in 1893 by two Cornell professors, had achieved an eminent reputation for publishing in the biological sciences and nature study. Cornell University Press continues to publish in these fields under the imprint of Comstock Publishing Associates, a division of the press. Cornell Paperbacks now number forty-six, and approximately ten new books are added to the series each year. In only one decade of the paperback revolution they helped to create, these books have sold nearly half a million copies.

The number of Cornell University Press books in print now stands at five hundred. Current publishing programs are adding between fifty and seventy-five titles a year. The list of publications spans the range of the university curriculum, and includes monographs, translations, advanced reference books, and serious nonfiction works written for scholars and general readers.

ANDREW D. WHITE, Cornell University's first president

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Nearing its own centennial, Cornell University Press is happy to congratulate *The Nation* at the close of its first century of distinguished publishing.

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Everybody benefits

when there's a
to protect

By 1980, according to a recent Federal Power Commission study, technological progress in the power industry could make possible a 27% reduction in the retail cost of electricity. This could amount to as much as $11-billion.

Will this saving be passed on to consumers? Or will it be retained by the commercial companies which dominate the power industry? The answer will affect the entire economy and every citizen in the nation.

The cost of electricity is built into the price of virtually everything we use. In addition to the monthly electric bill we all pay, there is a power-cost factor in every automobile, every bottle of milk, every pair of shoes we buy. If the electricity used in manufacturing costs too much, the manufactured product also costs too much.

But how can we tell if electricity costs too much?

We can do so by maintaining a "consumers' electric yardstick" with which to measure the power companies' rates. This yardstick is composed of three elements:

1. **A limited amount of non-profit power generation,** some by the government, some by the rural electric cooperatives and other non-profit producers.

AMERICA'S

consumers' electric yardstick the price you pay for power

2. **A limited amount of non-profit power transmission,** some by the government, some by the rural electric cooperatives and other non-profit producers.
3. **A limited amount of non-profit power distribution,** some by the rural electric cooperatives, some by the other non-profit distributors — municipal systems and power districts.

These elements in the consumers' electric yardstick combine to provide "competition-by-example" n the electric power industry—which is by nature a monopoly. *And this yardstick is the American consumer's best protection against excessive power costs.*

State and Federal regulation of the power industry is more effective when supported by the consumers' yardstick. Consumers who live near areas where the yardstick now is effective can testify to its value. For example, a consumer in Portland, Ore., near the Bonneville Power Administration yardstick, pays his commercial power company 5.35 for the same amount of electricity that costs the Boston, Mass., consumer $9.91! The same principle holds true for power rates of commercial companies near the TVA area.

The experts tell us that only about 15 to 20 percent of the nation's total electric power capacity needs to be operated on this non-profit basis in order to provide an effective yardstick. It has dropped to only about 13 percent at present, and, unless something is done, is going to drop even further as power needs double every few years . . . leaving tomorrow's consumers practically no protection.

This is why America's consumer-owned rural electric co-ops and other non-profit systems believe that coal should be used to generate non-profit power in the depressed Appalachia area, why generation and transmission loans from the Rural Electrification Administration must be continued, why the huge government-built desalinization plants now under study must be designed to use the waste heat for producing electricity as well as fresh water, and why arrangements for interconnecting the nation's power resources into a single transmission system must include rural electrics and other non-profit distributors.

We believe everybody benefits when there's a consumers' electric yardstick to protect the price you pay for power.

If you would like more information on the "Consumers' Electric Yardstick" write: National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, 2000 Florida Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009

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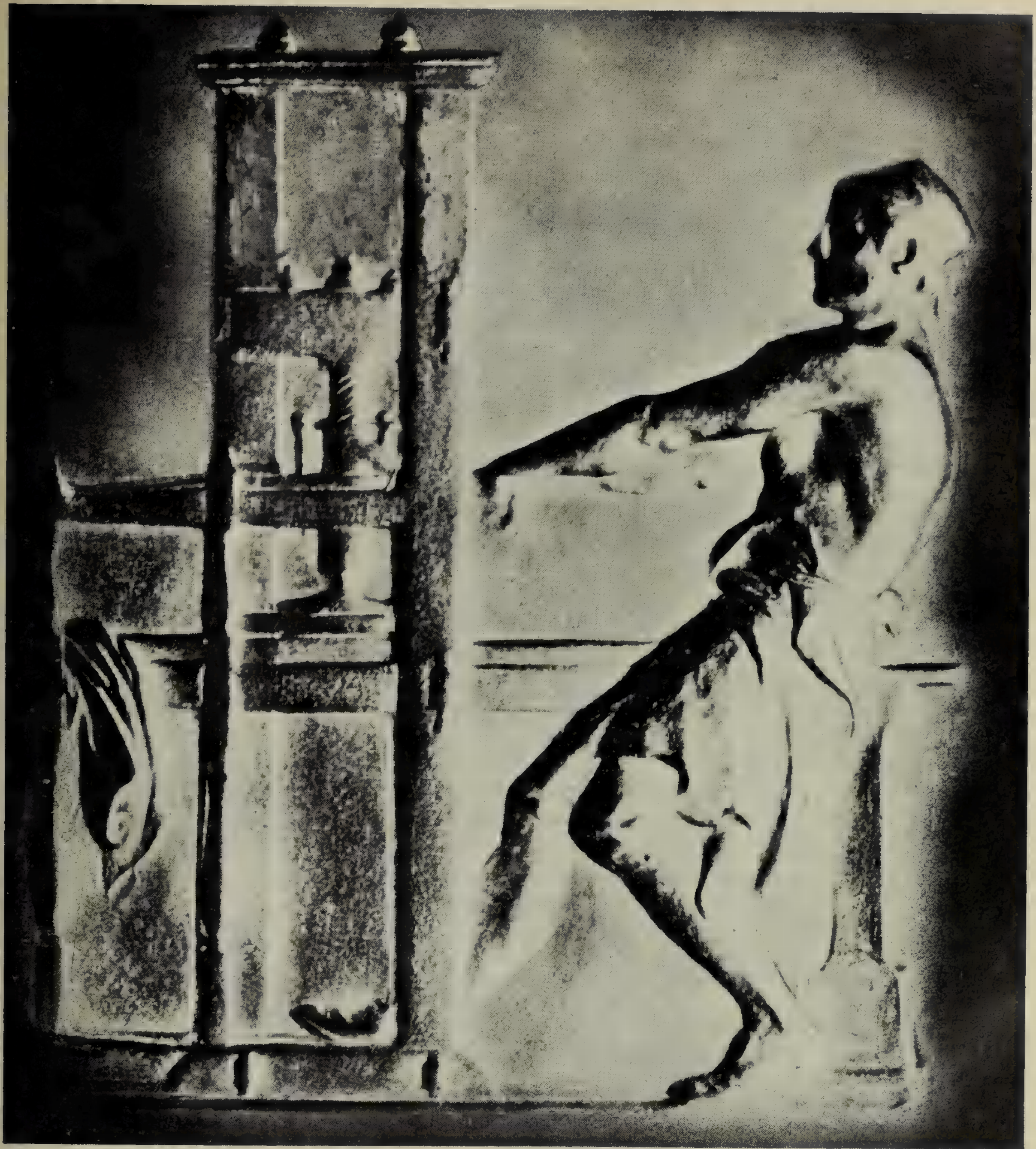
THE RIGHT NOTE

Back in 1961—"long before satellites dawned on the electronic horizon," as Jack Gould of *The New York Times* put it—the five CBS Owned television stations created INTERNATIONAL HOUR, a program exchange with nations all over the globe. Purpose: to sound a note of understanding among people of divergent tongues and cultures by exchanging programs that speak a universal language—programs of music and dance indigenous to the originating countries.

This year, the fifth of the exchange, twelve nations participated. Millions of viewers in the United States, and millions more abroad, were given the rare opportunity to enjoy unusual sights and sounds: a symphony by a prominent Japanese composer...a Malaysian folk ballet ...spirited music of the Argentine plains.

INTERNATIONAL HOUR is one of a number of regular and special projects in which the five CBS Owned television stations *combine* their efforts, talents and resources to create local programming scaled beyond the means of the individual station. It is typical of venturesome, out-of-the-ordinary television fare that so often enables the CBS Owned stations to sound the right note in the communities they serve.

CBS TELEVISION STATIONS A Division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.,operating WCBS-TV New York, KNXT Los Angeles, WBBM-TV Chicago, WCAU-TV Philadelphia and KMOX-TV St. Louis.



the press of freedom

The true enlightenment of the average man began with the Gutenberg printing press and continues today in the form of responsible newspaper publishing. A recent poll of journalism educators listed the St. Louis Post-Dispatch as one of only four United States dailies of the 20 leading newspapers of the world. Judgment was based on editorial integrity, political independence, accuracy of reporting, depth of newspaper coverage, size and experience of staff.

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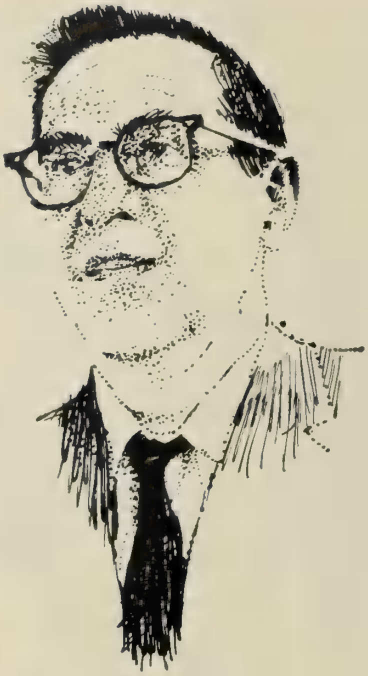
Founded by Joseph Pulitzer in 1878



DAVID BOROFF

March 28, 1917—May 15, 1965

My friendship with David Boroff was brief indeed: less than two years, or the time it took to put this book together. When we met for the first time, I was seeking an editor with whom to work—and I knew at once that I had found him. Most of the hours we later spent together were in professional collaboration.

It is odd, then, that now when I think of David, it is not as an editor who was rewarding and fun to work with (which he certainly was), nor as an exceptional teacher, a prolific writer and book reviewer (which he also was).

Rather, I think of a happy and intensely youthful man swooping across Manhattan on his bicycle; I see his earnest face, so often lighted by a warm smile, as we discussed literature, race relations, politics or philosophy in his study or my own. Most of all I think of David as husband and father, playing on the carpet with his little son Philip—much loving and much loved.

It is so, I am sure, that his close friends will remember him. Others will have different memories: his students will recall an understanding and inspiring teacher; the literary world, a writer and critic of sensitivity and integrity; the world of serious readers, a lively contributor to many journals and the author of "Campus, U.S.A."

The pages that follow represent his last work; he died, suddenly, during the final months of their preparation. This centennial issue of The Nation is the labor of many people, but of David Boroff more than any other.—J.J.S.Jr.

PUBLISHER'S FOREWORD

In the beginning was the jungle. Man, slow of foot, possessing neither teeth nor claws as useful weapons, lived a precarious life in a hostile environment, more hunted than hunter. The most non-specialized of creatures, his small number of physical superiorities over the other animals were all defensive, designed to perceive, communicate or elude danger.

His best defense was his instinct for fear. The killers of the animal world—hawks, wolves, sharks—do not know fear; but their victims possess it, for without fear (as without pain) there would be no survival. Fear is the property of the gentle creatures—and of man.

But in recent times man has become the greatest hunter of all; and in the end, an exterminator. We have all but conquered our environment, bent it almost to our own design. Ecologically, perhaps not much that is good can be said for the design, but the fact remains that we are no longer seriously threatened by anything on earth save the consequences of our own actions.

What has enabled us to climb out of the jungle is the written word. Without this, none of our other distinctive features—neither weight of brain, opposed thumb, color vision nor vocal flexibility—would signify greatly. They are matters of degree and make us superior animals—but they do not enable us to do anything our grandfathers' grandfathers could not do just as well. That we are in many areas capable of doing more and knowing more than our remote ancestors, is solely due to a written language.

But language is a tool, and all tools may be misused. The great advantage of the written word is that it makes available to us the experience and ideas of the past; the great danger lies in its uncritical acceptance. Truth is often a relative thing: yesterday's brilliant deduction can be a misconception today, tomorrow a dangerous delusion. Valid ideas are not to be plucked indiscriminately from the shelves of a library like canned goods in a supermarket.

Yet this is what we often do. The dead hand of the past points, and we follow. In our own time we have seen people become like the lemmings, running towards destruction in unthinking response to pressures and motivations long since left behind. In this way, for instance, Nazism led the Germans—a civilized and intelligent people—into unbelievable barbarity. It is the way the radicals of the Right, the self-styled "conservatives," would lead us today; and many of us follow. Response to the stimuli of yesterday's fears invites tomorrow's destruction.

Fear is a natural imperative, demanding to be felt. But all the ancient fears: darkness, wild beasts, thunder and lightning, fire and the elements, have for us lost their mystery; and what we understand, we no longer fear. So man's need to fear finds an outlet in his fellow man: we fear each other. We fear the next man's ambitions, the hostility of those who are unlike us, the peculiar ideas of our neighbors, the rivalry of our acquaintances, the opinions of our friends, the unspoken thoughts of those closest to us.

We have mastered our external environment, but our internal environment betrays us. Just as the degree of salt in human sweat and tears reflects the composition of the oceans whence came our remote ancestors, so our minds and our personalities reflect our jungle past and its fears. And if the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, the fear of our fellow man is the fount of irrationality.

Thus we have created, and continue to maintain at staggering cost, the capability of destroying all mankind, including of course ourselves. But can we really conceive of ever using it?

We are assured that it is vital to our economic health to continue to devote to the machinery of destruction one-tenth of all we make and own. If such tithing be really necessary, would not its fruits be better and more safely disposed of in the sea?

We in America do not officially recognize the existence of the most populous country in the world. Will one-quarter of the human race kindly go away?

These massive absurdities of our time betoken the irrationality engendered by fear. Many of the traumas of the immediate past become equally absurd, once removed from their contextual tensions and dispassionately examined. The Great Depression was more the consequence of unreasoning fright than of anything else. More recent absurdities—McCarthyism, the antics of HUAC, blacklisting, riots in our Northern cities and bombings in our Southern towns—all spring from that atrophy of reason produced by fear. And surely the most monumental example of all was the surrender of a major political party to utter irresponsibility. War is Peace; 1984 might have arrived twenty years ahead of time. Yet it is clear that this particular insanity was only temporarily averted; its symptoms are still with us, its causes still operative. Government by "consensus" is hardly a solution to problems requiring imagination, invention, or even mere innovation to solve.

NEVER BEFORE in history could it be more truly said: we, the human race, are racing right up to Destiny's wire; the fearful Omega of ultimate doom awaits our fateful and final step. Omega bestrides the world, implacable; we look it in the eye and are hypnotized. Its feet are rooted firmly in our past, to whose stimuli we are still reflexively responding. Like Cerberus, it has three heads: science, nationalism and expanding population.

As humans, we have the same natural need to use our faculties as have other species; our faculty of reason, under the spur of our inextinguishable curiosity, has produced the need to know. The fruit of the Tree of Knowledge has always irresistibly tempted us. So we have produced the systematization of the means and the ends of knowledge, the structure of thought which we call science. This structure, the inevitable product of our humanity, originally served well the purposes of self-preservation; today, under the thralldom of nationalism, it threatens our destruction.

Nationalism, like science, originated in the instinct for self-preservation which we share with all forms of life. It was inevitable, and also of great value. Our civilizations, our cultures, our environmental mastery, all were nourished under its wing. And so, indeed, was science. But today science, controlled by nationalism, threatens to destroy humanity—if not in an atomic holocaust, then by the slow strangling of a population increase to which medical science has measurably contributed.

Expanding population, the third of the Cerberean heads, approaches a critical mass. Under its inexorable pressure, the outdated and inadequate social structures of the world are fast crumbling. If allowed to continue, overpopulation is certain to overwhelm—some say in a matter of a generation or two—any curbs, however well or skillfully contrived, which we may succeed in fashioning to stave off disaster.

Nationalism, under the insatiable demands of more mouths than can possibly be fed, will inevitably and desperately strike out with science to destroy the world. The circle of cause and effect thus linked surrounds us completely; we must cut our way out at some point or perish.

Time is most emphatically not on our side, nor will our human dilemma resolve itself. We need vitally a new response (to borrow Toynbee's phrase) to this new challenge—a world-wide response, or ours is likely shortly to be added to his catalogue of dead civilizations.

Certainly such a new response will not be achieved through traditional modes of thought. And new modes, on an international scale, are not easy to come by. The thought process itself is restricted by the very language which makes thought possible. We cannot think without words, and the abstract words which are the building blocks of thought inevitably acquire connotations within each language that make their interlingual conveyance an approximation at best.

To the linguistic difficulties are added others arising from the nature of our established institutions. The very fact that an idea, concept, or doctrine is taken for granted by millions of Americans (or Frenchmen or Russians or Japanese) is to say that it will probably not be widely examined—and therefore is almost certainly wrong. So our society (Great or not) marches on, acting upon false assumptions, accepting premises no longer relevant, and trafficking in non-thought through the medium of a communications establishment controlled not by thinkers, but by advertisers.

WHERE, THEN, IS the fresh thinking to come from? A rhetorical question, surely: it must come from fresh minds competently trained in the exercise of reason and prepared to examine and re-examine, question and criticize, free to accept or reject or modify the concepts bequeathed to them. This is what our educational establishment is for. But it can hardly be said to serve this purpose, as Edgar Friedenberg points out later in these pages.

I think, however, that there is hope. Despite the attachment to the *status quo* of our communications industry, and the faintheartedness of our educational system (certain shining exceptions in each); despite the vested interests of the economically-wedded industrial and scientific establishments *(Où sont les chercheurs d'antan?)*, there is one group in our society that isn't buying—our students. We have given them a world which is a working model of insanity; they quite rightly reject it.

Of course there is immaturity in much of their rebellion; it is hardly logical to blame the young for being at times immature. But the point is that they, and the young generation in general, have at many times and in many places shown the courage to be different and to revolt, to refuse to accept what in their eyes is injustice, and the good sense to tell nonsense for what it is. They are the best hope of our disordered world; if there be a way out of the trap we are in, it is they who, given time, will find it.

The difficulty of finding a hearing for truly original thought, a rostrum from which new voices may present new ideas—this problem will always be with us. The communications industry in general—network TV and radio, the big newspapers, the mass magazines—are obviously too beholden to advertisers to whom, in turn, they must deliver audiences by the million, to be seriously considered as free media of expression for the unpopular view and the iconoclastic idea. This is not to say that a good many laudable gestures are not made by them in the direction of a free expression of opinion. But year in and year out, they cannot be more venturesome than their cash balances allow.

Thus the field has been left to the small-circulation magazines. Today, in this country, they are the best testing-ground for fresh ideas, non-popular thinking, free expression on every subject. Except with respect to their own financial health (their income is almost entirely from subscriptions), it is a matter of no great concern that their circulations are very small. But it is a matter of the greatest concern—to all of us, readers and non-readers—that they exist at all. For anyone with something relevant to say, they provide a place in which to say it, and an audience who will listen.

THE NATION is one of a small band of such magazines. Most of them are published with a decidedly liberal bent; their courage and their integrity are admirable. I think it unfortunate that the conservatives lack such a paper.

THE NATION, however, is neither liberal nor conservative nor radical, nor does it habitually reflect the views of *any* group, political or otherwise. Its pages are available to anyone, of whatever belief, with something relevant to say and the ability to say it. I became the publisher of its 100th Anniversary Issue because I believe it to be vitally necessary that such a journal should continue to thrive. The furrows of conventional thought have been plowed both long and deep; it is a bumpy route across them, but it is the only way to the other side.

It is the purpose of this issue to reflect THE NATION's century of travel upon this route of independent expression and dissent (and its detours from it as well). Its purpose also is to call attention to the symptoms of some of our age-old illnesses as they appear today—anti-intellectualism, intolerance, jingoism, imperialism, for starters—and, looking to the future, to foresee where we are likely (and shortly) to find ourselves. *Caveat lector.* I have tried, finally, to project in this issue as much as possible the character and tone of THE NATION in the hope that you who find some virtue herein may be prompted to become regular readers of the magazine. Let it be said that the magazine has need of all who may discover a need for it.

I salute THE NATION's present publisher, editor and staff for their long devotion to excellence in journalism. They have shown both the ability to achieve excellence and the courage to maintain it. I can think of no higher praise. J. J. S. Jr.

THE NATION *has been one of the few voices which has been heard on behalf of individual liberty and social justice consistently throughout its existence. I have particularly valued it in the post World War II period, not because its independent radical thinking was not needed before, but because the climate of oppression and bigotry in the United States has made all the more noteworthy* THE NATION'S *outspokenness since 1945.* THE NATION *is one of the few journals which has had the courage to expose and oppose the Cold War and those who promote it. I take great pleasure in congratulating* THE NATION *upon its 100th anniversary.*

—Bertrand Russell

THE PERSONAL NOTE

Publishers and Editors of THE NATION, past and present, talk a little about themselves and—from the inside—a good deal about the magazine.

GEORGE KIRSTEIN

Publisher Since 1955

In the twenty-three years since graduating from college, I had worked continuously with maximum vacation breaks of two or three weeks a year and perhaps a month's interim between jobs. After a year as errand boy in a Hollywood movie studio, I worked for eight years in a New York store, two years in Washington for the government, three years in the Pacific on a Navy ship, four years as an industrial consultant and five years as the executive vice president of a medical insurance company. Now it was summer of 1955, and I was determined to travel, to study, perhaps to write, but in any event not to work again until I had thought out just what it was I wanted to do. My marriage had broken up; I was alone and free to follow any promising path.

The voice on the telephone identified itself as "Carey McWilliams, editor of The Nation." I scarcely knew Mr. McWilliams although he had once tried to persuade me by phone to write an article weighing the advantages of government sponsored medical insurance against the benefits of the existing voluntary plans. Now when Mr. McWilliams asked to see me I presumed he wanted to renew his request for the article. I explained I was planning a trip, I was on vacation and I would not accept any writing assignments for the time being. He persisted in requesting a meeting; a week later I entered The Nation's office for the first time.

Mr. McWilliams explained that The Nation was for sale; furthermore if a new management did not assume its obligations very soon, the magazine might well be forced to suspend publication after ninety years of vigorous life. The magazine was in debt; the fund-raising activities which had sustained it were becoming unproductive; and the expenses of printing and distribution were steadily rising. In addition to its financial problems, the magazine was suffering from the illness of McCarthyism in that many self-styled liberals believed that its editorial policy paid insufficient obeisance to the cold war cult of "anti-communism."

At the end of an hour's discussion, I asked, "If I assumed the financial responsibility for the magazine, who would be the boss?" His idea was that I would have complete authority over the publication's business policies; he would control its editorial content.

George Kirstein

I told him that the reason I had resigned from the medical insurance company was that I had divided authority with a doctor who controlled the professional aspects; but professional decisions affected fiscal performance so the setup was impossible. In the same way editorial policy would affect financial operations, so I declined to accept his concept.

"But," he argued, "suppose we disagree on editorial policy? You know little about the magazine and its history and, more important, I know little about you. I would rather see it cease publication than lose its character or surrender what it has stood for down the decades."

"I don't blame you," I replied. "After all, you have devoted years to this venture. I'll tell you what I am willing to do. I worked for Dr. Frank Graham on the War Labor Board. He's as fine a man as I ever knew. You know him, too, and now that he is at the UN he is available here in New York. If we disagree on editorial policy, we will put our argument before Dr. Graham, and whichever side he supports will prevail." Dr. Graham was generous enough to agree to act in this arbitral capacity, but we never called upon him to settle our differences, so this dispute-settling machinery died of disuse after a year.

Another problem had to be confronted.

"There is one thing, Mr. McWilliams, that I would want to know before considering your proposal. This magazine is being called all colors of the spectrum from pink to rosy red. That doesn't give me the slightest pause, particularly considering the people who are doing the calling. But if we are summoned before one of the inquisitional committees, as we well may be, I want to know how you intend to testify in response to the $64 question: 'Are you now or have you ever been a Communist?' "

Mr. McWilliams, a lawyer by training, discussed briefly his resentment and outrage at the Congressional Committee's practice of asking this question. He then said, "I have the deepest sympathy and respect for those who plead the Fifth Amendment in order not to involve friends and former associates. But so far as I'm concerned, after making my protest about the propriety of asking the question, I would have no other course but to swear to the truth. I am not now, nor have I ever been, a Communist." No Congressional or any other investigating body ever summoned us, and in due course the "Red" epithets ceased not because our policies changed but because the cowards who used the name-calling tactic to gain society's stamp of approval for their own political views, past and present, finally regained a modicum of courage in the less hysterical atmosphere following Senator McCarthy's unlamented death.

IN THE WEEKS THAT followed this preliminary discussion, I studied the financial statement of the publication, and read at random through its back issues. My father had been a subscriber to THE NATION when I was in school and college, and I had been an off-again on-again reader for years. I discussed the proposal to assume responsibility for the publication with my brother Lincoln and my sister Mina Curtiss, both of whom had been occasional authors or book reviewers for THE NATION over many years. I talked to many people, seeking their judgment as to whether I should undertake this task and their evaluation of my chances of successfully filling the role if I did. All agreed that it would be a tragedy for writers, staff, subscribers and even for the American press as a whole if THE NATION ceased publication. All were equally frank that my qualifications for the role were not ones that by any means assured success. My experience with journalism was limited to a four-year stint of writing a weekly column on labor relations for the trade paper, *Women's Wear Daily*, and my only other accomplishment along literary lines was the authorship of a very specialized book, *Stores and Unions*. Nevertheless, the major problems confronting the publication were financial and administrative, and in these business areas I felt qualified to accept the challenge.

By early fall of 1955, all of the arrangements for the transfer of THE NATION had been concluded, and my education began. One of the earliest tasks was to find financial support, for the size of the annual deficit was far beyond my personal capacity to meet. In the past, the magazine had attempted to solve the increasing problem of its financial deficit by soliciting relatively small amounts from a large list of supporters. As this method had proved inadequate in the past, I determined to find a relatively few people who would join me in furnishing sufficient funds to cope with what I hoped would be, and what eventually became, a considerably smaller loss. It took a year to find the eight people who agreed to join with me in the effort to keep the publication afloat long enough to have at least a chance of reversing the trend toward ever greater losses. Some of these early supporters I had known previously; others Mr. McWilliams knew; some were known to neither of us, but all had in common that they were thoroughly familiar with THE NATION's history and convinced of the importance of its continuity. Of the original group, all but one have continued their generous support throughout the decade and there have been two additions. These faithful partners have preferred to remain unheralded; they have never had a formal meeting and few have even met each other socially. They have never made the slightest effort to affect editorial policy and have limited their nonfinancial relationship to the magazine to the occasional proffer of a helpful suggestion which could be accepted or rejected without resentment on either side. A faculty member at Harvard, another at Columbia, a dairy farmer, an attorney, a recent graduate of Princeton, an author-scholar, two socially minded housewives, and a corporate executive comprised the list. My gratitude for their support is profound; without it THE NATION would probably have perished.

A plethora of experts, armed with conventional wisdom about publishing, saw the solution to THE NATION's problems in terms of a massive drive to increase the number of subscribers by offering cut-rate subscriptions through expensive advertising and even more expensive mailings. The reasoning behind this effort was that if circulation increased, advertisers would be attracted to use more pages and presto the last line on the financial statement would turn from red to deep blue. Having had no publishing experience, I adopted this method but after a brief trial I concluded that it is nonsense for a magazine which is not edited to be popular to seek popularity in the hope salvation will be gained through advertising revenues. Most magazines in general, and THE NATION in particular, would be far better with no advertising, and if there are not at least a sufficient number of intelligent people willing to pay for what they read instead of having advertisers pay for it, we are indeed in a sorry plight. After the first experiments with conventional methods of increasing circulation, we consistently limited our efforts to improving the quality of the publication in the hope that word of mouth comment about journalistic excellence would result in more readers. I have never believed that there is a close correlation between circulation size and the usefulness or lasting impact of a publication on the intellectual community which it is designed to serve. Over the decade, THE NATION's deficit has not disappeared, but it has become more manageable, the circulation has increased a little, the income has increased a lot, and the future may well disclose new methods of efficiency in production and distribution of periodicals which will permit a self-supporting operation.

The basic staff of the magazine remained on the job following the changeover. Robert Hatch, who had conducted the movie column, joined the staff as literary editor and after eight years became managing editor following the retirement of the very capable Victor Bernstein. We made a determined effort to attract new authors who would become identified with the publication, and one of the greatest rewards of the decade was to witness the well-merited growth in reputation of Fred J. Cook, Dan Wakefield, David Cort, and a score of others whose work appeared less frequently. Such established authors as Harold Clurman and Alexander Werth continued to contribute, effortlessly making the transition from one regime to the next. After a few years, we adopted a policy of having the poetry editorship revolve among younger poets. W. S. Merwin, who had suggested this procedure, became the first poetry editor in the rotating system, succeeding M. L. Rosenthal, himself a poet as well as a poetry critic. Merwin was followed by Denise Levertov, Paul Blackburn, David

My greetings to THE NATION *as it reaches its Centennial. Its pages were an inspiration to me in my teens for it's helped me untangle many a web of confusion.*

And during the rest of my life it has prodded, provoked, challenged, questioned, and protested—leaving no vital issue untouched.

It has served the people in the best journalistic tradition this country has known.

—Justice William O. Douglas

Ignatow, A. R. Ammons, and again by Miss Levertov for a second stint.

For some time the editorials which opened the magazine were written by various staff members, but we determined that if one man composed the bulk of them, there would be a consistency of style and tone which was unobtainable with wider authorship. Carl Dreher, almost miraculously from my viewpoint, has, during the last eight years, expressed each week the consensus of the magazine's editors, arrived at by the conference method. He has also advised the editors on scientific subjects.

WHEN ALL DUE RECOGNITION has been given to the staff and to the contributors, the fact remains that it is a magazine's editor who is the key figure. In the ten years we have been working together, Mr. McWilliams and I have never had an argument over matters of basic policy nor have we yet exchanged an angry word. That is not to say we have always agreed on all matters of mutual interest; it is simply to say we have continuously found a common ground on which we could both stand without violating our individual strongly held convictions. I have never ceased my wonderment at Mr. McWilliams' insatiable curiosity which drives him to read almost every publication printed anywhere in English. His memory of authors and their favorite subject matter is encyclopedic. His powers of persuasion have been demonstrated a thousand times when he has persuaded still another busy writer to undertake an assignment for the relatively modest compensation to which THE NATION's balance sheet constrains it. If I had any criticism of the conduct of his office I would accuse him (and have done so) of being too patient, too tolerant of authors with too little to say who don't even say that very well. However, the number of articles that have been published after having been rewritten, reworked, restyled and helpfully edited, attests to the fact that even this fault, if it is one, has been of benefit to the publication. If THE NATION's century-long contribution to journalistic history remained undimmed in this last decade, the credit must go to Mr. McWilliams.

The rewards of being THE NATION's proprietor have been great. I have met and been associated with poets, writers, journalists and critics of talent and of conviction. I have worked with editors who knew that their rewards would not be in high compensation, popular acclaim or general agreement. Rather their success could only be measured in terms of angry letters, cancelled subscriptions and editorial attacks in the mass press. In addition, I have repeatedly seen ideas that were first set forth in THE NATION, picked up weeks and even months later by the popular press, sometimes with generous acknowledgment, more often with none. This important role as purveyor of new and unpopular ideas has long been and remains the firm base of that most tenuous of all the adjectives used to describe THE NATION—"influential."

About a year after I came to THE NATION, I visited Justice Hugo Black in his office in the new Supreme Court building. I expected five minutes, at most, of this busy man's time, but the discussion turned to courage, particularly political courage, and this is a topic on which Justice Black is expert.

Several times I rose to leave, but I was motioned back to my chair. After about three quarters of an hour, a secretary came in with papers to be signed and I walked toward the door. On the threshold, Justice Black stopped me. "You know, Kirstein, what you are doing is important." I replied somewhat sceptically, "Justice Black, of the 180 million people in America, I doubt very much if one million of them have even heard of THE NATION." "Oh," he said with a smile, "I would think your estimate is high. But there are very few voices of dissent in America today and if the time ever comes when there are none, it won't be America." His words have been my compensation.

CAREY McWILLIAMS

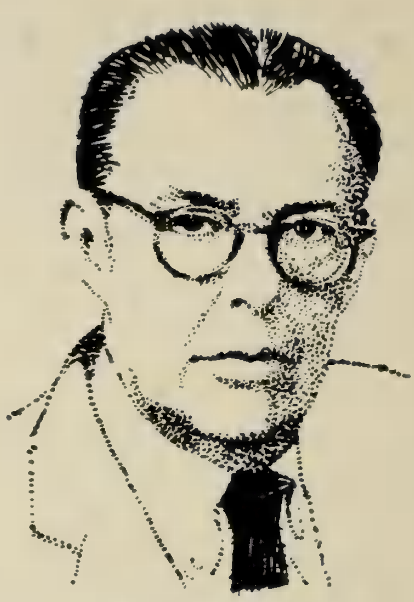
Editor Since 1951

NOT UNTIL I WAS A FRESHMAN in college did I become acquainted with THE NATION. The favorite reading matter of the cowhands and cattle ranchers of northwestern Colorado where I spent my pre-college years consisted of penny-dreadfuls and "cowboy" romances. As a freshman, I made four delightful discoveries (none was assigned reading): H. L. Mencken's *The Smart Set,* the plays and prefaces of George Bernard Shaw, THE NATION and *The New Republic,* and the massive unread *Collected Works* of Ambrose Bierce. I was a devoted reader of *The Smart Set* and later of *The American Mercury* as long as Mencken edited it and I have been a reader of both THE NATION and *The New Republic* since I discovered them. My first articles appeared in *The American Mercury,* THE NATION, and *The New Republic.*

As with many other persons, I liked THE NATION and *The New Republic* for somewhat different reasons. In general, I read *The New Republic* primarily for its "books and arts" section, THE NATION for its political and social criticism. In college I greatly admired—and still do—Edmund Wilson. Not only did I read with avidity everything that he wrote but I corresponded with him and had the pleasure of chauffeuring him about southern California in a Model-T Ford when he was gathering material for *The American Jitters*. Later, when I began to contribute to *The New Republic,* I would always have lunch with the staff on visits to New York and in this way got to know Bruce Bliven, Malcolm Cowley, George Soule, Betty Huling, Otis Ferguson and the others. A visit to New York that did not include the ritual of some quick stout drinks with Betty and Otis at the New Weston Hotel (Bruce was rumored to disapprove of midday cocktails) was unthinkable.

IN MUCH THE SAME way, I began to contribute articles to THE NATION from southern California, where my family had moved after the catastrophic collapse of the cattle market following World War I. After *Brothers Under the Skin* was published in 1943, I came east at least twice a year, on lecture trips, and lunch with THE NATION's staff also became a ritual. Actually my first tie with THE NATION was through Joseph Wood Krutch with whom I had corresponded; I remember that he took me to a party at Hart Crane's apartment when I was in New York for the publication of my first book—a biography of Ambrose Bierce—in 1929. On these semi-annual visits to 20 Vesey Street, I got to know THE NATION staff—Freda Kirchwey, Robert Bendiner, J. King Gordon, Margaret Marshall, Lillie Shultz, Del Vayo, I. F. Stone, Keith Hutchison, Willard Shelton, Maxwell Stewart, Harold Field and the others. I never met Villard but I corresponded with him. It was Villard, incidentally, who first proposed the appointment of a national commission on civil rights. In a letter to me (dated May 4, 1943), he told of how he had presented the idea of a commission to President Wilson, who had replied that he could not appoint such a commission because he was a Democratic President from the South and the South might get the impression that he felt there was something to criticize in the attitude of the South on the Negro problem! On one of my visits to New York, J. King Gordon, who was then managing editor of THE NATION, asked me to become a contributing editor, which I did effective January 20, 1945. For a nominal stipend, I was to contribute one or two articles a month and submit editorial paragraphs, mostly about civil rights, race relations, and issues of particular interest to West Coast readers.

As a result of this relationship—and a growing friendship with Freda Kirchwey—I became familiar with some aspects of THE NATION's finances and the problems it faced. The magazine had done quite well during the years 1938-1944—these were the only years it showed a profit—but in the postwar period some of the old problems returned in aggravated form. The more I was exposed to these problems, the more I sympathized with Freda, and with Evans Clark, her husband, a gallant, generous and nerveless man. I had occasion then and later to admire Freda's extraordinary courage, her unshakable faith in THE NATION, her derring-do spirit, her kindness and consideration, her good-humored forbearance under extreme provocation, and her general unflappability. From Freda I acquired, by contagion, something of her enthusiasm for THE NATION and her confidence that it could survive—as indeed it has—all manner of adversities. As I became aware, by slow stages, of some of the severe financial problems the magazine faced, it was only natural that I should offer to lend a hand. In this period—and for some time before—THE NATION had raised a substantial part of its budget through fund-raising dinners and functions, built around public issues, under the skilful direction of Lillie Shultz. But as the cold war came on and wartime good feeling toward the USSR abated, it became increasingly difficult to raise money in this manner. So, in a careless moment, I suggested that it might be a good idea to hold a fund-raising function in Los Angeles. Out of this suggestion came a conference, held under the auspices of THE NATION, at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, September 21-22, 1946. In retrospect this conference has—for me at least—a certain historic interest. (For this conference, I edited a special 46-page Western Supplement which dealt with certain postwar Western problems. In the editorial introduction I ventured the suggestion that, for all the serious problems it faced, California stood on the "threshold of a great expansion." I never made an easier or a safer prediction. California has a way of making its boosters look like prophets.)



Carey McWilliams

A few words about the conference, which was devoted to the theme "The Challenge of the Postwar World to the Liberal Movement," will point up the special interest it has for me in retrospect. The first session on "The 1946 Elections and America's Future" was chaired by John B. Hughes, then one of the West Coast's best-known radio commentators. The speakers were Oscar Chapman, then Undersecretary of the Department of the Interior; Irwin de Shetler, Regional Director of the C.I.O.; Susan D. Adams of the ILGWU; Loren Miller, the distinguished Negro lawyer—since appointed to the Los Angeles bench by Governor Brown; and Richard Ibanez, outstanding representative of the Mexican-American minority. The second session, which Chet Huntley chaired, on "America's Foreign Policy and Its Relation to Peace," included as speakers Dr. Harold Fisher, Director of the Hoover Library, Stanford University; Freda Kirchwey, and J. Alvarez Del Vayo. The third session, "Economic Security as a Factor for Peace," included as speakers Dr. Arthur Ross, Institute of Industrial Relations, University of California; Richard Boke, Regional Director, Bureau of Reclamation; Paul Raver, Director, Bonneville Power Administration; Dr. William Fowler, California Institute of Technology, and—ironically enough—Ronald Reagan, today a leading Goldwaterite Republican and likely candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in 1966. The fourth session, "Organization for Democracy," was chaired by Maury Maverick; the participants were Dr. Lloyd Fisher, University of California; Dr. Harry Girvetz, University of California; Mary McCall of the Screen Writers Guild; Dr. Robert E. H. Harris, then chief editorial writer for the *Los Angeles Daily News;* True Broadman, a Hollywood radio writer; and Dr. Curtis Warren, Superintendent of Schools, San Francisco. The dinner meeting was chaired by Bartley C. Crum; the speakers were Thurman W. Arnold, Freda Kirchwey, Senator Wayne L. Morse, Dore Schary, and Will Rogers, Jr., Democratic nominee for the U.S. Senate that year.

THIS WAS THE last time, perhaps for a decade, that such a broad spectrum of "the liberal movement" assembled on the West Coast for a discussion of important public issues. Most of the important independent civic and political groups cooperated and sent delegations. The sessions were crowded, several to overflowing, and the dinner meeting netted a large sum for THE NATION. It is interesting to remember that the conference coincided with Henry Wallace's famous Madison Square Garden speech and his subsequent dismissal from the Cabinet. After the 1948 campaign it would have been impossible to have held such a meeting. The high hopes for the postwar period which had been generated during the war years seemed to crest at this conference. In the East, the wave had already broken. As Freda Kirchwey commented in an editorial (October 5, 1946): "California is a state where political interest is lively, discussion free, lines loosely drawn, personalities important. People like to say: 'In California, politics are fluid.' No words could express the situation better. Until recently the Left groupings, from Communists and their sympathizers to the liberal elements in the old parties, have supported a loose coalition or at least maintained a truce. The factional fight has been less bitter, open breaks less sharp and final, than in the East." But with the case of the Hollywood Ten, the breaks came thick and fast, and some of them have remained irreparable. For California liberals, the unforgettable event of the period was the Democratic Senatorial primary fight between Will Rogers, Jr., and Ellis Patterson. I was active in the Rogers campaign and still retain vivid impressions of the bitterness of that election and the splits it precipitated. The social life of Hollywood, Bel-Air and Beverly Hills was never quite the same after that disastrous campaign.

THE LOS ANGELES CONFERENCE was a reflection of the fact that the West Coast had begun to impinge on the national political consciousness in a new way. The increase in THE NATION's circulation in California no doubt had something to do with my appointment as contributing editor in 1945, which in turn precipitated the conference. That THE NATION had decided, for the first time in its history, to hold such a conference in Los Angeles—that it had begun to look to the West Coast for new sources of support—was itself an indication of a new awareness of the West Coast. Also the circumstance that liberal expectations for the postwar period glowed a little brighter and a little longer there than in the East seemed to imply that California enjoyed a degree of immunity from the virus of "anti-communism."

And to a degree it did. But in point of fact red-baiting had been more virulent in California than elsewhere; it was merely that the liberal movement being somewhat stronger than in the East had been able to cope with it more effectively—that is, until the 1948 election. California has an old freewheeling "libertarian" tradition, associated with such names as Fremont Older, Lincoln Steffens, Col. Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Francis J. Heney, John R. Haynes, Rudolph Spreckles and Simon J. Lubin, that proved helpful in surmounting the first onslaughts of "anti-Communist" demagoguery. It is the kind of state in which, from the days of Dennis Kearney and the "sand lot riots" of the 1870s to the present time, controversies have tended to degenerate into shouting contests. The state's politics have always been of the catch-as-catch-can variety. The extremes are highly developed and articulate. California has probably had more witch hunts and more free-speech fights than any state in the union. But with the onset of the cold war, the political atmosphere became envenomed to a degree that only those who experienced it will believe. There seemed to be no bottom to the quagmire of malice, gossip, name-calling, finger-pointing, and recrimination. The experience left me with an abiding contempt for professional "anti-Communists," including the academic variety, and a conviction that "anti-communism" was, on the domestic scene, a far more dangerous force than communism had ever been. To be sure, the Left was not free of blame for the debacle that ensued, which paved the way for McCarthyism, but the major responsibility rests on those who should have known better but who, for a variety of motives, succumbed to the hateful pressures of the period. Two dear friends of mind, Louis Adamic and F. O. Matthiessen, committed suicide during these years, in part (but only in part, of course) because of their despair over the course events had taken and the brutal way in which they had been treated by former friends and colleagues.

In general I approved of what Henry Wallace said in his Madison Square Garden speech, but once it became apparent that the forces most actively supporting him had adopted a rule-or-ruin attitude and were determined to set up a new party, I found it impossible to go along and said so publicly. What I was principally opposed to was the split with the Democratic Party. THE NATION took essentially the same position, of course, and what Freda Kirchwey had to say on the subject editorially in the issue of February 21, 1948—months before the returns were in—makes good reading today: "It (the Wallace movement) has been rejected by the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L., and the four Railway Brotherhoods, by the Socialists, by organized farm groups, and by the overwhelming majority of New Deal leaders who served under President Roosevelt. Even so staunch an admirer of Henry Wallace as Sen. Claude Pepper has repudiated the third party crusade. . . . Entirely apart from the ideological dangers of making a progressive party dependent on organized Communist strength, the fact is that to do so is to build on quicksand. Let the line change, for reasons beyond the control of Mr. Wallace, and the foundations of his movement will collapse overnight."

With the Smith Act prosecutions, the loyalty program, the miserable showing of the Wallace-Taylor ticket, and the general deterioration of USSR-U.S.A. relations, the Great Witch Hunt got under way with a rush and a roar. Even before McCarthy emerged as a national figure, the course of events was clearly indicated. The consolidation of power by the Chinese Communist Party, the emergence of McCarthyism, and the outbreak of the Korean War merely fanned the flames of the domestic cold war.

THE NATION, of course, found itself directly in the line of fire. While the paper had refused to support Henry Wallace, it continued to insist that peace with Russia was possible and desirable (see the special issue: "Peace with Russia: Can It Be Negotiated?" of December 16, 1950, with such contributors as H. Stuart Hughes, James P. Warburg, Hans J. Morgenthau, Isaac Deutscher, R. H. S. Crossman, Claude Bourdet, Sir Benegal N. Rau, Harrison S. Brown, Abba Eban, Grenville Clark and others). Today such a stand meets with general approval; so distinguished a spokesman for the liberal movement as John Kenneth Galbraith recently pointed out that an understanding between Russia and the United States was the "fulcrum" of American policy. But this was a most unpopular position to take in 1950. Nothing in its history does THE NATION more credit than its resolute refusal, under Freda Kirchwey's editorship, to join the cold war or to chorus in on the domestic witch hunt.

But largely because of its stand on these issues, the magazine's financial problems became more acute. Costs began to soar at precisely the time that fund-raising through public functions became impossible. In the spring of 1951, Freda asked me to come to New York to help plan a special civil liberties issue. To this day I do not know whether she intended then to invite me to join the staff or whether that idea occurred to her during our discussions. But before I left to return to the Coast, she asked me to join the staff on a full-time basis and put it to me pretty much on the basis that despite my reluctance to leave California, I should accept, as the position of the magazine could hardly be more critical. Frankly, the thought of leaving California even for six months or a year did not appeal to me. I had lived in southern

My congratulations to THE NATION *on its centennial year. I have always admired the clarity and vigor of* THE NATION *and have appreciated the fairness that it has granted in the expression of its editorial view.* **—Sen. Margaret Chase Smith**

California since 1922 and was about as deeply rooted in the region as any migrant is ever likely to be (see: *Southern California Country: An Island on the Land* and *California: The Great Exception*). I had contracts for books and other commitments. In 1951 we were living in our ramshackle old California redwood bungalow on a half-acre lot, complete with avocado, lemon and eucalyptus trees, high on a hilltop overlooking downtown and central Los Angeles. The hilltop view is superb—as the natives say, "On a clear day you can see Catalina Island." I still prefer it to the New York skyline. All the same, I did agree to return to New York for a short time. I have stayed, to date, fourteen years.

FROM EVERY POINT of view, I was a much less likely successor to Freda Kirchwey than she was to Villard or than he was to all the editors reaching back to Godkin. For one thing, I am the first West-of-the-Mississippi person to edit THE NATION, and one might expand that statement by saying "West of the Alleghenies" or, more specifically, "West of the Bronx." I have suggested that one reason for this odd jump to the West Coast was the emergence of the region as a new center of political power and interest; another reason may be found in my special interests and their relation to the American social scene (in an editorial of January 20, 1945, announcing my appointment as a contributing editor, Freda Kirchwey cited these interests as the reason for my appointment). Somewhat in the order of their emergence, my special interests have been: organized labor and civil liberties, migratory farm labor, race relations, demagogic mass movement and, of course, all things relating to California, its history, sociology, folkways, cults, population dynamics and politics—not to mention its coast line, mountain ranges, desert areas and lush valleys.

An interest in organized labor whetted my interest in civil liberties. I was a member of the board of the American Civil Liberties Union in Los Angeles at a time when it had only a few hundred members; the local chapter now has seven or eight thousand members. The then-director Clinton J. Taft used to send me on various quixotic missions; in the late 1920s, he sent me off on a state-wide speaking tour urging repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Act. I was lucky to get back alive. Through these missions and assignments I became interested in migratory farm labor. I was often asked, for example, to investigate the strikes, mass arrests, criminal syndicalism prosecutions, and other actions which infringed on the civil liberties of migratory farm workers.

Migratory farm labor, like trade union organization and many civil liberties issues, is really an aspect of majority-minority relations. California is an excellent laboratory in which to study relations of this sort. The social structure is not rigid. Continuous, heavy in-migration has kept the state in constant flux and turmoil. Its population includes every ethnic strain, every racial type, every social class. Sequences that take decades to unfold elsewhere are often enacted there in a few years—you can see the process taking place before your eyes, as though in slow motion. For example, in the years from 1935 to 1940, I saw how a minority can be created under certain circumstances. During these years, several hundred thousand dust-bowl migrants surged into the state. Circumstances forced them into the subordinate role of farm laborers, at least for a time, and they were, of course, promptly stereotyped as "Okies" and "Arkies." The stereotype was precisely the same as that of Negroes and Mexican-Americans, despite the fact that the dust-bowl migrants were indubitably white, Protestant, and of Anglo-Saxon background. My interest in migratory farm labor (*Factories in the Field*, 1939; *Ill Fares the Land*, 1942) resulted in my appointment to head the Division of Immigration and Housing under Gov. Culbert L. Olson. Among its other functions, the division is charged with a general responsibility for the welfare of alien immigrants and enforcement of the labor-camp act. There were then about five or six thousand such camps—in which, at the peak of the season, the camp population would total 160,000 to 175,000 men, women and children. Naturally I was brought into close contact with most of the minority groups: Mexican-Americans, Negroes, Filipinos, Japanese-Americans, Indians, etc., not to mention "Okies" and "Arkies." Out of this experience came my interest in racial and ethnic minorities *(Brothers Under the Skin; Prejudice; A Mask for Privilege; North From Mexico)*

UP TO THIS point, I had been interested in majority-minority relations as an observer; now some of the issues came into sharp personal focus and out of this experience came my interest in demagogic mass movements. Long before McCarthy made his famous speech in Wheeling, West Virginia, on February 9, 1950, red-baiting had been more or less endemic in California. The San Francisco General Strike and Upton Sinclair's EPIC Campaign of 1934 had touched off an orgy of red-baiting. But despite this—in fact probably because of it—Culbert L. Olsen, who was himself a product of the EPIC Movement, was elected governor in 1938—the first Democrat to hold the office in nearly half a century. It was, of course, to be expected that Olson, whose first official act was to pardon Tom Mooney, would be given the full red-baiting treatment. Also elected under the sponsorship of the EPIC Movement were two young assemblymen: Sam Yorty, now Mayor of Los

Angeles, and Jack Tenney. In the first year of the Olson administration, both Yorty and Tenney were flaming left-wing liberals, but as the political climate changed, so did their enthusiasms. An adroit politician, Yorty never let his new "anti-Communist" enthusiasms get the better of his cool political judgment, but Tenney went completely overboard and finally ended up, some years later, as Gerald L. K. Smith's Vice Presidential running mate. As part of their effort to discredit the Olson administration, Yorty and Tenney—egged on by conservative Democrats and Republicans—induced the legislature to set up the Tenney Committee (on Un-American Activities), which is still in existence. Over the years, and particularly as Chief of the Division of Immigration and Housing, I had been involved in numerous head-on collisions with such groups as the Associated Farmers, the American Legion and similar organizations. The fact that I had urged both the LaFollette and Toland Committees to hold public hearings in California, prepared Governor Olson's lead-off statements to both committees, held the first farm wage-rate hearings in the state, opposed the mass evacuation of Japanese-Americans, and prepared the draft report on the Los Angeles "zoot suit" race riot for the committee appointed by Governor Earl Warren (who succeeded Olson in 1942) had not endeared me to these interests. So I was given top billing by the Tenney Committee as some kind of "enemy of the people," but the real target was, at all times, the Olson administration. (Part of the story of those years is to be found in Robert E. Burke's book, *Olson's New Deal for California,* and in Dr. Edward Barrett's fine book on the Tenney Committee). By the mid-1940s, therefore, I considered myself an expert on witch-hunting techniques and the uses of "anti-communism." From 1946 on, it was increasingly apparent to me that a demagogic movement of great force and virulence was in the making. *Witch Hunt: The Revival of Heresy* embodies my forebodings; it was published, in 1950, just as the national spotlight began to focus on McCarthy.

THESE INTERRELATED SPECIAL interests, all of which began to assume increasing national importance after 1945, had prompted my appointment as contributing editor (see Freda Kirchwey's editorial of January 20, 1945, to which I have referred) and they are probably responsible for the fact that I was later asked to become editor. In the period from 1951 to date, the major editorial preoccupations of THE NATION, I should say, have been with the cold war, the domestic cold war or witch hunt, and the revolution in race relations. Until she resigned in September, 1955, Freda concentrated on foreign policy, which is her special interest, and gave me pretty much a free hand with domestic issues. The carry-over of my special interests is reflected in such special issues of THE NATION as "How Free Is Free?," our special civil liberties issue of June 8, 1952; "The Southern Negro," September 27, 1952; "The FBI," October 18, 1958; "The CIA," June 24, 1961; "Juggernaut, the Warfare State," October 28, 1961; and "The Ultras," June 30, 1962. Shortly before I came to New York in 1951, I prepared a new edition of *Brothers Under the Skin* with a new introduction in which I wrote that "a permanent revolution in race relations" had begun, and explained why. THE NATION's special issue, "The Southern Negro," clearly foreshadowed the course this revolution has taken to date. Some of the other special issues have, of course, made Fred J. Cook a familiar name in American journalism.

* * *

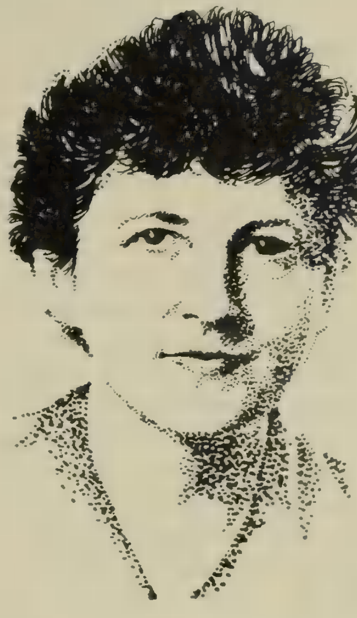
In the early summer of 1955, Freda Kirchwey, who about that time had been called upon to meet more than the normal ration of emergencies, said that she would be willing to relinquish the magazine to me if I could raise the funds necessary to liquidate the indebtedness the paper had accumulated and insure continuity of publication. Some of the individuals I had been able to interest in THE NATION promised to continue their support, so I then set out to find a publisher who would contribute or help raise the balance that was needed. If THE NATION was to be reorganized, I knew that I would need the help of someone who had executive talent and experience. At this critical juncture, a friend told me that George Kirstein had just severed his active connection with H. I. P. (Health Insurance Plan) and was about to set off on a cruise in his sailboat. I had met him once, at a dinner party, and on another occasion had tried to get him to do an article for THE NATION. What I knew about him suggested that he possessed ideal qualifications: he knew the magazine and what it stood for; he had served in World War II; he had important executive experience in government (War Labor Board) and in business; we had many mutual friends. So I got him on the phone—just shortly before he was about to set sail—and asked him how he would like to be publisher of THE NATION. This out-of-the-blue query didn't seem to faze him. He came to the office, asked some very good questions, and then asked me to prepare a memorandum on what I conceived the functions and responsibilities of a publisher to be. It was almost as casual as that. If I had spent a year in hot pursuit of the ideal publisher, I could not have done better. If it had not been for his generous and timely intervention, I certainly would not have been able to carry out Freda Kirchwey's suggestion. In addition, the magazine has benefited enormously from George's supervision, his keen judgment, and his eye for the relevant. Like Freda, he has steady nerves and doesn't frighten easily. This, of course, is neither the place nor the time to tell how much THE NATION owes to all its friends and supporters, to its contributors and its readers and to its fine staff. But I do want to say here that no editor ever had better or more considerate or helpful working colleagues than I have had in the persons of Victor Bernstein, Robert Hatch and Carl Dreher.

ON BALANCE, I am not at all sorry that I deserted that hilltop home in Los Angeles to come east to edit THE NATION, much as I want some day to write the books I had on my agenda in 1951. Since then, THE NATION has been my "home" in the sense that I have probably spent almost as many hours at the office as I have at home with my family; winter, spring, summer, fall—day and night—THE NATION has been my constant preoccupation. Discovering what THE NATION is—and what it is not—has been an instructive experience, for its survival for a century is one of the major miracles of American journalism. It is more than a publication; it is an incorporeal entity with a life of its own that exists quite independently of personalities, ownership transitions, or editorial successions. It has friends in all sections of the country, in all quarters of the globe, not one in ten of whom is a subscriber or ever has been. But they know about THE NATION and find many ways of demonstrating their friendship. Communications reach it from all points of the compass; clippings descend upon it from Bombay and Boston, Ceylon and Cincinnati, from the executive mansions of state capitals as well as federal, state and county prisons. Many of these communications are simply addressed to "The Nation, New York." No one has ever "owned" THE NATION; it is impossible to own or possess it or bequeath it or sell it or mortgage it. If it ever ceased to be what it has always been, it would simply not exist—regardless of who "owned" it or how much money stood on deposit in its name. It is an idea, a spirit, a name without an address; it is fragile, without physical assets, but it is free and so it lives. It is of the past as well as the present; it belongs to all those who have read it, quoted it, written for it or helped it; to those who have reviled it no less than to those who have respected it. To have edited it for a day would have been a privilege; to have been responsible for it for more than a decade is an experience to be cherished.

An editorial writer needs stimulation as well as information, and I find both in THE NATION.
—Herbert L. Matthews,
Editorial Board, *N.Y. Times*

FREDA KIRCHWEY

Associated with THE NATION *for 37 years; Editor and Publisher, 1945-55*



IT ALL BEGAN on a bright August afternoon when my husband and I slid alongside the landing at Bennett's camp on Raquette Lake, pulled our duffle out of the canoe, and walked up the path to our tent. Two weeks of paddling through the lakes had left us with only three conscious desires—a hot bath, our mail, and supper that we hadn't cooked ourselves.

The mail came first—even before unpacking. In among the pile of family letters was a typed envelope addressed to me. I opened it in its turn. Could I guess it concealed a suggestion that would fix the course of my life for the next 37 years?

It was from a young woman I had known slightly at college who was now a secretary in the office of THE NATION. She had heard, she said, (how, I had no idea) that I was looking for a job. She thought there might be one with a project just getting under way—a section on international affairs to be issued every other week as a supplement to THE NATION. If I was interested, I'd better act quickly.

The letter had been forwarded from New York and had rested for several days on the table in our tent. I passed it over to Evans. "Read this one next," I said.

Evans read the letter and for perhaps three minutes we talked over the suggestion it brought. Then I sat down and wrote to Mr. Villard, THE NATION's editor and owner, and also to Henry R. Mussey, formerly my economics professor at Barnard and now managing editor of THE NATION. A reply came from

Mr. Villard himself, expressing interest but asking some pointed questions about my journalistic background, my knowledge of foreign languages, my European experience. I decided that the best thing to do was to meet these issues—and the editor—head on; so that night we boarded the train for New York.

Next morning I went down to Vesey Street to see the editor. Our meeting was amiable. In spite of admitted gaps in my qualifications, Mr. Villard approved some things about me. One was my father, for whom he had a long-time friendship and admiration; they had labored side by side for many liberal reforms. Happily, I too had taken part in several movements close to his heart. I had campaigned for woman suffrage, in and out of the state; and as an early member of the Woman's Peace Party, I had been active in the foredoomed struggle to keep the United States out of the European conflict. Of both these causes his courageous mother was an early and active partisan—a fact that influenced his judgment in many subtle ways—and he obviously approved when I told him I had been a member of the delegation of women that had demonstrated in front of the Capitol at Washington the previous spring, in one last effort to stave off the fatal commitment to war. We had known, of course, that our pleas would be valuable only for the record; that very night, April 2, President Wilson delivered his war message.

HOW MUCH THIS background influenced Mr. Villard, I don't know. In any case he told me there *was* an opening on the staff of the International Relations Section that I might perhaps fill. I would be expected to read, mark, and clip newspapers and reports from all over, file clippings, prepare copy, read proof and help with the make-up, all under the close eye of William MacDonald, editor of the I.R.S. If I proved capable, I might also write paragraphs for the editorial pages, and notes for the new section. To me it sounded like a dream job, but then suddenly Mr. Villard wound up his discourse on a note of doubt. He had heard, he said, that I had hopped from one job to another since I finished college. He would not want to employ a person who couldn't be counted on to stay put, accept routine, and in general become a part of the permanent establishment.

Alarmed and surprised that I had achieved a reputation of this sort in three brief years, I earnestly set forth the accidents of fate that had punctuated my professional life: one, the arrival of a baby, which had halted my career as reporter on the *Morning Telegraph;* two, the demise of the magazine, *Every Week*, on which I had served as an editorial assistant; and three, a wholesale firing at the New York *Tribune* that had cost me my job there clipping "fillers."

Perhaps this last item helped allay Mr. Villard's doubts. He knew the story, or part of it. It seems there had been a denunciation of the *Tribune*'s distinguished managing editor, Dr. Ernest Gruening, because he had published in the Sunday rotogravure section a picture of a recent lynching in the South side by side with one of a parade of Negro troops, back from front-line duty in France, marching down Fifth Avenue. The furies of patriotic indignation had been loosed by this graphic reminder of one of the more glaring inconsistencies of our country's "fight for democracy." Dr. Gruening subsequently was sacked; but before that time, so was every employee who had come on the *Tribune* staff during his term of office—several of whom, like myself, had been hired by someone else and had never met him!

As far as the *Tribune* episode was concerned, Mr. Villard was obviously inclined to regard me as a sacrifice in a noble cause. He accepted me into the "NATION family"—as he loved to call his staff—and two years later Ernest Gruening himself became THE NATION's managing editor—one of the best it ever had.

WHEN MR. VILLARD sold the *Evening Post* and took over THE NATION, he made the weekly into something different and new—livelier, more controversial, more political; less erudite than in its long and influential past, but still authoritative and, occasionally, profound. At the same time, and quite inconsistently, he resisted the idea that any real "sea-change" had overtaken the publication. So deep-rooted was his feeling for the tradition and standards set by Godkin and Garrison that when an article or book review displeased him, he was apt to say, reprovingly, "That is really *not* up to NATION standards," and would summon up William James or Charles Eliot Norton as evidence and example. Or he would remark, "That's not THE NATION's position, you know," about some point he disagreed with in an editorial, forgetting pro tem the new positions his weekly was taking in almost every issue. Thus he always suffered from a division of mind and heart: old versus new, traditional attitudes versus a drive for radical change—political and social.

That the second set of values generally prevailed is proved by the staff Mr. Villard gradually assembled. It included several eminent people of his own generation. Henry Mussey had resigned from Barnard College, after a long and successful career there, in protest against President Nicholas Murray Butler's dismissal of several Columbia professors who opposed the war. (A particularly obnoxious act, since Butler had been before the war an outspoken pacifist, praised for his views in THE NATION itself!) William MacDonald came also from the academic world, having taught history and political science in several leading universities and published a number of studies and textbooks in his fields. Both men had been associated with THE NATION before its final separation from the *Post,* and both were militant liberals, whose ideas reached further leftward in some areas than those of their editor-in-chief. As for Emily Balch, a newcomer, she had eagerly accepted Mr. Villard's offer of a job on the new International Relations Section when she found that her pacifist views and writings had ended her long teaching career at Wellesley.

These were the elder statesmen of Mr. Villard's "new" NATION. But in selecting additional staff members, I think it fair to say that he favored young people, equipped with a flair for politics and a broadly liberal point of view, over older and more experienced journalists. He saw in them, and encouraged, possibilities of growth. He tried them out in new fields of work, and took chances editorially that would have horrified his colleagues of former days. It is true that when his new recruits upset him by straying too far off the old track he complained bitterly and concocted plans for tighter supervision and control. But as long as he remained with THE NATION, Villard never basically betrayed his own "revolution."

WHEN I JOINED the staff, the International Relations Section was housed in the "barn" —an area covering the entire fourth floor of a small loft building that adjoined the New York *Post* building in which THE NATION's main offices were located. You walked from the one into the other through a fire door, permanently latched open. The "barn" had no divisions except those marked off by desks and rows of filing and book cases. I think there was also a little fence between the I.R.S. area and the business departments at the back. The lighting was poor and the walls grimy.

However, none of us felt deprived or exiled. We shoved our desks to where the light was best and we worked hard. Our salaries were as modest as our surroundings. My own beginning pay was $25 a week. It was soon increased to $35 through the kind intervention of my friend, Alma Wertheim, who served as a volunteer in our department. (I should add that, when I succeeded Mr. MacDonald as editor of the I.R.S. a few months later, my weekly salary, covering my work for both sections of the paper, came to $65.)

Mr. MacDonald was in firm control of our small operation, and he kept things moving. As his general assistant, I read reports and documents in English from uncounted countries. I read newspapers in equal numbers. I also clipped and filed in high filing cases everything of possible editorial value from the whole English-language press, and woe to me if a cutting (we called them "cuttings" for some Anglophilic reason) needed by my boss or by any other editor could not be quickly exhumed.

Mr. MacDonald's desk was next to mine. Behind us and to one side sat Emily Balch, her spare figure and aquiline profile dark against the window. In spite of her deep commitment to the peace movement, which claimed her chief efforts to the end of her days, she gave long hours to THE NATION. I never saw a more concentrated worker: she read, she wrote, she absently nibbled raisins in the late afternoon and seemed unaware of her surroundings. Yet if one spoke to her she responded with a quick smile and friendly attention. I think she was the least self-conscious woman I have ever known.

I had immense respect for her, not only because she had lost her professorship for a cause I believed in, but because the light of genuine thought and knowledge illumined everything she wrote or said. And I nourished a suspicion that Mr. MacDonald regarded her with complete indifference. No doubt he recognized her scholarship, especially in areas such as Balkan politics where most of us were ill informed, but rarely did he speak to her or ask her opinion. And when, some months after I came, Mr. Villard put him in charge of the editorial pages of THE NATION and I became editor of the International Relations Section, I found in his desk, now mine, a thick pile of unpublished material written and turned in by Emily Balch! I was furious at MacDonald and filled with partisan sympathy for Miss Balch. But, fortunately, I discovered soon after that she had also been writing unsigned editorial articles and paragraphs which had duly appeared in the main section. So I felt better. And only recently in Mercedes M. Randall's excellent biography of Miss Balch, *Improper Bostonian,* I learned that my colleague had greatly enjoyed her stay on THE NATION. Of such stuff, I suppose, the saints were made.

In any case, I need not have worried about Miss Balch's lack of recognition. Shortly before she died, she won the Nobel Peace Prize.

In that first year the best part of my work was producing, out of endless cuttings and a consuming interest in the awful world around us, many of the notes and longer reports that made up the latter part of our sixteen-page fortnightly supplement. (Later the I.R.S. was published as a weekly eight-page section of THE NATION itself.) I have recently looked over those early issues and found myself astonished by the volume and range of their contents and by the excellence of the signed articles by outside experts or by Mr. MacDonald himself. The list of our contributors was almost a *Who's Who* of contemporary experience and scholarship in the wide area of international relations. Our first issue carried articles by John Bassett Moore and by Thomas G. Masaryk—later president of the newly born Czecho-Slovak Republic.

THE NATION published, first in the United States, the draft of a proposed League of Nations written by General J. C. Smuts, South Africa's liberal statesman who was then a member of the British War Cabinet. The General gave the document to Mr. Villard with full distribution rights, having turned down a number of requests for it from the Associated Press. Appearing as a special supplement in the I.R.S., and later as a pamphlet, the document was widely circulated and much of it—though not enough!—was incorporated in the actual League Covenant. For THE NATION it was a major scoop and did a lot to boost circulation. The I.R.S. was also the first to publish the Constitution of the new Socialist Soviet Republic, followed by a compilation of twenty-one basic Soviet decrees.

The table of contents during this period shows how assiduously THE NATION followed the course of revolution, in Russia but also in the rest of Europe, and tried to correlate that process with the war's dying convulsions. In Germany, especially, strikes were multiplying and the workers were swinging leftward. The coming collapse and the rise of the revolutionary Spartacus movement were already in sight. In March, 1919, the I.R.S. printed the text of the Spartacus Manifesto. The signers included Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxembourg, Franz Mehring, and Clara Zetkin. It was followed by a brief editorial note: "The first two have been murdered. Mehring has died."

ALTHOUGH VILLARD had denounced the war, on principle, and had strongly opposed American participation, THE NATION editorially backed the Allied cause and, toward the end, even acknowledged the critical need of powerful military help from the United States. In fact, several editorials emphasizing this need appeared during the crisis summer of 1918—before Villard's sale of the *Post* but after he had assumed full editorial control of THE NATION. The last one contained a few lines worth repeating here:

> This is not a time for closing our eyes to disagreeable facts. . . . Our people should realize that the military burden of winning the war rests squarely upon the United States, and that if we cannot bear it the war is lost. . . . We have become the stroke oar in a boat in which the rest of the crew are almost exhausted.

The editorial then pointed out the amount of help the United States had already provided, but said, "On the other hand, there is no adequate visualizing of the extent of the crisis, no understanding that we are suddenly become the Atlas bearing on our shoulders the whole Allied world and its hopes for defeating the worst aggregation of conscienceless militarists the world has produced. . . ."

I quote these lines not to charge THE NATION's editor with inconsistency, though I think he was deeply divided, like many of his colleagues, on the issue of America's total commitment. I quote them, rather, to indicate how little Villard deserved the pro-German label that was attached to him as a person, and also to THE NATION, not only during the war but even more persistently after the adoption of the Versailles Treaty.

What Villard hoped for was an Allied victory followed by a peace without reprisals—in fact, a peace based on Wilson's Fourteen Points. What he—and the world—got was a peace of vengeance that brought starvation, economic collapse, run-away inflation and the spread of revolution; a peace that led inexorably to Hitler, and thence to World War II.

THE NATION'S PAGES reflected faithfully the whole tedious process following the German defeat and surrender. Villard covered the Peace Conference in Paris with the able assistance of Lewis S. Gannett, who joined the staff soon after it was over. When the Conference reached its predestined end with the adoption of the Treaty, THE NATION's bitter, powerful editorial, "The Madness at Versailles"—though written by MacDonald rather than Villard—summed up exactly the editor's over-all attitude. On this issue, at least, the staff was unreservedly behind him. The editorial was widely reprinted, warmly praised, furiously attacked. But events at home as well as overseas were verifying THE NATION's position. Already the United States was sliding into a deep slough of reaction. Nothing perpetrated in recent years by McCarthy or McCarran or HUAC or the CIA has had uglier private and public consequences than the hysterical denunciations, the arrests, and the mass deportations that followed the war.

THE NATION and its editor were, naturally enough, the main targets of professional anti-Bolsheviks and super-patriots. Mr. Villard himself got the brunt of it, partly because of his German ancestry and partly for his outspoken pacifism. On one occasion he had to be rescued by the police when a meeting in Cincinnati, under the sober auspices of the City Club and the Women's City Club, was invaded by a mob of Legionnaires and other organized ruffians, prepared to tar and feather the speaker. There were many proper clubs and libraries where THE NATION itself was banned.

Once in a while an amusing episode would highlight the prevailing insanity—as when Ernest Gruening, who had recently joined the magazine, telephoned me at home to warn me that the Department of Justice was sending an agent over to look through my files. I hope it was a sign of the times and not of my gullibility that I believed him—and began a hasty search. What *was* in those files? Perhaps some documents on Soviet affairs that I'd saved for use in the I.R.S.?—perhaps a letter from our Moscow correspondent?—perhaps something, anything, that might conceivably be used against THE NATION? But presently my outrageous colleague called up to confess that the "agent" was his invention and I could quit my search. The point is that I had believed him and that—so fogged with suspicion was the air around us—I had some excuse to believe, and to worry, and look.

As the war fever subsided and prosperity increased, the atmosphere of hate and repression gradually cleared. But it was not wholly dissipated for it had seeped into the very marrow of America. When new difficulties arose—a wave of strikes, a rise in unemployment, or, later on, the economic slump that ended in collapse and brought Franklin D. Roosevelt to power—the immediate response of the Right was to try to silence discontent and clamp down on "agitation." Nor has the country ever recovered its former social or political balance.

A FEW WEEKS AGO I was assailed by a strong "here-is-where-I-came-in" sensation. It happened at a mass meeting in a high school auditorium on New York's West Side where I went to hear Ernest Gruening debate the Vietnam issue with William Bundy of the State Department. Sitting in the wings behind the platform and listening to the arguments for and against U.S. intervention, occupation and the rest, I was suddenly jerked back to those early twenties when Gruening was denouncing in the pages of THE NATION the same—exactly the same—acts; only then it was Haiti and Santo Domingo, with Vietnam still snugly under the rule of France. But, of course, I said to myself, it is Haiti and Santo Domingo now, too, as well as Vietnam, and the issues are the same, and the Marines are there today as they were in 1920.

It was an experience of sharp, retrospective anguish to realize that this was where Ernest Gruening also had "come in," and had done as much as one editor with one liberal weekly could to end the state of big-power domination in the island. And here Villard deserves another word of retrospective praise. His handling of THE NATION's finances had varied from extravagant to hard-fisted, depending on many changeable factors apart from the balance sheet. But one constant factor was his determination to send the best reporter he could find to get the story he wanted—and never mind the cost. In Haiti and Santo Domingo several specially qualified writers covered the U.S. intervention at different periods, including Herbert J. Seligmann, Lewis Gannett, James Weldon Johnson, Helena Hill Weed, and, of course, Ernest Gruening himself.

In addition, a committee was set up under the auspices of THE NATION, and hearings were held at which both experts and refugees from the occupied island gave testimony on the brutalities committed under the tough dictatorship of Col. Smedley D. Butler and his Marines. THE NATION's exposure of these facts shocked the country, led to protests in Congress, and eventually helped bring about some modification of the methods used. More important, perhaps, the very publication of facts generally suppressed or distorted had a healthy effect on the rest of the press. U.S. policy in the Caribbean could no longer be treated as "classified." And when the intervention ended and independence was restored, the leaders of both countries gave public credit to THE NATION, and its service was recognized throughout Latin America. Haiti, the special object of our concern, was so grateful after its freedom was assured that the government decided to place a statue of Ernest Gruening in the main square of Port-au-Prince. Only the modest protests of the hero himself prevented it from happening.

Less impressive, but clearly relevant, is the fact that the first time my husband and I visited the island, in 1940, we received special attentions, though we came only as tourists and unannounced. In Haiti, President Vincent entertained us at his official residence in the hills above the capital. He recalled with many expressions of gratitude THE NATION's share in the fight for Haitian freedom and presented us with five volumes of his writings.

Today, as I read the ugly, repetitious details of the current intervention, repression, and Marine rule, I hope that the voice of Ernest Gruening, in and out of the Senate chamber, will continue to sound with all its earlier effect—and still with the solid backing of THE NATION!

THE CAMPAIGN IN behalf of the two island republics was logically followed, late in the twenties, by a brief NATION foray into Nicaragua. There another typical Marine Corps occupation in support of U. S. financial interests had been expensively maintained since 1912. According to Mr. Villard's later reckoning, "by the time we began to evacuate, in 1932, our protection of the bankers' $15,648,700 had cost us $6,076,000." But, also, thousands of lives had been lost and hate of the northern "imperialists" had been spread throughout the Latin countries by the time a genuine native leader, Sandino, rose up to lead the resistance.

At this point, Mr. Villard dispatched an outstanding Latin American expert, Carleton Beals, to Nicaragua to get the story. Beals's reports of his trek through Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras and half of Nicaragua, and finally straight into Sandino's army camp, made a series that read like a best-selling adventure novel [*See page 83*]. But they told facts that had not been published anywhere, and Beals brought home with him Sandino's peace terms —moderate and sensible but, of course, ignored by Washington.

Another tragic injustice, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, dragged through the twenties, poisoning the decade. Many noted people covered the trial in its various stages, but among the most impressive articles printed in THE NATION were those by a remarkable Boston woman—neither journalist nor lawyer, and no longer young—Elizabeth Glendower Evans. Her calm and deadly analysis of the flaws in the prosecution evidence helped to make their execution in 1927 appear the murder it undoubtedly was.

Other NATION correspondents, such as Paul Y. Anderson and Heywood Broun, contributed exposés of the trial at various points. As the execution date drew near, Mr. Villard and several other public persons formed the Citizens' National Committee for Sacco and Vanzetti. The eminence of the group helped force a review of the case by Governor Fuller of Massachusetts—all, it turned out, in vain.

In the summer of 1927, just after the executions, I went to Europe with my father and husband. Because my father was widely known as a criminologist and the former dean of Columbia Law School, he was besieged by reporters and public men, all asking how the horror could have occurred. He could only state his unqualified opposition to the verdict, and point out that his views were supported by many of the more liberal members of the American bar. Mr. Villard's moving editorial in THE NATION, "Massachusetts the Murderer," put in plainest terms the sense of shame that pervaded the country when Sacco and Vanzetti, bravely and calmly, went to the gallows.

ANOTHER QUESTION, this time a non-political one, that concerned THE NATION in the mid-twenties was the much discussed collapse of moral standards, especially among the young. Those who believe that the general loosening of sexual restraints today, at all social levels, is a new phenomenon either have forgotten or are too young to remember the "sex explosion" that horrified the older generation and engrossed almost everyone during the decade following World War I.

In the winter of 1924 I took on the task of assembling a number of articles on this broad theme. They were collectively headed "Our Changing Morality" and later appeared as a book under that title.* The series included contributions from such writers as Bertrand Russell, Alexander Goldenweiser, Beatrice K. Hinkle, M. Vaerting, Ludwig Lewisohn, Floyd Dell and Elsie Clews Parsons. One of them, on "Modern Love and Modern Fiction," was by Joseph Wood Krutch, who had recently joined the editorial board as drama critic.

Since the subject was challenging and the writers frank and sophisticated, these articles drew a flood of letters, both friendly and hostile. Because of the interest aroused, we held a public dinner discussion on the question, "Is Monogamy Feasible?" I presided, and the speakers, selected from the authors of the series, were Mrs. Parsons and Dr. Goldenweiser, both anthropologists and authors, and Floyd Dell, the novelist. All three gave talks that were serious and, at the same time, sharply provocative. The room was crowded, and the discussion following the speeches roamed over a wide field. It was so contentious that my powers as chairman were heavily taxed. I recall one question and answer among the dozens exchanged. Said a dignified woman to Dr. Goldenweiser: "You have advocated legalizing birth control. Now I would like to ask you, Doctor, whether you meant to suggest that information about birth-control methods should be made available to young, unmarried women." Said Dr. Goldenweiser, partly rising, "Oh, yes." "Pardon me," said the questioner, "I'm not sure I heard the answer." "The answer," I told her after a glance at the speaker, "was 'yes'." There was a pause, and then the audience broke into somewhat embarrassed laughter.

NO STORY ABOUT THE NATION's twenties could end without at least a glance at the key people who wrote and helped edit the paper, in addition to those whose role has already been touched upon. Automatically my mind turns first to the Van Doren dynasty—Carl, Irita, Mark, Dorothy. Under Carl, who joined the editorial board in 1920, the book section grew in authority and interest to a height it had never reached before—at least, not since Godkin's day. As a colleague and a friend, Carl was irreplaceable.

When he left, two years later, to become co-editor of *Century*, Irita took over the section and carried on in her husband's tradition. However, from the start, she was completely editor in her own right, and a most capable one, as was further demonstrated by her long and successful career as literary editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, a post she accepted a couple of years after resigning from THE NATION.

Irita was succeeded by Mark. His scholarship was as substantial as Carl's, but since he was first and always a poet, and only second a critic, the tone and matter of the book section achieved a somewhat different quality. Mark also chose poetry for THE

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*Published by Albert and Charles Boni, 1924.

NATION and occasionally contributed a poem of his own. If his taste was in vivid contrast to that of his editor-in-chief, one could not be surprised. A generation of changing styles and attitudes separated them; also Mr. Villard, as he often remarked a little wistfully, "had never been thoroughly grounded in the poets."

Dorothy joined THE NATION earlier than the rest—in 1919. Later she became a successful novelist, but her many years as associate editor were devoted to the miscellanies of editorial work. She had a flair for rather hard-boiled whimsy and wrote many columns for a weekly feature devised and introduced by Mr. Villard. It was hopefully intended to inject a light touch into the magazine's sober pages, and was called "In the Driftway." I must say that I never liked the feature as such, but there were two editors who could write sharp and amusing columns, and Dorothy Van Doren was one of them. Of course, she also wrote sober editorials and paragraphs and edited copy, and indeed could turn her hand to any chore around the office.

The other editor whose Drifter columns I liked was Arthur Warner. He had a quirky humor and a leisurely style, and nobody could do a better piece on the degeneration of apple pie in America or how to prepare a cheese soufflé. I suppose I needn't add that Arthur was a man with a poor digestion, who could seldom enjoy—except in his mind—the delights he wrote about so well.

Arthur was, besides, an experienced reporter who had spent much of the war period working for the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* and the London *Daily Mail*, as well as for the New York *Post*.

Arthur Warner's views were radical, lucid, and calmly expressed. When he died, in 1934, of a heart ailment, he was missed, and still is, by every one of his colleagues. I was asked to speak for the staff at Arthur's funeral service, and I have been sorry ever since that I could not get through my short tribute without weeping. Arthur would not have approved of those tears.

Joseph Wood Krutch might almost qualify as a member of the Van Doren dynasty were it not that he was too much a natural individualist to be assimilated to any group. He and Mark had been students together at Columbia, had enjoyed a year's traveling fellowship together in Europe, and had joined THE NATION staff in the same year, 1924, Joe as drama critic, succeeding the mercurial and brilliant Ludwig Lewisohn.

Joe's protean nature is well indicated by his many published works. Their themes range from Restoration comedy to the vast world of non-human nature. As THE NATION's drama critic he made a name for himself and the paper; his reviewing was shrewd, amusing, often profound. He also wrote "off" editorials (i.e. those not dealing with THE NATION's main interests); book reviews, of course; essays in a variety of areas. Once in a while he would take on a job of special reporting, as when Villard sent him to Europe to write about the theatre in Hungary.

Outstanding among Joe's non-literary articles was one on the famous Scopes trial at Dayton, in his native state of Tennessee. He covered the trial along with a star cast of reporters from every leading paper, and his article, "Where Cowards Rule," published in THE NATION on July 15, 1925, was in my view the sharpest and most discerning that appeared anywhere.

The editor who was probably most important to the paper as a whole was Lewis S. Gannett. He had come to THE NATION after acting as correspondent and assistant to Villard during the Peace Conference at Paris, and was a first-rate reporter as well as an effective editorial writer. In the office he was the editor's right hand. He could fill in anywhere. In fact, if you wanted to be lazy, Lewis could easily do your work and his own as well! It was a grievous loss to the paper when he quit in 1928 to become daily book columnist of the *Herald Tribune*. Mr. Villard said many times that he had always hoped to make Lewis Gannett his successor as editor.

MANY OF MY OTHER colleagues of that decade played less prominent roles simply because they remained with THE NATION a shorter time. Among them were Raymond Gram Swing who, after a brief term as member of the editorial board, left to become one of the most famous of radio news commentators; Lincoln Colcord, almost universal in his interests and writings, whose solid fame came from his sea stories, based on many years before many masts—real ones; Arthur Gleason, primarily an expert on labor and related subjects; Stuart Chase, who wrote on economic affairs in a vein too "modern" to please the editor. After he left THE NATION—to its great loss, in my view—his star rose fast.

There were Albert J. Nock, essentially a Single-Taxer, and a sharp, sardonic writer, who resigned after a rather short stay and founded his own journal, *The Freeman*, and Suzanne LaFollette, who left THE NATION to work with Mr. Nock in that distinguished venture. Briefly, Norman Thomas was a valued member of our board. So was George Soule, another excellent writer in the field of economics, who later, in partnership with Stuart Chase and Evans Clark, established the Labor Bureau, an agency providing economic services for labor organizations. For a short time William Hard acted as Washington correspondent, a post later inherited by Paul Y. Anderson, to whose vivid and provocative reports THE NATION recently devoted an article.

Before ending this roster I want to mention two people from the business side of THE NATION who stand out in my mind for special reasons. One is Miriam Walters, circulation manager during the first period of the Villard era. She was inventive and dynamic and certainly deserves a big share of credit for the paper's swift growth in those early years. The other is Adeline Henkel Fantozzi. Adeline served in the accounting department during the same remote era—and is THE NATION's accountant today. If she had not devoted a number of years to other duties, her term of service on THE NATION would outstrip that of any member of the staff—from the start of Villard's NATION until now! Strangely enough her age, to all appearances, has remained the same these forty-odd years.

A GOOD DEAL of semi-official and social life was intermingled with editorial duties in the early Villardian era: for instance, the staff luncheons at the Railroad Club, to which Mr. Villard invited outside guests as well as the editors. These affairs had a little of the aspect of a "royal command"; we attended unless some real obstacle got in the way. And since the guests were usually persons involved in public affairs with which THE NATION was directly concerned, the luncheons were professional as well as social.

Editors joked about them. Joe Krutch maintained that the Boss's guests were usually, if not always, members of the British Labor Party. But like the rest of us, he came. Actually I can recall some extreme variations from Joe's norm. For instance, the Bishop of Oxford, a good liberal as well as a most distinguished churchman, who happened to be guest at a NATION luncheon on the day of the "false armistice," when all of downtown New York poured into the streets pushing and shouting with hysterical joy, and to venture out was to risk injury at least. After lunch, the Bishop was escorted to safety, but I spent one of the most exciting hours of my life helplessly swept back and forth in the Broadway maelstrom.

Another variation was the great Nehru, for whose lunch we had to induce the club to provide the special dishes that our guest's vegetarian principles and frail digestion required. And, as a third, two young Negro girls from the deep South, brought to New York to tell their story, following a farm workers' strike which had recently been crushed with extreme brutality. In those days special arrangements had to be made with the Club to permit their attendance; but Mr. Villard made them, and seldom did we entertain brighter or more articulate guests.

But NATION luncheons could be regarded as part of the job. Entirely different were the mid-winter house parties at the Villard farm "Rockledge," in Thomaston, Connecticut. These were purely social get-togethers. Our host invited staff members of various ranks, along with husbands or wives, and presided over the festivities with the air of a genial *pater familias* who enjoyed joining the children in their sports—even if some of them were close to his age. We coasted if there was snow, walked in the woods, danced and sang songs in the evening; and I, for one, remember those weekend parties with pleasure.

I also recall an elaborately planned birthday party in honor of THE NATION's copy editor, George Schumm, who was known to young and old as "Papa Schumm." The affair was elaborately arranged by Mr. Villard himself and can best be described in his words, taken from a letter he wrote to Lewis Gannett, who was then in Europe. I should introduce it by explaining that Papa Schumm was the most modest man alive—besides being a philosophical anarchist and a passionate anti-militarist.

"We shall miss you," wrote the Boss, "at Schumm's 70th birthday celebration. Freda is lending her house, and THE NATION is blowing itself to a $100 silver coffee service and a collation for about twenty-five at which I shall confer upon him the decoration, Fourth Class of the Red Eagle, in the name of the Kaiser, and also pin an Iron Cross on him if we can find one in some pawn shop. . . ." And then, after the event: "Delightful party at Freda's. . . . Great surprise to Schumm. We all met in front of the house and marched in in lock-step. . . . William MacDonald and Van Loon were there, Van Loon bringing two violins on which he and Marian Tyler played while Carmen Reuben [Papa Schumm's daughter-in-law] sang. Wonderful birthday cake!"

Last winter I read these fragments to Papa Schumm's son Paul, for many years an engineer in the service of the Puerto Rican government. He remembered every detail of the party and said his father had been totally overcome with surprise, pleasure, and embarrassment. While such gala events were not frequent, I think this one well illustrated Villard's characteristic mixture of benevolence and rather juvenile, even "corny," humor.

MENTION OF Hendrik Willem Van Loon recalls another story that seems worth preserving. He was loosely attached to the staff in the early twenties and for a time regularly contributed cartoons and other drawings. His tall, lumbering figure, his wit and good nature, his odd neurotic quirks, and his wide acquaintance with persons and events, all created a pleasant ambience whenever he came to the office.

One day he stopped me and asked suddenly: "Who is this Alma Wertheim that's working here in the office?" "But you know her," I answered. "I've seen you talking to her." "I know I know her," said

Hendrik, "but I don't know who she is. Now, I'll tell you what happened last evening. Then you'll tell me what I asked.

"You know how she looks, rather hollow-cheeked, rather poorly. I thought, well, why not ask her to dinner; she might like a real square meal."

So, Hendrik invited Alma and she agreed. Then, the day before, around the time to stop work, Alma said to him: "I wonder whether you'd mind having dinner with me at home? I have children, and it would be a little more convenient."

"Well," said Hendrik to me, "Of course I agreed, though I thought it a little odd, and I really did want to take her out. But we started uptown and got to her place, and it was a big apartment house on Central Park.

"Then I begin to wonder. We go up to her floor and in the door, and we are in a huge, very grand room which is two stories high, with a balcony around. Against one wall is a great organ, its pipes reaching to the ceiling. And in a moment, out come three little girls, and they are introduced and curtsy politely one by one.

"So I am lost! We enjoy an excellent dinner, most properly served. We chat of art and the war and THE NATION and much else. And now perhaps you know why I ask you, 'Who is Alma Wertheim?' "

I needn't describe my wonderful enjoyment of this story. "Alma," I told him, "to begin from the beginning, is the granddaughter of Henry Morgenthau, Sr., our Ambassador to Turkey during the war, where he also handled the interests of the Allied powers; he is a great philanthropist and a man of large affairs. Alma's husband, Maurice Wertheim, is himself now on a government mission in the Middle East. He's a good friend of Mr. Villard, and I think he helped finance THE NATION.

"Don't look so horrified, Hendrik, even if Alma is almost certainly not hungry! She's working on THE NATION out of interest and good will and because her husband is away, and I'm sure she'll be happy to dine with you any night when she has no home duties to attend to."

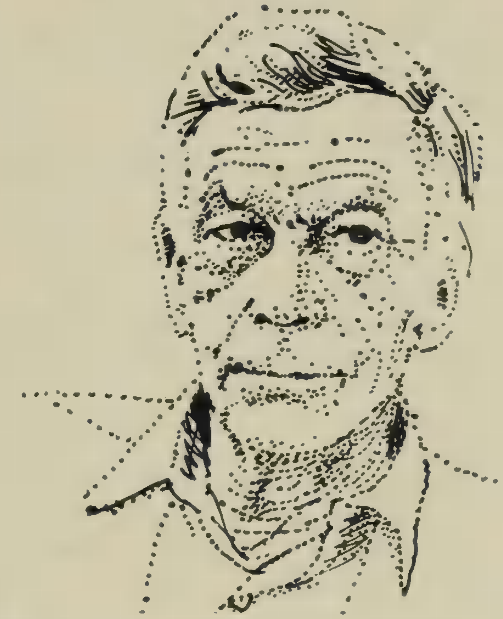
What I could not add to the story, for want of power to foresee future events, was that one of the little daughters Hendrik met, Barbara, would later join the NATION staff and, at a still more distant day, would write a book called *The Guns of August;* that a second daughter, Anne, would serve for a time as the NATION's film critic; that a third, Josephine, would contribute generously to THE NATION and become my friend and colleague in other activities.

Nor could I explain that Maurice himself would later buy THE NATION from Mr. Villard, publish it for several strenuous New Deal years, and ultimately—in 1937—sell it to me for a price so modest that I could not resist taking on a responsibility which, in the sober light of experience, was far beyond my financial capacity.

But that is another and a longer story!

MARK VAN DOREN

Literary Editor: 1924-1928



MY FOUR YEARS as literary editor of THE NATION (1924-1928) were years of excitement and anxiety: excitement because of all that went on around me, in and out of my office whose shelves were crowded with new books, and anxiety because I doubted that I could ever altogether please the editor-in-chief, Oswald Garrison Villard. In his mind, I continued to believe, there were at least three strikes against me: I was my predecessor's younger brother, I took my time getting books reviewed and often ignored certain ones supposed by everybody else to be important, and I had a queer taste in poetry. He and I got along well in most ways, but I still think he never forgave me these defects. I was not Carl Van Doren, whom he adored (as I did too); I refused to be timely; and the poets I printed bore no resemblance to those in whose works he once lamented he had been so poorly "drilled" at Harvard.

I shall never forget the morning when Laura Riding, then Laura Riding Gottschalk, dropped in on her way to England where she was to meet Robert Graves. I had printed several of her poems, sent to me from Kentucky, and now a new one was about to appear. Who then should come by, waving a proof of that poem, his face hot with fury because he couldn't understand it, but OGV? I managed, I thought, to maneuver Miss Riding out of the office before she heard the worst of what he had to say; then—as Lewis Gannett likes to remind me—I told him he didn't know a goddamned thing about poetry. He forgave me this, but I am sure he never forgot it, any more than Lewis and I have. Nor would he be likely to believe me now, were he alive to listen, if I told him I no longer consider myself the expert I then fancied myself to be. But no matter. THE NATION went on as if no blow had been struck it, and I got my own quiet satisfaction out of printing the early poems, say, of Allen Tate, my friendship with whom began in those years. Also, I listened one day to an older friend, James Rorty, who had come from California to ask why no reviews had appeared, in THE NATION or elsewhere, of a book by Robinson Jeffers —who was he?—called *Tamar and Other Poems.* He had several copies under his arm and insisted that I take one home to read that night. I did so; reviewed it (promptly, for once) with unrestrained enthusiasm; and saw similar reviews, similarly inspired, appear in other places almost on the same day. Mr. Villard was not aware of many such happenings in the course of my stay on his paper; but he shuddered annually over the poetry contest we held, lest every year we make the mistake he thought we made when we gave the prize to Eli Siegel for "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana."

THE LITERARY section of THE NATION was then under two irreconcilable pressures: to continue in the austere and truly excellent tradition of Paul Elmer More, whose columns had educated me as a student under Stuart Sherman at the University of Illinois, and at the same time to recognize the many new strains, some of them shocking, in the literature of the twenties. The older tradition had of course to go; but meanwhile a weekly column I wrote, "First Glance," was conceived as a lifeline thrown back to the shores of erudition. I reviewed reprints, and in so doing showed off such scholarship as I possessed.

The book section was expected to be comprehensive, and tried its best to be so. And we had many superb reviewers, including Preserved Smith and H. L. Mencken. Mencken's copy was a joy to handle because nothing whatever had to be done to it: I often did not read it until it was in proof. Other contributors, some of them famous, wrote carelessly; though there was one whose care in composition was clearly so exquisite that he too needed no editorial attention. This was B. H. Haggin, who came one day to propose himself as music critic for THE NATION but with the stipulation that his copy never be changed or cut. Nor was it; and if he was grateful I was even more so, as any editor will understand. There was equal pleasure to be got from reading the dramatic reviews that came in, first from Ludwig Lewisohn and later from Joseph Wood Krutch, whom I had known intimately for ten years. These men were both serious and witty; the pleasure they gave me and their readers was intellectual in the richest sense of that great word.

As a member of THE NATION staff I of course attended conferences and had my share of editorials to write. And I took my turn being The Drifter, an imaginary fellow who weekly delivered himself of opinions or observations that could be as trivial as he pleased. Yet on the whole I was left to myself and the new books that poured in from the publishers. This was my life, at least on the days when I was not teaching at Columbia, and I liked it. The other editors —Villard himself, Lewis Gannett, Freda Kirchwey, Arthur Warner, and others who came and went— were seldom anything more than curious as to what I was doing. Their own concerns, with the society and the politics of the day, I left to them as they left mine to me; though naturally I learned much from them.

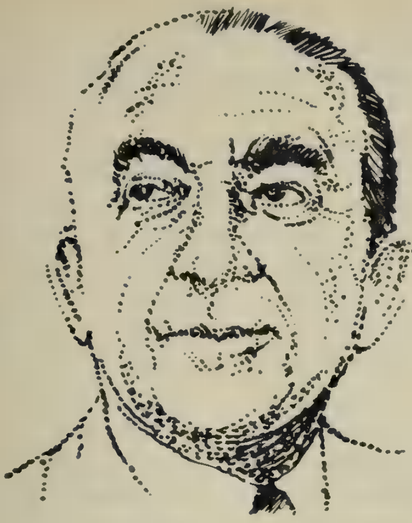
Once I learned something from Heywood Broun that had to do with writing—his writing—rather than the state of the world. Late one Friday afternoon, when I was the only editor in the office, the composing room called to say that Heywood's column, his weekly contribution, failed by 200 words to reach the bottom of the page. I got him on the phone, told him this, and inquired with some diffidence how soon the needed words might be expected. "Why not now?" he asked. And he proceeded to dictate a dozen or so perfect sentences. "Fine," I said, "but where should they be inserted?" "Anywhere you like," said Heywood, and hung up. I discovered that he was right. His method was to say one thing many times; a subject didn't advance for him, it simply spread in circles, like water into which a stone is dropped. The first place I tried his words, they fitted. A statement, rich already, was now richer. A statement about what? I must admit I don't remember.

ERNEST GRUENING

Managing Editor: 1920-1922

I HAD TWO TOURS of editorial service at THE NATION. My name first appeared on the masthead as managing editor on May 15, 1920, and remained there till November 1, 1922, when I left. I continued for another year as an associate editor, however.

In May, 1920, Oswald Garrison Villard, the magazine's owner, was listed as editor. Associate editors were: William MacDonald, Freda Kirchwey, Arthur Warner, Arthur Gleason and Lewis Gannett. Carl Van Doren was literary editor. Ludwig Lewisohn



Ernest Gruening

was writing dramatic criticism and book reviews and would shortly replace Gleason as an associate editor.

We were a congenial group and our weekly staff meetings, when we would plan the next issue, were leavened by hilarity and wit. While our writing and editing talents were more or less interchangeable, each of us had one or more specialties. I had brought one with me.

While at Camp Zachary Taylor during World War I, I had picked up a newspaper in the "Y" and read an item recording the bombing of Haitian villages by U. S. Marines. This appeared so in conflict with the Wilsonian pronouncements of self-determination and rights of small nations, that I promised myself I would try to look further into the matter at the first opportunity. THE NATION furnished it admirably.

Herbert Seligmann's devastating article, "The Conquest of Haiti," appeared in the July 10 issue; "The Conquest of Santo Domingo," by Lewis Gannett, the week following. Editorials and pertinent documents on these flagrant episodes in U. S. gunboat diplomacy—which had been largely concealed from the world by a rigid censorship—followed, and I sent James Weldon Johnson to Haiti.

In August, THE NATION began publishing Johnson's four articles under the general heading: "Self-Determining Haiti." Our campaign resulted in a Congressional investigation. A select committee of four Senators, headed by Medill McCormick, went to Haiti and Santo Domingo—both victims of our Marine Corps conquest—and I was asked to precede and also to accompany the committee. Before his departure, Sen. McCormick wrote in THE NATION:

> The Haitian scandal is the fruit of that exquisite hypocrisy which had peculiarly characterized the present administration [Wilson's] and of the canting inefficiency which has marked the conduct of the Navy Department during the last several years. We subjugated the people of Haiti and of Santo Domingo by force of arms.

Warren G. Harding, the Republican Presidential candidate, likewise made a campaign issue of "the misuse of our gallant Marines."

But, after election and the return of Republicans to power, all acts of the Naval occupations and their fiscal concomitants were ratified. The Senatorial investigation produced a complete whitewash.

THE NATION, however, continued to campaign—including exposure and denunciation of U. S. arms-supported "dollar diplomacy" in Nicaragua. Related, also, was the United States policy toward Mexico, which was denying recognition to the post-revolutionary government of President Obregon because he declined Secretary of State Hughes's request to sign away in part the purposes and fruits of the Mexican Revolution when these seemed to our State Department to imperil American properties.

Independence for the Philippines was a related NATION "cause," as was revision of the canal treaty with Panama. Critical examination of U. S. Policies in Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and Samoa were "naturals."

Another island came in for intensive attention. The century-old English-Irish struggle was intensifying in bitterness and bloodshed and arousing hostility between Britain and the United States. THE NATION, initiating a series of full-page editorials headed "No War With England," sponsored an investigating committee of 100 leading Americans. The idea caught fire. Over 150 outstanding men and women in all walks of life responded. From among them a commission of five was elected. The hearings brought witnesses from overseas; the testimony was highlighted in THE NATION and received coverage in the press. It is fair to state that this undertaking was an important factor in securing Ireland's status as a "free state" and later as an independent republic.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS—especially the new nations created by the Versailles Treaty—came in for much attention. So did Russia, the great controversial enigma. A major report by Bertrand Russell appeared in two successive issues. "I went to Russia believing myself a Communist," he wrote, "but contact with those who have no doubts has intensified a thousandfold my own doubts, not only of communism, but of every cult so firmly held that for its sake men are willing to inflict widespread misery"; and after further discussion of his experiences, Russell concluded: "I cannot accept the bolshevist philosophy or believe in abandoning the slower methods of democracy and popular agitation."

British affairs were ably presented by J. A. Hobson, Henry W. Nevinson, Harold Laski, J. Ramsay MacDonald and Herbert Horwill.

Villard was covering Germany as were Robert Dell, S. Miles Bouton and Dorothy Thompson. Paxten Hibben was writing on the Middle East; Nathaniel Peffer on the Far East. Lewis Gannett was keeping watch on France. Freda Kirchwey, directing that excellent documentary department, the "International Relations Section," was watchful of events in the Balkans, Africa and Asia.

The twenties were a sterile period politically and socio-economically. NATION editors could muster enthusiasm neither for the Harding-Coolidge regime nor for its Democratic alternatives. "Don't throw away your vote by voting either for Cox or Harding," adjured one leading editorial. Senators Borah and LaFollette were editorially encouraged to start a third party. The Farmer-Labor Party's convention, which nominated Parley P. Christensen for the Presidency, received full coverage and the Socialist Party's campaign was not neglected. (Norman Thomas, its oft-time leader, was welcomed as a contributing editor in October, 1921.)

The problems of Labor and the farmer received full attention editorially and in articles by Anne Martin, Frank P. Walsh, Mary Heaton Vorse, James H. Maurer and George Soule—one of THE NATION's steady contributors on economic subjects. J. P. Warbasse was a frequent contributor on cooperatives.

Villard wrote an excellent series analyzing the performance of the country's leading dailies; it was later published in book form. Suppression and distortion of news came in for frequent editorial comment. Obviously THE NATION was printing much the dailies did not.

DISCRIMINATION AGAINST the Negro was treated by Villard, William E. Burghardt Du Bois, Walter White, William Pickens and—in a moving article titled "A Question to Democracy"—by my sister, Martha Gruening, under the pseudonym of Faith Adams. William Ellery Leonard's "The Lynching Bee" was an important contribution both poetically and polemically.

Anti-Semitism in the universities—particularly President A. Lawrence Lowell's proposal to establish a quota system at Harvard—were fully dissected. Palestinian problems received knowledgeable treatment from Judah L. Magnes, Louis Lipsky, Hiram Moderwell and Louis Weitzenkorn.

Social injustices and governmental performance on national, state and municipal levels were closely scrutinized. THE NATION was early involved in the Sacco-Vanzetti case and continued to try to obviate that tragic miscarriage of justice.

Conservation was dealt with by its foremost apostle, Gifford Pinchot, as well as by Robert Sterling Yard and in the editorial columns. Stuart Chase began his fruitful popularization of socially and economically vital subjects with an attack on waste.

The status of women was variously discussed by Florence Kelley, Elsie Hill, Harriet Stanton Blatch, Clara Mortenson Byer.

Belles-lettres in that era should receive retrospectively a hearty accolade. There were Ludwig Lewisohn's drama and book reviews, ever-penetrating and creative. There was Carl Van Doren's great series on contemporary American novelists, which ploughed new ground. The galaxy of book reviewers was unsurpassed. They included, besides our staff: Charles A. Beard, Robert Herrick, Thomas Reed Powell, Henry L. Mencken, J. Salwyn Shapiro, Frank Harris, Samuel C. Chew, Grant Showerman, Sidney B. Fay, Vernon Parrington, Edward Sapir, Hamilton Fish Armstrong, Mark Van Doren, Joseph Wood Krutch, Heywood Broun, Carleton Beals, Lewis Mumford, Preserved Smith, Carl Becker, Ludwell Denny, John Kenneth Turner, Franz Boas, Robert Morss Lovett, John Erskine, Robert Livingston Schuyler, Zechariah Chafee—the best talent in the academic and journalistic world was freely available to THE NATION for the asking, though the financial compensation was negligible.

Nor must we forget the contributions of Anatole France, who honored THE NATION with a notable series of "Opinions."

Much exceptionally good poetry appeared from the pens of Edward Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Elinor Wylie, Hartley Alexander, Alfred Kreymborg, Maxwell Bodenheim, Ben Ray Redman, Babette Deutsch, Grace Hazard Conkling, Hilda Conkling, Witter Bynner, Louis Untermeyer, Anne Herendeen, J. E. Spingarn and James Rorty, whose delightful "Children of the Sun" generated a small internal crisis in THE NATION's poetry selection policies.

ONE SERIES WHICH attracted a stellar cast of authors and corresponding interest dealt with the states. I presented no specific formula except a general purpose to bring out, in whatever way the author desired, the state's individuality. The first article, "Kansas: A Puritan Survival," by William Allen White, began with the pertinent sentence: "It is curious how State lines mark differences in Americans." Mencken followed with "Maryland: Apex of Normalcy," and the galaxy included Robert Herrick on Maine, Dorothy Canfield Fisher on Vermont, Zona Gale on Wisconsin, Douglas Southall Freeman on Virginia, Theodore Dreiser on Indiana, Sinclair Lewis on Minnesota, Sherwood Anderson on Ohio, Edmund Wilson on New Jersey, Willa Cather on Nebraska, Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant on New Mexico, Mary Austin on Arizona. Some of the articles by relatively unknown authors proved among the best, such as Easley Jones's Colorado, Johan J. Smertenko's Iowa, Charles H. Chapman's Oregon and Clement Wood's Alabama. Our staff was attracted by this assignment: Ludwig Lewisohn wrote on South Carolina, Arthur Warner on Delaware, Jack Macy (who succeeded Carl Van Doren as literary editor in October, 1922) on Massachusetts. I tackled New York City, dividing the Empire State into two parts; the rest of the state was handled by Charles W. Wood. The series was later published in two volumes. (I suggest that a similar series be written every fifty years!)

I left THE NATION to go to Mexico, assigned to write for it and also for *Collier's Weekly,* both of which published articles. THE NATION also published some reviews of Mexican books—forerunners of a great output on revolutionary and post-revolutionary Mexico, of which my *Mexico and Its Heritage,* published in 1928, was one.

The Great Depression was upon us and much change was impending when THE NATION's first issue in 1933 announced a new editorial board of Freda Kirchwey, Joseph Wood Krutch, Henry Hazlitt and Ernest Gruening, in whom editorial control was vested. Villard was to be a contributing editor with a weekly page headed: "Issues and Men."

Among the great changes that impended were the inauguration of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his "New Deal" on the home front and the emergence of Adolf Hitler abroad.

THE NATION welcomed many of the Rooseveltian reforms, for some of which it had contended for over a decade. It early exposed and inveighed against the horrors of Hitlerism.

DURING THIS ONE year's NATION editorship, I had occasion to visit Washington frequently to report on events there and was able to interest President Roosevelt and Secretary Cordell Hull in the need of a new policy toward Latin America. In the fall, I found myself appointed Advisor to the United States Delegation to the Seventh Inter-American Conference meeting in Montevideo in December. There we initiated a new policy of abjuring intervention in our neighbors' territory, making the Monroe Doctrine, in F.D.R.'s words, "a joint concern," and bringing to an end our era of imperialism and gunboat diplomacy. This was one of several battles for good causes for whose victory the foundation had been laid in THE NATION's editorial sanctum.

I shall ever be grateful for my years and the friendships formed there. They were among the most rewarding and stimulating experiences of my life, and taught me much that was helpful in my public service thereafter. Of no title could I be prouder than that of NATION alumnus.

ROBERT BENDINER

Managing Editor: 1937-1944

BY EVERY OBJECTIVE STANDARD the period when I first worked on THE NATION was surely the worst of times. In the last half of the thirties (I am jolted to realize that I was managing editor when the 75th Anniversary Issue came out) the depression was slowly dissolving, but it was dismally clear that it was melting under the heat of a growing rearmament; the fathers of Russian socialism were being shot weekly in the cells of Lubianka Prison; and the fetid tide of fascism was flooding, one by one, the capitals of Europe. Those were the years, a current jibe had it, when Hitler would take a country in the weekend while the British were taking a weekend in the country. As for Americans, they were still trying to make up their minds whether they belonged to the world or were operating on some independent planet.

Yet, grim as things were, there was an exhilaration, often a gaiety, sometimes even a giddiness, in the offices of THE NATION that wholly belied the times. In part, I have no doubt, the high spirits were a function of my youth—I was still in my twenties when I came to the antiquated offices on Vesey Street, overlooking the pleasant green of St. Paul's churchyard. No doubt, too, there was a natural headiness in the sudden and frequent exposure to the political and journalistic great of the day—a party to honor President Benes of Czechoslovakia, a lunch for the fast-talking Harold Laski or for Sir Stafford Cripps (who ate only carrots and watercress) or a dinner for retiring old Senator George Norris, who in spite of the spirited oratory alternately wept and slept throughout the long evening. Certainly a lightening influence was the spirit of Freda Kirchwey, whose warm and buoyant nature constantly surprised those who had assumed that anyone as steeped in the woes of the world as the editor of THE NATION could not fail to project an aura of doom. She laughed far more frequently and infectiously than was thought proper then, or is now, in official circles of reform. But beyond these personal elements, I think, was the fact that in response to its gothic horrors, like the response of fever to infection, the decade had developed an élan scarcely recognized by social historians.

Staff meetings on Friday morning were especially lively affairs. Usually presided over by Miss Kirchwey, they were attended by Margaret Marshall, literary editor, punster, and most ingenious deviser of article titles; Keith Hutchison, our genial English-born economist, myself as managing editor and later J. King Gordon and Harold Field, my successors in that slot; and a series of assistant editors who had a way of turning out to be the magazine's most famous and successful alumni, James A. Wechsler and Richard H. Rovere as prime examples.

OVER THE YEARS distinguished associate editors and Washington correspondents came and went, and they, too, would show up from time to time at these sessions—Paul Y. Anderson, who a decade before had cracked the Teapot Dome scandal, Joseph Wood Krutch, a superb dramatic critic before becoming the Thoreau of the Arizona desert, Max Lerner, Ralph Bates, Maxwell Stewart, I. F. Stone, and a dozen more. Foreign editors and correspondents like Robert Dell, Louis Fischer, and J. Alvarez Del Vayo, once the Foreign Minister of Spain, would sit in when they happened to be in the country and available, though often as not special evenings were set aside to hear their reports and analyses.

The Friday morning staff meetings had several purposes, the most entertaining of which was to wrangle over the cover line-up and titles. Hugo Van Arx, the whimsical Swiss business manager, was made welcome at these proceedings on the theory that the cover was the best sales promotion we had, but his proposals were usually shouted down as even more commercially improbable than those of the editors. One of his recurrent dreams for this magazine with a concentrated circulation in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, I recall, was a cover with the screaming legend: "Save Our American Forests."

As with other periodicals, newsstand sales went up when the top of the cover touched on sex, insurance, animals, health, or Abraham Lincoln, all of which were for us unfortunately rare topics. But two of our most prophetic, if not commercially successful, titles had nothing to do with these matters. Both were mine, I am immodest enough to say—one "The Peace to End Peace," which ran the week following the Munich Pact, and "Don't Count Truman Out," which appeared in September, 1948. Other editors will no doubt recall better ones of their own.

Everyone worked hard, and for the editors, facing a Monday deadline, no weekend was ever free and clear. For all the brickbats we received, no one ever alleged that the magazine lacked earnestness and a very high specific gravity, although the injection of a satiric bit now and then must have troubled some of the oldtimers. The testy Oswald Garrison Villard, who enjoyed a kind of emeritus status in my early days on the paper, had so little relish for the light side of social criticism that for years he had flatly forbidden the use of political cartoons in the magazine. NATION readers, too, took to humor uncertainly, and some never acquired the ability to distinguish spoof from literal truth. In a column called "Beside the Point," in which Peggy Marshall and I collaborated after the war, I once took off on an outlandish charge by the Prague government that American airplanes were dropping beetles on the potato fields of Czechoslovakia. Offering what purported to be a transcript of a Cabinet meeting, I revealed the "plot," with the Secretary of Agriculture saying things like "Give me 5,000 Colorado beetles, Mr. President, and I will have the Czechs eating out of your hand—if at all." To my chagrin, letters came in expressing horror at the conduct of the Administration, congratulations on my journalistic enterprise in getting the inside story, and indignation that the rest of the press had chosen to bury it. It was plain that in the view of the letter writers we were dedicated people, and facetiousness was not for the likes of us.

YET IT WOULD HAVE been impossible to get through those yars, in that environment, without developing either a fond eye for the *outré* or a galloping neurosis, and both were common in the trade. To the natural concentration of eccentricity the stream of distinguished exiles added considerably, and few more delightfully than Rustem Vambery, Hungarian scholar and, for the short time he could stand it, Hungary's postwar ambassador to Washington. Professor Vambery, whom I cite simply as the first good example occurring to me, sported Edward VII whiskers, a twinkling eye, and an outsize gallantry, all supported by a height of hardly more than five feet. It was his happy notion that no minor difficulties in New York could fail to be smoothed out by a few pieces of hard and perfectly dreadful Esthonian candy, which he carried in a small tin for emergency purposes. These he would offer alike to ladies in a drawing room, as though they were exotic perfumed cigarettes, and to

Dead End kids on Tenth Avenue as payment for keeping a protective eye on his car. On one occasion, I remember, he extended the box to THE NATION'S switchboard girl, who had promised to convey a telephone message for him. "I have been many years in the Balkans," he murmured as we stepped into the elevator, "and I know the value of a bribe."

Another figure who stands out in a gallery of colorful individuals is Herbert Evatt, formerly Australia's Foreign Minister, who was very friendly to THE NATION when he served in New York as the UN Assembly's first president. Unaware at the time of his avid interest in sports (his other extracurricular passion was, and probably still is, the exoneration of Captain Bligh), I asked him whether there was anything to the talk that Philadelphia had been chosen for the permanent headquarters of the United Nations. "Wot," he said, "a city with two biseball clubs and both in lahst plice!" Lack of space, rather than material, precludes further anecdotage, but I should at least mention the debonair Baron von Munchausen, descendant of the classic liar, who came around to my apartment in June of 1939 to persuade me of the justice of Germany's rape of Czechoslovakia and to hint darkly that in two months "we" meaning the Nazis and what he thought to be the American Left, would be allies. Happily I was told several years later—whether accurately or not I can't say—that he wound up in an internment camp.

It was a luxury to write for THE NATION then, and it still is. But top people did write for it, for as little as $50, and a big name was no guarantee of acceptance. I don't think I was ever as tough as one of my predecessors, Ernest Gruening, now Senator from Alaska, who is said to have rejected assigned pieces by Carl Sandberg and Edgar Lee Masters. But I do recall getting two rewrites out of a Pulitzer-prize winner, at our customary rate of two cents a word, an incident I have hitherto concealed from my fellow-free lances in the Society of Magazine Writers.

Dick Rovere, who has long since become an adornment of *The New Yorker*, had a way of handling this particular aspect of an editor's work that was wholly his own. Empowered to reject manuscripts but not to give final acceptances, he would often find it so painful or difficult to explain a turndown that he would quietly stick the manuscript into a desk drawer instead, no doubt intending in some vague future to deal with it. One summer day when he was off on vacation, an editorial secretary looking for a lost article came across the Rovere cache, a collection of some forty to fifty manuscripts, together with a score of plaintive and indignant letters from authors attempting vainly to crash through the wall of editorial silence.

I WOULD NOT WANT to suggest that everything about THE NATION in those years was pleasantly eccentric, much less that all was courageous wisdom and good cheer. On the contrary, it was a period of fratricide, particularly the years from 1937 to 1941, from which American liberalism has yet to recover. For principled pacifists and not-so-principled isolationists THE NATION became a target, and many of its erstwhile supporters, mostly in the Midwestern tradition of La Follette and Wheeler (even O.G.V. was alienated) fell away—some as Socialists and pacifists, some as America Firsters, and some, alas, as apologists for Hitler Germany. (What were the Nazis doing, they kept asking, that was any worse than what the British had done for years in India?) At the same time, the Moscow purge trials, the persecution of Trotsky, Communist behavior in the Spanish war, and finally the Soviet-Nazi pact made a shambles of the Popular Front against fascism—not suddenly, which would have been better, but gradually, each step of the way leaving liberals fighting with other liberals over whether even a war against Facists could justify cooperation with such an ally. In this protracted agony, THE NATION'S judgments were as fallible as anyone's, its responsibilities greater, and the judgments against it proportionately bitter.

Yet it must be said that differences on the staff were freely aired and respected, and there were occasions when two editors, each under his own name, would set forth conflicting views in the same issue. Sad as these staff differences were, and significant, they were pursued freely and in good faith. Few other journals, whether left or right of THE NATION, could say any more. For this and for much else that was good and generous in her long editorial tenure, American liberalism owes a debt of gratitude to Freda Kirchwey. And beyond this, I happily acknowledge an even greater personal indebtedness, which I think an anniversary issue of THE NATION ideally suited to convey.

For one hundred years THE NATION *has lent its voice to the causes of freedom and progress. Readers have looked to it for courageous leadership and forthright comment on current political and social issues.*

I take great pleasure in congratulating you on this landmark anniversary, and in wishing that during the next hundred years THE NATION *continue in this proud and honorable tradition.* **—Vice-Pres. Hubert H. Humphrey**

THE NATION and its CENTURY

RICHARD CLARK STERNE

Mr. Sterne would appear to be particularly qualified to write a history of THE NATION; *as a graduate student at Harvard University, his doctoral thesis was on "Political, Social and Literary Criticism in the New York* NATION, *1865-1881." More recently, Mr. Sterne spent two years abroad lecturing on American literature under Fulbright grants. Since 1963, he has been Associate Professor of English at Simmons College.*

I

Founders and Early Makers: 1865-1918

HOSANNAS MINGLED WITH tears that spring and summer of 1865. April was cruel to Confederates, kind to Unionists, then indifferently cruel: Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox was directly followed by the murder of Abraham Lincoln. The pungently scented lilacs evoked in Walt Whitman's elegy were faded by July, but even in the wilderness of ruins that was the South, the "sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands" was mourned, along with the hundreds of thousands who had died during the war. The slaves, however, were nominally free, and there was exultation in Fourth of July speeches, newspaper editorials, and poems like James Russell Lowell's Harvard Commemoration Ode:

> Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
>
> . . . .
>
> Bow down in prayer and praise!
> No poorest in thy borders but may now
> Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow,
> O Beautiful! my country! ours once more!

On July 6, the New York *Evening Post* announced that Ford's theater in Washington would shortly reopen with a play called *The Octoroon*; the *Post* also noted that three new weekly journals had just appeared in New York City: the frivolous *Mrs. Grundy*, the specialized *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, and the intellectual NATION.

THE NATION had been conceived by Frederick Law Olmsted, who was the architect of Central Park, and Edwin Lawrence Godkin, a young Anglo-Irish Liberal on the *New York Times* editorial staff. The weekly's midwives were a Philadelphia Abolitionist named McKim, and a new England scholar, Charles Eliot Norton. In 1863 Olmsted had written to Godkin of plans to establish a weekly journal of opinion that would rival such English periodicals as the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. Godkin was intensely interested, and when the versatile Olmsted—who had sent to *The New York Times* first-hand "classic" reports on the ante-bellum South, agreed to manage a mining enterprise in California, Godkin went ahead with the NATION project. Olmsted had introduced him to Charles Eliot Norton, Dante translator and one of the founders of the *Atlantic Monthly*. As a member of the New England cultural establishment, and as a friend of wealthy Boston Abolitionists, Norton was able to obtain both financial support and potential writers for the new journal. In Philadelphia, meanwhile, powerful help came from a veteran of the anti-slavery movement, James Miller McKim. He had been a co-founder, with William Lloyd Garrison, of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and in 1862 a generous supporter of an early experiment in Reconstruction at Port Royal, South Carolina. McKim wanted Emancipation to go far beyond the formal liberation of the Negroes. Garrison's Boston weekly, *The Liberator*, had been thundering against slavery since 1831, but McKim thought this journal needed an effective successor in the post-war period. He also hoped to further the career of Wendell Phillips Garrison, who in addition to being his friend's son was about to become his own son-in-law. This modest, industrious young man, a Harvard '61 graduate, justified McKim's nepotism. He became so valuable an assistant editor that Godkin threatened to "retire into a monastery" if "anything goes wrong with you."

Godkin's minacity was whimsical: when he was born in northern Ireland in 1831, his father was a

Presbyterian minister. But like many other Anglo-Irish dissenters from the Anglican Church, James Godkin favored Home Rule. One of the newspapers he took was a Dublin-edited organ of "Young Ireland" called *The Nation.* Essentially middle-class and intellectual, this weekly was started by the mordantly eloquent John Mitchel, grandfather of a twentieth-century mayor of New York. Writers for the Dublin *Nation* were attuned to the liberal romanticism of Lamartine, and the journal published James Clarence Mangan's translations of republican German verse. The British government, fearing all this intelligent ardor in print, eventually broke up *The Nation's* presses. Concurrently, in 1848, James Godkin lost his pulpit for publishing "Repeal Essays," which urged the abrogation of the union between Ireland and England. Later he was to become an advisor of Liberal Party Prime Minister Gladstone who favored Home Rule. Young Edwin Lawrence Godkin, was determined to carry on in the Liberal tradition. After entering in 1849 the Queen's College of Belfast, newly established specifically for Presbyterians, he became president of a student debating society whose members, he later wrote,

> . . . were filled with the teachings of the laissez-faire school and had no doubt that its recent triumph in the abolition of the Corn Laws was sure to lead to wider ones in other countries.

Godkin added that while John Stuart Mill was their prophet, America was their "promised land" where —barring slavery—their schemes were already at work.

It was to this promised land that Louis Kossuth, brilliant leader of the unsuccessful Hungarian revolution of 1848-49, went in 1851 to propagandize for his cause. Young Godkin, then studying law in London, may have seen Kossuth when the Magyar stopped in England. In any case, Kossuth's high deeds in Hungary had captured his imagination, and he eagerly accepted a publisher's offer to write a history of that country. The book, which appeared in London, then New York, when Godkin was only twenty-two, has the vivid clarity of his later journalistic prose. He mentions an American traveler in Hungary—it was Charles Loring Brace, a future contributor to THE NATION—who had been arrested by the Austrian authorities, tried secretly and thrown into a dungeon before being expelled from the Austrian territories, and who bore witness to

> . . . the utter prostration of the people under the grinding tyranny of military despotism, the extinction of literature, the daily and nightly terror caused by the spies who infested every corner of the land,—the streets, the cafes, the salons, the hotels, and even the family circle, watching and treasuring each word as it fell, and laboring with devilish ingenuity to twist innocent expressions into seditious or treasonable allusions. . . .

Godkin's libertarian pen won him a sword, a gift from grateful Hungarian revolutionists when he traveled through their country in 1854, on his way to cover the Crimean war for the London *Daily News.* It was this reporting experience that taught him the importance of good journalism. The appearance of special correspondents in the Crimea, he later wrote,

> . . . was a troubling of the waters which was a good thing for the British army and people. . . . It brought home to the War Office the fact that the public has something to say about the conduct of wars, and that they are not the concern exclusively, as that delightful old charlatan, Lord Beaconsfield, said, of "sovereigns and statesmen."

Godkin returned to England after his Crimean experience, but was determined to go to the land of his Liberal dreams. He arrived in New York in 1856, on the eve of the Presidential election. Hearing wildly applauded freedom songs a few days later, at a Frémont rally in the old Academy of Music, Godkin may have thought slavery was well on the way to extinction. But then, pursuing political education as one of a great throng at Tammany Hall, he heard a Southern Senator declare that every one present "would be the better of a good nigger to wait upon him." Shocked by what his British training led him to consider a breach of Senatorial dignity, and inspired by the example of Frederick Law Olmsted, whom he had just met, Godkin headed south on horseback. In a saddlebag were Olmsted's three volumes on the "cotton kingdom," taken along as a guide. Two years earlier the handsome, refined, delicate-looking Godkin had slogged through mud and been down with fever in the Crimea, but what he saw now in Dixie was more depressing. Writing to the London *Daily News,* which published his letters from the South, he described the poor whites of the slave states as despised by both Negroes and planters: they "chew, spit, 'loaf', and die, melancholy, taciturn, surly, and sickly."

> . . . In lightness of heart, in the joys of the mind, the Irish peasant is a king in comparison.

Of Negro slaves attending masters who were emigrating to the Southwest, Godkin said that their morale was low even in comparison with that of "the meanest Russian *mujik* that ever toiled along the steppes of Perekop." While he wrote of the generous hospitality and the courtesy of many Southerners, he found an obsessive concern with the "nigger," and a widespread desire to extend what he called the "foul and monstrous" wrong of slavery to Mexico, Cuba and Central America. Few Southerners, he wrote, could be made to see the wastefulness of the slave system: the small farmer had to tie up capital in the support of slaves which he could better use, if free labor were available, to buy and till a farm three times as large as the one he now owned.

His Southern trip of 1856-57 did not make him an Abolitionist *à outrance*. A few days before Thoreau called John Brown an "angel of light," Godkin was writing that the Harper's Ferry raid, if successful, could only have "bred massacre and desolation." But he went on, in a letter to the London *Daily News,*

> No one can see a gray-headed man, who has lost five sons in the cause of freedom, step in, with the last survivor of his family by his side, between the slave and his master, and with his thirteen other companions bid defiance to a whole State in the name of the Lord of Hosts, without more or less admiration. There is something grand in the old fellow's madness. . . .

While in England in 1861 with his wife, a New Haven girl he had married two years before, Godkin was annoyed by the "hostile and slightly contemptuous" attitude of Continental and English newspapers toward the Union cause in the Civil War. He wrote a piece defending so strongly the Union's seizure of the Confederate diplomats Mason and Slidell aboard the English steamship Trent that the London *Daily News,* his old outlet, published it as "an expression of American opinion and sentiment." Ironically, Godkin was later to be attacked in the United States as a "foreigner," and was even to be viciously accused of accepting "British gold."

His political and social outlook as editor of THE NATION is implicit in what he wrote during the fifties and sixties. Opposition to all "feudal" restraints, whether in Hungary or Mississippi, on men's freedom; belief in an independent press as a potent weapon against autocracy and secret government; "Manchester" faith in the "free market and "free trade"; hostility to government "interference," whether abroad in the form of colonialism or at home in the form of regulation of workers' hours and conditions—all these convictions, in addition to confidence in universal education as an agent of gradual reform, stamp him as the model of a British Liberal.

The prospectus for THE NATION [*see text next page*], which Godkin sent to Charles Eliot Norton

An anonymous Ohioan passing through Baton Rouge, describes life in the South immeadiately following the Civil War:

"You must understand," said he, "that in 1860 I was a strong Douglas man. I didn't like Lincoln, and the abolitionists I hated; but, of course, I was Union. As the war went on I began to believe in Lincoln, and, by the time the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, I had been educated up to it and endorsed it. As a war measure, I mean; that was how Mr. Lincoln regarded it, and so did I. Well, since the war ended I've been a conservative; I've considered Stevens and Sumner dangerous men, who did n't understand the South, wanted to humble it and so on, and were standing in the way of peace. I believed what we used to hear, that the North did n't understand the South. I believe it yet, but in a very different sense. This journey has been the greatest that I ever experienced. I came out with the kindest feelings for these people down here; I wanted to see it made easy; we had whipped them, and I wanted it to rest there. I thought the South wanted it to end there. But I was tremendously mistaken. They hate us and despise us and all belonging to us. They call us cut-throats, liars, thieves, vandals, cowards, and the very scum of the earth. They actually believe it. They won't even allow that we won our own battles. 'We were overpowered by numbers,' they say; 'of course we could n't fight all Europe.' They've said that to me more than fifty times within the last few weeks. And they say that they are the gentlemen; we are amalgamationists, mudsills, vandals, and so forth. And I've heard and seen more brag, and lying, and profanity, and cruelty, down here, than I even saw or heard before in all my life. The only people I find that a Northern man can make a friend of, the only ones that like the Government and believe in it, are the negroes. I'm convinced they can vote just as intelligently as the poor whites. A Southerner would knock me down if I said that to him; but it's true. I tell you I'm going home to be a radical. Fight the devil with fire. I've learned to hate Southerners as I find them, and they can hate me if they want to. I'm a Sumner man after I get back, and I shall write out my experience for some of our papers. Every man that's seen what I've seen ought to let it be known. . . . I wish every county in the North would send out two men, who have the confidence of their fellow-citizens, and make them travel through the South and report the true condition of things. They could n't make a true report without changing every honest administration man into a radical."

—*John Richard Dennett, in the series,*
"*The South As It Is,*" THE NATION, *1866*

Prospectus for *The Nation* (1865)

This Prospectus appeared in the first issue of THE NATION *and is considered the official version. An earlier version, somewhat more elaborate, was circulated among potential readers in June, 1865, a month before the first issue appeared.*

THE NATION

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art will be published July 6, 1865.

ITS MAIN OBJECTS WILL BE

First — The discussion of the topics of the day, and, above all, of legal, economical, and constitutional questions, with greater accuracy and moderation than are now to be found in the daily press.

Second—The maintenance and diffusion of true democratic principles in society and government, and the advocacy and illustration of whatever in legislation or in manners seems likely to promote a more equal distribution of the fruits of progress and civilization.

Third—The earnest and persistent consideration of the condition of the laboring class at the South, as a matter of vital interest to the nation at large, with a view to the removal of all artificial distinctions between them and the rest of the population, and the securing to them, as far as education and justice can do it, of an equal chance in the race of life.

Fourth—The enforcement and illustration of the doctrine that the whole community has the strongest interest, both moral, political, and material, in their elevation, and that there can be no real stability for the Republic so long as they are left in ignorance and degradation.

Fifth—The fixing of public attention upon the political importance of popular education, and the dangers which a system like ours runs from the neglect of it in any portion of our territory

Sixth—The collection and diffusion of trustworthy information as to the condition and prospects of the Southern States, the openings they offer to capital, the supply and kind of labor which can be obtained in them, and the progress made by the colored population in acquiring the habits and desires of civilized life.

Seventh—Sound and impartial criticism of books and works of art.

The Nation will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with some care, is about to start in a few days for a journey through the South. His letters will appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

The following writers, among others, have been secured either as regular or occasional contributors:—

Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, John G. Whittier, Samuel Eliot (Ex-President Trin. College, Hartford), Professor Torrey (Harvard), Dr. Francis Lieber, Professor Child (Harvard), Charles E. Norton, Judge Bond (Baltimore), Edmund Quincy, Professor W. D. Whitney (Yale), Professor D. C. Gilman (Yale), Judge Daly, Professor Dwight (Columbia College), Judge Wayland, Frederick Law Olmsted, Rev. Dr. McClintock, Rev. Dr. Jos. P. Thompson, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rev. Dr. Bellows, C. J. Stille, Henry T. Tuckerman, Bayard Taylor, C. A. Bristed, C. L. Brace, Richard Grant White, William Lloyd Garrison, Sydney George Fisher, Theodore Tilton, James Parton, Gail Hamilton, R. H. Stoddard.

Joseph H. Richards,
Publisher

130 Nassau Street, N. Y.

a month before the first number appeared, committed the weekly to treat topics of the day "with greater accuracy and moderation than are now to be found in the daily press" (it was not unusual in the sixties for one newspaper to call another "traitor"); to give special consideration to the freedmen's condition, in order to secure to them "as far as education and justice can do it . . . an equal chance in the race of life"; to emphasize the importance everywhere in the country of popular education; to diffuse trustworthy information about openings to capital in the Southern states; and finally, to provide sound and impartial criticism of books and works of art. Taken together with these "main objects" of the weekly, the declaration that THE NATION "will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body" indicates clearly what Godkin intended the journal to be: more illuminating than intense, but dedicated to the promotion of John Stuart Mill's cultivated individual in a prosperous capitalist society.

Listed in the prospectus among the "regular or occasional contributors" were Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier and William Lloyd Garrison. Several writers now generally considered more noteworthy than any of these were not mentioned, probably because they were not yet widely known: Henry James, Jr., William James, Henry Adams. William Dean Howells, also not mentioned, was to write regularly on "Minor Topics" during the first year. Among other contributors to the early NATION, well known in their own time, more or less remembered today, were James Bryce, John W. DeForest, O. B. Frothingham, Asa Gray, Thomas Wentworth Higginson (leader of the first Negro regiment in the Civil War and later an editor of Emily Dickinson's poems), Michael Heilprin (polyglot expert on European literature and politics), Sir Leslie Stephen, Charles Sanders Peirce (who developed the principle of pragmatism, and influenced Josiah Royce and John Dewey), William Graham Sumner and Daniel Coit Gilman.

Since articles in the new journal were published anonymously—this 19th century practice presumably enabled contributions to be judged strictly on their own merits—only insiders knew who had written what. On one occasion Godkin joined Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in playing a *schadenfreudian* trick on the latter's brother, Henry Adams. Henry had just published his first major work, a biography of Albert Gallatin. THE NATION came out with a long two-part unsigned review, which mixed praise with harsh criticism of a book that "falls little short of being an outrage both on Albert Gallatin and on everyone who wishes to know anything about him." Charles Francis Adams, Jr. had written the review, and Godkin tried to discover his brother's reaction to it. According to Ernest Samuels, in *Henry Adams: The Middle Years,* the victim of this equivocal joke reproached Godkin "with forceful dignity" for publishing the review, but may never have learned who wrote it.

The young NATION's offices were on Nassau Street, then New York's newspaper row. Only a few months before its first number, dated July 6, 1865, appeared, the bulletin boards of James Gordon Bennett's lively *Herald,* at the northwest corner of Fulton Street, had been giving reports from the battlefields; on the opposite corner of Fulton was the New York *Sun* building, with a pigeon-house on the roof for the homing birds that brought news from ships far out at sea, before there was an Atlantic Cable. Farther down Nassau Street was William Cullen Bryant's *Evening Post,* the highly esteemed daily of which Godkin's NATION rapidly became a respected weekly colleague. A few blocks from this New York Fleet Street was Barnum's museum (until it burned down on July 13, 1865, with lions, tigers, whales, boa constrictors and monkeys dying in the flames). Barnum's, said the *Daily Tribune*'s report of the disaster, had been the chief amusement resort for the com-

mon people, who could not afford seats at the more expensive theatres. Barnum's customers were not sufficiently well educated to read The Nation, even if they could spare three dollars a year for a subscription. But the *Evening Post* predicted, after examining the first number, that the new weekly "will be a boon to intelligent and thoughtful men in all parts of the country."

A rapid glance at that first number captures something of its quality. The first three pages are devoted to paragraphs, headed "The Week," which comment on current events; twelve or thirteen pages of articles follow—dealing with topics like Reconstruction, European problems, critics and criticism of the arts, and including an account of a volunteer clergyman's court-martial by General B. F. Butler. Then comes a poem, "The American Struggle" signed Aubrey De-Vere, which is followed by about three pages of book advertisements. The "back of the book" contains six pages of literary notes and reviews—among them pieces by Henry James, Sr. and Henry James, Jr.—and two and a half pages on the fine arts. Mammon has the last word, with four and a half pages of advertising for banks, insurance companies, clothing stores and household goods. Unlike *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,* The Nation contains no illustrations, but a light essay on "Club Life" indicates that the journal intends to appeal to gentlemen as well as scholars.

> To be young is surely the best, if the most precarious, gift of life; yet there are some of us who would hardly consent to be young again, if it were at the cost of our recollection of Mr. Emerson's first lectures during the consulate of Tyler. We used to walk in from the country to the Masonic Temple (I think it was), through the crisp winter night, and listen to that thrilling voice of his, so charged with subtle meaning and subtle music, as shipwrecked men on a raft to the hail of a ship that came with unhoped-for food and rescue. Cynics might say what they liked. Did our own imaginations transfigure dry remainder-biscuit into ambrosia? At any rate, he brought us *life*, which, on the whole, is no bad thing. Was it all transcendentalism? magic-lantern pictures, on mist? As you will. Those, then, were just what we wanted. But it was not so. The delight and the benefit were that he put us in communication with a larger style of thought, sharpened our wits with a more pungent phrase, gave us ravishing glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England; made us conscious of the supreme and everlasting originality of whatever bit of soul might be in any of us; freed us, in short, from the stocks of prose in which we had sate so long that we had grown well-nigh contented in our cramps.
>
> —*James Russell Lowell,* The Nation, *1868*

GODKIN PAID HIS authors anywhere from $10 to $50 per contribution, rarely more during the early years. But he had no trouble attracting good writers, and the magazine rapidly acquired renown and influence out of all proportion to its circulation peak of 12,000. The first year, however, was rocky from a financial viewpoint. The largest single contribution to The Nation's $100,000 capitalization had been made by a Boston Abolitionist stockholder, George Luther Stearns. Stearns, and some of his stockholding colleagues, including Wendell Phillips, immediately found fault with the publication on several points, the most important of which was its alleged softness toward the South, its relative coolness in discussing the freedmen. Stearns, a successful lead-pipe manufacturer, had supplied John Brown with weapons that were used at Harper's Ferry; after the Civil War began he helped to recruit Negro regiments in Massachusetts and the South. He was apparently persuaded to think Godkin a good bet as editor of the nascent Nation because of their common interest in the Hungarians: Godkin had written a book about them, and Stearns had entertained and been friendly with Hungarian exiles in Boston. But while Stearns saw the new journal as a business he partly owned whose aim was to promote the Negro's cause, Godkin wanted to treat issues as rationally, as "scientifically," as possible. The conflict was classic: the single-minded "doer" versus the broad-gauged molder of opinion. Stearns thought Godkin had known who would be calling The Nation's tune, and publicly accused him of bad faith. The Bostonian also made it clear that if he had known from the beginning of their dealings about Godkin's Irish birth, he would have had nothing to do with him. Godkin's letters to Charles Eliot Norton reveal his concern about this whole episode, and also indicate that stockholder dissatisfaction with him was essentially confined to Boston. James Miller McKim and his Philadelphia friends held firm, although it is clear that some of them disagreed with Godkin's free-trade views. In June, 1866, their assistance enabled Godkin, McKim and Frederick Law Olmsted—whose California mining venture had not panned out, and who early in 1866 had become an associate editor of The Nation—to enter into a co-partnership, under the name of E. L. Godkin & Company. Briefly, during the spring, the experiment of twice-a-week publication was made, but the journal became a weekly again with its first issue of July, 1866.

Another problem—during the summer of 1865—was the appearance of a weekly rival, *The Round*

Table. This New York paper had tried to get under way in 1863, with contributors like Thomas Bailey Aldrich (later an *Atlantic Monthly* editor), Daniel Coit Gilman, Moncure Conway and General George B. McClellan, but had failed in 1864 because of war conditions. Late in July, 1865, Godkin wrote to Norton about *The Round Table*'s plan to come out in September:

> . . . I am told they rely for success as against us, on their freedom from any responsibility with regard to the Negro, and on being more sprightly. I think, I confess, The Nation is not quite as *light* as it ought to be, but I still preserve my faith in the American public. . . . Your article on the "Paradise of Mediocrities" excited a good deal of attention, and called out plenty of abuse, which is just what we want. . . .

If there is one thing more than another in regard to which the people of New York appear to be utterly indifferent, that thing is the sanitary condition of the great city in which they live, and die too, at a greater rate than the inhabitants of any other large city in Christendom. Without efficient hygienic regulations, with a thorough disregard of the imperfect system which exists, with the most shameful neglect and criminality in all matters which relate to the health of the population committed to their care, the authorities are allowed year after year to pursue a course which is hurrying thousands upon thousands to untimely graves. The wealthy, the educated, the respectable, in whom the real power resides to right these wrongs against the society to which they belong, are content to look out from the windows of their well-arranged high-stoop or English-basement houses, and to thank God that the street is clean, that the garbage is removed, and that there is no probability that the typhoid fever or small-pox, which exists in the tenement houses in the rear, will infect their own luxuriously equipped dwellings. Attention has again and again been called to the deplorable and wicked recklessness of those having the immediate charge of the sanitary condition of the city, and innumerable efforts have been made to rouse the people themselves from the apathy they have constantly evinced in regard to their own hygienic welfare. It has all been in vain. With a degree of composure and stolid unconcern which have either proceeded from the grossest ignorance or the most thorough indifference, they have turned a deaf ear to the arguments and the entreaties which have been made, and New York to-day is the filthiest and the most unhealthy city to be found within the limits of the civilized world.

—*From an editorial review*, The Nation, *1865*

In August, *The Round Table*'s advertisements began appearing in New York newspapers directly below The Nation's notices, and soon after hitting the streets in September, the former claimed to be "leading." But it was essentially a literary journal, and could not long compete with Godkin's paper, which intelligently covered the cultural and political waterfront from Matthew Arnold to the Tweed Ring. James Ford Rhodes, an American historian, recalled being devoted to *The Round Table* while a student at the University of Chicago in 1866, then of being introduced to The Nation by an English professor who found it decidedly superior. "The editors of *The Round Table,*" Professor William Mathews had said,

> . . . seem to write for the sake of writing, while the men who are expressing themselves in The Nation do so because their hearts and minds are full of their matter.

Rhodes also made the significant comment that, as a man living in the Middle West between 1865 and 1890, he badly needed The Nation's literary columns—"our most important link between our practical life and the literary world."

Statements praising Godkin's journal and its editors are not hard to come by. Ralph Waldo Emerson, at first cold to the weekly, was soon telling James Russell Lowell that it was "superior to any other journal we have or have had" by reason of its "breadth, its variety . . . its admirable style of thought and expression." About three years after The Nation began, Samuel Bowles's distinguished daily, the *Springfield Republican,* called it a "permanent and proud addition to American journalism" which "may not ever be popular . . . as the New York *Ledger,* or the Boston *Journal,* or even the New York *Tribune* is . . . but it assuredly has been and will be most useful." Incidentally Franklin D. Roosevelt, sending seventy-fifth anniversary congratulations to The Nation in 1940, echoed this judgment:

> . . . No one would ever accuse The Nation of seeking to become a popular organ. It has, through its long history, often appeared to stand alone.

Praise from England came early. A London paper said in September, 1865, with the merest shade of British condescension, that in the new American weekly, "we recognize many of the qualities that distinguish our own press"; it was "the best newspaper we have seen yet from America." The *Spectator* referred to Godkin's journal, in January, 1866, as a "new Radical weekly paper of high aims," and Viscount Bryce, author of the classic *American Commonwealth* and later British Ambassador to the United States, recalled the early Nation as "the only weekly journal of political importance in the Atlantic

States"—brilliantly written, witty, conspicuously independent.

There were varying degrees of dissent from these encomia. Henry Holt, while considering Godkin one of his "great teachers," perhaps "our greatest man since Lincoln," and an editor who had an enthusiastic group of adoring followers, also called him "one of the best hated men in the country" and found something "icy" at the bottom of his heart. Godkin, Holt thought, was inclined to settle all questions with the intellect alone. A partial defense against the charge of coldness is provided by W. C. Brownell, who in 1879 left the daily *World* to join THE NATION's editorial staff. After commenting on "the gentleness, the self-respect, the feeling of character, that pervaded the office," Brownell recalled working five days of the week in an almost Quakerish silence, broken only by Godkin's "hearty laugh" from the back office. But Lincoln Steffens, who was a news reporter on the *Evening Post* in the 1890s, recalled Godkin—by then editor of the *Post*—differently:

> Reporters were to report the news as it happened, like machines, without prejudice, color, and without style; all alike. Humor or any sign of personality in our reports was caught, rebuked, and, in time, suppressed. As a writer, I was permanently hurt by my years on the *Post*. . . . In general, the news reporters, supposed to have no concern with the editorial policy of the paper, were led somehow—not directly, but by the methods of trial and error . . . to gather ammunition for the editorial writers. Mr. Godkin was no hero to me. . . .

It is safe to call Godkin's character "complex." Such comments as those above, taken together with that of Charles Dudley Warner, who called the early NATION the "Weekly Judgment Day," or that of William James, who considered Godkin the "towering influence" of his time in public affairs, or that of the anonymous woman who found that Godkin as editor made virtue "odious," indicate that reactions varied to this witty, moralistic intellectual who combined gaiety with social snobbishness—or was it "reserve"?

To a degree, it seems clear, Godkin's personal faults were public benefits during the "gilded age": a society grown sleek needed intelligent chastisement more than "genial" criticism. Perhaps more regrettable than a lack of compassion was this talented editor's failure to transcend the conventional liberal wisdom of his day. Here, heart and head were both involved. He came to the United States, in his own words, as to a Promised Land. When our war against slavery was won, he thought that democracy had triumphed over a cruel, anachronistic feudalism. Then came the fiasco of Reconstruction, and the shame of corruption under Grant: not democracy, but the commercial spirit seemed to have triumphed. There came, too, the death of Godkin's infant son in 1868, of his eight-year-old daughter in 1873, and of his wife in 1875—blows inducing a depression that led him to move, with his remaining son, ten-year old Lawrence, to Cambridge. (His friend Norton lived there, and he had other friends at Harvard University, which had conferred an honorary degree on him in 1871.) For two years he edited THE NATION by making weekly trips to New York. He was resilient enough to keep on working hard and to become an influential editor of the New York *Evening Post*, after Henry Villard bought THE NATION from him in 1881 and began publishing it as the weekly edition of the *Post*. He even continued to dominate THE NATION, although Wendell Phillips Garrison, formerly the literary editor, officially succeeded him as editor-in-chief.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the diffusion of education and intelligence is at present acting against the free development of the highest education and intelligence. Many have hoped and still hope that by giving a partial teaching to great numbers of persons, a stimulus would be applied to the best minds among them, and a thirst for knowledge awakened which would lead to high results; but thus far these results have not equalled the expectation. There has been a vast expenditure of brick and mortar for educational purposes, and, what is more to the purpose, many excellent and faithful teachers of both sexes have labored diligently in their vocation; but the system of competitive cramming in our public schools has not borne fruits on which we have much cause to congratulate ourselves. It has produced an immense number of readers; but what thinkers are to be found may be said to exist in spite of it. The public school has put money in abundance into the pockets of the dealers in sensation stories, sensation illustrated papers, and all the swarm of trivial, sickly, and rascally literature. From this and cheap newspapers thousands—nay, millions—draw all their mental improvement, and pamper their mental stomachs with adulterated, not to say poisoned, sweetmeats, till they have neither desire nor digestion for strong and wholesome food.

—*Francis Parkman*, THE NATION, *1869*

But Godkin's mood was far different from what it had been in the days of Kossuth's kudos, or in 1865. His Mugwump bolt from the Republican Party to Grover Cleveland in the 1884 Presidential campaign, his fight against Tammany Hall, his defense of gold against the bimetallists, his vehement attacks on "anarchists," even his anti-colonialism—were relatively conventional postures for an Eastern seaboard 19th century Liberal. In a sense, Godkin's intellectual economy contracted during the 1870s and although he remarried, and carried on as a courageous, respected publicist until a few years before his death in 1902, he became deeply pessimistic toward the end. In Paris in 1892, he talked to August Laugel who had been writing for THE NATION about French politics, society and literature since 1865. Laugel, he told Garrison, gave him a sad account of the increase of political corruption under the Third Republic. This, "according to his account, seems to be in the very warp and woof of democracy." A few years later, Godkin was writing to his old confidant, Norton:

> . . . I am not sanguine about the future of democracy. I think we shall have a long period of decline like that which followed the fall of the Roman Empire and then a recrudescence under some other form of society. Our present tendencies in that direction are concealed by great national progress.

He was plunged into deepest gloom by the United States's war with Spain, and by our emergence from that brief conflict as a colonial power. Gustave Le Bon's *Psychologie des Foules,* he wrote to Norton from Vichy in 1899, brilliantly explained the phenomenon of the war in terms of the "mental and moral apparatus of a crowd"; during that same summer of 1899, he wrote to a friend in Chicago:

> American ideals were the intellectual food of my youth, and to see America converted into a senseless, Old World conqueror, embitters my age. Don't despair, however.

The Adams brothers, Brooks and Henry, shared in their own fashion his *fin de siècle* nightmare of a Socialist "downfall of the west" (Godkin was much impressed by Le Bon's *La Psychologie du Socialisme* as well as by the book on crowds), and Henry James—a good friend of Godkin's—expressed a few years later, in *The American Scene,* an analogous if more squeamish distaste for democratic throngs. In fact, there was among many cultivated Americans at the turn of the century a marked falling away from the dreams of their youth. Godkin, who had given a vigorous start in 1865 to a distinguished intellectual enterprise, and who certainly maintained throughout his career a high standard of criticism in all domains, could not cope with the problems of a rapidly industrializing, mechanizing world. He saw the horror of "killing half a dozen Filipinos every week," but was unable to conceive a political and social program to provide William James's "moral equivalent for war." He feared the mob more than he cared for its members as human beings. When he resigned from the *Evening Post* because of ill health in 1899, he saw himself as a "disillusioned radical." But every radical whose ideas congeal when he is young is a conservative by middle age.

In 1903, a year after his death, a group of his Harvard friends turned over to the President and Fellows of the University a fund collected to establish an annual lectureship named after him. The only condition imposed was that the lectures, whose publication as well as delivery was thus endowed, should be devoted to "The Essentials of Free Government and the Duties of the Citizen," or to some part of that subject. Introducing the first Godkin Lecturer, James Bryce, in October, 1904, Harvard President Eliot remarked:

> The subscription list is one of the most interesting I have ever seen, not only because of the quality of the men and women who desired to contribute, but also because the list bore the names of many to whom Mr. Godkin's opinions were not acceptable, but who wished to show their profound respect for his character and high motives. . . . His was a strong, virile pen. His writings were often intensely irritating to his opponents. He died without seeing his ideals realized. . . .

The establishment of the Godkin Lectures at Harvard as a tribute to the journalist was matched in appropriateness by the naming of a British Liberal weekly, begun in 1907 by H. V. Massingham, after Godkin's NATION.

INEVITABLY IN GODKIN'S shadow as long as that strong personality was associated with the New York weekly, Wendell Phillips Garrison became editor-in-chief in fact as well as name in 1899. Since THE NATION, beginning in July, 1881, had been reprinting many of the editorial articles of the *Evening Post,* Garrison's heaviest responsibilities continued to be the weekly's literature and art department. He had established a reputation for excellent judgment in the choice of reviewers, many of whom were leading 19th century intellectuals: Henry and William James, Carl Schurz, Charles Sumner, Goldwin Smith, Chauncey Wright, Charles Eliot Norton, Bernard Berenson, Kenyon Cox, Russell Sturgis and Leslie Stephen, among others. If after Godkin's departure THE NATION lost much of its political punch, it continued to command respect in the humanistic departments of the universities. W. C. Brownell, who knew the late 19th and early 20th century NATION from the inside, remarked that Garrison's determination

> . . . to treat every book as a trust, to be reviewed only by the most competent men in the United States, Canada, or England, without regard to any timeliness, was the despair of the business office and a source of deep irritation to publishers, who were furious when a review appeared three or six months after the publication of the book.

But even then a NATION review often "killed the volume or exalted it to the highest position."

Garrison was a much more tranquil man then his Abolitionist father, who had been, in the words of one of his friends, "in a state of chronic martyrdom for years"; but Wendell Phillips Garrison committed himself to THE NATION as intensely as William Lloyd Garrison had committed himself to the slaves. And while he lacked Godkin's ability to write Swift-like satiric prose, he did publish a fictional essay, "The New Gulliver" (1898), which ironically attacked imperialism.

During Wendell Phillips Garrison's editorial tenure his nephew Oswald Garrison Villard—son of the *Evening Post*-NATION's owner, Henry Villard—began to write for the weekly. Although the "modern" NATION emerged only when Oswald Garrison Villard became owner and editor in 1918, the gradual reliberalizing—in a 20th century sense—of the journal in the early 1900s was partly due to Villard's interest in the Negro's cause: he was one of the founders, in 1909, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

In the June 28, 1906 issue, Garrison regretfully announced that he needed a prolonged rest "after forty-one years of unrelaxed application" in the weekly's service, and that the editorship would be assumed by Hammond Lamont. Like Garrison and John R. Dennett—a brilliant assistant editor and writer on a variety of topics for THE NATION until his early death in 1874—Lamont was a Harvard graduate. After taking his degree in 1886, he had done newspaper work in Albany and Seattle, and had made such a favorable impression on President Eliot of Harvard with a superbly written newspaper piece about him that Eliot had offered him an instructorship in English. From Harvard he went to a professorship at Brown, but was soon persuaded by Oswald Garrison Villard to become managing editor of the *Evening Post*. When Wendell Phillips Garrison was about to retire, he wanted to let THE NATION die because he could think of nobody "fit to carry it on who would respect it and its traditions." Whereupon Villard mentioned Hammond Lamont, whom Garrison immediately and happily accepted. Lamont was a noble, kindly, conservative gentleman. In 1902 he gave a speech at Tuskegee Institute, where George Washington Carver was doing his important agricultural work, in which he expressed essentially the views of Tuskegee's principal, Booker T. Washington, on "Negro self-help." Less than three years after becoming THE NATION's editor, he died during what had been expected to be a minor operation on his jaw.

The New York *Times* thinks our proposal that the South should be put into the hands of the Federal officers, with their will for law, and "the only law," something rather extravagant, and asks how the powers of military officers are to be regulated at all if, as we maintain, the attempts of the South to regulate them by constitutional precedents and doctrines are absurd. It ought not to be necessary to explain that when we advocate the subjection of the South to the absolute control of military officers, it is to their absolute control *qua* military officers. A man who uses armed force to execute his *own* will, as a man, is not a military officer, but either a chief of brigands or a despot. Federal officers cannot become absolutely free agents, so that no matter how large the powers that may be given them, they must exercise them under responsibility to their superiors—namely, the Northern people. . . . The South and Mr. Johnson have been trying for . . . two years to regulate the conduct of the Federal commanders by constitutional doctrines and precedents, to institute, in fact, a mixed system of their own, and we know what the result has been. Such a system might have been possible had Southerners had imagination enough to understand their situation; but they apparently have not. The sword has never been taken from their throats for one week that they have not rushed into some folly. They are allowed to hold courts, and they forthwith refuse negro testimony or acquit murderers or robbers of negroes. They are allowed to legislate, and they forthwith proceed to patch up a negro code or keep *Harper's Weekly* out of Alabama. The greatest kindness that can be done them now is to tie them up, hand and foot, till they are fairly in the Union. It is quite true, as *The Times* says, that the South is not in Russia. If it were in Russia, instead of having its rulers laboring might and main for two years, as the North has been doing, to get it to adopt and practise republican principles, to acknowledge the equality of men, to respect freedom of speech, most of the leading Southern "statesmen" would by this time be engaged in "practical mining" or other hard labor, with their backs a little stiff from knouting . . .

—*Editorial*, THE NATION, *1867*

His successor, in May, 1909, was Paul Elmer

More. More's character and personality are brilliantly evoked in an essay written on the occasion of his death by Edmund Wilson; it is called "Mr. More and the Mithraic Bull," and it makes supererogatory any attempt here to suggest what this ascetic devotee of the "inner check" was like. Born in St. Louis, a frail child who one day was beaten to the pavement by a hail storm and had to be carried into a saloon until it passed, More did not immediately go to Harvard but rather steeped himself in German romanticism at Washington University in St. Louis. Then he went East, studied Sanskrit, Greek and Latin at Harvard, where he met the formidable Irving Babbitt, took an M.A. in 1893, and subsequently taught for a few years—first at Harvard, then at Bryn Mawr. Tired of teaching, wanting to write, and having no financial problems, he retired to a hut in the woods at Shelburne, New Hampshire. There he began composing the literary criticism which he published in fourteen volumes from 1904 to 1935 as the *Shelburne Essays,* and which led Ludwig Lewisohn to call him "one of the soundest of American prose stylists." His literary and other opinons seem to have become settled rather early in life. Upton Sinclair recalls being told by More, apropos of *The Jungle* (which stirred consciences along with other muckraking works, and was largely responsible for the Federal Meat Inspection Law of 1906): "Some time ago I made up my mind I was through with the realists." *Dixit.* The kind of stamp he placed upon THE NATION during the five years of his editorship may be suggested by quoting two of his essays. In "The Classics," published in the weekly (and in the *Evening Post*) in November, 1911, he distinguishes between humanism and humanitarianism,

> . . . between perception of the values of life in themselves and active sympathy for those who have missed these values. Without the former our sympathies are, after all, but treading in a blind circle, helping others to help others to we know not just what. And it is well to remember sometimes that the individual soul has its own claims. How much better shall we be if the nations are all at peace with one another, but there is no peace in our own hearts? How much happier shall we be if we settle all the grave questions of labor and capital, but ourselves lose the gracious art of living?

His piece on Disraeli, which appeared some years later in another journal, indicates More's antipathy to laissez-faire liberalism:

> It must be remembered that while the Manchester school was proclaiming its inhuman principles, which regarded men as no more than unconscious cogs in the grinding mechanism of trade, Disraeli was writing his *Coningsby* and *Sybil.* . . . He was thinking of that instinctive, unreasoned relation between man and man, which recognizes the dependences of the lower on the higher and the higher on the lower, together with that communism of the imagination which softens the asperities of fortune as no chilly abstraction of rights has ever yet succeeded in doing. There was nothing remote in [his] view of the Constitution, which he had learned from Burke; every citizen of the state was to feel his little part in life enhanced by the glamour of the whole.

More's "communism of the imagination" is closer to what might be called the poetry of the corporate state than it is to Marxist communism. More looked always for moral implications in literature. Dos Passos' *Manhattan Transfer,* which appeared some years after he had left THE NATION, More called an "explosion in a cesspool"—but he later conceded to Edmund Wilson that he saw "the element of protest in Dos Passos and Joyce." Wilson replied that although there was protest in Dos Passos, he didn't believe there was any in Joyce, and thus—said Wilson in his essay—

> . . . unfortunately deprived Mr. More of his only excuse for being polite about *Ulysses.*

Irving Babbitt, whom More had met at Harvard, began contributing to THE NATION when More became its literary editor in 1906. And one of Babbitt's students at Harvard in the early 1900s, Stuart Pratt Sherman, was given both an outlet in the weekly and important encouragement by More. It was these "professors" whom H. L. Mencken delighted in attacking, although his contempt for egalitarianism was as great as Babbitt's and More's.

More found editing THE NATION a "crushing grind." In 1910 he arranged for a kindred spirit, Harold deWolf Fuller, to join the staff as assistant editor; fairly often, after this, More was able to relax in what he called a "wild debauchery" of three-handed bridge and whiskey with Fuller and another assistant, Stanley Went. More and Villard were not on the same wavelength. But Villard came increasingly to determine the political policy of the *Evening Post,* and therefore of its weekly Siamese twin, THE NATION. In July, 1912, More wrote to his wife that he feared

> *The Evening Post* in its advocacy of Woodrow Wilson will run into greater and greater extravagances of radicalism until my position is intolerable.

This case of journalistic schizophrenia was exacerbated by More's absolute lack of interest in format and display, for the drab-appearing NATION was facing competition from more sprightly magazines. Tired and discouraged by an editorial job for which he was not temperamentally suited—his best work was in his literary essays—More hoped to see the publication remain humanistically conservative. He therefore wrote in September, 1913, to Stuart Pratt Sherman, asking him to carry the torch as editor. But Sherman declined as emphatically as General Sherman had declined to run for the Presidency. It was some satisfaction to More that, since he was determined to resign, the owners of the *Evening Post* decided to put Fuller in charge of The Nation—although "aided and supervised by Mr. Villard and Mr. Strunsky." Leaving the weekly early in 1914, More felt that eleven years of journalism lay "behind me like a nightmare." He had got out, he said, "just in time."

While fearing a "cheapening" of The Nation under Villard, More consented for a time to be listed as an "Advisory Editor." But this was a purely honorific title, and More's separation from the weekly was soon absolute. During his tenure the magazine was, more than it had ever been, more than it was to be, a literary and scholarly journal. It commands a certain interest on its own terms. But it would be an unusual reader who could admire equally More's Nation, and that of Villard or Kirchwey or McWilliams.

ALL AGES ARE in some sense ages of transition. However, the brief period of Harold deWolf Fuller's editorship was distinctly a bridge between past and present. Fuller's background was scholarly, like that of Lamont and More. He had written a Harvard Ph. D. thesis on the sources and authorship of *Titus Andronicus,* and had translated a 14th century Dutch legend into English. His world outlook, like More's, was that of post-Burkean conservatism. Along with his predecessor, Fuller represents a break with Godkin-Garrison liberalism—which stood for individual freedom from government control and monopoly control. The conservatism of Fuller and More symbolizes that longing for authority in a confusing world which gripped many upper-middle-class intellectuals early in the 20th century. T. S. Eliot was to become their drily moving voice. Oswald Garrison Villard respected Fuller's convictions, but was determined to give The Nation a new life. Significantly, the announcement in the issue of March 12, 1914, on four cream-colored pages (this venture into color undoubtedly struck Paul Elmer More as vulgar) of Fuller's assumption of the editorship, included the following sentence:

> The Nation proposes now to restore certain features of its earlier history and to devote more attention to some fields which have become of larger public interest while carefully maintaining its present scholarly and literary standards, all in the hope of continuing to exert its influence against dangerous tendencies of the day.

This is clearly a politic statement, designed to hold as many subscribers as possible, and the last phrase has a decidedly conservative ring. But in England the *New Statesman* had got under way in 1913, and here Herbert Croly was launching the liberal *New Republic*: Villard was champing at the bit. Contributions from a new generation of writers—Emory Holloway, Horace M. Kallen, Harold Laski, Allan Nevins—were beginning to appear in The Nation. Resurgence and renaissance were in the air. Unless one felt like Prufrock, one was for the new freedom, or the new nationalism, and one read or wrote for Harriet Monroe's recently established *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse,* which encouraged new talent. Villard had what many of his *Evening Post*-Nation colleagues regarded as disturbingly new ideas. He was strongly opposed to the "war madness," and by 1916 believed that Woodrow Wilson had "maneuvered us to a point

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On Friday last two men, William King and Abram Owens, were hanged at Franklin, Ky., with formalities that give one a pleasant notion of that region. At nine o'clock in the morning five ministers visited the jail and exhorted the prisoners and prayed with them. Then the two men were taken down-stairs and dressed in black coats and trousers, lasting shoes, white gloves, and straw hats. Their hands were tied, a running noose of grass-rope three-quarters of an inch in diameter was put round the neck of each, lighted cigars were given them, and they set out for the gallows, which was at a little distance from the town. The local pride of the people of Franklin in their two murderers was exhibited in the arrangements for the procession. . . . First [there] came a brass band, next a military company, next the prisoners and sheriffs, next a wagon containing two coffins, next citizen guards, next the clergymen on foot, and finally "the citizens, male and female." The band played a funeral march all the way to the gallows, and the condemned men continually called to their friends in the crowd, and exhorted them to meet them in heaven. The number of spectators—men, women, and children—was very great. When the place of execution was reached "the sheriff introduced Captain King to the immense crowd," and he made a long speech. . . . "I am to die for the death of my brother. No one ever loved a brother better than I did. . . . Had I known his murderer, I should not have said yea or nay, but I should have killed him." He died protesting his innocence, and so did his companion, though doubtless both were guilty. King lived no less than twenty-two minutes after the drop fell, the complaisant sheriff having, at his request, so arranged the noose that the neck should not be broken. An account of a more revolting execution we do not at present remember, and the simple recital of occurrences like this one ought, we should think, to do more to increase the number of people who oppose capital punishment than all M. Victor Hugo's rhetoric, and the increase will be quite as legitimate in the one case as the other.

—*Editorial,* The Nation, *1867*

1865: THE GREAT TRANSITION

ABRAHAM S. EISENSTADT

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> It is not simply the birth of the nation which we now commemorate but its regeneration. . . . It is not simply the triumph of American democracy that we rejoice over, but the triumph of democratic principles everywhere, for this is involved in the successful issue of our struggle with the rebellion. We need have little hesitation in predicting that the effects of the revolution through which we are now passing upon European politics will be still more marked than the effects of the revolution of 1776.

These sentences appeared in the first issue of The Nation, July 6, 1865. They spoke both victory and prophecy. Appomattox had come fewer than three months before, the formal end of hostilities less than one. Lincoln's assassination had given the victors a martyr and a cause. Principles and purpose took on a clarity they had not quite had before, right and wrong fell into a neat division, and morality clasped victory firmly by the hands. Martyrdom justified victory.

In July, 1865, the month The Nation appeared, the certain theme of victory was the triumph of democracy. The meaning of a democratic triumph was obvious in at least two respects: the empire of slaveholders had been defeated, and so too had been their European defenders. The slaveholders would be exposed to the dictates of the Northern arms; their defenders, to the dictates of Northern ideas. In the shaky condition of European thrones, ideas were no less powerful than arms. But if this much was certain about the triumph of the democratic idea, a good deal was not. How far would it be able to reshape the ideas and institutions of the South? Could it overcome the entrenched habits of decades, indeed centuries, of peace, and the bitter commitment of four years of war? Was the Negro to be given the vote, was suffrage to be universal? Could a slave of centuries at once assume the responsibilities of citizenship? Was democracy to be social as well as political? What would be the impact of Negro suffrage upon the whole social order, Northern and Southern, but especially Southern, where Negroes would, in many areas, predominate?

For decades after the War of 1812, both North and South had tapped the resources of an expanding domain, each trying to realize its own version of the American dream. Now that the Southern version of the dream had ended, with a rude awakening, how would the Northern version continue? If the South had hitherto stayed the North's project for America, what would the collapse of the South mean for the project's possible realization? And if it was far from clear what Northern triumph meant for the South, it was not really more clear what Northern triumph meant for the North. The war, like all great modern wars, had ended with much more than it began; like them too, it compassed only victory but achieved also revolution. What would be the domains of the revolution? This much was clear already, that the United States had been catapulted into a new era in the realms of industry, finance, agriculture and communications. But would not other areas of American life be altered too? If the American idea was that of equal advantage and opportunity, how would it be extended by the triumph of democracy? Into what new realms of territory and enterprise would the renewed tenet of equal opportunities lead?

What would the democratic triumph mean for Europe? Within each state and within each capital, a national civil war was active or brewing between the establishment and democracy. If the conflict had been irrepressible in America, it was no less so in Europe, and its issue in the New World was full of dire portents for the Old. The whole Western world, Europe and America, stood at a turn in the 1860s. All Western countries, cisatlantic and transatlantic, were responding to similar forces which were everywhere defining the conditions of modern life. The forces were legion, but among them some were more prominent than others: industrialization, nationalism, urbanization, secularism—and democracy.

July, 1865, marked the triumph of the democratic idea. The Republic in America had withstood the test of violent civil war. Elsewhere, civil wars had signaled the disruption of politics and the death of established ideas. In America, the conflict ended with the polity strengthened and the established idea affirmed. So massive had been the armies of the Republic, so great its productivity, so solid its victory, that its principal idea could no longer be denied. The first issue of THE NATION put the matter squarely: the whole Western world must face up to the full meaning of government by the people, of the people, and for the people.

I

The Americans of 1865 inherited this much of their Puritan legacy, that they too felt themselves to be moving under God's special providence, they too were latter-day Hebrews, divinely chosen and divinely protected. The war had been for them a moral war, a religious war. "Our cause, we love to think, is especially God's," said Horace Bushnell, Hartford's famous Congregational minister. At Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher declared that the South had been put to the scales and had been found wanting. "This continent is to be from this time forth governed by Northern men, with Northern ideas, and with a Northern gospel."

What God's will had made manifest, they felt, was the validity of Northern principle. The fact of it was that the war had come first, and the undying principle of the war second. If the North had begun merely by fighting against rebellion, to sustain the Constitution, it ended by fighting for equality, to fulfill the Declaration of Independence. Lincoln indeed had cited the Constitution as his responsibility, the Declaration as his creed. The principle which triumphed when the war ended had been proclaimed many times before the war began. It reduced the American idea to two component elements: liberty and equality. In his farewell address, Andrew Jackson had rested the American future on the planter, the farmer, the mechanic and the laborer: "men who love liberty and desire nothing but equal rights and equal laws. . . ." Shortly before the war began, Carl Schurz spelled out what the words meant: liberty was the right of a man to be himself, to pursue freely the road to attainable perfection; equality was the sharing of equal rights, "where the title of manhood is the title to citizenship." The union, affirmed THE NATION once more, in its very first issues, rests on the equal brotherhood of man, where "it is the equal right of all to attain that which is made attainable to any." No less significantly, said THE NATION, the very existence of a union of equality was also a propaganda of equality. Equality was not merely an American practice, it was a preachment to the world abroad.

To Northern opinion in July, 1865, it was clear that the Negro had to be brought within the pale of democracy, that he had to be given the vote. While it was not clear, by the end of the war, how far the capacity of the emancipated Negro extended, it was beyond question that he had it, and that whatever deficiencies he evidenced were because he had been a slave, not because he was a Negro. "What shall be done with the Negro?" asked THE NATION. "Make a man of him," it answered, "elevate him to true manhood, with attainment of all that belong to membership in one common humanity." Perhaps the Southern states, seeking now to re-enter the Union, might wish to restrict the suffrage on the basis of intelligence or education; but color was no basis.

If power were not to be abused by any single group in the South, government had to be democratic rather than restricted. For that reason the Negro must be represented and must be given the vote. Public order, wrote Chief Justice Chase in a letter to the freedmen of New Orleans, rests securely on the widest franchise. "Universal suffrage is the surest guaranty and most powerful stimulus of individual, social, and political progress." Moreover, argued E. P. Whipple, a popular journalist of the day, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the largest justice to the Southern Negro might well serve as the basis for the widest clemency to the rebel white.

But the South seemed very far from democracy in the months that followed the war's end. True enough, the seceded states were complying with the conditions set down by President Johnson for resuming their legal position in the Union. But, to many Northerners, compliance was hardly proof of democracy, while the conditions themselves proved only Johnson's leniency. In what it had been and in what it was now, the South was a negation of the American idea. Tocqueville had pointed out the Southern dilemma at the time that the peculiar institution of Negro slavery was converting all of the South into a peculiar society. Built on slavery and therefore in conflict with the American idea of democratic liberty, the South could not abolish slavery without introducing a serious problem into the conduct of its social life. The Southern mind had been antagonistic to essential American principles. At the time of the European revolutions of 1848, Senator Calhoun of South Carolina, the South's most famous spokesman, attacked the doctrine that liberty and equality were basic to a sound republic: "It is this false conception that is upheaving Europe. . . . It is at the same time threatening our institutions." During the 1850s, George Fitzhugh, a Virginia journalist, came to the defense of the South with a violent assault on Western liberalism, the idea of equality and the movement for abolishing slavery.

IN THE EYES OF the victorious North, the South stood condemned. Had it not, noted THE NATION in Vol. I, No. 1, undertaken the defense, "in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, of one of the worst forms of barbarism. . . ."? Had it not, suggested the *North American Review,* begun the Civil War as a *coup d'état,* failing which it hoped to paralyze the economic life of the Free States to bring them to their knees? Had not, remarked E. P. Whipple in *Atlantic Monthly,* a Confederacy that began in the name of states' rights ended, under Jefferson Davis, in a military autocracy? And had not the dastardly assassination of President Lincoln, said C. C. Hazewell, another of the *Atlantic Monthly*'s writers, proved the continuing spirit of aristocracy in the South, inasmuch as assassination was an essentially aristocratic practice?

Having turned its back on human progress for so long, where did the South now stand with the democratic idea? Had the Northern victory over Southern arms also been a victory over Southern minds? The evidence, said the Northern journals, seemed to be running the other way. The Southern press was rejecting the principles over which four bloody years of war had been fought: the Union, individual liberty, equal rights. The Southern spirit was obstinate, it was resisting in every way the full meaning of the abolition of slavery. Servitude in one form or another remained, and the Negroes were being confined to a subordinate caste. In America's mobile society, where success was a game for whites only, imprisoning the Negroes in a caste was in many ways worse than retaining them as slaves. It was a fallacy to assume that defeat had rehabilitated the South. Southern states were resuming operations with a minimal change of institutions. The rebel's hand had lost control of the sword, but had gained control of the ballot. "The South," summed up THE NATION, "is not a moral community." Despite the war, despite its outcome, there remained yet the deep and broad gulf "which had separated and still separates the slaveholders from the rest of the Christian world, in opinion, in feeling, and in practice, upon nearly all the great questions which civilized men have every day to submit to the decision of their conscience."

WHAT WAS TO BE done with the South? As victors, we have the right to do anything to insure our security, said Professor Theophilus Parsons of Harvard. The North forced Negro emancipation, and we are now bound to protect the freedman. Reconstructing the South could not be reduced to simple acts admitting the seceded states back into the union. The problem was to effect a social revolution, to convert eleven oligarchical states into democratic and free republics. "The conflict is not yet over . . . this war was a war of ideas. . . ." A moral union of states had to be effected no less than a physical one. The victors had to insist on political equality for all men. It was their moral duty to "subjugate" the South: "to reduce her from slavery to liberty, from injustice to justice, from oppressive privileges to equal rights and privileges, from barbarism to civilization." The sentiments were widely heard, in the press, in the Congress, from the pulpit. "The whole fabric of Southern society must be changed," thundered Thaddeus Stevens, the Republican leader of the House of Representatives. The South had been aristocratic, it must be made democratic. The time had come, James Russell Lowell asserted, for transplanting the South into the nineteenth century; the time had come for the "Americanization of all America." "The true way to prevent 'sectional feeling' and 'sectional agitation'," said THE NATION, "is to abolish sectional institutions, to make the bases of society and government the same in all parts of the Union, or in other words to render it more thoroughly democratic." The South had to be made safe for democracy.

But the real point of victory was that the North too could be made safe for democracy. The writ of equality was to run not merely through the South, but throughout the Union. And the concept of equality extended wide, including the citizen's position before the law, his possession of rights, his ability to advance. This surely was the concept Lincoln held when he described the Civil War as "a people's contest . . . whose leading object is, to elevate the condition of men . . . to afford all, an unfettered start, and a fair chance, in the race of life." The words recur repeatedly in all his public utterances. They are to be found in a speech he made, towards the end of his life, to a group of soldiers. The war was being fought to secure "an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise, and intelligence; that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life. . . ." Just a few years after the war, Walt Whitman affirmed Lincoln's concept. It was democracy's rule, he said, that each man was "a separate and complete subject for freedom, worldly thrift and happiness, and for a fair chance for growth. . . ."

The fair chance and the race of life were the prime concerns of the self-made man. His prototype could be found in Franklin's Poor Richard, to whom industry and frugality were civic virtues; it could be found in Crèvecoeur's Andrew the Hebridean, who became an American in the process of becoming a landowner. In his annual message to Congress in 1832, Jackson specified both the terms of the American idea and the relation of civic to individual good: "The government should afford to every American citizen of enterprise the opportunity of securing an independent freehold." Visitors to ante-bellum America looked in amazement, not infrequently in distressed amazement, at the race of life in the United States, aware that in the arithmetic of our national character liberty plus equality added up to wealth. Charles Mackay, noting the bustling activity of the Northern states in the late 1850s, commented that "the free states are progressive, and, to use the regular Yankee word, 'go-a-head-ative.' "

EQUALITY HAD A NEW access during the war and after it, and so did opportunity, enterprise and self-made men. While the war was proceeding, without Southern opposition to block it, Congress enacted legislation that opened wide the race of life to all men of enterprise and ambition. The protective tariffs of 1861, 1862 and 1863; the Homestead Act of 1862; the laws of 1862 and 1864 creating, respectively, the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroad companies; the National Bank Act of 1863: they were a collective tribute to the ideal of individual enterprise. The postwar years saw the widespread popularity of Herbert Spencer's teaching, with their support of individual enterprise and his plea for laissez faire. These were the years too of the great popularity of Horatio Alger, whose heroes overcame shabby beginnings, believed that everybody ought to have a chance, and uniformly availed themselves of their chance to achieve fame and fortune: "the fame of an honorable and enterprising man of business, and a fortune which promises to be very large." Charles Francis Adams, Jr. thought less but was no less aware of the new breed of self-made men. "Failure," he said of the new age that opened up with the war's end, "seems to be regarded as the one unpardonable crime, success as the all-redeeming virtue, the acquisition of wealth as the single worthy aim of life." In the newer American ethos, democracy walked hand in hand with success.

When peace came, in the spring of 1865, Wendell Phillips said he feared that "our old farming and reading republic" was at an end, and that it would be succeeded by a strong military and perhaps predatory one. Our triumph has its dangers, anticipated THE NATION, and one of them is the possibility of overcentralization. The fear and the anticipation were premature. The power and control that the federal government had amassed in war were rapidly dissipated in peace. Laissez faire became again the creed of the day. "In America," said the younger Charles Francis Adams, "the whole instinct of the people leads them to circumscribe rather than to enlarge the province of government. This policy is founded in wisdom." But government was very active in the democratic pursuit of wealth, not so much by controlling it as by laying down the legal conditions under which it could be freely practiced. Charters, franchises and cooperative political organizations were the steps on the way to wealth for the Poor Richards of the postwar years.

II

The American experience had rested at every turn on a dialogue with Europe. American identity had been simply a definition of values vis-à-vis Europe. The city upon a hill that the Puritans set up in 1630 was the first of a series of models that America devised for instructing Europe in the good society. But the model was then meant to be an immediate, working example of how best to solve the same problems, how best to realize common values. If the Puritan ethos had in 1630 been authoritarian, oligarchic, salvation-minded, and under God's special and direct Providence, it was, by 1776, libertarian, democratic, property-minded, and under God's ordinary and less direct Providence. The Declaration of Independence signified that, in pursuing with other Atlantic communities the common ideal of the better society, America would go its own way. The city upon a hill had become more ornate, its values more particular; yet it remained an example for others to contemplate, if not to duplicate entire. The period from 1776 to 1865 was a testing time for the American idea. If 1776 meant that America was to give up its European identity, 1865 meant that Europe must consider taking on an American identity. Up to 1865, nothing was so important for the success of the American idea as the course of Europe. After 1865, nothing was so important for the course of Europe as the success of the American idea.

When the European wars ended in 1815, the stream of visitors to America grew to a flood. A book on America was no longer, as it had been in earlier centuries, an excursion into exotica. It was immediately relevant to the European world. The grand tour of American democracy was getting to be a vital part of the European's education. Tocqueville better than anyone else set the meaning of America for Europe: ". . . The democracy which governs the American communities appears to be rapidly rising into power in Europe. . . . My wish has been to find there instruction by which we may ourselves profit. . . . I confess that, in America, I saw more than America: I sought there the image of democracy itself. . . ." There were many who came to praise America, and there were many who came to scoff and remained to scoff. Each went on extended travels, each made a descriptive list of key American institutions, each tabulated American virtues and vices, and each came out with a positive or negative rating of American life. John Stuart Mill summed up the whole literature of this period: "Every book of travels on America has been a party pamphlet."

THE CIVIL WAR, as its contemporaries clearly perceived it, was a war of ideas. Indeed, at least three sets of ideas were in conflict, each set related to the others certainly, but nonetheless individually distinguishable: nationalism versus localism; liberalism versus authoritarianism; and democracy versus aristocracy. Similar conflicts were raging in the principal Western countries. The war between the North and South diagrammed and exaggerated the undeclared wars being fought within the European powers. Each American section represented the extreme of its ideological position. Within the Civil War lay the choice of alternatives for Europe, clear, sharp, unmistakable; indeed, too sharp to make sensibly, too extreme to make readily.

If the established orders in Europe favored the South, the *Westminster Review* explained, it was not because they approved of slavery but because "The general triumph of slavery would not seem to them as dreadful as the general triumph of democracy." Related to the fear of a triumphant democracy was the fear of the tremendous power the triumphant democracy would have. France and Britain knew, certainly, that a victorious North would confront them in international politics as "a giant nationality" and that, in the light of America's fantastic rate of growth, the giant would rapidly dwarf them. They have seen, wrote a Northern journalist, how easily a republic which is armed with the ideas of liberty and equality "has raised men by the million and money by the billion" and they are afraid. "But they also fear that this nation will be an armed and aggressive democracy . . . impelled by a spirit of propagandism which will continually disturb the peace of Europe." Yet while the English classes hoped for the South, the English masses cheered for the North. They considered absurd Earl Russell's remark that "the North is fighting for power, the South for independence." The North was in fact fighting for democracy, and its victory would also be theirs.

THE VICTORY OF THE North over the South, Americans felt, was also a victory of the American idea over the European. In their mind, Europe represented feudalism, archaic customs, despotism, the repression of human aspiration. Every measure of praise for the Union was one of dispraise for Europe. European monarchs, Americans felt, had fought to repress foreign nationalities seeking independence, but the North had fought to insure and complete American nationality. In Europe, said Carl Schurz, "wars of great principles degenerated into wars of general devastation"; but in America they advanced "the reformatory age" and fulfilled "the idea mission of this country and of this people." James Russell Lowell's Commemoration Ode to Harvard, that July, 1865, hailed America as a "Promised Land/That flows with Freedom's honey and milk"; he gloried that there was

> Nothing of Europe here,
> Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
> Ere any names of Serf and Peer
> Could Nature's equal scheme deface . . .
> Tell us not of Plantagenets,
> Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl
> Down from some victor in a border-brawl!
> How poor their outworn coronets,
> Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath
> Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath.

Hitherto the formula about the respective merits of the different types of government had been: "Democracies are the most patriotic; aristocracies the wisest; autocracies the strongest." But how, asked THE NATION, did it now stand with the formula? The outcome of the war had clearly disproven it, for not only had democracy shown itself to be wiser than aristocrats, who had misunderstood it and predicted its early demise, but no less powerful than the most absolute of monarchs, as its spectacular success on the battlefield had demonstrated. There remained but to consider Tocqueville's conviction that democratic culture, as compared to aristocratic, was mediocre and poor. Tocqueville had erred, thought Godkin, in pushing his thesis too far, in arguing that America's cultural shortcomings, like all other features of American life, expressed the democratic principle of social equality. The fact of it was that American culture had, after the Revolution, been the product of the American frontier, and to that source could be ascribed its practicality, its rough manners, its lack of excellence. Once the frontier influence had abated, democracy would achieve a higher culture, one to match all that aristocracy could offer. Thus the circle of the comparative advantages of democracy and aristocracy was complete: possessing many strengths, democracy had none of the shortcomings inherent in aristocracy; and the shortcomings that democracy seemed to have were in fact not inherent ones.

Tocqueville's prediction that the democrats would inherit the earth had been realized. "Europe would do well to realize that only democracy remains," said Walt Whitman. Appomattox was more than the North's military victory over its sibling; it was a justification of America's ways to Europe, a lesson taught by the progeny to the progenitor. At Harvard in July, 1865, Holmes spoke the meaning of Lincoln's death and of Northern victory for European monarchy:

> For on the pillar raised by martyr hands
> Burns the rekindled beacon of the right.
> Sowing its seeds of fire o'er all the lands, —
> Thrones look a century older in its light!

Victory, said the *North American Review,* taught us "that the best hopes of man for men might here find their accomplishment . . . that a perfect commonwealth might here become a reality."

America's lesson to Europe had yet another theme. The whole concept of nationality was undergoing profound change in Europe during the 1860s. Both in those countries (such as Britain and France) where a nation-state already existed, and in those (such as Italy and Germany) where a nation-state was in formation, the central question was what were to be the basis and forms of sovereignty. America had answered the question, said Godkin: "Sovereignty without centralization, consolidation without despotism, nationality under democratic forms, this is a fact now for the first time established in the history of government."

Mazzini summed up what triumphant democracy in America meant to Europe. "There is one great battle—to which all local battles are episodes—fought on both continents and everywhere, between liberty and tyranny, equality and privilege, right and might, justice and arbitrary rule, God and the Devil. . . . Your triumph is our triumph: the triumph of all, I hope, who are struggling for the advent of a republican era. . . . The abolition of slavery binds you to the onward march of mankind; and the admiration of all Europe calls you to take your rank—a leading one—in that onward march." Appeals were not lacking in the United States for translating Mazzini's call for American leadership into action. We must help the Poles who are fighting Russia for their independence. We must help the reform movement in England. We must propagandize democracy everywhere in the Old World. In sum, we must Americanize Europe.

III

In hailing the triumph of democracy and what it would mean for both the United States and Europe, THE NATION was not unaware, that July, 1865, "of the thousand sins that will assuredly beset us." Prominent on its list was "the portentous, irresponsible power of moneyed corporations and their corrupting power over legislatures." Godkin, with his eye constantly on British public life, was shocked by the immorality of the American business world. His indictment of it ran very close to George Fitzhugh's, both showing the alien sense with which the Southern and the British *haut monde* regarded Northern capitalism. Men live by their wits alone, said Godkin; tradition and authority have disappeared as a social force; we are living in "moral anarchy." In the arts of life, said George F. Hoar, the only one in which the United States "surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption." One could lament the bribing of Senators or one could satirize it, as Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner did in *The Gilded Age.*

Men who had once served the agrarian republic with Roman virtue could feel nothing but horror at the ways of the new democracy. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., with the family brilliance that reduced a civilization to a formula, if not quite to an absurdity, found that "trade now dominates the world, and railways dominate trade. . . ." From the railways and the men who controlled them spread the pernicious influence which corrupted public life. Bought legislators, hired proletariats, rings, lobbies, Caesars who ran corporations: these were the *dramatis personae* of the whole play of perversion and decay. Charles Francis Adams's younger brother, Henry, saw what he deemed to be the worst excesses of democracy during Grant's administration, and fled back to the refuge of Boston, where Puritan virtue had at least a decent ambience, if not a universal practice. In Henry Adams's early novel, *Democracy,* Mrs. Lee rejected the hand of Silas P. Ratcliffe, the powerful Senator from Illinois, "the high priest of American politics." Her understanding had been that public works should be public duty. His was that democracy is the government of the people, by the people, for the Senators. To her, his offer of marriage was an offer of the profits of vice. "I am not willing to be made a receiver of stolen goods," said Mrs. Lee finally, "or to be put in a position where I am perpetually obliged to maintain that immorality is a virtue!"

Materialism dominated the new democracy. From having been one aspect of our civilization, said Francis Parkman, it has become the only aspect. Progress and civilization were merely a catalogue of material pursuits: clearing lands, building cities, constructing railroads, steamboats and telegraph lines, making goods and selling them, erecting lavish houses and wearing extravagant clothes. Our intellectual interests were suffering, writing was second-rate, scholars were not wanted, "and today there are fewer serious and thoughtful readers than in the last decade." America, agreed THE NATION, was a paradise of mediocrities. Our thought and life were shallow, our work shoddy, our architecture inferior, our standards low. But standards were also mediocre in aristocratic countries. American democracy, when it had once satisfied the immediate wants of its citizens, would yet produce a superior culture. "A nation where men start on a level, where 'every man has a right to be equal with every other man,' where every man has 'a chance,' is not likely to remain for ever the 'Paradise of Mediocrities.' "

No indictment of the shortcomings of the new republic was more incisive or significant than that of Walt Whitman, himself the poet of democracy. Establishing free political institutions, said Whitman, did not insure democracy's success. Society, in every basic aspect, was "canker'd, crude, superstitious and rotten." The business classes were depraved; public servants were tainted and corrupt; the cities reeked with robbery and scoundrelism; our elite was "but a mob of fashionably dress'd speculators and vulgarians"; literature was second-rate; morality and religion were a "dry and flat Sahara . . . Democracy grows rankly up the thickest, noxious, deadliest plants and fruits of all. . . ."

THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE, however, between Whitman's indictment of the new democracy and that of the others—the group that, in another connection, Richard Hofstadter has so well described as the genteel reformers. Whitman's *Democratic Vistas* was not a despair for democracy, but a call to fulfill its promise; he hoped, indeed he expected, that the future would justify the triumph of 1865. The Brahmins of State Street, on the other hand, longed for a past they could not recapture, and for power they could never have.

Indeed, to contrast their criticism of the republic with those of an earlier Boston generation is to show something of the way the democracy had changed since the years before the war. Emerson's cohorts had preached a jeremiad against sin; his successors preached against incompetence. The first group arraigned American life on charges of moral bankruptcy: thinking in terms that were essentially nonpolitical, they were spurred by the image of a Heavenly City and by the hope of a reformation. The second group arraigned American life on charges simply of bankruptcy: thinking in terms that were essentially political, they had no vision of a Heavenly City, and hoped not for a reformation, but merely for reforms. In Theodore Parker's day, reform was posited in terms of morality and Christianity; in Godkin's age, it was posited in terms of bureaucratic efficiency. One group was at one with the times, the other out of joint with them. In the ante-bellum years, Puritan materialism was censured by Puritan conscience; in the postwar years, materialism became universal and conscience declined into condescension. 1865 marked a termination to the direct line of Puritan descent, to the laying on of hands by which the Puritan succession had been continued. By 1865, the moral and intellectual leadership over America which Boston had exercised for well over two hundred years was clearly at an end.

FOR HALF A CENTURY, two forces, Puritanism and democracy—antithetic in many respects, yet far from being mutually contradictory—had grappled with each other for ascendancy in the Northern states, shaping and reshaping each other in the contest. After 1865, Puritanism remained, but it was no longer dominant, and had been substantially transformed. Where Puritanism had generally resolved the differences between public good and private gain by supporting the public, the new age tended to see private gain as insuring public good. Where Puritanism had seen a difference between the morality of sound government and the soundness of popular government, the new age inclined to see the morality of popular government, so that *vox populi* and *vox dei* were virtually equivalent terms.

The important point to be made about the moral climate of the new democracy is not that immorality and materialism were so much less censured, but that they were so much more accepted. The prevalent sense, as Allan Nevins has pointed out, was not so much that democracy had failed, but that a golden age had opened up where wealth could be gotten by venture. Here is why, as our recent historians have been telling us, so many of the "robber barons" may have considered that they were barons but hardly robbers. In a way, the new access of wealth and the new ways of getting it were a fulfillment of democratic aspiration, offering infinite opportunities for poor men to rise. This, after all, Lincoln had considered the essential American idea, and it was to sustain the idea that the North had fought in the War of the Rebellion.

The men who stood poised on the brink of civil war in 1860 could hardly have anticipated the radical changes which the American idea would undergo. The clash of two massive armies became the clash of two massive ideas. The war became revolution. In 1865, a new American idea emerged.

IV

The democratic idea that triumphed in 1865, one could see in the years that followed, was not much more than a homily of proud intentions, a grand moral program designed to give reason to a great material victory. Equality became rapidly converted, in America, into an uncontrolled race for wealth of which the most conspicuous result was, paradoxically, inequality. In 1890, Howells' *A Hazard of New Fortunes* described an America where making money was "the ideal and ambition of most," where the money-makers were torn by their own sense of moral decay, where equality of opportunity was a failing social ideal and one whose failure not only showed how much the democratic idea had changed but asked, more pointedly, whether it was yet alive. In 1890, too, in a retrospective estimate of the quarter-century since 1865, THE NATION noted that the influence of the clergy and lawyers upon public affairs had declined and that businessmen controlled American politics: "The Senate has, in fact, become almost exclusively a capitalists' chamber. . . ."

Materialism and the pursuit of wealth have since remained significant, but the desire for money has, in recent decades, been tempered by the desire for security. For this reason, the laissez-faire role which the men of 1865 saw as a fitting one for the government has been increasingly abandoned. In a series of "deals"—Square, New and Fair—government has moved, with popular approval, into active control of American economic life. In this way, the democratic idea has been extended to insure security against failure in the race of life.

With regard to the South, the democratic idea had a double career. As an idea of wealth, it was enthusiastically embraced by the New South, and Southern industrial leaders welcomed the invasion of Yankee ideas and Yankee finance. But as an idea of equality for the Negroes, it failed dismally. Under Northern persuasion, indeed coercion, the South tried bi-racial politics and, in some respects, a bi-racial society, for about two decades. Then it abandoned the effort. THE NATION was among the first, in the years immediately after the war, to despair of the Negro and to abandon him to Southern care. By 1900, with general Northern acquiescence, Jim Crow was on Southern law books, and the Negro had been pushed into a subordinate caste. Only in 1965 does it seem that the idea of equality for the Negro which the North had considered so central to its victory may yet be fulfilled. One recalls Whitman's words: "History is long, long, long."

If the American democratic idea of 1865 was transformed at home, it was nowhere realized abroad. To say this is not to say that Europe did not share ideas with America. Bryce noted that there were larger parallel movements of taste and opinion in both England and America, and he attributed the correspondence to similar causes rather than to the reciprocal influence of one country upon the other. If Europe was not significantly shaped by the American democratic idea, it had come to live with it. The difference between Tocqueville and Bryce is the difference between anticipating an idea and acknowledging its realization; Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* is the demonstration of a principle, Bryce's *American Commonwealth* is the description of a practice. A meaningful change had occurred in books about the United States by foreign visitors: before the Civil War, they looked at American democracy from without, questioning its premises, considering it as a theory, a prospect, a possibility among other alternatives; after the Civil War, they looked at American democracy from within, tacitly accepting its premises, considering it as a reality, a fact of Western life.

DURING THE PERIOD from 1865 to 1940, the American presence was a factor in international politics, but the United States avoided deep involvement in European affairs, taking refuge in the notion of its own uniqueness and essential difference from Europe. Up to 1940, in the minds of most Americans, Europe and America were the terms of an ideological antithesis. World War II marked the true end of American innocence, for the national myth could no longer answer to international facts, and a projected vision about the world outside was no longer adequate because the world was no longer outside.

The important thing today is not that America sees much of the world as a home for tomorrow's liberal democracy, but that much of the world sees America as a remnant of yesterday's colonialist imperialism. The vital idea in 1965 is not the democracy of the highly developed Western countries, but the revolutionary upsurge of the highly under-developed countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America. In 1865, making a necessity of virtue, we believed that our experience would teach a moral lesson to Europe; in 1965, making a virtue of necessity, we are learning from European experience that nations do not live by moral lessons alone, if indeed at all.

FASHIONS IN LIBERALISM

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

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Attempts to define liberalism are not likely to meet with success. . . . —*Lionel Trilling*

I

LIBERALISM IS EVEN more an attitude than it is a program. Liberals are critical of injustice, suspicious of vested interests, friendly to change, hopeful of peaceful improvement and convinced that reasoned argument ultimately overcomes selfish opposition. A society without liberals is in poor condition. Liberalism is relative to time and place. What sense can be made out of the complex record of liberal activity and liberal sentiment in the United States since the onset of the Great Depression? Until the Second World War transformed the political scene, the central intellectual issues which confronted the readers and the writers of The Nation and *The New Republic* were aspects of a bankrupt society apparently permanently blighted by rusting factories, spoiling crops and idle men. Nobody was prepared for such events. Although liberal journals had freely criticized the injustices and crudities of American life in the 1920s, they had been no more prescient than conservatives about the impending economic disaster.

When depression came and remained, liberals shared the general uncertainty both about cause and cure. Certainly they did not identify the Governor Roosevelt of 1932 as their savior. The Nation's July comment was representative: "In the confusion that besets the Democratic convention . . . one thing stands out clear and unchallengeable. That is the unashamed renunciation by Franklin D. Roosevelt of his last pretension to progressivism." In that year many liberals said things that they later repented. Louis Fischer, for example, put the choice of economic systems as between "capitalist dictatorship and white terror on the one hand and Soviet dictatorship on the other." Of course Franklin Roosevelt in the White House was a different affair and many liberal intellectuals, among them Adolf Berle, Lauchlin Currie, Rexford Tugwell, Leon Henderson and Benjamin Cohen, found not only solace but constructive employment in a New Deal which at the minimum imparted a sense of activity and movement to a stagnant society.

As the economy partially recovered from the depths of 1932 and 1933, liberals recovered as well a measure of their confidence and their volubility. However, to say the least of it, liberal trust in Roosevelt was a qualified sentiment. In 1936, the year of Roosevelt's greatest electoral triumph, The Nation assessed the President in these measured tones:

> Never has an American President so clearly attacked the finance-capitalists, the holding company wizards, the corporation lawyers, and the whole resplendent array of big-business statesmanship. His attack, coming at a period of capitalistic crisis, is the most significant Presidential utterance we have had on the concentration of financial power in a capitalist state. . . . But Mr. Roosevelt must go farther. If he has not entirely shot his bolt, if he is not more adept at showmanship than at statesmanship, he must affix to the speech a real legislative program. . . . By his references to taxation, the budget and relief, by his very pointed emphasis upon the New Deal as a finished achievement rather than a fragmentary incomplete program, he is serving notice that he will go no farther.

Six months later, at the end of June, The Nation declared firmly, "the only essential difference between Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Alfred Mossman Landon at the moment is that Roosevelt is in the White House and Landon is here." Apparently concurring, Walter Lippmann announced his intention of voting for Governor Landon.

The New Republic reached a scarcely more favorable conclusion. No doubt the New Deal compared favorably with anything the Republicans might offer the country, but "if one compares it with the measures necessary for a thorough renovation of our society, for creating an economy of abundance, it is sadly deficient, and even in some respects, reactionary." A trifle patronizingly, *The New Republic* concluded that "perhaps the most useful way to judge it is as a necessarily blundering, but well-intentioned attempt to find a way out of the enormous difficulties with which the nation was confronted, an attempt which may be of real educational value if its imperfections are clearly understood and if the groundwork is laid in thought and political organization for a sounder and more permanent advance in the future."

WHAT ELECTORAL ADVICE under the circumstances could the editors of *The New Republic* extend to their readers? "The Editors' Choice," a long September editorial, started with the assumption that the "era of capitalism is past its zenith" and argued that the ultimate solution "lies in the direction of a socialized organization of production and distribution." However, ultimate solutions infrequently define immediate tactics. In fact, *The New Republic* urged its followers "to vote for Labor and Socialist candidates in state, local, and Congressional elections, and for President Roosevelt nationally." Ballots split in this way, the editors judged, "will . . . be the clearest possible demonstration of the simultaneous demands for a national labor party in 1940, and for a progressive attitude toward labor in the next administration." *The New Republic*'s informal poll of writers and intellectuals returned 44 for Roosevelt, 8 for Norman Thomas, 3 for Earl Browder and 1 for Alfred Landon. In 1936, Elmer Davis, Theodore Dreiser, Lloyd K. Garrison, Fannie Hurst, William Heard Kilpatrick and Harold Groves all supported Roosevelt, while John Dewey and Sidney Hook preferred Norman Thomas.

For many liberals, then, the best that could be said for the New Deal seemed to be that it had bought time during which an alliance of liberals, radicals, labor unions and intellectuals might effect a fundamental shift in the direction of social ownership and central economic planning. Hence the incessant speculation in liberal journals about third-party prospects. Hence also the implicit and explicit belief that reforms were no more than patches placed upon the leaking raft of American capitalism. The assimilation of Keynes by the American liberal community has a relevant connection with this attitude. Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* appeared in this country early in 1936. Reaction was varied. Maxwell Stewart's NATION review took Keynes to task for his failure to stress redistributionist remedies for continuing depression and for his minimization of the role of monopolies. As Stewart read the *General Theory,* Keynes was advancing a largely conservative argument.

But the most influential American expositor of Keynesian ideas, Harvard's Alvin H. Hansen, perceived other meanings. Inspired by *obiter dicta* scattered through the *General Theory,* Hansen argued in a famous 1938 presidential address to the American Economic Association that the United States was suffering from secular stagnation—a long-run insufficiency of growth caused by the diminishing birth rate, the closing of internal geographical frontiers and the reduced rate of technological innovation. Although Hansen himself shrank from remedies more drastic than those of the New Deal (which he on occasion advised), some at least of his more radical followers identified secular stagnation as a convenient amplification of a Marxist analysis of American difficulties. In an obituary notice written in 1946, Paul Sweezy argued that Marxists had more to learn from this great bourgeois economist than the better trained Keynesians could derive from the technically clumsy Marxists.

IT IS PERFECTLY possible to believe in the fragility of capitalism on Keynesian or other grounds without becoming a Socialist. It is equally possible to become a Socialist without turning into an admirer of the Soviet Union. Many Americans adopted one or the other of these attitudes. Still, it is not astonishing that those who despaired of capitalism and embraced socialism yielded to the powerful attraction which emanated from the land where, as Lincoln Steffens believed, the future worked; where, as the Webbs became convinced, a new civilization was emerging; where, as so many eager visitors testified, social planning had vanquished the business cycle and terminated centuries of economic injustice.

Although liberals of this persuasion did not ignore Russian assaults upon civil liberties, they frequently argued in George Soule's fashion: "One should not take this great question of liberty lightly; there is much to be said about it that is out of place here. But it would be a theoretical discussion, not based on observation. What I can say, as a partially informed tourist, is that we saw no indication whatever that the Russian masses who had made the revolution, felt any lack of freedom, or were governed by fear." Moreover, 1936 was the year of the new Soviet constitution, which promised American liberties and more. As a Nation editorial put the matter, "Louis Fischer's article on the new Soviet constitution . . . is a journalistic scoop of the first order. While it has been known for some months that the new constitution would abolish the inequalities and discriminations which were necessary in a transitional period, no one expected changes as fundamental as those he describes. What we have . . . is a liquidation of the proletariat in the civil sphere and its replacement by constitutional democracy." The Nation seized the occasion to point the additional moral that "of course the Soviet system has always contained far more genuine democracy than outsiders have realized. It is true that the open ballot and indirect election made popular control over the governmental apparatus somewhat remote. But the essential power in the Soviet Union has never rested entirely with the government."

The great purge trials which followed hard upon the promulgation of the most democratic constitution in the world were a bewildering shock, for it appeared as difficult to believe that old Bolsheviks like Radek, Zinoviev and Bukharin were spies and traitors, as to accept the trials as deliberate frame-ups maneuvered by a crafty tyrant for his own obscure purposes. If argument split the intellectual and the liberal community in 1936, 1937 and 1938, as trial followed trial and incredible confession succeeded incredible confession, the confusion of the debaters accurately measured the substantial emotional and intellectual investment that liberals and Soviet well-wishers, nearly as much as Communists and fellow-travelers, had made in the Soviet example. Even the 1939 pact between the Soviets and the Nazis receded in significance in comparison with the trials.

II

The Second World War suspended several controversies of the 1930s. For one thing, wartime spending spectacularly demonstrated the accuracy of the Keynesian proposition that deficit spending of the right size would infallibly produce full employment. The wasteful public works of modern warfare rapidly eliminated unemployment which had persisted for a decade. Events gave a new turn to liberal estimates of Russia. After June, 1941, Russia became the last continental force in the field against German fascism and by the end of the year the Soviet Union was our ally in a common effort.

Inevitably, as victory neared in 1944 and 1945, liberals began to take thought of the postwar world. What afflicted them in particular was the threat of a massive postwar depression. The Harvard Keynesians—Alvin Hansen, Seymour Harris and Paul Samuelson—expressed themselves frequently in *The New Republic,* where they maintained that unless substantial postwar government spending policies were prepared while the war still bolstered employment and income, the cessation of hostilities would soon be followed by catastrophic unemployment. The legislative consequence of this line of reasoning was the introduction in 1945 of the Wagner-Murray Full Employment Bill. Although the Employment Act of 1946 which finally emerged was a drastically weakened version of the original proposals, an important point was made: the federal government *did* have a responsibility to prop up the economy and avert depression. No matter how feebly and reluctantly, Congress had conceded the principle.

BACK TO WORK
JOBS AND FREEDOM

In the event, the economy took care of itself somewhat unexpectedly and indeed somewhat embarrassingly for those economists who had predicted disaster. The accumulated wants of the postwar years, accompanied by the huge liquid assets accumulated in wartime savings, sparked an amazingly smooth reconversion of a wartime economy to peacetime production. For liberals, the 1950s took a quite different turn; as far as programs were concerned, they still depended heavily upon the heritage of the New Deal. As Robert Bendiner argued in *Commentary,* liberals failed to recognize just how many of the New Deal objectives were already achieved, among them progressive taxes, strong unions, public power and social security. For Bendiner, the liberals' love affair with Adlai Stevenson was a blatant demonstration of intellectual bankruptcy, for Stevenson had no new program to offer. The generally tired tenor of liberal comment on economic and social issues during the Eisenhower years did little to controvert Bendiner's evaluation.

Fresh intellectual impulses do not arrive upon demand. No doubt this is one of the reasons for liberal repetitions of old positions. But there is another. Liberals, like the rest of humanity, have a limited stock of psychic energy. During the early 1950s in particular, an inordinate share of liberal time and talent was addressed to the phenomenon of Joseph McCarthy, the reality of Communist infiltration into the government, the guilt or innocence of Alger Hiss, and the relation of anti-Communist legislation to civil liberties. The polemical wars of the 1950s divided liberals into contending camps.

In this internecine strife, *Commentary* emerged as a major organ of hard-line, anti-Communist liberalism. Fairly typical was Granville Hicks's blast, "The Liberals Who Haven't Learned." Hicks began with an attack upon the 85th Anniversary Issue of THE NATION. According to Hicks, writers like Freda Kirchwey, Del Vayo and Isaac Deutscher gave Russia the benefit of every doubt. Their behavior, Hicks believed, constituted an extension of the disastrous record of association between liberals and Communists in the 1920s and the 1930s. The *Commentary* position as it emerged during these years emphasized the number and the influence of Communists in the United States. Thus Irving Kristol's review of Carey McWilliams' *Witch Hunt* condemned the book above all because it failed to take the Communists seriously.

While never defending Senator McCarthy, *Commentary* tended to minimize the Senator's impact. Thus Robert Bendiner ("Has Communism Wrecked Our Liberties?") conceded the threat of McCarthyism but at the same time denied that "American liberals have surrendered to the forces of militarism and repression." His sharpest comments were reserved for those liberals who ignored the Hisses and the Rosenbergs and painted a one-sided picture of an America terrorized by reaction.

THE HISS CASE WAS an important divisive issue. In a celebrated essay, "Hiss, Chambers and the Age of Innocence," Leslie Fiedler, starting from the premise of Hiss' guilt, used the case as a chance to attack the naïveté of American liberals: "American liberalism has been reluctant to leave the garden of its illusion; but it can dally no longer; the age of innocence is dead." There were times when it appeared that *Commentary* could think of nothing except Communists, communism and Soviet Russia. The magazine's March, 1952 issue contained four articles in a row keyed to the magic words. Lionel Trilling's graceful tribute to "George Orwell and the Politics of Truth" contained many things, including praise of *Homage to Catalonia,* but one of Orwell's characteristics which won Trilling's special praise was his "disillusionment about Communism." Irving Kristol's "Civil Liberties—1952—A Study in Confusion" implied its theme in its subtitle, "Do We Defend Our Rights by Protecting Communists?" In the text, Kristol criticized such civil libertarians as Alan Barth, Henry Steele Commager, William O. Douglas and Zechariah Chafee for a "refusal to see Communism for what it is: a movement guided by conspiracy and aiming at totalitarianism."

Kristol set off a notable uproar, featuring a sharp exchange between him and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Taking the position that Kristol had much overestimated the extent of liberal involvement with communism, Schlesinger pointed out that none of the prominent New Dealers had been either a Communist or a fellow-traveler. Kristol's emphasis upon conspiracy was echoed in Sidney Hook's "Does the Smith Act Threaten our Liberties?" Although Hook had many criticisms to make of the Smith Act, he opposed its repeal on the ground that "such repeal would give new life to an illusion whose widespread and pernicious character was partly responsible for the original enactment of the Act: namely, that the Communist party is a political party like any other on the American scene and therefore entitled to the same rights and privileges as all other American political parties." It was consistent with this estimate of Communist activity that *Commentary* took a hard line on the vexing question of how witnesses before hostile and prejudicial investigating committees should comport themselves. Although many civil libertarians argued that silence was often the only honorable course, Alan Westin in "Do Silent Witnesses Defend Civil Liberties?" advocated "complete responsiveness" and adjured the former Communist to "think twice before reserving to himself the decision as to whether his former comrades are *presently* dangerous to American society."

Although *Commentary* ran occasional articles critical of investigative excess, the magazine was much more interested in ridding liberalism entirely of the Communist virus. Liberalism did purge itself of communism. The CIO hunted its own witches and expelled them in a body. The ADA set itself up firmly as a non-Communist grouping of the exceedingly moderate Left. New York's Liberal Party was founded as an answer to an American Labor Party receptive to Communist influence.

PURITY TURNED OUT to be exhausting. Labor unions, once exalted by liberals as the natural allies of progressive action, lost their organizing zeal and their innovating edge. Increasingly they turned into economic pressure groups justifiably eager to improve their members' income and benefits. The ADA has played a larger role in the apprehensive dreams of conservatives than in the creative rethinking of liberal programs. After some initial displays of independence, the Liberal Party has settled down as a regular ally of the New York Democratic Party.

The Eisenhower years were intellectually flaccid not alone, or even importantly, because of the General's bland personality, muddled good will and whimsical syntax. What reasonable person expects original thought from a politician? The liberals who still subsisted on the slogans of the 1930s bear much more of the responsibility. The intellectual disarray of American liberalism continued into the Kennedy years. The Kennedy style, the glitter of the White House entourage and the prominence of such intellectual minstrels as W. W. Rostow, Carl Kaysen, McGeorge Bundy, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and J. K. Galbraith seemed to convince a good many American liberals that their day had arrived. Although the liberal journals criticized Kennedy programs in detail, too few liberals grasped a central point—the Kennedy team of pragmatists and technicians was by its own boast unideological and by its works conservative.

The principal economic initiatives of the Kennedy administration were highly favorable to the business community—the investment tax credit, the liberalization of depreciation practices, the Trade Expansion Act and the general tax-reduction proposal. Kennedy's strategic decision, reinforced by the Johnson Administration, was a concentration upon tax reduction as the approved means of fiscal stimulation of a sluggish economy. Thus the progression of the tax system has been diminished, new loopholes have been added to old, and the opportunity to divide national output more sensibly between pressing public uses and frivolous private choices, the theme of Galbraith's *Affluent Society,* has been all but foreclosed. Keynesian remedies, once the exclusive property of liberals, have been reshaped as an element of a Great Society founded upon a consensus in which business is the senior party. The implicit treaty of peace ratified under Johnson auspices protects the established interests of business and organized labor and confines innovation to the fringes of the system. Some, at least, of the heirs of the New Deal have come to terms with a business community now sufficiently sophisticated to realize that a cooperative federal administration is an unsurpassed guarantor of high profits and continuing prosperity.

III

This is an exceedingly glum conclusion of a story which has its bright moments, even if most of them were concentrated in the early New Deal period. In 1965 there are some hopeful signs of liberal stirring. One is liberal involvement with the civil rights movement. If the movement's drive and momentum are maintained, liberals will find themselves allied with Negroes in an attempted transformation of American society. The necessary changes in attitudes and the essential disruptions of business and union habits constitute a challenge as substantial as the Great Depression itself.

Automation has produced some fresh liberal thought. The Manifesto of the Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution, debatable as is much of its analysis, is an imaginative document. Under the leadership of Michael Harrington, a revitalized League for Industrial Democracy is exploring the possibilities of renewed alliance among trade unions, intellectuals and civil rights leaders.

Yet a third source of liberal renewal is foreign policy. The Kennedy administration, in retrospect, appears to have been torn between the creative impulses which generated the Alliance for Progress and the cold war conservatism which shaped our unfortunate Cuban and Vietnamese policies. The Johnson Administration appears to have surrendered entirely to the second impulse. Although some hard-line anti-Communists such as Max Lerner, A. A. Berle and Max Ascoli support the Johnson foreign policy, the creative furor of the teach-ins, the national confrontation between Administration spokesmen and their critics, and the growing interest of college students, identify the type of concern and the quality of criticism which lend hope.

Liberalism is in better condition in 1965 than it was in 1953. If the bequest of the New Deal is finally spent, it is also true that the tedious war between hard and soft anti-Communists has ceased to dominate the liberal conscience. The major combatants are aging. A generation has grown up which contains no ex-Communists for the satisfying reason that it never contained any Communists to begin with. It is possible—it is better not to say probable—that liberalism stands on the threshold of another creative period. It is time.

On this the 100th birthday of THE NATION, *I agree wholeheartedly with what Helen Rogers Reid, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Dag Hammarskjold, Herbert Lehman, and Harry S. Truman said about* THE NATION *on the occasion of the 90th birthday 10 years ago. Your past 10 years have more than fulfilled the promise of the 90 preliminary years. Your occasional studies in depth have been quite amazing and important to the continuance of our democratic way of life.*

—Henry A. Wallace

THE STAGGERED CULTURE

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Distinguished critic and essayist, Mr. Kronenberger was drama critic for PM *(1940-48) and* Time *(1938-61), and now serves Brandeis University as Librarian and Professor of Theatre Arts. His latest book is* The Cart and the Horse.

It won't be long till the walls of the Grand Canyon are covered with advertisements.

* * *

I refer to . . . the notion that the public has a right to intrude on private life as far as they like.

* * *

Western newspapers have a special column of astrologers' advertisements . . . the profession is as much honored in California today as it was in ancient Greece.

* * *

I was interested by a big Chicago business building opposite my hotel: at nine o'clock at night, work was still going on in thirty-eight offices.

THESE TIMELY COMMENTS on our culture were made, actually, between 1892 and 1920, and all of them by Englishmen. They indicate how much that we stigmatize in American life is of long standing; and going farther back, to where we start in the '60s, we find Anthony Trollope observing how spoiled are our children, how hurried our meals, how incessant our talk about money. If this, in one sense, is only to put a rubber band called *Plus ça change* around various clichés about America, in another it does indicate how early we developed some of our most noticed traits, and how hard it is, in a fairly short article, to date things accurately or even roughly. Take "Their very language seems to be in a hurry." We think of OK, TV, hifi, mike, tux, 'ex'; but the remark was made in 1830 by an Italian about the English.

For indeed as some things aren't new to our way of life, others aren't particularly national. Many changes in American manners and morals have been matters of period rather than place. At a certain point, in America and Europe alike, we find the upper and then the middle class—lower-class living cuts here too close to the bone—take up tennis or bridge, stop wearing corsets or start using wrist watches; or life in many places grows more informal, living more mechanized, language more downright. This is truer than ever today, when the speed of communication and transport has internationalized behavior and naturalizes ideas overnight; and it would be a good parlor game to spot the place of origin of, say, the electric razor, the cigarette lighter, color photography, the LP record, shaking for drinks, contact lenses and instant coffee.

As against this, and most strikingly a hundred years ago, there is the great diversity in manners and morals in the United States itself, with its disunited regional culture. A century ago, panties on piano legs were coeval with living-room cuspidors; as was that New England still life, the front parlor, with Nevada's rambunctious frontier. The contrast ran to morals as well: here, stringent blue laws; there, roaring red-light districts. In terms of geographical diversity, vast numbers of the best people in San Francisco around 1865 were upstarts, in Charleston were paupers, and in New Orleans did not speak English. During our hundred years, time often counts for less than the time-lag, for ours has been a staggered culture, with one region or city a decade or even a generation behind another.

What made 19th-century people immigrate to America, and afterwards migrate westward, was the prospect of material gain and, often, greater social equality. Hence the morality of our Age of Expansion rested on the *idea* of expansion, on an ethics not so much of moving upward as of forging ahead; on the young man's gospel of thrift, industriousness, self-reliance; on the middle-aged ideal of the solid citizen, with his Heaven-favored property rights. There was seldom a clearer separation of Church and State, God being notably inattentive and government, in many larger communities, painstakingly corrupt. Right on from those Abolitionists who were also heel-grinding mill owners, a morality had developed of men farsighted in one eye and stone blind in the other—which, rather than fostering anything humane, roused protest against something more and more hardfisted. Almost all our later nineteenth-century big capitalists and industrialists were Alger heroes rich in Alger-villain traits. Fortunately the morality that never gave an economic inch in the city world of tenements and sweatshops was offset by the still dominant small-town world, with its unpretentious social life, unpressured business life, family-owned trades and shops: here self-help was abetted by neighborly helpfulness and merchant-sized ambition (the rabidly ambitious left home). The American dream had not yet too greatly polluted America's waking life.

BETWEEN the lip-service morality that shielded or shut its eyes at rapaciousness, and the morality that sprang from moderation and fair dealing, there emerged our central, essentially worldly, morality of respectable appearances and Thou Shalt Not Be Found Out. Where gentility really governed, it was an age of maidenly lowered eyes and matronly lowered voices, and of standard-branded misconduct—the black sheep, the "fly" girl, the kept woman, the lady lying dead drunk "upstairs," the errant husband, the well-born syphilitic, the house of ill fame; but rarely, yet, any notice of divorce, homosexuality, dope, or even women who smoked.

The changing position of women provides, of course, one of the great chapters of the last hundred years. Their pre-Civil-War position was overwhelmingly domestic and restricted; poor girls worked in mills, genteel women might teach or do needlework. Even that new voice, the woman's magazine, stressed the proprieties (a young man who wiped his feet on the doormat would make a good husband, one who took the last griddle cake would not). Yet gates were everywhere opening. Various inventions—the sewing machine, cash register, telephone, typewriter—created vast female employment; the Feminist movement had already produced its Lucretia Motts and Susan B. Anthonys; the Women's College movement, from the founding of Vassar in 1861, went striding ahead—whether, like Wellesley and Smith, on the "nunnery" plan; or on the coeducational, like Syracuse and Cornell; or on the "coordinate," like the Harvard Annexe—later rechristened Radcliffe. Bearing out Tocqueville's dictum that wherever possible Americans hold meetings and organize, the Women's Club soon flanked the Women's College, and the Settlement and Suffrage movements followed. Women still had parlor problems—Chicago condemned bare arms and New York, bangs; and serious professional problems—women medical students visiting almshouses would suddenly be confronted, thanks to men doctors' malice, with stark-naked males. But by the end of the century women had footholds in both medicine and the law, and perhaps half a million women "belonged" to some kind of organization.

The Age of Plush

American living from 1870 till the turn of the century seems, if any one word can summarize, eminently unstreamlined. Using the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 as a touchstone, there is a sense of chronic and gimcrack too-muchness: too much furniture and food, too many ornaments and underclothes, things heavy and thick, things wadded and plush-covered. There were similarly too many euphemisms and taboos: wives were "expecting" and couples "retired" for the night. And if prudishness directly ordained too many garments and nice-nellyisms, indirectly it fostered other kinds of excess. With sex, hard liquor, tobacco, cosmetics, profanity, gambling and the gayer forms of entertainment so often frowned upon, Respectability consoled itself with being richly attired, ostentatiously domiciled and immoderately fed. Garish gentility bestrode the age, with decorum the boon companion of display.

The era suggests great comfort and great inconvenience alike: ample living space, overstuffed sofas and underpaid servants, eiderdowns and hot-water bottles and footrests. But relatively little by way of modern plumbing, or electrical appliances, or private phones, or proper refrigeration; or canned goods, detergents, deodorants. If invention was the child of necessity, it became in turn the mother of leisure and the aunt of feminism. As the sewing machine had already saved millions of stitches, now the telephone saved millions of steps; with electric light at home came the electric streetcar abroad; and a whole armory of gadgets—can openers and bottle openers, fountain pens and safety razors, lawn mowers and carpet sweepers, toilet paper and washing machines. Time savers could be taste-makers as well, for speed-up beckoned on toward streamlining. The Turkish corner made way for mission furniture and that male hideout, the "den"; the bustle had passed into the tailor-made, American-plan hotels were going European. Manners were freer, mothballs fewer. A younger generation led a far more outdoor life—school athletics, tennis, baseball on a city sandlot or a suburban field. For the suburb had arrived, as a culture no less than a locality: in its modernities, a sort of citified village; in its gabby compactness, a sort of glorified keyhole. Here conformity reached a well-tended full bloom, here Babbittry would take on Ivy-League flourishes, and the country club strike root. Suburbia had its enlightened side, its concern about good schools, hospitals, sewerage systems, clean local government; and though liberalism might be one kind of dirty word and art another, sex, via the suburb, made one of its most smashing breakthroughs, liquor discovered one of its natural strongholds, and business found in the country club its most profitable branch office.

Roughly from 1900 until the First World War, those future villains of society, mass production and the machine, rather proved to be its saviors. Along with all the labor-saving devices within the home, came all the time-and-money-saving services outside it. The Sears Roebuck catalogue brought the economy department store to every farm; installment-plan buying brightened every tight-budgeted household; the chainstore grocery, with its packaged foods, lent aid to every dinner table. And Advertising became Big Business in the very process of promoting it.

The Cultural Divide

The aftermath of the First World War looms larger, historically, than the war itself. The Post-War Era produced such new moral attitudes, and so changed the atmosphere of manners, as to seem a cultural divide. Yet, during the emancipating '20s, there was more in the air than had perhaps taken root. It is interesting to read a series of NATION articles, appearing in 1924, on Our Changing Morality. For there was still in 1924 an outcry that "the young girl of today . . . instead of raising men to her level, is descending to theirs." Again, from a statistical study among American undergraduates, Bertrand Russell found that Sabbath-breaking was judged worse than lying, and extra-marital sex more heinous than murder. And sexual equality was really subjoined to feminism, with articles like Sylvia Kopald's "Where Are the Female Geniuses?"; or non-sex was the problem, as in Floyd Dell's "Can Men and Women Be Friends?" Over it all was draped the mantle of Freud, and out of it was to emerge a century hailed as the century of women.

Their change in status, gains in opportunities, insistence on greater freedoms did decisively reorder society. The new college-bred woman of 1900 had within a generation become the new career woman and enfranchised woman both. Women now undertook, not just to educate your children or decorate your house, but to run big agencies and large businesses, set up model lodging houses, restrooms, convalescent homes, work for tenement inspection and birth control. They advised the ignorant, counseled the perplexed, instructed the needy; they meditated and met, they wrote and distributed, they invaded what would be called the behavioral sciences. And as time passed, they acquired more and more right of entry, even into men's grills and poker games.

Whether or not this was to be women's century, the '20s were peculiarly their decade. They were to profit by the "sanity" the '20s preached in terms of sex: Freud now made them men's equals in knowledge, teaching indeed what, earlier, men had known no more about than women. With the Oedipus complex becoming a household word, the mother-in-law became a new kind of household menace. But women profited from the madness of the '20s as well as from the sanity, and not least from Prohibition. The speakeasy became a coed drinking place where the saloon had been a male one; a bourgeois hangout where the saloon had seemed lowdown; and the speakeasy, being unlawful, fostered new illicit enjoyments in turn. A generation after the chaperon had vanished, the "male protector" largely did also: women now lived alone, traveled alone, went out at night alone, failed to come back alone. Sex before marriage, from being a scandalous risk, was now judged a wise precaution. With each edition, Emily Post further liberalized her *Etiquette*. For all its adherents, cultural conservatism was no longer in the saddle, but on the run.

Along with the mass flouting of the Volstead Act came the cracking and crumbling of much old empedestaled morality. During a shallowly skeptical age, theology—not helped by Monkey-Trial farces—lost ground, while almost every secular-ology gained it. Statistics loomed as the sermons of the future; and with woman holding her own against man, there went a decline, or at least decided relaxation, in manners. The genteel tradition and Mrs. Grundy could only have been routed, I suspect, through ▫

powerful *argumentum ad feminam*: women are largely prudes from being made resentful non-participants.

The 1930s enhanced women's strength through adding to their burdens. But the '30s were a whole new spin of the wheel: the earlier personal, quasi-Freudian, Prohibition outlook gave way to a social-minded, quasi-Marxian, depression one, with women's rights turning to human rights, and then to civil rights and social wrongs. Women were out of the kitchen for good. Since then their voice and vote have been central to American society; any woman today can say to any man: Whither thou goest, I will go. And in one old-fashioned way women now have a decided edge: it is not they but men who in their high-pressured forties and fifties suffer the strokes, the coronaries, the cerebral hemorrhages. At the better-income levels, ours is still a nation of widows —or divorcées—growing comfortably old on trust funds, settlements and insurance money.

OUR MAN-WOMAN relationship has tended to become bloatedly economic from being less sexual than conjugal. André Maurois has called successive marriages in America the counterpart of adultery elsewhere, and this has wrought far more complicating problems in manners, morals and family life than the husband, the wife and the lover. Multiple marriage today can literally make not just for broken homes, but for constantly broke ones. A man having to support two divorced wives and the children of three marriages is among the most frequent entrants and harassed contestants in the rat race. Statistically, the American family may still resemble the cereal-ad foursome; but the higher a man has climbed, the more spouses and offspring he is likely to gaze out upon. When a child says: "I don't want to go to that movie with Ellen, I saw it with Anne, and anyhow Joe wants me to go to the ball game," what foreigner would suppose that he is speaking of his ex-stepmother, current step-grandmother, and own mother's fourth husband?

Whatever the structure of family life today—among Catholics it is doubtless much different—its texture is a changing one. Problems of divorce and remarriage aside, children tend to know all about sex, about social problems, about their own problems; seem very conscious of status, not too much interested in caste. There is far less family goose-stepping: the young pursue their own interests, pick their own (often highbrow) amusements, go in summer to camp, then as teen-agers to summer schools or jobs, and at college age with other college kids abroad. Theirs is an ill-coordinated generation—on the one hand deeply committed, on the other quite unchanneled; negatively dropout, affirmatively Peace Corps. Parents' problems are now psychiatric, now sociological. Every parent who reads a magazine knows all the looming dilemmas, such as beware of not displaying enough love, beware of lavishing too much. And the era has dangerously upped the ante on children-problems, from cigarettes to marijuana, from loafing to delinquency and hipsterdom, and paradoxically from wild oats to immature marriage.

The Era of Simultaneity

Despite women's triumph, and the machine's as we once knew it, ours will hardly be the century of either, or of any other one thing. For the first half of it has already become historical; even, in a way, irrelevant. Trends in living, since World War II, have encountered virtual overturns; any planned operations we devise today can be "done in" tomorrow by scrapped techniques. Already, technology's gift to us of a century of speed has produced an era of simultaneity. In terms of motion, we breakfast in London, have lunch in New York and dinner in San Francisco; or decide between an afternoon of golf or circling the globe; or shiver at two and swelter at twenty past three; or, if our loved ones are scattered, can manage three or four Christmas dinners throughout the country on Christmas Day.

But the greatest global togetherness is achieved by complete immobility. Thanks to TV, everybody at once can see and hear anything anywhere; and not just plays but gala premières; not just mountain-climbing but life at the bottom of the ocean; not just weddings, but wedding nights. We see, indeed, by the hundred millions what earlier virtually no one could see at all—babies delivered, brain tumors removed, Presidents assassinated. And by the hundred millions we share the same gags, gossip items, fashion items, food items, parlor games. It may well be that mere conformity is ending and non-immunity looming up.

Radio was no mere milestone: it brought a new culture to birth. Besides dooming the press to perpetual news-lag, it carried encyclopaedic activity into the home, gave every one, not least the old, the sick, the rural, the scarcely solvent, a vast menu to feed off. But to compare radio with TV is to compare chronic nibbling with narcotics; and programs aside, to come upon not only more offensive commercials, but a far more pernicious commercialism. The big-money quizzes made spectator-venality a national sport; and the ins and outs, and ups and downs, of TV officials smack of government in Costa Rica. Nor *can* the programs be put aside—however rewarding at times, they are bossing our culture. Already one is not just an eccentric or poseur not to own a TV set; one is a kind of ignoramus. For, up to a point, the cultivated man without TV "knows" less than the steady watcher with one; just as, up to a point, what with businessmen flying all over the earth, the philistine is today's real cosmopolite. Thanks again to TV, news and picture magazines, and even newspapers, have been elevated from spot-coverage to learned analysis, from the flashbulb to the student lamp. And as all this deals with art and thought as well as facts and events, the adulteration of culture is yet such an exposure to it as to make blurred distinctions of mass and mid and highcult. Not only does masscult, today, sip and sample highbrow offerings; highbrow constantly studies and appraises masscult's, while midcult soars on Monday and on Tuesday slumps. They all absorb one another's jargon, adopt one another's gimmicks, leave fingermarks on one another's wares, wax prosperous taking in one another's wash. Were a highcult moral crusade involved, with infection a calculated risk of fumigation, much might be gained. But highcult posits an élite, not open to conscientious converts; and about all that is achieved, certainly in popular media, is to din into sows' ears the fact that they can never become silk purses.

THE CULTURAL MORALITY of a world subject to change-without-notice, must necessarily be rooted in shifting perspectives and unprecedented assumptions. If, inside a single generation, we may very well see total reversals of all we take for granted—such as trips to the moon, but no longer trains to the suburbs—what old certainties can we count on? Moreover, our mongrel culture seems to be moving toward a moral atmosphere in which the end-in-name-only justifies the means. Privacy is a martyr to the Freedom of the Press; home life is invaded with a psychiatric search warrant; and the polysyllabic third degree bears the title of Interviewing.

Our social morality, for the last hundred years, has made giant strides, leading to gigantic changes. And it is militant today (despite reactionary new blood) in an ever-broadening concern for the aged, the physically handicapped, the mentally disturbed, the youthfully delinquent, the economically underprivileged, the racially oppressed. At the same time, this is notoriously an age of violence, and of such sort as to override any such cultural approach as this. That urbanity is of all things most uncommon in today's highly urbanized culture, can easily seem piddling while violence and brutality infest it. Today, indeed, the merely social is engulfed in the sociological—in the awareness that as one stage of the Negro problem lessens, the next stage looms; that as a great Communist regime seems less intransigent, we have now a second one to reckon with; that as men are being processed into rats, the rats are being menaced by automation. Thanks to technology's mad genius, there is about everything, animate or inanimate today, a sense of impermanence—huge skyscrapers go up *slated* to be torn down in fifteen or twenty years. Impermanence has come to color our thinking, to turn even our cultural morality into fads. With intellectuals not least, morality, like art, must not grow trite or stale, must have fresh slants, unfamiliar *frissons.* Mass thinking, conformist living, rat races, academic dryrot, Madison Avenue are by now all crashing bores; what matter if they become worse and worse blights? Are there any grounds for hoping that such a climate of impermanence may be impermanent itself?

Gladly I join the legions who salute THE NATION *on its Hundredth Anniversary. What a legacy and hope American journalism has in* THE NATION! *Born in a time of national disunion and war's desolation, it has served with effective courage even to this time of global disunion and possible war's universal annihilation.*

The names of illustrious champions of the open mind and humane causes have distinguished its successive list of editors. America is freer because THE NATION *has been open and free.* —**Frank Graham**

AMERICAN JOURNALISM

From Essay to Assay

PENN KIMBALL

During a long career in journalism, Mr. Kimball has served in nearly all the media: newspapers, magazines, radio and TV. Now a professor at Columbia's School of Journalism, he was a contributor on journalism to the book, The Professions in America *(Daedalus & Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1965).*

THE FIRST CENTURY of THE NATION ends as it began—in an era of social, economic, political and cultural change. The cycle of change never ceases, and the news that spans the years from 1865 to 1965 is a running chronicle of restlessness and discovery, tension and strife, resistance and breakthrough—the ingredients of the process of social progress.

The character of the stories facing E. L. Godkin and his journalistic contemporaries differ more in degree than in substance from the events engaging the journalists of today. It is remarkable, indeed, how many of the concerns of the earliest pages of THE NATION persist into this age: the freedom of the Negro, the state of public education, the call for morality in politics and the aspirations for a national consensus.

Since the press is an agent as well as a recorder of change, the history of the last hundred years is also a record of the accomplishments and shortcomings of our journalistic institutions. The launching of THE NATION coincided with the transition of newspapers from small-circulation party organs, dominated often by a famous figure in the editor's chair, to large corporate enterprises catering to mass audiences. The centenary of THE NATION arrives amidst the marvels of electronic communication, in a time of shrinking competition among newspapers on the local scene and increasing competition among all media for advertising revenue to subsidize their editorial efforts.

The independent journal of opinion struggles now, as it did in Godkin's time, to keep its head above the deep waters of financial ruin. The voice of conscience or dissent, either from the Left or from the Right, is a necessary part of orderly social change. The economics of mass-media enterprises and the sheer volume of stories on the same subjects all weigh heavily on the side of conformity. Worthwhile opinion, however, is not formulated in a vacuum. A flow of reliable information about the changes taking place in society is the *sine qua non* for even the most independent editorialist.

Thus, the day-to-day reportorial function of the general press remains indispensable to democratic survival. When social change is neither anticipated nor understood, it often bursts upon society in the form of violence and crisis. A public uninformed about the content and direction of change, the quality of the continuing revolution of man in his environment, is poorly equipped to cope with their implications.

In order to evaluate the performance of the press in meeting this responsibility, it is necessary to take note of how concepts of social change have altered during the period in which the mass media were evolving their new techniques. The idea that man might significantly influence his own fate, apart from the interventions of a Supreme Being or of natural law, is a relatively modern proposition. And the impact upon a philosophy of the press has been profound.

Nineteenth-century thinkers such as Marx and Darwin believed that the forces propelling our society were moving it in some inevitable, irresistible direction—for better or for worse. Social change was a preordained movement in which the current generation was fated merely to go along for the ride. Whether the eventual outcome was to be the "survival of the fittest" or the triumph of the proletariat, the emphasis was more upon the formulation of absolute truths rather than a search for the relative truths of the moment.

SUCH CONCEPTS had their impact upon the discourse taking place in the press. Newspaper editorialists might lecture on the evolution of man from his primitive to civilized state and magazine writers extol the standing order, but the ways in which man might be the master of his own destiny tended to be ignored in favor of elaborate theses regarding the ultimate power of destiny itself.

By contrast, the social theorists of the present age are inclined to place more emphasis on the temporal consequences of interactions between human beings and their man-made institutions. Society is described as moving from one state of equilibrium to the next, and there is a strong tendency to be wary of value judgments of any absolute kind.

The old view encouraged a literature of exhortation and agitation; the new puts a premium on study and analysis, the so-called "scientific" method with its empirical, skeptical approach to the mysteries of life. It is no accident that a corresponding shift in emphasis has been reflected in communications.

The most conspicuous press development from Godkin's day to this has been the elevation of the straight reportorial function, whether through the college-trained specialist permanently assigned to an intricate beat or through the technological miracle of a TV camera equipped with the capability for instant replay of important action. Correspondents and photographers in the field began to attract notice during the Civil War; Godkin himself covered the hostilities for the English press. But when Godkin started THE NATION, reporters and the newsgathering function of the press were still in a marginal stage. It was an era of editorialists rather than investigators, of strong-willed personalities as opposed to relatively self-effacing fact-finders. Giants like Bennett of *The World*, Raymond of *The Times* and Greeley of *The Tribune* put their own stamp upon events. William James could say of Godkin:

> To my generation, his was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has assuredly been more pervasive than that of any other writer of the generation, for he influenced other writers who never quoted him, and determined the whole current of discussion.

It is taking nothing away from the abilities of Godkin's modern counterparts with vastly larger resources at their disposal—a Walter Lippman or an Eric Sevareid, say—to point out that their efforts pale by such a comparison. They work in a different environment, for a different sort of press, speaking to new constituencies. Godkin practiced a journalism for the elite, an elite not far removed from the power structure of its time. The style was well suited to a nation still largely homogeneous and rural, where the church and handful of colleges dominated discourse. Government, as differentiated from politics, was a comparatively minor force in the daily affairs of the citizen. Finance and industry, relative to the behemoths formed by the end of the century, were still in human scale.

In this context, the Jeffersonian ideal of a free marketplace of ideas, one where the competition of all points of view could engage the attention of the public, was a congenial possibility. "The modern newspaper," wrote Godkin in 1865,

> . . . is the equivalent of the Greek *agora*, the only means possessed by the citizens of interchanging thought and concerting action. . . . "The facts" are not always before the public, it is true; but principles are; the experience of past ages is; and whenever government shows itself forgetful of these things, it is the duty of every editor, as at least representing his readers, to remind it of them.

The primary function of today's journalists is to get "the facts" before the public. Indeed, so far has the pendulum swung that now we worry about an information glut. And we grow increasingly concerned about our ability to draw the line between supposedly objective facts and opinions cloaked in the guise of facts. The readers' representative, nevertheless, is more and more the reporter out gathering information on the spot and seeking to make the meaning of his facts so clear that the public can make up its own mind and speak for itself. This is the end line of the trend that was only just beginning when

Godkin was writing his editor's creed.

Charles A. Dana, taking over the stewardship of *The Sun* three years after Godkin founded THE NATION, promised that his paper would "study condensation, clearness, point" in order to attract readers and would "endeavor to present its daily photograph of the whole world's doings in the most luminous and lively manner." The leverage for more readable and exciting coverage was provided by the masses of new potential newspaper readers thronging to the swiftly growing cities of post-bellum America. The development of telegraph and cable communication made on-the-spot reporting quickly available to the reader. The perfection of high-speed printing apparatus made the distribution of cheap, large-circulation dailies economically feasible. Between the Civil War and the First World War the circulation of the country's newspapers expanded four times as fast as its burgeoning population.

The newspaper explosion was both cause and effect of an increased emphasis on first-hand reporting of all the raw and often sordid aspects of a rapidly changing society. Vice and crime in the new urban centers, wholesale corruption in politics, the extravagant style of living among the entrepreneurs of America's Gilded Age provided zesty material for newspaper writers. The realism and excitement of their stories, in turn, whetted the appetites of a population eager to share new experiences, hungry for education about a strange environment and thrilled by stories of expanding frontiers and material opportunities. Freedom to report on a whole new range of news fronts was encouraged by the liberation of newspapers from their former political subsidies and the importance of growing circulation to a press now geared to advertising and subscription revenues.

The 19th-century NATION, which did not share in these new forms of prosperity, took a dim view of the cultural effects of popular journalism. Observed its editors a hundred years ago:

> We are ready to make proper allowances for the rapidity with which newspapers must be manufactured, but it becomes their managers seriously to consider the influence, good or bad, upon the public taste which they inevitably exert, and to remember that the repetition in their columns of colloquial vulgarities, of cant phrases, and of verbal absurdities, give to such enormities a certain respectability, and, by making them familiar, ensures their general adoption.

The warning was well taken. As this stricture is being copied from THE NATION's yellowed page, the TV set in the next room is blaring: "Winstons taste good like a cigarette should."

The innovations in journalism likewise raised problems of press responsibility, most of which are still being furiously debated. Yellow journalism—in Godkin's words, "silly, scandalous, indecent"—is the Devil's temptation to publishers who see human curiosity as something to titillate rather than edify. A professional ethic demanding the cultivation of the better instincts of the public, rather than catering to the worst, is a necessary counterweight to the ingenuity and technical skills of eager reporters. Ethics, however, did not loom large in the other power spheres of American life during the formative years of mass communication, and the consequences have not yet ended.

Yet it was realism in the news columns, plus the crusading spirit of the new press lords like Joseph Pulitzer, that awakened the American public to the economic and social excesses that marked the era. Zeal for reporting spread to magazines, and the muckrakers turned loose by *McClure's* and *Collier's* dug up mountains of documentation on exploitation by businessmen and politicians. The philosophy of the pragmatists who argued that investigation, not some fixed system of belief, is the key to truth was an appropriate backdrop for an investigative press laying bare the social consequences of a changing technology that tended to concentrate economic power.

THE REPORTING OF social change was itself buffeted by the forces that were putting new strains on society. The substitution of advertising for political subsidies exacerbated the problems of a press relying on loyalties other than those of its readers. The dilemma reached its ultimate form when first radio, then television adopted an economic structure in which the audience pays nothing directly for the communications it receives. The indirect costs sometimes run high. In the 20th century, the battles of reporters have been as much with their own managers or sponsors as with the sources of news.

The First World War caught the American press, like the nation, in a state of deep provincialism. Very little of the energies poured into covering the American scene had been harnessed to probe the world beyond the Atlantic and Pacific moats. After the forays of Hearst and Pulitzer to make circulation capital out of war in Cuba, the cost of foreign reportage seemed prohibitive and the returns less than promising from a public suspicious of Europe and blissfully unaware of even more distant parts of the world. The isolationism which survived far into the era of Hitler and Mussolini is an illustration of the power of the press to compound by its omissions the dangers of complacency.

Yet once more it was the reportorial activities of a small but talented band of correspondents roaming the foreign capitals of the thirties which sounded the first alarms of the Second World War. Their dispatches and their books, by going beyond diplomatic banalities and political routine, set the style for the analysis of personalities and interpretation of significant trends that some years later came to characterize all first-class foreign correspondence.

LOOKING BACK at the century, from E. L. Godkin's thundering moralisms to the more antiseptic tone of today's journalistic craftsmen, one sees the consistent pattern in the news: social upheavals, technological innovations, economic reorganization and political adjustment. Historians view such movement with the penetrating powers of hindsight. But journalists, whatever their medium, race against their deadlines in the fog of the here and now.

In monitoring the elusive passing scene, the press is committed to its hour-to-hour, day-by-day, week-to-week schedules. The focus of attention has expanded in one hundred years from the consolidation of the American continent to the pacification of the planet and even to probes of the cosmos. The scale grows larger, but the tyranny of time remains fixed. The journalist is often like a child building a sand castle on the fringe of an incoming tide; the task is hopeless, but irresistible. And the pressure of deadlines is only the most immediate of his problems.

In reporting change, one is easily trapped into exaggerating it. To a supporter of the *status quo*, change casts a frightening shadow. To the discontented, any promise of relief shines with hope. The observer who seeks to interpret these reactions walks in worlds of dark pessimism or false optimism, blacks and whites obscuring the grey of truth.

There is a disposition, too, among mortals to view the achievements or disasters of their particular period with special urgency. While the fault is only human, it accounts for the impression spread by the press that it is continually a quarter to midnight for some highly prized value. Crime in the streets, to cite one example, has been the object of newspaper crusades from the inception of urban living. We have grown more efficient in our collection of statistics, though the ability of the layman to interpret them has progressed less spectacularly. The gap between reality and the appearance of reality is often lost in our personal outrage with the only life we shall ever know at first hand.

This myopia works in an opposite direction as well. Ushering the dawn of a new year on January 4, 1866, THE NATION could peer into the future in a mood of exhilaration not untypical of far less critical publications:

> There has probably been no year since the first of the present era which the civilized world will have hereafter so much reason to remember as that which closed last Sunday night. . . . The guns that announced the downfall of the Confederacy announced not only that the civil war was over, but that modern society had entered on a new path; that the future of modern society was to be democratic and not monarchial or oligarchic; that the existing divisions of society were conventional and evanescent; that, in short, an opportunity had at last offered itself, and a people had been found to use it, to prove beyond question that Christian principles could be successfully applied to the solution of political problems not only without injury, but with immense advantage to material progress.

These sanguine prophecies were immediately followed by a financial panic, wholesale corruption in Washington, the agonies of Reconstruction, the rise of city slums and the organization of industrial oligarchies that seemed to defy all powers of control. A century and two World Wars later, editorial writers would mark the year of the atom bomb as surely no less memorable to the civilized world, although their prophecies tended to dwell on an immiment epoch of annihilation rather than vistas of human progress. The triumph or even the pertinence to the solution of political problems of "Christian principles" is less self-evident on today's Egyptian-Israeli border, or in the Congo, or amidst the ancient civilizations of Southeast Asia.

THE REPORTER slogging through the quicksands of social change must allow not only for the prejudices of his own deeply held convictions, but also for the special pleadings of each to whom he talks. The ability to stand outside one's own biases and to weigh the natural predilections of others is the mark of the professionally disciplined correspondent. But he is always the target of criticism from those who see the sweep of the story through their own particular filters.

Those who dig most aggressively for their stories tread a perilous line between the public's right to know and an individual's, or even a government's, right to privacy under certain circumstances. Godkin, himself, took a negative view of the personal interview as a source of news. He was worried not only by invasions of privacy, but by the possibility that a clever man interviewed by a less clever reporter might manipulate the occasion to his own advantage. The latter concern has been amply illustrated by the use and misuse of the calculated "leak" to the press. And as recently as the tragic events of President Kennedy's assassination the practice of television reporters sticking their microphones under the noses of the bereaved stimulated a great deal of justified revulsion.

It has become a bromide of journalism that one cannot appreciate the content of news apart from the persons who make it. *Time* revolutionized news coverage by its discovery that there was more to the individual's place in a story than a middle initial and street address; it also demonstrated that public reputations can be destroyed by the brush of descriptive adjectives. It is a technique especially tempting to a writer struggling with a story where editorial opinion runs high—and facts are running low.

At the opposite pole is the *rigor mortis* of blandness. The disappearance of newspaper competition during the most recent half-century has resulted, surprisingly, not so much in vigorous one-sidedness as in pallid no-sidedness about many of the issues plaguing local communities. Modern monopolists fear to offend anyone publicly, lest their own privileges be questioned. The reporter straining to correct injustice is frequently advised against rocking the boat and encouraged to water down his findings for family consumption. Since the stories crying loudest for exposure are also likely to irritate the "important" elements in local society, the effect is often to dampen the dialogue of change until it is too late for the voices of reason to be heard.

THESE OCCUPATIONAL hazards of reporting the new frontiers of the news are intensified by the growing complexity of what a reporter needs to know. When one pauses to consider that the contents of our university libraries are doubling themselves every twenty years or less, that a single invention such as the transistor can remake an entire industrial field in less than ten years, that today's wisps of news from abroad can be tomorrow's cataclysm, one begins to comprehend the scope of the reporter's problem.

What we have come to define as "news," in reality, is most often only the outward symptom of change. Even so-called "spot" news is usually the momentary manifestation of long-range basic forces. A tenement fire can be the spectacular consequence of unspectacular social conditions. A race riot erupts out of deep-seated tensions.

Good reporting deals increasingly with the underpart of the iceberg. The emphasis is increasingly on investigation, background, explanation. In years past a story about the problems of cities was likely to dwell on such relatively simple targets as the corruption of politicians or the greed of contractors. To write intelligently today on urban renewal, for example, involves the interrelationships of land utilization, transportation patterns, school policies, race relations, buying habits, recreational facilities, employment opportunities, etc., etc.

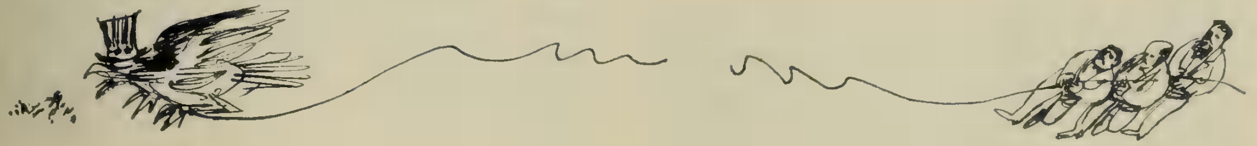
Reporters are only being human when they blanch at the magnitude and intricacies of some of their most important assignments. The herd instincts of the Washington press corps, for example, are a form of self-preservation. There is just too much to be covered, and so little time to do it. Often the result is a single story "line" that spreads through the press, the wire services, the networks, the columns. Then it reappears in the news magazines and newsletters and all the other secondary outlets of our massive communications apparatus.

A press speaking with one voice at a moment of a crisis may gladden the hearts of bureaucrats, but it is of doubtful benefit to a nation trying to clear its head for difficult decisions. When the decisions may be unprecedented, when the problems are not susceptible to simple solutions, that is the very moment for painful reappraisal. The nature of modern mass media invites monolithic attitudes when what is most needed is debate.

FORTUNATELY, OUR PRESS institutions have somehow managed to surmount all predictions that they would degenerate into bastions of the *status quo*. Controversy still sparks a glint in a city editor's eye. Perhaps it is only because we have an oppressive fear, as a people, of being thought dull. The run of the news sometimes seems almost excessively full of gloom and doom. As James Reston has pointed out, the most neglected stories are quiet accounts of unspectacular successes in meeting our daily problems.

Television, despite the soporific effects of mass doses of escape entertainment, has also lifted millions of Americans straight into the bulls-eye of vivid experience. It is impossible to estimate the impact of live coverage of the civil rights story, for example, on the shape of actual events. TV cameras turn even the most complacent into first-hand witnesses to both the brutality and beauty of human struggle. Such encounters write their own editorials. Popular magazines, breaking the taboos of our fathers, probe the most painful of our social tensions. Authors in the tradition of protest and dissent appear regularly in the periodical press, and paperbacks have given many of them enormous new audiences. America, in such circumstances, has developed a penchant for self-criticism. The levers of social change are grasped by politicians today almost as a matter of course—and not to thrust them into reverse. College professors stand up to statesmen in the very corridors of power; students picket their elders. The whole mix of American life, in spite of incredible problems at home and abroad, manages to maintain a bubbling ferment.

We are less dogmatic about change than any other nation on earth. By coincidence, the press of no other nation devotes such a major share of its substance to reporting the minute details of everyday life. The major news fronts for this press—education, poverty, race, health, automation, the developing societies of Asia, Africa and Latin America—are all deeply involved with social change. For all its limitations, the American press of 1965 provides its public the best documented and most up-to-date chronicle of its own society that the world has ever known.



BARBARA W. TUCHMAN

THE FIRST ANTI-IMPERIALISTS

Journalist and historian, Mrs. Tuchman was at one time an editorial assistant on THE NATION *and a correspondent for the British* New Statesman and Nation. *Her most recent book,* The Guns of August *(1962), was a best-seller.*

ALTHOUGH IN 1895 the name Anti-Imperialist had not yet come into use, President Cleveland was one in principle. Robustly opposed to expansion by America, he was no less ready to resist it by any other country. His Venezuela Message of 1895 emphatically asserting the Monroe Doctrine in defiance of Britain, touched off a burst of chauvinism and jingoism that revealed America in a mood of startling pugnacity. No question of gain, territorial or otherwise was involved in Venezuela; it was simply a question, as it seemed to Cleveland, of asserting an American right.

The surge of militancy evoked by the Venezuela Message shocked people who still thought of the United States in the terms of its founders, as a nation opposed to militarism, conquest, standing armies and all the other bad habits associated with the monarchies of the old world. This tradition was strongest in New England and stronger among the older generation—roughly those who were over 50 in 1890—than among the new. They were closer to Jefferson who had said, "If there is one principle more deeply rooted in the mind of every American, it is that we should have nothing to do with conquest." They took seriously the Declaration of Independence and its principle of just power deriving from the consent of the governed. They regarded the extension of American rule over foreign soil and foreign peoples as a violation of this principle and a desecration of the American purpose. The original American democracy was to them a torch, an ideal, an example of a brave new world that had set its face against the old. They wanted nothing to do with titles of rank and nobility, knee breeches, orders or any of the other insidious trappings of monarchy and when in the Navy the title of Admiral was first proposed, an officer fumed, "Call them Admirals? Never! They will be wanting to be Dukes next."

First-generation immigrants who had come to the United States beckoned by the American dream were as deeply devoted to the founding principles as those in whom they had been bred for generations. Some came out of the balked revolution of 1848, seeking Liberty, like Governor Altgeld's father and like Carl Schurz, now 66, who as journalist, editor, cabinet minister and senator, had been a power and reformer ever since Lincoln's administration. Some came to escape oppression or poverty and to seek opportunity, like the Scottish weaver who arrived in 1848 with his twelve-year-old son, Andrew Carnegie, or

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This article is condensed from a chapter in Mrs. Tuchman's forthcoming book *The Proud Tower; A Portrait of the World before the War, 1890-1914,* to be published at the end of the year.

like the Dutch-Jewish cigar maker who came from a London slum in 1863 with his thirteen-year-old son, Samuel Gompers. Some came like E. L. Godkin, editor of THE NATION and the New York *Evening Post,* not as a refugee from oppression but as a voluntary exile from the old world, lured by America as a living demonstration of the democratic ideal. To them, as to men whose ancestors had come in the 1630s, America was a new principle and they saw the new militancy as its betrayal.

GODKIN, FILLED WITH "anxiety about the country," determined to oppose the Cleveland message even at the risk of jeopardizing his paper with the "half-crazed public." Son of an English family settled since the 12th century in Ireland where he had been born and brought up, he had served as correspondent for English papers during the Crimean War and the American Civil War. He became editor of THE NATION when it was founded in 1865 by a group of forty stockholders who supplied $100,000 with the stated purpose of championing the laboring class, the Negro, the cause of popular education and "true democratic principles in society and government." In 1883, while remaining at THE NATION, he succeeded Carl Schurz as editor of the *Evening Post* and through the medium of these two organs made himself, as William James said, "a towering influence on all thought concerning public affairs."

He was a handsome, bearded, hot-tempered Celt, delighting in combat, brooding in melancholy, vivacious, pugnacious and a muckraker before Roosevelt invented the name. So unrelenting was his pursuit of corrupt practices by Tammany politicians that on one occasion they had him arrested for criminal libel three times in one day. James Russell Lowell agreed with the opinion of an English journalist that Godkin had made THE NATION "the best periodical in the world" and James Bryce, already famous as the author of *The American Commonwealth*, declared the *Evening Post* to be "the best paper printed in the English language." Closer to home opinion was hotter. Governor Hill of New York said he did not care about "the handful of mugwumps" who read the *Post* in New York City. "The trouble with the damned sheet is that every editor in New York State reads it." This was what accounted for Godkin's pervasive influence; that other makers of opinion took their opinions from him—though not, to be sure, all. "What fearful mental degeneracy results from reading it or THE NATION as a steady thing," wrote Theodore Roosevelt to Captain Mahan in 1893. Roosevelt tended to confuse the desire for peace with physical cowardice and harped curiously on this subject: "I abhor men like [Edward Everett] Hale and papers like the *Evening Post* and THE NATION in all of whom there exists absolute physical dread of danger and hardship and who therefore tend to hysterical denunciation and fear of war."

In 1895 Godkin was 64 and feared the future. The United States, he wrote to a friend, "finds itself in possession of enormous power and is eager to use it in brutal fashion against anyone who comes along without knowing how to do so and is therefore constantly on the brink of some frightful catastrophe." Indeed, as the United States had at this moment exactly one battleship in commission, Godkin was not unwarranted in thinking the Jingoes "absolutely crazy." He believed the new spirit of "ferocious optimism," as he strikingly described it, would lead to eventual disaster.

WILLIAM JAMES, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, was equally disquieted. "It is instructive to find," he wrote apropos of Venezuela, "how near the surface in all of us the old fighting spirit lies and how slight an appeal will wake it up. Once really waked, there is no retreat." More outspoken was his colleague at Harvard, Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Fine Arts and one of the forty stockholders who founded THE NATION. Regarded as the exponent and arbiter of culture in American life, Norton protested the war spirit at a meeting in the Shepard Memorial Church in Cambridge. "The shout of brutal applause, which has gone up from every part of this nation," he said, makes every rational lover of his country feel the "greatest apprehension" for the future.

The white-haired, slender, stoop-shouldered figure, the husky yet musical voice speaking in its Boston Brahmin accent, the charm of that "supremely urbane and gentle presence" was never so at home as when against the herd. Born in 1827, only a year after Jefferson and John Adams died, Norton represented the puritan and militantly liberal conscience of an older generation. He was the son of Andrews Norton, "Unitarian Pope" of New England and Professor of Sacred Literature at Harvard, who had married Catherine Eliot, daughter of a wealthy Boston merchant, and was himself descended through a long line of ministers from John Norton, a Puritan divine who had emigrated to America in 1635.

Norton believed in the dominance of an aristocratic class which to him meant a class founded not in land-owning but in a common background of culture, refinement, learning and manners. He saw it disappearing and protested regularly against encroaching vulgarity in his lectures. In parody of his manner a student said, "I propose this afternoon to make a few remarks on the hor-ri-ble vul-gar-ity of EVERYTHING." One of his students at Radcliffe in her diary for 1895 described him looking "so mildly happy and benignant . . . while he gently tells us it were better for us had we never been born in this degenerate and unhappy age."

Writing to Godkin about the Venezuela Message, Norton thought it made "a miserable end for this century" and had done much to increase the "worst spirit in our democracy . . . a barbaric spirit of arrogance and unreasonable self-assertion." What disturbed him more bitterly was the "deeper consideration" that the rise of democracy was not proving, after all, "a safeguard of peace and civilization" because it brought with it "the rise of the uncivilized whom no school education can suffice to provide with intelligence and reason." Norton felt the bitterness of a man who discovers his beloved to be not as beautiful—nor as pure—as he had believed. "I fear that America," he wrote to an English friend, "is beginning a long course of error and wrong and is likely to become more and more a power for disturbance and barbarism. . . . It looks as if the world were entering on a new stage of experience in which there must be a new discipline of suffering to fit men for the new conditions."

OCCASIONALLY, HOWEVER, Norton would allow himself moments of optimism when he suspected that the loss of the values he loved might be the cost of a compensating gain in human welfare. "There are far more human beings materially well off today than ever before in the history of the world," he wrote in 1896 and he could not resist the thought, "How interesting our times have been and still are!"

Thomas B. Reed of Maine, formerly Speaker of the House and now Republican Minority Leader, belonged to the same tradition. During the Venezuela crisis he said little publicly, kept the Republicans in the House under firm control and trusted to Cleveland's basic antipathy for foreign adventure which he shared, to withstand the Jingoes' eagerness to annex this and that. Reed believed that American greatness lay at home and was to be achieved by improving living conditions and raising political intelligence among Americans rather than by extending American rule over half-civilized peoples difficult to assimilate. To him the Republican Party was the guardian of this principle and expansion was "a policy no Republican ought to excuse much less adopt."

Following the Republican victory and election of McKinley, supported by THE NATION, in 1896, "Czar" Reed resumed the Speakership. Still firm in command of the Republican members, he could subdue any unhealthy lust among them for annexation but as Speaker he was bound to pilot Administration policy through the House. The question was, what *was* Administration policy: the soft reluctance of McKinley or the "outward" drive of Lodge and Roosevelt powered by the ideas of Mahan and the persuasions of the Sugar Trust? The answer came in June when a treaty of annexation was concluded with the Hawaiian Government, signed by McKinley and sent to the Senate for ratification. Although there was little likelihood of assembling two-thirds of the Senate in favor of it, the anti-expansionists were worried. Carl Schurz, whom McKinley, always anxious to please, had earlier assured of his lack of interest in Hawaii, faced him with the issue after dinner in the White House, over cigars. Very uncomfortable, McKinley pleaded that he had sent the treaty to the Senate only to get an expression of opinion. Nevertheless Schurz left with a heart "heavy with evil forebodings." In England the *Spectator* said somewhat nervously that the treaty marked "an end to the historic policy of the Republic since its foundation . . . and will mean its gradual evolution into a less peaceful and possibly militant power."

WITH THE SHRIEKS of the newspapers mounting over the "butcheries" of Spain and over the spirit of '76 reborn in the cry *Cuba Libre!*, the country was becoming increasingly excited. Reed regarded the Hearst-fabricated furor over Spain's oppression of Cuba with contempt and Republican espousal of Cuba's cause as hypocrisy. He saw his party losing its moral integrity and becoming a party of political expediency in response to the ignorant clamor of the mob. Without compunction he suppressed a resolution recognizing the belligerence of the "Republic" of Cuba. He took to the magazines to argue against expansion in an article whose title, "Empire Can Wait," became a rallying cry for the opponents of Hawaii's annexation. It spoke the awful name; as yet the outright words "empire" and "imperialism," which connoted the scramble for Africa then at its peak among the European powers, were not being used in the United States. James Bryce, perhaps the only Englishman who could have been allowed to give advice, urged Americans to have nothing to do with a policy of annexation. America's remote position and immense power, he wrote in the *Forum,* freed her from the burden of armaments crushing the European powers. Her mission in the world was "to show the older peoples and states an example of abstention from the quarrels and wars and conquests that make up so large and lamentable a part of the annals of Europe." To yield to the "earth-hunger" now raging among the European states would be "a complete departure from the maxims of the illustrious founders of the republic."

On February 15, 1898, the United States armored cruiser *Maine* blew up and sank in the harbor of Havana with the loss of 260 lives. Although the cause of the explosion was never ascertained, it was impossible in the mood of the time to assume other than a dastardly Spanish plot. The proponents of war burst into hysteria; the peace-minded were outshouted. McKinley hung back, but fearful of a split in his party, soon gave way to clamor. Speaker Reed did not. During the two months while negotiations aimed at forcing Spain into war were being pursued, he did his best to hold back the wave, limiting time for debate and quashing resolutions recognizing Cuban independence. When Senator Proctor who owned marble quarries in Vermont made a strong speech for war, Speaker Reed commented, "Proctor's position might have been expected. A war will make a large market for gravestones." He was attacked by the pro-war press and his rulings aroused resentment in the House which, on the whole, like the country, wanted war. "Ambition, interest, land-hunger, pride, the mere joy of fighting, whatever it may be," acknowledged the Washington *Post,* "we are animated by a new sensation. . . . The taste of Empire is in the mouth of the people even as the taste of blood in the jungle." War on Spain was declared on April 25.

On April 30 Admiral Dewey's squadron of four cruisers and two gunboats steamed into Manila Bay and with a day's bombardment, loosed by the classic order, "You may fire when ready, Gridley," destroyed or put out of action all ten ships of the Spanish squadron as well as the shore batteries. Never had the country felt such a thrill of pride. "Greatest Naval Engagement of Modern Times" was one headline. People went wild with excitement and hero-worship.

A NEW PROBLEM suddenly faced the country which none but a few had thought of: what to do about the Philippines. The American people on the whole, as Mr. Dooley said, did not know whether they were islands or canned goods and even McKinley confessed "he could not have told where those darned islands were within 2,000 miles." The disciples of Mahan knew well enough where they were and what must become of them. Within four days of Dewey's victory Lodge wrote, "We must on no account let the islands go. . . . The American flag is up and it must stay." Since there had been a Filipino independence movement in existence for thirty years for which many had fought and suffered prison, exile and death, Senator Lodge's simple solution took little account of the consent of the governed.

In America the outbreak of a war to be carried to the enemy and posing no danger to the homeland, did not silence but galvanized the war's opponents. Suddenly they became an entity with a name: the Anti-Imperialists. Professor Norton, now over 70, brought upon himself torrents of abuse and threats of violence to his house and person by urging his students not to enlist in a war in which "we jettison all that was most precious of our national cargo." Although an Irish politician of Boston proposed to send a lynching party for him and the press called him a "traitor" and even Senator Hoar denounced him, Norton's grief at his country's course was too great to be contained. At a meeting of the Congregational Church in Cambridge he spoke of how bitter it was that now, at the end of a century which had seen the greatest advance in knowledge and the hope of peace, America should be turning against her ideals and "plunging into an unrighteous war."

OTHERS IN BOSTON spoke out. Moorfield Storey, President of the Massachusetts Reform Club and Civil Service Reform League, and a former President of the American Bar Association, was one; Gamaliel Bradford, a rampant critic of government known for his one-man crusades through a flow of letters to newspapers, was another. The first Story (minus the "e") had settled in Massachusetts in 1635 and Bradford was descended from the first Governor of the Plymouth Colony. Together they assembled a meeting of protest as Faneuil Hall and here on June 15, 1898, three days after Aguinaldo in the Philippines issued a declaration of independence, the Anti-Imperialist League was founded. Its president was the 80-year-old Republican George S. Boutwell, former Senator from Massachusetts and former Secretary of the Treasury under President Grant. Its stated purpose was not to oppose the war as such but to insist that having been undertaken as a war of liberation, it not be turned into one for empire. The quest for power, money and glory abroad, the League maintained, would distract from reform at home and bring in its train a strong central government destructive of traditional states' rights and local liberties. Americans had enough to do to solve the problems of municipal corruption, war between capital and labor, disordered currency, unjust taxation, the use of public office for spoils, the rights of the colored people in the South and of the Indians in the West, before taking alien peoples under their rule.

These were the problems that absorbed reformers many of whom, together with independents and dissenters of various kinds and distinguished Democrats who had perforce become the anti-expansion party, now banded together under the banner of the League. Its 41 vice-presidents soon included ex-President Cleveland, his former Secretary of War William Endicott and former Secretary of the Treasury, Speaker Carlisle, Senator "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman, President David Starr Jordan of Stanford, President James B. Angell of the University of Michigan, Jane Addams, Andrew Carnegie, William James, Samuel

Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and numbers of other congressmen, clergymen, professors, lawyers and writers. The novelist William Dean Howells thought the war "an abominable business" and when his friend Mark Twain came home from an extended trip abroad, he became a member of the league.

On the side of the Anti-Imperialists was a strong sentiment, growing out of the troubles with the Negroes after the Civil War, of reluctance to take on new colored populations. Nothing but more trouble would accrue, said Godkin harshly in THE NATION, from "dependencies inhabited by ignorant and inferior races" with whom Americans had no union "other than would be necessary for purposes of carpet-baggery and corruption." Carl Schurz used the same argument against the Isthmian Canal, saying that "once fairly started on a career of aggrandizement" the imperialists would insist that the canal be bordered on both sides by American territory and would want to annex countries "with a population of 13,000,000 Spanish-Americans mixed with Indian blood" who would flood Congress with 20 Senators and 50 or 60 Representatives. Hawaii, where orientals greatly outnumbered the whites, posed the same threat.

THE ANTI-IMPERIALISTS did not sweep up with them the Populists and followers of William Jennings Bryan and those soon to be known as Progressives. While these groups opposed standing armies, big navies and foreign entanglements and were in theory anti-imperialist, anti-militarist and anti-European, they were simultaneously imbued with a fever to fight Spain as a cruel European tryant stamping out liberty at America's doorstep. Bryan called for war as loudly as Theodore Roosevelt and in sincere flattery, if less promptly, had himself appointed Colonel of the Third Nebraska Volunteers, too late to see action in Cuba.

The Battle of Santiago in July brought the war in Cuba to an end. Since it had been undertaken with the stated purpose of "liberating" the Cubans from Spanish rule, annexation would have been awkward. But as fruit of conquest Puerto Rico, at least, was available. Required to renounce Cuba and cede the smaller neighbor, Spain was eliminated from the Western Hemisphere. Preliminary peace terms were signed in Washington on August 12 leaving the more troublesome question of the Philippines to be negotiated by peace commissioners who were to meet in Paris to conclude a final settlement.

At home the Anti-Imperialists through meetings, protests, speeches, articles, petitions and public conferences were attempting to hold their country back from plucking the archipelago in the Pacific which seemed to glow with the fatal evil of the apple in the Garden of Eden. Carl Schurz urged McKinley to turn the Philippines over as a mandate to a small power such as Belgium or Holland so that the United States could remain "the great neutral power of the world." In France it was the "Dreyfus summer" and Americans, too, in those months felt that their country had reached a moment critical for its character and future. In public and private the debate raged whether to keep the Philippines or turn them back to self-government by the Filipinos. A three-day conference on foreign policy to consider "some of the most momentous problems in the history of the Republic" was convened at Saratoga in August by leaders in public life both for and against expansion. The favored theme of the expansionists which called forth their most energetic arguments was a vision of the vast untapped markets of the Orient with their limitless opportunities for American enterprise. Speaking for the Anti-Imperialists, Henry Wade Rogers, President of Northwestern University and Chairman of the Conference on opening day, forcefully made the point that it was not necessary to annex territory in order to trade with it. But he could not summon passion equal to Judge Grosscup, notorious as the man who had issued the injunction in the Pullman strike, who delivered an exuberant paean to "the new career of commercial activity upon which I trust we are about to enter." The Philippines must be retained, in addition to Puerto Rico and Hawaii, so that the United States would have "clear across the Pacific a line of naval stations and home ports in every sense our own," leading to Asia, a whole continent with "doors swinging inward that will lead us to one half the desirable territory and one third the population of the earth." Samuel Gompers spoke against conquest of foreign lands not only as a betrayal of American principles but as a danger to the standards of American wage-earners. Strange combinations were wrought in the cause of Anti-Imperialism. When at a later meeting in Chicago Gompers declared that retention of the Philippines would show that "our war was without just cause," Andrew Carnegie sent him a telegram of congratulations saying, "Let us stand together to save the Republic."

THE ANNEXATIONIST tide was too strong. At Paris the United States demanded "cession of the whole Archipelago," coupled with offer of a token payment to Spain of $20,000,000 to grease the acceptance of the inevitable. On December 10 the Treaty of Paris was signed transferring sovereignty of the Philippines to the United States with the $20,000,000 to follow upon ratification. "We have bought ten million Malays at $2.00 a head unpicked," remarked Reed acidly, and in the most prescient comment made by anyone at the time, he added, "and nobody knows what it will cost to pick them."

That winter in the Senate's battle over ratification of the Treaty of Paris, the Republicans needed every vote they could collect to muster the necessary two-thirds majority. In the delicate balance that prevailed, the most important issue since Secession depended on the votes of one or two vacillating Senators. Suddenly Bryan arrived in Washington and to the amazement of his followers urged them to vote *for* the treaty. Preparing to run again for President in 1900 he realized he could not win on a repetition of the silver issue and was perfectly prepared to give it up in favor of Imperialism, a new crown of thorns. To make acquisition of the Philippines a raging issue, it had to be consummated first. Consequently, he told his party, it would not do to defeat the treaty. Besides, he argued comfortingly, to ratify the treaty would end the war.

At this moment the Filipinos rose in their own war of independence. Their forces attacked the American lines outside Manila on the night of February 4. In Washington the news intensified the frenzied speculation over the vote on the treaty but no one could be certain what effect it would have. A last-minute petition signed by ex-President Cleveland, President Eliot of Harvard and twenty-two other men of national prominence was addressed to the Senate, protesting the treaty unless it included a provision against annexing the Philippines and Puerto Rico. "In accordance with the principles upon which our Republic was founded we are in duty bound to recognize the rights of the inhabitants . . . to independence and self-government," it said, and pointed out that if, as McKinley had once declared, the forcible annexation of Cuba would be "criminal aggression by our code of morals, annexation of the Philippines would be no less so."

When the Senate voted on February 6 Bryan's work told: the treaty won by a one-vote margin. "The way the country puked up its ancient principles at the first touch of temptation was sickening," wrote William James in a private letter. The saddest thing for such men was the parting with the American dream. "We are false to all we have believed in," wrote Moorfield Storey. "This great free land which for more than a century has been a refuge to the oppressed of every land, has now turned to oppression."

Hearing the sound of "ignoble battle" coming "sullenly over the Pacific seas," William Vaughn Moody wrote his "Ode in a Time of Hesitation" which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in May, 1900. Are we still the "eagle nation" he asked, or

> Shall some less lordly bird be set apart?
> Some gross-billed wader where the swamps are fat?
> Some gorger in the sun? Some prowler with the bat?

This was the conscience of the few, felt too by Godkin who in his disillusion said a strange and clairvoyant thing at this time. "The military spirit," he wrote to Moorfield Storey in January, 1900, "has taken possession of the masses to whom power has passed."

In the election of 1900 the Anti-Imperialists were caught in an agonizing dilemma. McKinley represented the party of imperialism; Bryan, in Carl Schurz's words, was "the evil genius of the anti-imperialist cause." Nevertheless his reasoning had succeeded and as he was necessarily the champion of the Philippine cause, the Anti-Imperialists had nowhere else to go. They were called the "Hold-your-nose-and-vote" group but even by this technique Bryan could not be made acceptable to THE NATION. Opposed to McKinley because of imperialism and to Bryan as irresponsible, it scolded both and supported neither.

The campaign represented the zenith of the Anti-Imperialists' effort but they were hampered by a tarnished candidate and a cause out of joint with the time. What a people thinks at any given time can best be measured by what they do. McKinley and Roosevelt were elected by 53 per cent of the votes cast and with a greater margin over Bryan than in 1896. Expansion and conquest were accepted and the break with the American past confirmed. Still at war in the Philippines, America moved into the 20th century.

Professor Norton voiced the elegy of the Anti-Imperialists. "I reach one conclusion," he wrote to a friend, "that I have been too much of an idealist about America, had set my hopes too high, had formed too fair an image of what she might become. Never had a nation such an opportunity; she was the hope of the world. Never again will any nation have her chance to raise the standard of civilization."

IN QUEST OF SANDINO

Imperialism Still Rides

CARLETON BEALS

Stalwart anti-imperialist and adventurous journalist, the author made and found news for THE NATION *and other publications in Spain, Italy and Latin America. His fortieth book,* War Within a War, *will be published shortly.*

I

THROUGHOUT the vast Latin-American world, this century's outstanding popular hero is Augusto C. Sandino who for six years (1927-33) fought for the independence of Nicaragua against foreign invasion by the most powerful military nation in history—the United States. His David-Goliath exploits are the theme of song and ballads. He is celebrated in articles, biographies and novels. His ghost has haunted every Pan American reunion and every good-will emissary from Hoover to Nixon.

His fame reaches far beyond Latin America. Humble folk from Capetown to Jakarta know his name and its meaning, though few know the name of the American President or the carpet-bag generals who carried on undeclared war against him and were ultimately responsible for the massacres perpetrated by American aviators which made the names of Chinandega and Ocotal bywords of infamy all over the world—except in the United States.

Indeed, at the time, the people of the United States were less informed about what was really going on in Nicaragua than were Chinese coolies. Not till much later did the U.S. Senate investigate the cesspool of dishonesty, bribery, State Department collusion, and wholesale murder which lay at the bottom of our intervention.

The American press, echoing the official Washington propaganda line, was unaware that our bayonet-and-dollar diplomacy was facing up to its first real challenge. How could events in a despicable little banana republic affect our national destinies? The press branded Sandino as "a bandit" and "an outlaw," and made no attempt to get his side of the story.

The dilemma of the American press was stated bluntly by the *Review of Reviews* in April, 1928: "The American public had no information about the Nicaraguan chief [Sandino] except what came from government sources. The State Department and Marine officials call him a bandit and outlaw, and many newspapers have accepted those terms . . . What sort of a man is he? What actually is he trying to do? The first effort to answer this question has been made by the *Nation* [which] . . . commissioned Carleton Beals to interview him."

On January 5, 1928 (Thursday) eight months after Sandino began his heroic struggle, on entering the cable office on San Juan de Letran Street in Mexico City at 4:40 P.M. I was handed a wire from Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of THE NATION:

CAN YOU PROCEED IMMEDIATELY NICARAGUA FOR NATION SENDING EXCLUSIVE STORIES AMERICAN POLICY MARINE RULE POPULAR FEELING ETCETERA, REACHING SANDINO IF POSSIBLE. TRIP POSSIBLY OCCUPY A MONTH. CAN OFFER A HUNDRED A WEEK AND EXPENSES. WIRE COLLECT.

II

It was high time that somebody obtained Sandino's side of the story. Either his accusations should be disproved, or American policy should be rectified. In any case, the traditional American respect for free access to news and its free dissemination needed to be restored. Official news handouts, even if well-intentioned, are never the whole truth, regardless of what government puts them forth.

My one question on receiving Villard's cable was whether I had any chance of carrying out the assignment successfully. I sat down at one of the cable office desks and did some hard thinking. Then I stuffed the message into my pocket and walked around the block.

Two years before this I had been through part of Central America and knew my way around, though I had seen only one corner of that wondrously beautiful land known as Nicaragua (after its early Indian inhabitants), considerably larger than England, yet with only 700,000 people. Even before getting Villard's wire, I had put out feelers about going there and had all but been told to keep out. Would I be permitted to land? If I were, could I get my information out? Also I knew something about the obstacles in adjacent countries. The dangers of travel in difficult country and in a war zone where American planes were bombing indiscriminately did not particularly preoccupy me. The one big question was whether Sandino would receive me. He had little reason to love Americans, and if half the stories about him were true, he would shoot me.

I returned to the cable office. By five o'clock my reply to Villard was winging north: WILL GLADLY GO LEAVING HERE SATURDAY VIA GUATEMALA. GATES TO SANDINO OPEN BUT UNADVISABLE ANNOUNCE THIS PARTICULAR FACT BEFOREHAND FOR IT WOULD INCREASE RISK SPOIL CHANCES. EYE ESTIMATE FIVE WEEKS NECESSARY. ADVISABLE WIRE ME FIVE HUNDRED TOMORROW.

I realized that charges of disloyalty would be leveled against me. Later a few brickbats did come, but mostly from the Mississippi mud bottoms and the slums of white Texas women's clubs. My firm belief was that the disloyal people were those who prevented the public from learning the facts and had caused the good name of the country to be damaged by using their powerful official positions to promote improper ideals and collect unsavory loans. I believed that the real enemies of the United States were those endangering our friendship with the whole vast region of Latin America.

And so, rightly or wrongly, far from considering myself disloyal, I looked upon myself as a true patriot. Furthermore it was not a crime—as it is now—for a citizen or newspaper man to visit a country considered out of bounds by the State Department and try to provide the public with reliable non-official information.

After getting Villard's wire, I had dinner at Prendes with my friend Howard Phillips, editor of *Mexican Life*, then saw Dr. León. About sixty, with spiky close-cropped hair and a boyish freckled face, he had been a Venezuelan diplomat and educator. Years ago, he had been asked by Dictator Vicente Gómez to be Minister of Education. He declined and the next day a policeman took him off to the dreadful Rotunda torture chamber, where he had been held at hard labor for nine years with a seventy-pound ball and chain. In spite of this ordeal, he looked and acted like a man in his early thirties.

Enthusiastic over my mission, at once he prepared letters for Sandino and others and gave me credentials.

He warned me of the difficulties I might have even before I reached Nicaragua. It filled me with some incredulity that all the obstacles should come from the American side, not that of the enemy. The occupation forces should be the first to wish the truth to get out if our cause were so holy. Why the frantic effort to clamp down on all information?

The best route I believed—and León agreed—was to go through the lines from the Honduras side. I might be unable to get through the American lines, an effort would be made to stop me, and Sandino would be suspicious of anybody arriving directly from the American camp. I would then return to Honduras, file my stories, and go to Nicaragua, not by the regular ports, but across the Gulf of Fonseca and through Chinandega, one of the bombed cities. I had seen the photographs of mangled bodies in the debris of that town, and wished to check on things.

III

Augusto C. Sandino was born in May, 1893, in Niquinohomo, son of Gregorio Sandino, a well-to-do coffee-grower, and Margarita Calderón, a girl of the people. He was raised by a girl of his own social status, America Tifer—whom his father subsequently married—along with his half-brother Socrates. Between Augusto and Socrates there was always an imperishable bond of deep love.

Augusto was put through what went for high school in Nicaragua, then took up farming. He organized the local farmers into a cooperative to make them independent of commission merchants and loan sharks and thereby came into conflict with the dominant and ruthless loan agent of the region—José María Moncado.

Augusto was forced out and went north to New Segovia where he worked in British and American mines. Saving his money, he went to Mexico in 1923, where he worked for three years in the Tampico oil fields and apparently for a short time in the United States. He attracted some attention because he was a vegetarian, and did not smoke or drink. It was untrue, as Stimson had given out, that he had been a member of Pancho Villa's band and had participated in the attack on Columbus, New Mexico. By 1923 Villa had long since laid down his arms.

Sandino returned to Nicaragua in July, 1926, and joined the revolt against the illegal Chamorro-Díaz dictatorship. The U.S. Marines landed and stalemated every success. When Sacasa, the ousted Vice-President, who now had the only legal claim to the presidency of the country, landed in Puerto Cabezas early in December, with several boatloads of military supplies secretly supplied by the Mexican government, and set up constitutional government, Sandino asked him for guns and ammunition, claiming he could rally the farmers and miners of New Segovia to the Sacasa cause. Moncado opposed this, but Sacasa gave Sandino what he wanted and appointed him northern army chief, though Sandino was then only thirty-one.

On December 23, Admiral J. H. Latimer, in charge of the U.S. battleships on the Atlantic side, landed Marines and bluejackets in Puerto Cabezas and began disarming Sacasa's men and the police. Sacasa was ordered to get out of the port, which was declared a "neutral zone." He refused to budge, and he and his cabinet were held virtually incommunicado until the Tipitapa betrayal.

Sandino, however, slipped out with his men and arms into the swamps and made his way, suffering great ordeals and several disastrous attacks, up the great Coca River (Segovia River) to the northern mountains. Gradually he cleared the Conservative forces out of the area and took over Jinotega, the coffee center, about the time Moncada appeared to the south close to Managua.

Sacasa was allowed to send delegates to the Tipitapa conferences. They refused to sign the agreement drawn up by Stimson, which was accepted May 4 by Moncado and his "generals," all except Sandino who slipped back to Jinotega. On May 7, Sacasa deplored "the fact that the government of the United States, departing from the principles of justice and forgetting the true interests of a weak country in order . . . to sustain a regime born of a coup d'état, has not only violated and broken into pieces the constitution of the Republic but also the Central American Treaty signed in Washington, D.C."

The manner of disarming the Liberal army was agreed upon May 11. Sacasa, from his capital and Marine prison, still refused to accept the surrender; he never did, but on May 23 rather ignominiously folded up his tents after being secretly promised $30,000 and the ambassadorship in Washington. This would probably never have been known had he not later complained bitterly that he got only $6000 of the money.

In any event, as early as May 15, Stimson cabled the State Department that the objections of the constitutional government didn't matter, since its members had done no actual fighting, and would not fight. By then figurehead president Adolfo Díaz had dutifully turned the Nicaraguan constabulary over to a Marine official. The entire country was, apparently, now in the hands of the United States, and Stimson began his wire to Secretary of State Kellogg, "The Civil War in Nicaragua is now definitely ended."

Moncado had not told Stimson that he expected Sandino to deliver his weapons separately in Jinotega. Stimson would have had to have seen inside Sandino's head to have known that though the civil war was ended, the war of national independence had just begun. Indeed the following day, May 16, 800 Liberals under Juan Cabulla attacked the Marines, not the Conservative forces, near Chinandega, causing deaths and casualties. Cabulla soon offered to surrender and was killed by a Marine officer when he did. Within two months (July 16) Sandino answered an insulting ultimatum from Captain G. D. Hatfield, Marine commandant of strongly fortified Ocotal, by attacking and occupying the entire town except the barracks after fifteen hours of continuous fighting. Five U.S. planes came over and pretty well smashed up the place. The killing of between two hundred and three hundred was claimed. Ocotal became a byword of infamy throughout the continent, and from then on the name of Sandino fired the imagination of the world. His mountain fortress of El Chipote, which he managed to hold for eight months, became as much a symbol of bravery and human liberty as Bunker Hill and Chapultepec.

IT WAS TOWARD that stronghold I was headed when I set out from Mexico City that Saturday night of January 7, 1928.

The manager of the cable office had kindly promised to see that I got my money from THE NATION that afternoon. He counted out five hundred dollars in $20 American gold pieces, which I stowed away in the leather belt against my skin which I had bought to hold my money and documents, for it was then too late to get the gold pieces changed. But I had enough to pay my fare to Cordoba, the junction point of a branch rail line connecting up at Tierra Blanca with the Vera Cruz-Central American line.

I was routed out of the Pullman at Cordova at an ungodly hour. A tousle-headed Indian boy seized my bags. I gave him a $20 gold piece, told him to get it changed at the best rate when the offices opened, buy me a ticket to Suchiate on the Guatemala frontier, and have my bags on board the train before it left. I went to the hotel and had a leisurely breakfast, then wandered around the city for several hours.

There was another long wait for connections in Tierra Blanca in the jungles, a hot Mexican meal in a little oilcloth restaurant. Our train crawled down the east coast, we crossed the Isthmus, then down the semi-arid Pacific coast. Two days later, the emerald-green wall of jungle and the steep roofs of Ayutla loomed on the far side of the Suchiate River —so sharp is the division between the rain-forest magnificence of Guatemala and the almost rainless flat-roofed dreariness of the Mexican Chiapas littoral.

IV

The courier taking me to Sandino's camp, General Rivas, was a roughneck who inspired me with scant confidence. On our train trip to La Union in eastern Salvador, we were shadowed by a Nicaraguan police spy, and at the port we were seized and searched. I saved my credentials by a ruse and my money-belt was not found, but I lost Zamora's letters, my notes and loose money. We expected more trouble in Honduras.

The Gulf of Fonseca, which we crossed by launch, is one of the world's finest harbors, a true prize of empire, dotted with fair islands and fringed by lofty densely wooded mountains. By numerous treaties, rights in the gulf are held by three countries, Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua. But by armed invasion of Nicaragua and an imposed government, the United States now held a dubious ninety-nine year military lease. But the long ride for hours across that purple-green sea, after the mauling in La Union, was a gorgeous inspiration. Then in Amapala, the Honduran port of entry, General Rivas was arrested.

I was in no position to help him, and he was deported to Nicaragua where, to avoid being shot, he divulged all he knew about the Sandino underground and my plans. But by the time the Chief of Police of Tegucigalpa, the highland capital, came to arrest me, I was well on my way to the frontier.

My new guide, provided by Froylán Turcios, was another general, Santos Siqueiros, a marked man later executed. Years before he had been put on an American battleship and dumped in Guatemala. Arrogant and fiery, he was a difficult traveling companion, but resourceful and energetic. We holed up in the servants' quarters of a friendly third-class hotel, sewed our credentials in our saddle-blankets, and slipped out of the capital on Sunday, January 21, two weeks after I had left Mexico. We rode through rain and mud, snatching a few hours' sleep each night in half-open Indian huts. Sometimes our hosts had food. In the end, we had to abandon our horses and belongings and flounder ahead on foot. From the coffee town of Danlí, avoiding frontier patrols, we moved on toward the Depilto Cordillera.

We went on south, presently were escorted by forces rejoining Sandino. Though sometimes the Marines were on the opposite ridge, the Sandinistas camped unconcernedly. Guitars thrummed. In one settlement we danced. It would require a day or more to hack through the intervening valley jungle. Riding within a few miles of the Marine stronghold of Jinotega, I reached San Rafael on a warm star-studded night. Sandino agreed to see me at 4 A.M.

Most of the night I spent with Sandino's staff. Several officers were rude, tough *guerrilleros* who had fought all their lives, but most were cultivated men, several with extensive European military training, who had held responsible positions. One was a prominent writer. Our talk was about the occupation, international affairs, Paris, literature, poetry, art. A surprising entourage for a "bandit."

I talked with Sandino most of the morning and left at noon, escorted toward the American lines by a young colonel, a member of the chamber of deputies not allowed to take his seat. The following day we rode through Darío, birthplace of the great poet, along the main highway to Sebaco, a few hours by car from the capital. I was unable to get transportation until the following noon, for every car was jammed with people fleeing from Matagalpa and Jinotega, fearing a Sandino attack. Most were well-dressed upper-class people.

In Managua, which I entered unchallenged, I bought clean clothes and put up at the Hotel Lupone. That was February 5. I cabled Freda Kirchwey, borrowed the hotel-keeper's typewriter and set to work pounding out my stories. Two days later an army intelligence officer tried to browbeat me. How had I gotten into Nicaragua? He warned me not to try to see Sandino. I got rid of him with a cock-and-bull story and worked all night.

In the morning I mailed my articles to THE NATION, duplicates to my parents in California to be forwarded, and deposited a third set and the record of my talk with the highhanded Army Intelligence with a small storekeeper whose name had been given me as a Sandino sympathizer.

My wire to Freda gave a few words about my trip. FIRST AND ONLY AMERICAN ONLY FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT EVER SECURING INTERVIEW. GREAT STORY. ANNOUNCEMENT IN ORDER. In the morning, Freda cabled back: STAFF DELIGHTED SUCCESS YOUR GRAND ADVENTURE EAGERLY AWAITING STORIES. CABLE PROBABLE TITLES NUMBER MAILING DATE OF FIRST.

Through THE NATION, Sandino sent a reply to an ultimatum from Admiral Sellers (never made known to the public) that Sandino surrender or be destroyed. Sandino addressed him: "Mr. D. F. Sellers, Representative of American Imperialism in Nicaragua. . . . The only way this struggle can be ended is by the immediate withdrawal of the invading forces from our territory." He demanded a non-political provisional president and supervision of elections not by Marines but by Latin American representatives. He was already pledged to lay down his arms the day the Marines withdrew, never to participate in any civil war, and never to accept any public office. To the United States Senate, he protested against "continued barbarism . . . such as the recent total destruction of Quilali," one of the ninety towns, villages and settlements reportedly destroyed, chiefly by air bombardment. I found Sandino intimately conversant with the financial deals of the invaders, and he advocated a transoceanic canal built on a just basis safeguarding the rights of the Nicaraguan people and the other defrauded Central American countries.

My first article appeared February 22. The series was reprinted by the *Herald Tribune* of New York and other large papers elsewhere; by leading journals all over Europe, including *El Sol* in Madrid; by nearly every newspaper throughout the continent, even small country journals and in most weekly and monthly magazines, also in most countries in the Orient. It was translated into Japanese, Chinese, Arabic, Russian, Polish, Italian, nearly all languages. The only country where it was not allowed to appear was Nicaragua.

The dreary struggle went on for years longer. In Managua, the hand-picked congress gagged at adopting the McCoy election law which set aside the Nicaraguan constitution, so Adolfo Díaz put it into effect by decree, giving McCoy full military powers. Under such illegal conditions, Moncado was duly inducted into office. Four years later, after similar elections, Sacasa, who since being kicked out of Puerto Cabezas had been a good boy, was put into the presidency. That was January 1, 1933. The next day the last Marine embarked.

At once Sandino laid down his arms. He was allowed to retain a guard of 100 men and his followers were granted virgin lands on the Coco River. There they cleared the jungle, built houses, planted crops and started industries. Though provocative raids, killing peaceful citizens, were made by the National Guard, headed by General Anastasio Somoza (a ruffian groomed by Marine officials to uphold the constitution and democracy) Sandino refused to retaliate, telling his followers he preferred to leave the country rather than engage in civil strife.

A year later he was invited to the capital by President Sacasa. After dining at the National Palace, he and two aides were taken out of the car of the Minister of Agriculture by national guard members, rushed to the airfield and shot, along with a small boy who had the bad luck to witness the murders. Another group machine-gunned the minister's home, murdering Socrates Sandino. The five bodies were dumped in an unknown grave.

The orders for the seizure of Sandino had been given at a meeting of Somoza and his staff a few hours earlier. Though the names of the actual assassins were well-known, and they gleefully displayed their trophies, the gold teeth, hair and trinkets of the victim, around Managua, no effort was made to punish them.

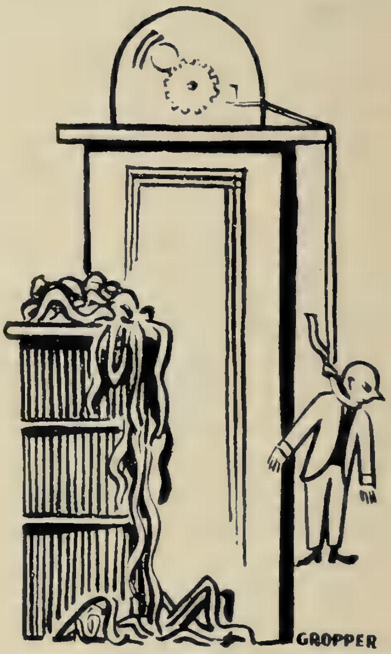
Three years later, Somoza turned his guns on the National Palace, drove Sacasa out, installed a provisional president just long enough to receive the Cross of Valor, the Medal of Distinction, and the Presidential Medal of Merit, then took over the country for twenty-five years of brutal dictatorship during which time he gathered in a large share of the country's wealth. So ended the quarter century of Marine training in democracy—destroyed by the chief pupil.

But if Sandino failed to bring the freedom to his people which he hoped would result from independence, the world-wide condemnation of American military invasion influenced the withdrawal of Marines and customs collectors from Nicaragua, Haiti and the Dominican Republic, a change of policy that paved the way for the Good Neighbor era and the cooperation of Latin America during World War II. In that struggle Latin America made tremendous sacrifices, sending us raw materials at pre-war prices, holding the wage line in spite of fantastic inflation that brought misery to millions. Without those materials sent north in friendly cooperation, the war would have been prolonged for years, the final issue in doubt. And had it not been for the new policy in the Western Hemisphere that grew out of Sandino's resistance, we could not have embarked on that war against Nazism with clean hands.

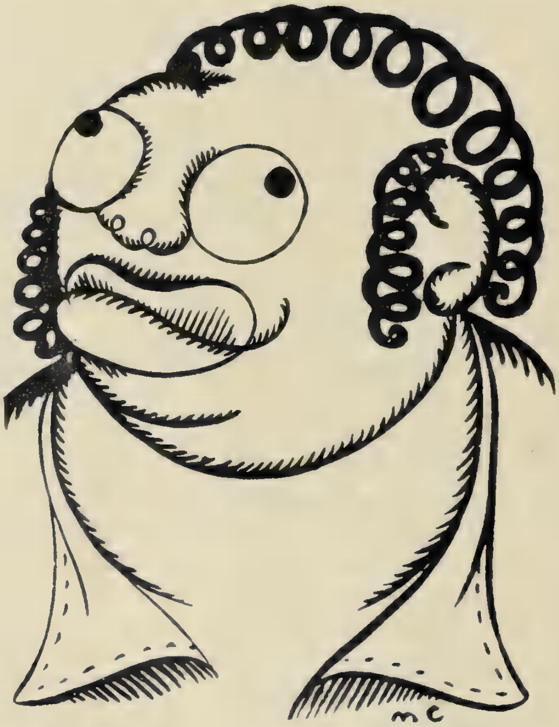
For Sandino's resistance was instrumental in bringing about an outlawing of unilateral armed intervention in the Western Hemisphere, more liberal treaties with Panama and other countries, and the creation of one of the most enlightened international systems in the history of man. If that system has been violated in spirit many times both by the United States and some other countries of the hemisphere, it set a pattern of international conduct superior to that which prevailed in much of the world. Thus his resistance led to a new awareness of the rights of colonial peoples everywhere. The aspiration for national freedom is still the most powerful force of our day. We learned all about freedom fighters in Nicaragua long before Hungary. Sandino was one of the architects of the free world, and a genuine hero of the Americas.

A NATION GALLERY

On this and the following pages are shown a representative selection of cartoons and caricatures that have appeared in THE NATION during the last thirty-odd years (prior to 1920, the magazine used almost no art).

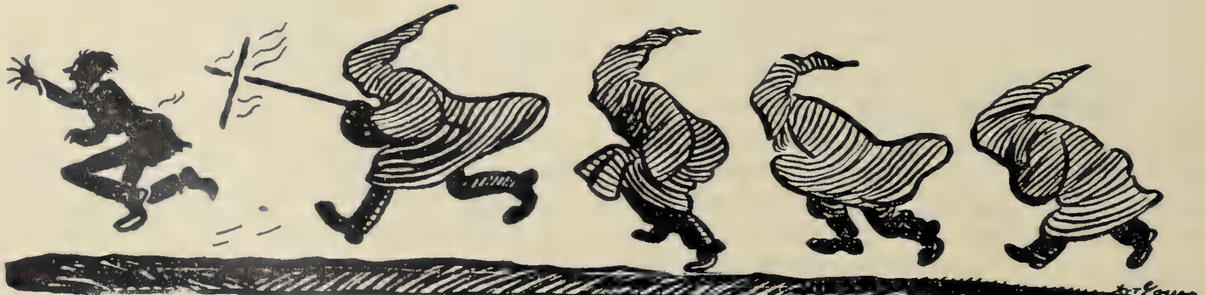


Gropper: 1929

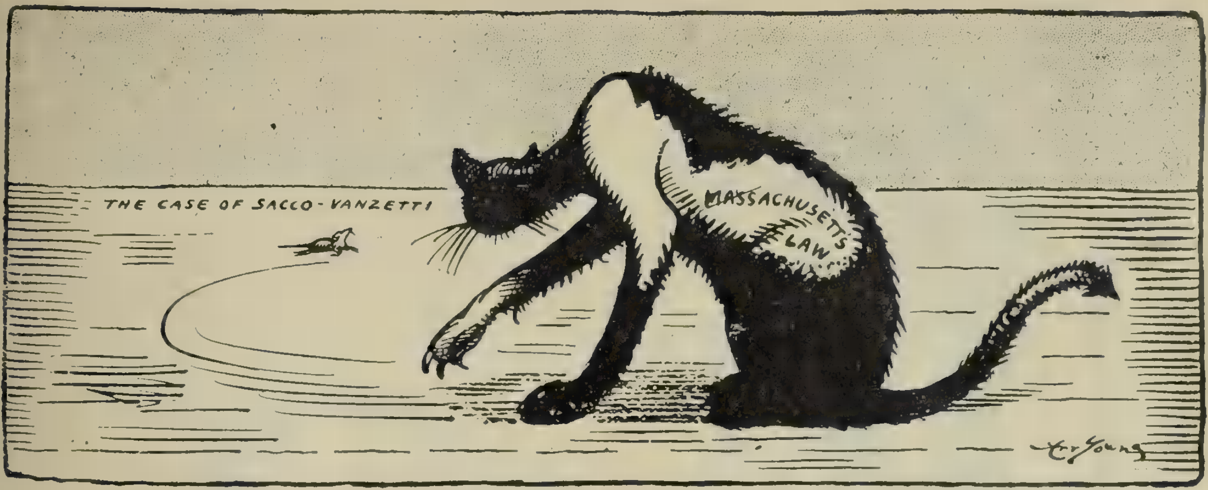


Diego Rivera

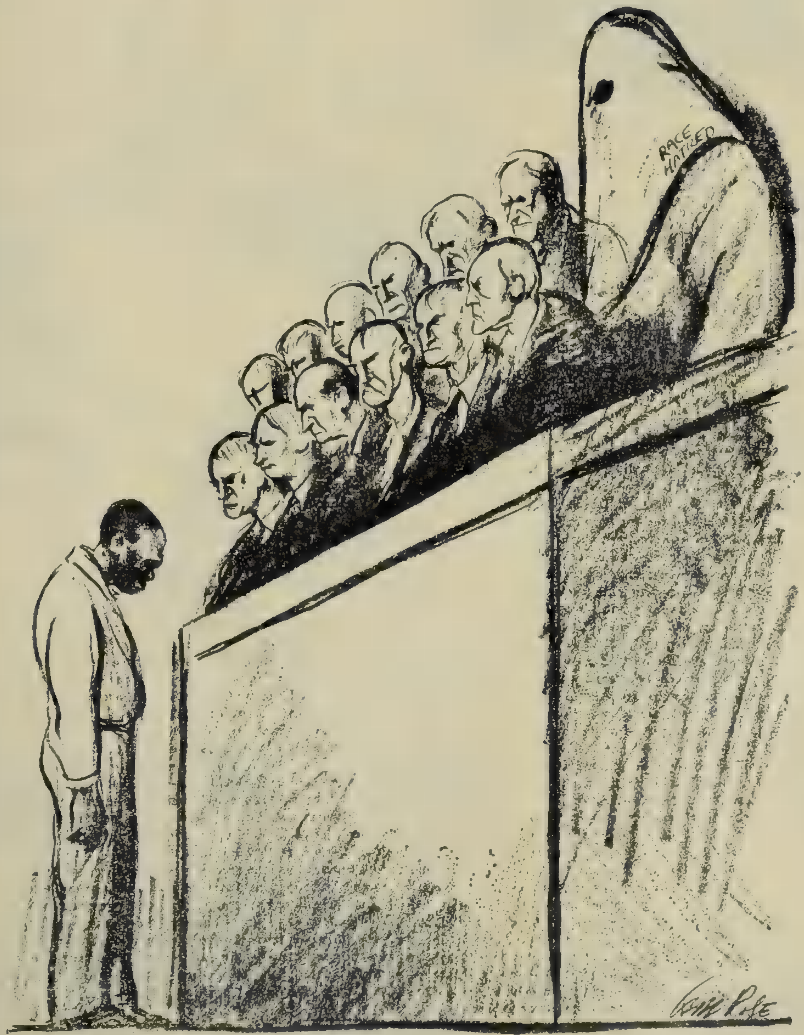
Covarrubias: 1924



Art Young: 1925

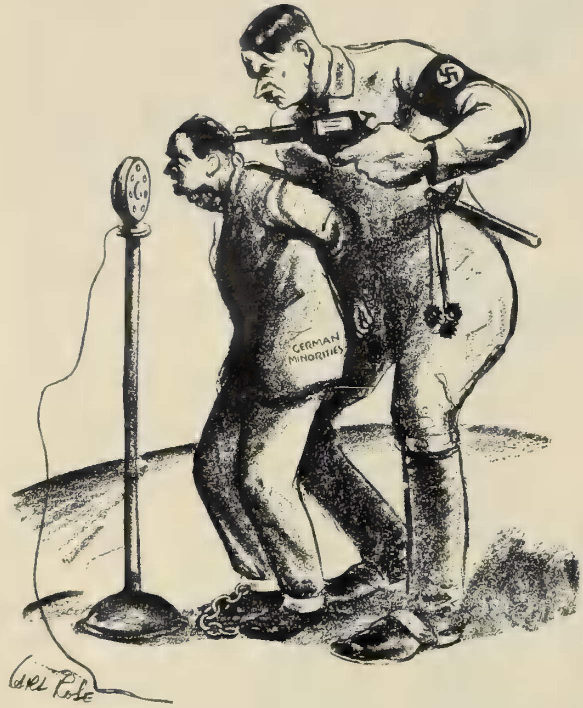

THE CASE OF SACCO-VANZETTI
MASSACHUSETTS LAW
Art Young

Art Young: 1927


RACE HATRED
Carl Rose

The Thirteenth Juror

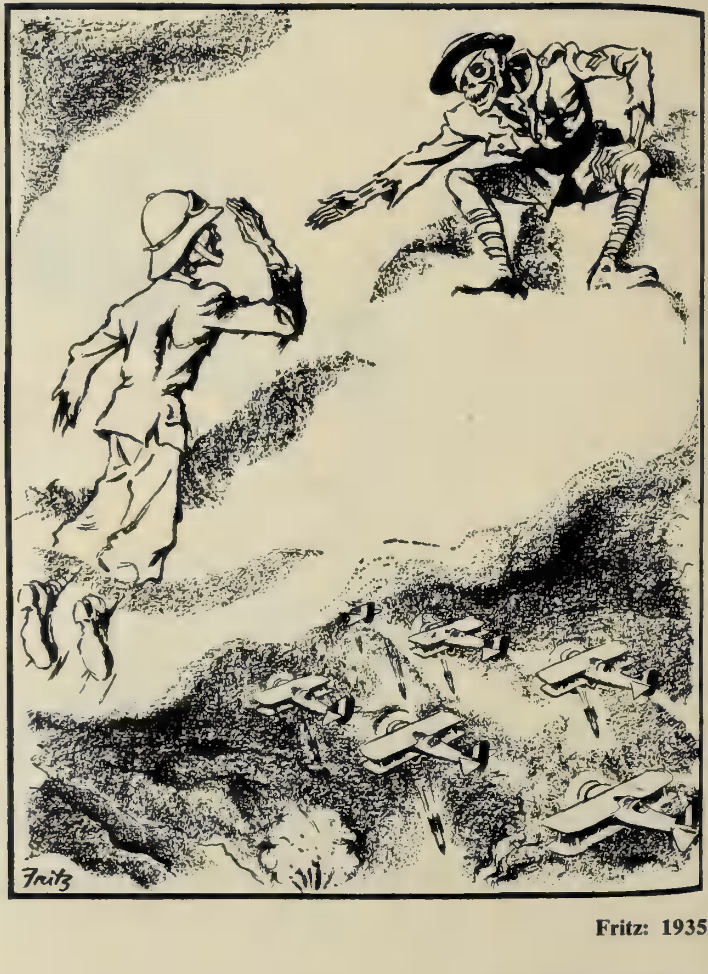
Carl Rose: 1933


GERMAN MINORITIES
Carl Rose

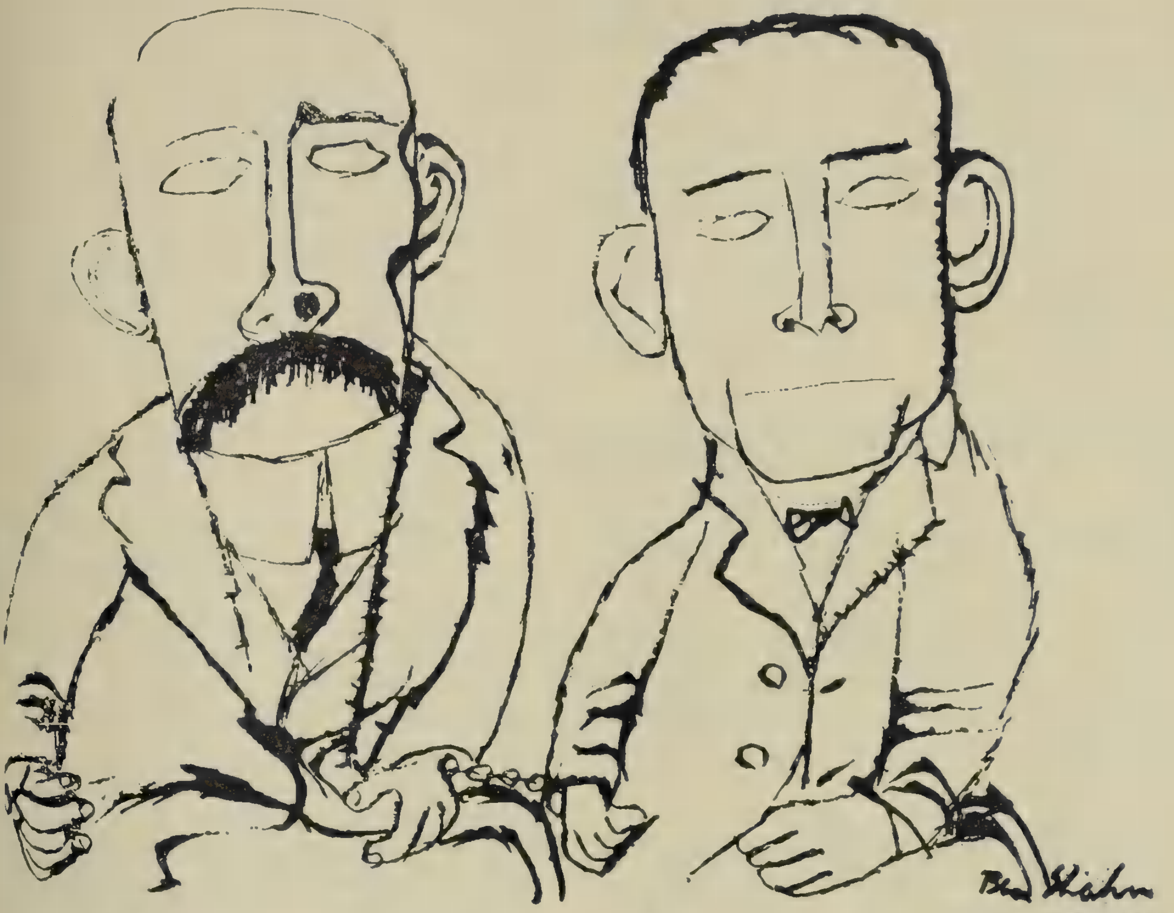
"Tell the world how well
← *you are being treated!"*

Carl Rose: 1933

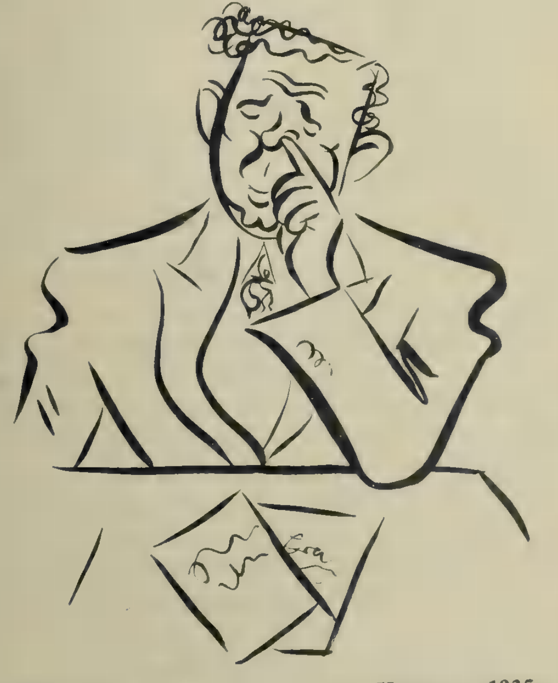
Ethiopian soldier: "I just died for civilization!"
Doughboy: "Fine, buddy, I made the world safe for democracy!" →



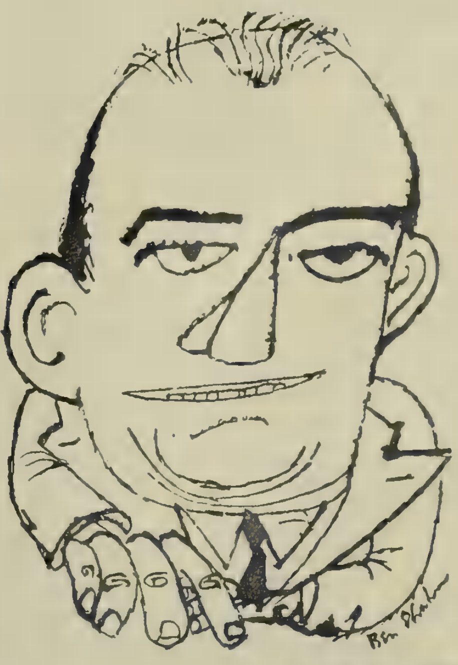
Fritz: 1935



Sacco and Vanzetti **Ben Shahn: 1952**



Huey Long **Eva Hermann: 1935**



Senator McCarthy **Ben Shahn: 1952**

WAITING FOR REALTY

Death of a Small Town

DAN WAKEFIELD

Mr. Wakefield is the author of Island in the City, Revolt in the South, *and a forthcoming book,* Between the Lines. *He has been contributing to* THE NATION *since 1955, and has also written for other publications.*

> "Down the east coast from Bangor to Miami, down the west coast from Santa Rosa to San Diego, and outward from every metropolitan industrial center, both the small towns and the countryside have been overrun. We no longer need the words 'town' and 'country;' we can call ourselves conurbia, suburbia, or exurbia. In what a few years ago were orchards and cabbage fields and crossroads settlements, citizens resistant to Progress pack the meetings of their supervisors and selectmen. . . . Or they hunt for places to live that are less exposed to the forces creating Megalopolis, and in hunting them expand the forces that they hope to escape. Hence the nostalgia of those who knew the towns before they ceased to be places, and hence the yearning of many who did not."
>
> Wallace Stegner, from his introduction to
> *A Vanishing America:*
> *The Life and Times of the Small Town*

THE TOWN OF HUNTINGTON is actually a valley with three small villages and isolated farms scattered up in the hills along dirt roads. It is roughly twenty-five miles southeast of Burlington, in northern Vermont, and the drab grey mountain landscape of winter and early spring is very much like the Appalachian region in eastern Kentucky. So is the man-made landscape, for here, as in the mountains of Appalachia, are tar-paper shacks surrounded by gardens growing junk; dark, weather-beaten barns with caving roofs and leaning silos; graveyards of mutilated automobiles—all signs of a used-up land. Driving along the road that connects the town's three villages—Huntington, Huntington Center and Hanksville—one also sees neat and fresh-painted white houses, but they are the exception to the rule of tumbled shacks, trailers moored in seas of mud, and overturned, rusting automobiles. In the villages only two stores are still operating—both groceries, in the village of Huntington—and on the main street of each village are dead, abandoned stores with broken, soaped windows and stray cats prowling in the refuse inside. There is the sense, driving through, that the area has been the scene of some battle and was looted in a random, haphazard way by a passing army. This is one small town in America in 1965. Its condition and its future seem common to many such places throughout the country.

The decline of Huntington roughly parallels the decline of the small-town life of rural America, which has dwindled steadily throughout the last century. Our urban (defined as any community of more than 2,500 people) population rose from 15.3 per cent of the total in 1850 to nearly half the population in 1910, and around the time of that turning point to a mainly urban society we began to be concerned about what we were leaving behind, and encouraged a return to rural life in the "Back to the Farm" movement. In 1913 THE NATION remarked, with irony, on our anti-city bias, and noted that most

Americans still held fast to "the hereditary faith that man was made for the land and lives in cities for his sins." Yet our "sins," in the form of city life, continue to grow in spite of our sentiments, and the urban population is still moving upward from the 69.9 per cent of the population it comprised in 1960.

But as the small town passes into history and myth, we celebrate its virtues and entertain ourselves with its vices all the more. *Peyton Place* has become our national soap opera, and last year a less dramatic view of small-town life was presented in an hour-long television documentary whose only conclusion seemed to be that the small town was passing, and that it was sad. In the recently-published anthology, *A Vanishing America*, twelve authors wrote about small-town life in America with an attitude that is typical of our response to the subject. In his introduction Wallace Stegner frankly admitted that the book was "an unabashed invitation to nostalgia," a "hymn to lost simplicity," and that running through each of the essays was "a distaste for the present that amounts to a confession of national cultural failure."

I DID NOT go to Huntington, Vermont, in search of an answer to the problems of American culture, but simply to get a view of the passing phenomenon of small-town life by looking at one particular town that had not yet been swallowed up in the spread of suburbia. When I first saw Huntington, in November of 1963, it struck me as one of the more isolated spots I had seen in this country, and at least superficially it seemed unmarked by the insignia of modern life; in all the town there is not one trace of neon. I had gone there to visit Richard Moore, a poet who teaches English at a Catholic girls' college in Burlington and lives with his wife and two daughters in a remodeled farmhouse in Huntington. I went to visit the Moores several times in the past year, and got to know a little more about the town, met some of the people and heard some of the gossip—a small-town commodity that not even television has replaced. But it seemed the best way to get a broader view of the town would be to go up for what amounts to the most important community occasion, the annual town meeting. These meetings are held by every town in Vermont, and are perhaps the last vestige of the kind of small-town tradition that is brought to mind by the tall New England church spires and the postcard memories of Pilgrim Fathers.

I arrived in Huntington the day before the town meeting, and Moore suggested that evening after dinner that we call on Sandy Paton, a man active in local affairs who would be up for re-election as one of three school directors in the next day's voting. Paton's election to the post two years ago had come as a great surprise, because at the time he had only lived two years in this town where nothing less than native birth can insure a man against the stigma of being considered an "outsider."

Paton lives with his wife and two young sons in Hanksville, the southernmost of the town's three villages, in an old farm house that he had rebuilt from its ramshackle state (dutifully recorded in the "before" photograph that is part of the ritual of renovation) to a freshly white-painted country house with modern kitchen, for efficiency, and a spinning wheel in the living room, for nostalgia. Paton is a folk-singer by profession, and a partner in Folk Legacy Records, Inc., which records the work of obscure or "noncommercial" musicians discovered in byways and backwaters, who perform with instruments such as the homemade fret-less banjo and the autoharp. The office of Folk Legacy Records is a large room on the second floor of Paton's house, and it constitutes the only remaining "industry" in Huntington.

When Moore and I arrived at the Patons, Sandy had just come in from collecting donations for the town's Volunteer Fire Department, of which he is an active member. He was accompanied by his friend and partner in Folk Legacy, a tall, bearded man named Lee Haggerty, who moved to Huntington when the Patons did and lives down the road. Haggerty later mentioned that he had once been a follower of Zen Buddhism, a way of life that he had seemingly replaced with that of the Small Town, which for newcomers from the city is itself a kind of philosophy as well as a place of residence.

PATON, a personable man in his early thirties, wore a checked flannel shirt and faded levis. He told me that before coming to Huntington he and his family had been living in his wife's home town of Whiting, Indiana, in the heart of the steel district south of Chicago, an area he described as "the armpit of America." Like many city-defectors, he had moved to a rural small town in search of fresh air and the benefits of the outdoors. In the past few years a small but growing number of city people have happened onto Huntington and purchased "remodelable" houses, either for year-round residence or for use as a ski lodge. (The town is within easy driving range of two popular ski areas.) The first commercial ski-vacation lodge is now being built in Huntington, and Paton, as well as other residents, believes the town will be developed as a ski-lodge headquarters as well as a residential area for commuters to Burlington and other near-by small cities.

"A lot of the old townspeople who have seen Huntington's population decrease for fifty years can't believe that the trend will be reversed," Paton said, "but I'm sure the town will grow now, both as a resi-

dential and a vacation area."

Dick Moore turned toward me and said, "In other words, this is a dying town about to be turned into Real Estate."

Paton more loyally insisted "No! This is a dying town about to *revive*."

Paton's own efforts to help the revival have been met with a mixture of appreciation, skepticism, and outright hostility by the townspeople.

"I have been called," he told me, "a 'newcomer-radical-Socialist-troublemaker.' In the past few years I've been blamed for everything possible in the town, and in this election there have been a lot of vicious rumors in the campaign to defeat me. And I expect to lose tomorrow." (His expectation was fulfilled, 109-70.)

Such words as "radical" and "Socialist" are indeed bad names to be called in this town which is the very definition of rock-ribbed Republican, as are most of the towns in this GOP-stronghold state. Though Huntington (narrowly), as well as Vermont, upset tradition by going Democratic in the last presidential election, a veteran local politico told me that in ordinary times, out of the town's two-hundred-and-some voters, "if more than fifty vote Democratic we know there's been some switching over."

Paton said that the charges about his "radicalism" included his being a "spendthrift" (he had succeeded in raising the salary of two local teachers $200 above the state minimum) and his unsuccessful campaign for "zoning laws," which he said most people regarded as something that would "change the town," in spite of all his efforts to convince them that it would help keep the town as it is.

Despite the attacks on him, and the fact that he would probably lose his school-director post the next day, Paton assured me when we left that he would still go on participating in the life of the town.

"It gives me a sense of belonging," he said. "You get that here—even though you're rejected."

The next morning, before going off to the meeting, I looked through some of the recent "Annual Reports" of the town—records of the past year's getting (taxes) and spending (roads, schools, the poor). They are surprisingly personal, rather like a statistical *Peyton Place*. (I learned, for instance, from reading the report of the "Overseer of the Poor" that in 1963 the town had paid $540 to Flora Tomlinson for the care of Myrtie Johns, and $166 for the delivery of Audrey Haskins' baby.)

I was especially interested to read that in 1963 the town of Huntington had celebrated its bicentennial with a parade of floats, a beer and beef barbecue, and a dance in the Town Hall. President Kennedy had sent a message of congratulations to the "People of Huntington, Vermont," which said, "As you commemorate this historic event, you may recall with pride your long record of progress and achievement. May your future success reflect your past accomplishment."

This message was no doubt the standard Presidential blessing for bicentennials, and yet I imagine it was as ironic for that occasion in many small towns as it was in Huntington, whose "progress and achievement" seem to have reached their peak about a century ago. From the time that Jehiel Johns, the hardy first settler, "proceeded, with axe on shoulder" to clear a space in the wilderness of Huntington, the place grew in population and in the economic development afforded by farming, timber, and the trades attendant to those activities. The *Vermont Historical Gazetteer* of 1867 records that in 1860 the town of Huntington could boast seven sawmills, a grist-mill, a shingle factory, a manufactory of cheese boxes, four blacksmith shops, and two carriage-makers.

NONE OF THAT remains today, except in the form of a few relics, like the tumble-down blacksmith shop by the road going into the village of Huntington. As the principal natural resource of timber was exploited, the sawmills went out one by one, and the last one, employing thirty-five men, folded up about eight years ago. A few farmers still cut timber from their land, like Burt White, who hauls his logs to near-by Jonesville to sell. But that will soon be gone, and White and others like him will be left to spend more time tinkering with the dead automobiles in the mechanical graveyard by the side of his house, taking usable parts into Burlington to sell for a few dollars. Old-timers estimate that there were over 100 operating farms in the town at the turn of the century, but today there are only fifteen. As more expensive and elaborate machinery was required to operate profitable dairy farms, many small farmers were eliminated; some have kept a few cows and chickens for their own families' use, but found jobs in Burlington or near-by towns.

These former loggers and farmers are now unskilled workers, many of whom commute to work in garages, department stores and restaurants in Burlington. Some have found employment at a new IBM manufacturing center at Essex Junction, about twenty-five miles away. Others take high-paying construction jobs in the summer and then lay off in the winter, sustained by unemployment compensation. Almost everyone is able to find work in the summer, but one town official estimated that about thirty-five to forty families receive unemployment benefits during the winter months. Some people simply move on to other towns or the city. The population of Huntington was 882 in 1860, and the current Town Representative to the State Legislature, Fay Shattuck, said it reached about a thousand in the early years of this century. But it began to go down after the First World War, and slowly dropped to 601 in 1957 and to a present total of 504. As in the dying towns of Appalachia, many of those who stay are older people (there are only twenty students of high school age in the town) and are thought to be the less enterprising residents. As they say of the small town exodus in eastern Kentucky, "Those with get up and go, got up and went." Or, as Sandy Paton more delicately observed of the situation in Huntington, "Those who stayed were not the optimum citizenry."

NEARLY 200 OF Huntington's remaining "citizenry" turned up for the 1965 town meeting. From small children to housewives to white-maned men who resembled craggy variations of Robert Frost, they packed the hall, sitting on folding chairs, leaning against the walls, and perching on the edge of the stage at the back. The hall itself is a relic of Huntington's past, for it was built by the Modern Woodmen of America, a lumbermen's lodge that flourished here when the sawmills were in full swing. After the last mill closed down the Woodmen membership had dwindled to a handful, and those remaining voted to give the hall to the town about six or seven years ago. It still bears the Woodmen insignia ("Camp No. 9967"), and on one wall a faded Woodmen pennant bears the inscription "Love Hope Charity."

The moderator of this year's meeting was Carlyle Taft, an old-timer who is one of the school directors, and an opponent of the "radical" Paton. A thin, neat man in a zip-up sweater, Taft quietly led the deliberations, holding a cigarette in one hand and the head of a broken gavel in the other. He occasionally rapped the gavel head for order on a two-by-four which lay across two sawhorses as a kind of railing between the audience and the officials. The day was warm and the big, crowded room rather stuffy. A man standing at the side of the hall pushed up one of the windows, and a pane shattered. I had the feeling that the whole brittle hall, with its potbellied stove and rickety, stray furniture would break at any point if pressed very hard.

Throughout the discussions, on taxes, schools, roads, there ran the highly personal strain that makes such "issues" identifiable with faces, a phenomenon that is always impressive to the city-bred outsider who is accustomed to the anonymity of political decisions. There was also the strain of the kind of small-town conservatism that sniffs suspiciously at any sort of change, and which perhaps is understandable in a town whose better days can be seen by looking backward.

Some of the citizens had even been suspicious of using the gift of Grace Pierce, who ran a grocery store in Huntington Center and left $70,000 to be used for the building of a new central school for the town to replace the old one-room schools in each of the villages. The estate was left in the late fifties, but it was not until last year that the town got around to building the new school, which is not only a boon to local education but the only modern building in the whole town. But in discussing how transportation would be worked out for the new central school, some of the citizens at the meeting seemed to feel that adjusting to the new system was more trouble than it was worth. One father stood up and said, "I don't know why we needed a new school anyway. My daughter went to the old one-room school in the Village and she's going to high school over at Richmond now and making her grades just fine. The old school was good enough for *her*."

THERE IS PLENTY of personal antagonism in democracy at work, and there is nothing inhibited about the town meeting. When discussion came up about taxes for roads, a woman in the back of the room raised her voice with righteous wrath, saying:

"I move that we make the road commissioner hire local help. At least make him see if local help is available before hiring 'outsiders.' Why, last year they had a man working on our roads who lives over in South Starksboro!"

Fay Shattuck, who is Road Commissioner as well as Town Representative to the State Legislature and also a Justice of the Peace (in the small town, the man who holds any office usually holds, at one time or other, a whole handful of offices), moved to the front of the room to answer the charge. Shattuck is a husky, grey-haired man who has lived in Huntington all his sixty-five years, and probably knows it and its people as well as anyone. He spoke with quiet authority, and a noticeable edge of impatience:

"Now Rita," he said to the woman who had made the charge, "You just don't understand what's involved. You have to get help wherever you can, and when you order in equipment you have to take the men who go with it."

"That's not what I mean, and you know it!" said Rita.

"Well, you don't know what you're talking about. I suggest you be made Road Commissioner, Rita. You've failed at everything else in this town, you might as well try that."

There was a wave of talk and laughter, and a woman toward the front said, "Now Fay, don't get excited."

"I'll tell you what I'm talking about," said Rita, undaunted. "Many's the time my husband's been available for work on the roads—you don't have to go to South Starksboro to hire!"

Carlyle Taft pounded his broken gavel for order, and the town passed on to other business, leaving poor Rita with her failures.

AFTER THE meeting, Moore introduced me to Phillip Brace, an English major at the Johnson State College who is coming back next year to teach at the new Huntington elementary school. Phillip was a crew-cut young man, immaculately dressed in a dark-blue blazer, blue button-down shirt and thin black tie. He was standing with his father, Millard Brace, one of the few farmers who are still holding on in Huntington. Millard Brace, whom I had noticed in the meeting because of his bright red-and-black plaid flannel trousers, clapped a hand on Philip's shoulder, smiled a proud if largely toothless grin, and said, "He's my oldest of ten." I had heard about Phillip's plans to return to teach in his home town, and wanted to ask him about it.

We went down to the basement of the hall, where local ladies were still serving the home-made sandwiches, cake, potato salad and coffee that had been on sale for lunch before the meeting. The meeting is a social as well as a political event in a town where such occasions are scarce. Phillip Brace told me that the only regular social function is the Friday Night Barn Dance held every week from the first of May through the first of November, attended by local people beginning at age eight and going on up to the sixties and anyone beyond that who can still do the dances. The town has no drugstore any more, much less a drive-in, and the local teen-agers' social life is mainly confined to hanging around the IGA grocery store at Huntington Village and drinking Cokes. Phillip estimated that more than half the young people leave town by the time they reach twenty-one. He was the only one of his class of twenty in the one-room village school to go on to college. The town hardly sounded like the most attractive place for a young college graduate to return to, and I asked him why he was coming back.

"Devotion," he answered at once. "The town doesn't have a high school of its own and they pay tuition for us to go to one of the high schools in the area. The town paid for my education, and I'd like to pay them back. I'll devote two or three years to teaching here, and then go on. I'd eventually like to get my Ph.D. in English literature and teach in college."

Brace is returning to teach in his home town in the spirit that other young men go into the Peace Corps. In many ways his own small town will be a more difficult place to serve than a strange foreign country, and Brace is well aware of the pressures involved.

"I realize I'll be criticized here," he said. "You know, it's sort of like *Peyton Place*, when someone who's been away comes back to town and everyone's watching him."

Like many others, Brace sees the town's future as "more of a playground than a farming area. The Governor has been down to look over my grandfather's farm and is interested in buying it as a place to come for skiing."

JUST AS IN THE dying towns of Appalachia, many of the residents of Huntington look to tourism as the salvation of the future, but at least in Vermont, with its skiing facilities, the prospect seems more likely than it does in Kentucky. I was assured a few years ago after visiting Hazard, Kentucky, by an official of the Area Redevelopment Administration in Washington that "In five years, tourism will be a bigger industry than agriculture in this country." That curious transformation from farm-land to play-land is taking place in Huntington.

The hope of recreational development seemed to be the main interest of one of the town's oldest and most important citizens, P. C. Jacques, whom Moore and I visited the evening after the meeting. Jacques is the biggest property owner in town, and owns the IGA store in the village of Huntington. At the meeting he was re-elected without opposition as one of the town's three selectmen, but last year he had been unexpectedly defeated as town clerk by a younger and newer citizen, an accountant who was backed by Paton and many of the younger people who felt Jacques had "been in too long." Jacques's daughter-in-law Nellie ran for the post at this year's meeting but lost that as well as the post she had held as treasurer of the town, in what many people interpreted as an "anti-Jacques" vote. Others attributed the winning of both these posts by the young accountant, Sheridan Coveau, more as a sign of the popularity Coveau gained by starting a weekly bingo night at the Town Hall to raise money for equipment for the new school. The bingo night was the first new social event in town since the barn dance, and as one resident said, "It's about the only thing that gets people away from TV."

But none of these local political matters seemed of much concern to Jacques. He winters in Florida now, returning in time for the town meeting in the spring, and lives in a small modern one-story house with adjoining garage, probably the prototype of the houses that will sprout here when the town "develops." We sat around a formica table in the dining alcove of the house just off the standard modern kitchen, and while Jacques looked with nostalgia on the past—"Everything's a rat race today"—he seemed more interested in the future of recreation and realty.

"I'm trying to get the IBM people over at Essex interested in buying my farm for a recreation area," he said. "They'll be wanting a golf course, I imagine, and room for a lot of facilities. Most of the farmers who're still holding on are just waiting for the value of the land to go up in the next few years. Even right now, offers are twice what the land is worth for farming."

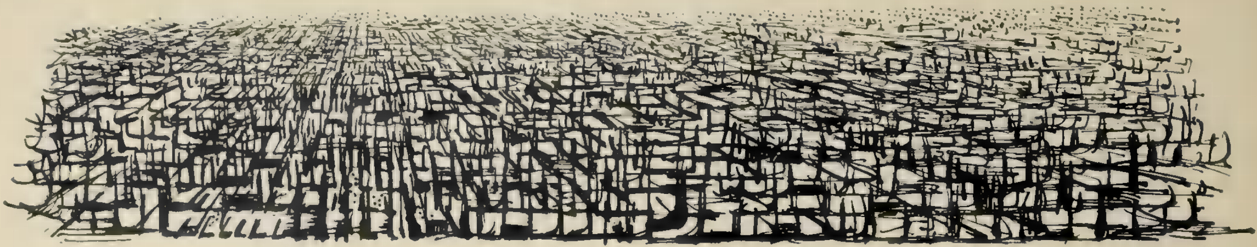
The town itself is looking to this sort of development, and hopes to sell its old one-room schools for ski-lodges. There will no doubt soon be motels and drive-ins and all the other neon clutter of suburban sprawl. Vacationers will come to ski, and commuters will come to find a home away from the daily grind of the city. The town, in other words, like so many others, will be, as Wallace Stegner put it, eventually "over-run" by the spreading Megalopolis. Now it simply waits for the neon future, while its farms turn into real estate and its residents turn into commuters. The present state of the town, and so many others like it, could be no better described than by its own accidentally-resident poet, Richard Moore, who captured its spirit in this Huntington-inspired sonnet:

It took TV to civilize our village
and bring our stubbled codgers up to date.
Up skyscrapers new notions percolate;
into our channelled valley drips the spillage
where junkyards cover fields once used for tillage.
Our means are modest, but the needs are great
which softly sung commercials can create.
Some call it enterprise; I call it pillage.

When every crank and far-flung solipsist
knows about Prell and Dristan Nasal Mist,
who doubts the unity of Western Culture?
Tuned to elections, watching babies kissed,
viewing with awe the murdered anarchist,
what lone Promethean liver needs a vulture?

All hail to THE NATION *as it begins its second century. If you care to measure what* THE NATION *has meant to our country, imagine American life without it. After a generation magazines usually suffer a kind of arterio-sclerosis. Not* THE NATION. *It has continued to expose and expound, infallibly finding its substance with such successors of its first leaders as Freda Kirchwey and Carey McWilliams.*

God save THE NATION.—**Waldo Frank**



WAITING FOR REALITY

Birth of the Megalopolis

SCOTT GREER

Mr. Greer is a poet (Via Urbana and Other Poems: *Alan Swallow) and political scientist* (The Emerging City: Myth and Reality *and other books*). *Teacher and Director of The Center for Metropolitan Studies at Northwestern University, his newest book,* Urban Renewal and American Cities, *will be published next year by Bobbs-Merrill.*

THE AMERICAN CITY has always been a problem of some sort to somebody. From Jefferson's worries about the corruption of the urban masses to Johnson's concern with "renewing" our cities, there has been a presumption of failure in our urban communities. This kind of belief, however stated, has really rested upon the classical problem of social change—the dramatic disjunction between what we think we wanted, on one hand, and what we have cooperatively produced on the other.

What we have made is a society which became increasingly urban in each decade (but one) since the Revolution. We know the story but the statistics bear repeating: from less than 5 per cent urban during Washington's presidency to over 70 per cent during Johnson's. But all the time we were building an urban nation, we continued to measure it against images derived from an earlier age. The discrepancy led to moral and political efforts to reshape what was emerging in the image of that golden time.

It is conventional to attribute much of the increase in urban growth to the Civil War and its stimulation of manufacturing. However, it is important to remember that the single greatest proportionate increase of the urban population was between 1840 and 1850, when the proportion living in cities increased by nearly half. A consistent increase continued to the present, with the urban proportion rising around five per cent each decade.

The underlying cause was the increasing scale of the society. By this I mean two things: first, the increasing application of non-human energy and machines to every aspect of human work, beginning with agriculture (today our most mechanized industry); second, the increasing organization of work in large, formal structures which demand and allow spatial concentration of the factors of production and places of exchange. Increasing material wealth and increasing control over space, both resulting from the revolution in energy resources, allowed for the development of regional and national producers and markets. Around the sites of these enterprises grew the cities.

The increase of energy resources included both the development of techniques for using petrochemicals and the increase in productive lands. These latter in turn fed both national and international trade, and tended to dominate certain world markets with their produce. One result was the competitive decline in European agriculture and the movement of peasants to the cities and, in many cases, to the cities of the United States. This massive in-migration shaped the basic character of American cities—differentiating them from both the cities of other nations and the remainder of American society. All cities are polyglot and heterogeneous, but American cities had more people from further and more various origins than any in history save possibly Rome.

The cities of the latter 19th century were preeminently cities of the railroad. This major breakthrough in the use of new energies, allowing the cheap movement of heavy materials across the continental nation, increased the span of productive enterprise and of the markets. However, it did little to alleviate the problem of movement *within* the city, where animal muscles (human and equine) completed the journey of goods from distant places. Movement within the city was expensive and slow; the solution was a sharp increase in density of the increasing population. This meant crowded tenements for the poor, town houses for the rich, high-rise offices, factories, and loft buildings for work. Near the terminal stood the plants and warehouses handling the heavy goods and, near them, the dwellings of the workers.

The workers were, predominantly, poor. Over the last half of the 19th century their wages rose very slowly, while they bore the brunt of "the business cycle" in unemployment without benefit of unions. Poorly educated if at all, chained to the job, polyglot and in many cases strangers from a simpler world, they constituted a majority of the people in the rapidly growing cities. Their jerry-built neighborhoods were poorly maintained (it was a sellers' market in cheap housing, as always), and they quickly deteriorated into the generic "slums." The concentration of the poorest coincided with the concentration of the criminal, the dependent, the diseased and, as a partial consequence, the revolutionary.

THE AMERICAN IMAGE of these cities was ambivalent. On the one hand, those who were in revolt from the village and the isolated farms looked to the city as liberator. But many others viewed it as a pit of iniquity. Anselm Strauss (in his study, *Images of the American City*) documents the intense revulsion felt for the city among those whose basic ideal was the small town life described by Riley. The Jeffersonian myth "that the country was the source of moral integrity and vigor" survived, even as millions of country boys went to the cities to gamble their futures.

These counter-images of the city are most harshly presented in the novels of Dreiser. In his series based on the career of Yerkes, the brilliant opportunities and the terrible risks of urban existence are evoked as interwoven aspects of the same whole. More important, his naturalism illuminates the weakness of public order and the free rein of chicanery and violence. Underlying this at a deeper level is a commitment on Dreiser's part to the dominant myth of American business enterprise—that social Darwinism which saw conflict, competition and survival as the "real" facts and the moral order as a mere epiphenomenon. It was "natural" that the City Council of Chicago could be controlled through bribe, as it was natural that economic aggrandizement in the person of Yerkes should integrate the transit system and thus improve the purchasing power of the worker's nickel. It amounts to saying that whatever has resulted justifies the process from which it came.

This point of view is equally evident in the first school of American urban studies, that of the "human ecologists." Having separated the moral order from the spatially-evident community, these scholars then ignored the former to concentrate upon a description of the latter. Implicit was a social determinism which derived the existing city from the struggle for *Lebensraum* among contending interest groups of every sort. Neither moral norms nor the structure of government exerted any real influence upon the course of life in the city.

AND INDEED, THERE was much truth in such an assumption. Lincoln Steffens and his fellow muckrakers had dug up shattering evidence of corruption and compliance in City Halls throughout the nation. Politicians were handmaidens of the highest bidders among the businessmen. Plunkitt of Tammany Hall seemed a better guide to practical politics than were professors of government; his fine distinctions between honest and dishonest graft seemed at least congruent with the real rules of the game, unlike the charters, statutes and homilies of the textbooks. Nor was there anything "unnatural" about it. The irrelevant images of a small-town and rural America were held in common by those who had drafted the democratic charters. These architects assumed the farmer, the independent producer, had both the ability and the interest to govern himself through the ballot or through taking office. The reality was the mass of new urbanites, employees, entrepreneurs, hucksters from every part of the earth, often illiterate but anxious to make their way in a frightening and promising environment.

The result was the invention of the city "machines" —networks of party clubs which sold favors wholesale at the top and distributed the rewards downward at retail. When such machines coincided with ethnic groups or coalitions (and this was almost always the case), the basis was laid for a politics which succeeded in relating numbers to wealth, after a fashion. It was, however, a fashion calculated to minimize the independent effect of "the public purpose" upon the business of running the city. The public treasury, the transportation system, the use of urban lands, the administration of justice—all levers capable of controlling the development of the city—were co-opted by private enterprise. The public purpose had markedly little to do with the developing layout of American cities.

Under such circumstances the energies of reformers were focused upon the creation of integrity in government. Drawn overwhelmingly from the middle-class old Americans, civic reformers were concerned with separating public purpose and private enterprise at the level of the boss, who lined his pockets, and of the voters, who bought ethnic identity and trivial privileges. The "Good Government League" fought for the short ballot, non-partisan elections, proportional representation, initiative, referendum, recall, the city manager system, and so on through a laundry list of nostrums. Their aims were "to take government out of politics."

And there were other urban reform movements. Those who could not accept with equanimity the Spencerian dictum that the weak and ignorant should perish developed the settlement-house movement, cultural missions to the poor. Those whose eyes were shocked at the urban scene resulting from the free play of the market—the maximization of profit for those with capital to invest—began to urge the creation of the "city beautiful." So pervasive, however, was the ideological climate that reformers and unregenerate exploiters alike shared a core of basic values. For those who would take government out of politics dreamed mostly of an honest administrative government, forgetting that politics is the collective determination of the future, *demanding* the representation of divergent interests. Those who were on missions to the poor forgot that under the national credo, unemployment is part of the divine scheme of free enterprise and mass poverty certain for any city. Those who planned the city beautiful ignored the dictum that nothing capable of earning a dollar should be left to government—a rule whose practical consequence was the domination of urban patterns by the money and real estate markets.

Within such limits the achievements of reformers were limited indeed. To be sure, localized planning occurred in the centers of some cities; parks were bequeathed by the wealthy; some control over new building was instituted (becoming a new source of income for the "machines"). Meanwhile, the older urban centers were flooded with new buildings throughout the latter half of the century, with huge new systems of streets and sewers accompanying them and leading to the growth of huge new fortunes. The rapid building of the urban plant used the political machine—and fed it at the same time. Yet Seth Low, Mayor of Brooklyn, in rebuttal to Lord Bryce's condemnation of our municipal government, underscored a major point: when was so much built so rapidly for so many? The antique machinery of local government provided many opportunities to stall and stalemate; it was oiled by the flow of transactions between builders, machines and officials. The society rewarded those who "got things done"—with few questions about ultimate costs.

And indeed, as the nation moved deeper into the 20th century, a determined attack on civic government as a problem began to have some successes. As the worst abuses became rare, as voting machines began to replace political machines, the image of the local official as a trained professional became increasingly applicable. Many interlinked trends underlay the change. With cessation of immigration in the early 1920s, the population became increasingly native and acclimated to American norms and beliefs; it also became better educated, more prosperous and more highly skilled as the society increased in scale. The petty rewards of the machines shrank in value along with toleration of fraud. At the same time, the sheer growth of the cities resulted in the building of huge bureaucracies having a momentum, an order, and complex problems of their own—problems requiring a level of technical competence not to be found at random among "friends of the party." With the depression and the increasing scope of the national government these bureaucracies became intricately interdependent with the larger system: the terms of federal grants gave added leverage to the emerging cadres of professional civic bureaucrats.

IRONICALLY, THE VERY trends which aided in the solution of older problems produced a new and equally difficult set. The increase in scale which resulted in a wealthier and better educated citizenry on one hand, and large bureaucracies producing public goods and services on the other, also increased the average citizen's control over space. Automobiles and electronic communications decreased the dependence of the population upon the small area and dense structures of the central city.

The automobile allowed residence and workplace to be separated further in space and yet remain as close in time as before. The truck allowed enterprises to locate far from the old terminals. Increasing income decreased the marginal cost of private transportation to the citizens, while vast new areas available for development on the peripheries lowered the cost of land. Spatial freedom, along with the development of lifetime mortgages, permitted the vast bulk of the population a free choice between the old high-rise city and the horizontal neighborhoods of suburbia. Their option has been overwhelmingly for the latter.

The decentralization of urban sites was not accompanied by an expansion in the jurisdiction of the older city. For one reason or another (lack of services from the city, unwillingness to be governed and identified with it), the new settlements tended to incorporate as separate municipalities. Thus the typical American metropolis became a large central city surrounded by dozens or hundreds of small suburban towns. Today over half the total population of our metropolitan area lives outside the central city.

This situation has been defined by many as a major problem—"the metropolitan problem." There is no longer any general government for the urban area as a whole. Though it produces problems due to its interdependence—problems of transportation, housing, race relations, drainage and sewerage, land use and so on (almost) indefinitely—there is no capability to act for the public welfare of the region. (Here the title of Robert Woods's book on metropolitan New York, *1400 Governments,* is a dramatic summary.) There is no decision-making body which has the fiscal and the police power to maintain an order referring to the interdependent population. There is no way the resident, as citizen of a *metropolis,* can have a say in the collective fate of the vast urban fabric.

The voices which have dramatized the problem have been, predominantly, those who speak for the older central city. They are the ones who tell us that our cities are increasingly "blighted," increasingly inhabited by the segregated, the unemployed, the poor. They emphasize the increased public services necessary for such populations while the prosperous are leaving the city and industry and commerce locating in the industrial parks and shopping centers of the suburbs. The tax base is declining, while the demands for service increase.

And the older urban center deteriorates. The proud neighborhoods of the rich become converted into tenements for the poor and the segregated, great buildings and public monuments deteriorate and no new ones spring up to replace them, civic leaders and patrons of the arts move to the suburbs, leaching purpose and will from the city. The very cradle and core of civilization, the city, is deteriorating even as we become an urbanized society. This is another aspect of the metropolitan problem.

MAJOR CAMPAIGNS have been mounted for the purpose of re-establishing the cohesion of the city. Many efforts have been made to devise and put into being a new metropolitan government which could include the entire interdependent population of the great complexes. With only minor exceptions they have failed, sunk on the rock of the referendum. For, in our political culture inherited from an earlier era, the municipal corporation is virtually sacrosanct and can be changed only at the will of the citizens. And they, by and large, are not interested in one big government for the metropolis. The opposition, organized and led by the incumbent officials of the various sub-jurisdictions (including those of the central city) almost always has its way.

A second major effort addressed to the plight of the city is the national program of urban renewal. Growing out of the slum clearance and public housing programs of the depression, it has been expanded to a program to renew the cities—to do away with slums and replace them with new growth into the indefinite future. It is, then, a radical program—one aimed at controlling the growth and form of American cities in a way they have never been controlled before.

Unfortunately, the program is severely limited by the political culture and the legal structure. It is forced to share power with many agencies not necessarily committed to its goals. Thus, programs are initiated and guaranteed, indeed executed, by local government; the federal agency must deal with whatever interests the local political process has hoisted into office. The programs are also rigorously limited in what they can do; they can buy land and clear it, but aside from public buildings they cannot redevelop. All that must be undertaken by the private real estate industry. This means that the urban renewal effort can be applied only where local officials want it and where the local real estate market decrees that profits can be made. These sites may or may not be the ones most in need of redevelopment and the resulting structures may contribute as much to aesthetic blight as the ones they replaced.

AN EQUALLY IMPORTANT limit on the program is the result of governmental fragmentation. Because the program must be a municipal effort, it cannot plan and act for the metropolitan area as a whole. Yet in respect to housing markets, industrial location, transportation and retail markets, the majority of the population outside the central city is critically important to central city developments. What happens, however, is the development of a myopic, city-focused program which ignores the major wave of metropolitan growth and development, the burgeoning suburbs, in order to fixate upon the old, second-hand acres of the central city. Here the chief effects thus far have been the destruction of low-cost housing and replacement with business and public office buildings or luxury apartments. (It is not at all certain that such buildings would not have been built anyway, without public subsidy.)

Both urban renewal and metropolitan government are programs derived from another lag between what we think we want and what we have created. Now the nostalgia is not for the small town and country, but for the imagined central city of another era. People dream of the older part of the city as "hub and symbolic center" for the metropolitan area. They decry the homogeneity of the suburbs, speak of the richness of life in the urban milieu, the heterogeneity of people and cultural experiences easily available. They point then to the "decay" at the urban core. The metropolitan problem is a problem, then, of heart's desire.

But whose heart, and whose problem? Those who set up housekeeping in the suburbs were not usually refugees from the city; they were newly formed families who chose the broad, horizontal acres as most appropriate for the style of life they wanted. It is a life centered in family, home, neighborhood, local community. They do not miss the cultural opportunities of center city, for when they and their kind lived in the center they did not take advantage of them. And besides, with television and stereo they have more access to high culture than any lot of average citizens ever had before. As for tolerance of ethnic differences —segregation of the unlike even in proximity is as possible in a central city as in the South, and has long been practiced in both milieus. In truth, tolerance is most powerfully a function of formal education and it is in the middle-class suburbs that we find the most tolerant populations—not in the polyethnic slums.

As for the "decay" of the city, it is largely an optical illusion. If we insist on seeing only the older half of the metropolis, the proportion of substandard housing, poverty, dependency, *et al,* has certainly increased in recent decades. But the reason is simply the concentration of certain types of population in certain residential areas in a city whose government, not having expanded its jurisdiction, now applies only to a minority of the total population. If we take the metropolitan population as a whole, substandard housing has decreased enormously since the 1950s. The reason is precisely the rapid building of enormous stocks of new housing in the suburbs. The increase in the Negro population is similarly explained: the concentration of the oldest (therefore cheapest) housing in the center, and the proximity of lower status and unskilled jobs, makes center-city housing inevitable for most Negroes. To be sure, formal and informal segregation forces a senseless and uneconomical concentration and density; for this, however, the major remedy is likely to come through the continual increase in vacancies among the older, but still decent, housing of the middle wards—brought about in turn by the movement of white households to the suburbs.

Our slums are products of income shortage, not housing shortage. The cure lies in education, jobs and the resulting increase in the power to control one's destiny. In the same way, participation in high culture and ethnic tolerance are products of a specific kind of experience—education—and we all do not need to move into Manhattan or the Loop in order to have such experience. (In both respects, recent national policy changes seem to result in more realistic programs.) Indeed, the spatial metaphor which leads us to focus upon the hallowed ground of "the city" probably produces more confusion than anything else.

For the city as we reconstruct it from the past no longer exists. Small towns, yes; isolation from the national network and the sharp bounds of farm land leave a tangible reality in the smaller settlements. But when we reach populations large enough to support what we think of as metropolitan functions (the arts and sciences, the specialized markets) we typically find, not an urban form, but an urban texture. Megalopolis, the strip of urban development down the Middle Atlantic seaboard, is in part an artifact of spot maps. It has little unity except contiguity. Yet that is the probable pattern of our emerging regional conurbations.

Most basic to this development is the radical change in the meaning of space. Our technologies have so developed that the entire nation can participate in moments of high solemnity more easily than could the residents of a fairly small town in the recent past; television is the new public forum. At the same time, for some actors in some organizations, the entire nation is one city—Megalopolis is Main Street, the airport the major crossroads. As for the average citizen, it is likely that high significance resides, for the most part, either in a realm below that of the public (i.e., the household) or above that of the city (i.e., the national Big Screen).

If we are to exert control over the shape of our cities we must begin with a candid examination of the real nature of urban civilization today. We must take into account what John Friedman has called "interactional space," rendering the metaphors derived from maps into a useful form for this United States today. We must accept the basis in value and choice of widespread decentralization, developing an aesthetic appropriate to it—a view of "the city of a thousand places, the city on wheels," as David Crane has phrased it. Most of the difficulties of our past civic policies derived from their inappropriateness to the total round and rhythm of life in a radically changing and expanding society. With a more accurate map of what is, a more adequate explanation of why it is, we may begin to approach the major question: What do we want with enough consistency and vigor to pay the price?

Or: Do we really care about our cities?

THE FAT CATS of LABOR

A. H. RASKIN

Twenty-seven years of labor reporting for The New York Times *won Mr. Raskin many prizes and a national reputation in his field. He has been on the* Times *Editorial Board since 1961 and assistant editor of the editorial page since last fall.*

JUST AFTER WORLD WAR II, when labor in the mass-production industries was battling for employer-financed health and pension benefits as the foundation of a broad new system of social security under the union label, Walter P. Reuther used to delight union audiences by describing the reluctant employers as men driving down the highway to abundance with a giant rear-view mirror where their windshield should be. Today the same image would be dismayingly apt for most top union leaders; they are piloting their organizations through a period of revolutionary technological and social change with concepts fashioned in the depression years of the nineteen thirties.

Born of discontent, the American labor movement has overcome many of its traditional enemies in the century since the founding of THE NATION. The blacklist and the yellow-dog contract have been banished, along with the scab-herder and the old coal-and-iron police; the great citadels of the open shop in steel, auto and other basic industries have come under union agreement; the average factory wage is over $100 a week; union financial statements read, in George Meany's words, like the report of the Federal Reserve Bank and their glass-and-marble headquarters rival the embassies of great powers in opulence. The question now is how well labor can cope with the newest and most insidious of its foes—complacency. The restlessness has gone out of the movement; it is facing dynamic new challenges with old leaders and old ideas.

But if too many leaders are smug about the state of the unions there are increasing signs that many workers are not. No tidal wave of rank-and-file rebellion is sweeping out labor's men of power; yet, for the first time, unrest is sufficiently widespread to make job security a worry for the union president in the same direct sense that it always has been for the dues-payers. The "no vacancy" sign is coming off the door of union executive suites, and officials who thought that only the undertaker could cancel their lease are moving into well-upholstered retirement.

David J. McDonald, who always seemed more at home at "21" than he did in a union hall, was voted out of the presidency of the million-member United Steelworkers of America last February after almost 35 years of sitting on or next to the throne. A similar fate—under even more galling circumstances—befell James B. Carey, whose palace retainers in the International Union of Electrical Workers tried unsuccessfuly to count him in for another term as president by stealing 25,000 of his opponent's votes. A third member of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. high command—O. A. Knight of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union—decided he would not stand for re-election at its 1965 convention after preliminary soundings made it plain he had no chance to win.

In general, the upheavals that forced these changes were primarily a product of alliances among satraps to force out the emperor, a revolution of the professionals; but they owed much of their force to a latent discontent among the membership over the emptiness of most union programs for coping with the problems of automation and corporate gigantism. This discontent reflected itself even more explosively in other unions, in which no move was made—or seems anywhere in prospect—to dislodge the international leadership.

A notable example is Reuther's United Automobile Workers, a union that has worked harder than most at building rapport with its rank and file. Its serenity was rocked in 1961 by a runaway strike over local grievances that shut down General Motors after all details of a company-wide agreement had been worked out to the parent union's satisfaction. The same thing happened all over again last year, except that this time the union avoided discomfiture by meekly following in the train of the embattled locals. What was, in effect, a wildcat strike on a national basis kept the world's largest corporation shut for a month with full union sanction.

The most basic—and most sedulously disregarded—fact about these mass strikes over grass-roots issues at G.M., Ford and other mammoth corporations is that they reflect a back-to-the-womb phase in unionism. They stem from tens of thousands of unresolved day-to-day irritants at the plant level, and they cover the gamut from the right of workers to smoke in the toilets to why the blue-collar parking lot is unpaved when the white-collar parking lot is paved. These are all reflections of the workers' sense of being robbed of dignity by submersion in the mass mold of factory life; it was precisely this feeling that prompted millions of workers to pour into industrial unions in the early years of the New Deal.

IN THAT SENSE, UNIONISM has come full circle. Its members are better paid and better protected than any workers in history. A thick cushion of supplementary benefits surrounds their paychecks; an elaborate grievance machinery, with arbitration as its final step, puts a curb on industrial autocracy; the catalogue of what workers can do and what the boss can't do runs to hundreds of pages in every big company. Yet, the persistence of broad-scale insurgence within the framework of industry-wide bargaining provides notice that the man with a union button still feels himself the expendable element in a society of bigness. The strikes are an attempt to remind union leaders as well as company executives that the worker is a man, not an increasingly irrelevant appendage to an automated assembly line.

Equally arresting as a sign of the sterility of the current union approaches, even in a period when labor enjoys maximum political favor, is the standstill character of total union enrollment. Since V-J Day the number of people with nonfarm jobs has grown from 44 million to 66 million. But the labor movement has remained frozen at something under 17 million. That means a present ratio of three workers outside union ranks for every one inside.

Automation is drying up the historic sources of union strength. The roster of blue-collar workers in manufacturing, mining and transportation is shrinking and unions have found no persuasive appeal to the white-collar workers and technicians who are the wave of the future in all branches of industry. The one exception is in civil-service agencies, where labor has been able to capitalize on its increased political influence to win bargaining codes and pick up substantial numbers of new recruits. The total among teachers and other public employees remains small in relative terms, but the headway is important because nearly 10 million workers now have jobs in federal, state and municipal government.

Elsewhere new organizing campaigns have been sporadic and generally ineffective; the concentration is often on having the employer do the organizing through the automatic extension of union recognition in new plants and processes. A kind of pushbutton unionism has developed in many industries out of the union shop, employers' dues checkoffs and other devices for insulating unions against either competition or any necessity for direct contact with their members.

THE MERGER OF THE A.F.L. and C.I.O. ten years ago was itself in important measure an expression of tired blood, rather than of crusading determination to build a more vigorous labor movement. The talk at the merger convention was all of organizing the unorganized—some even dreamed of doubling total union membership by 1965—but a much more specific impetus to ending the twenty years of civil war was the desire of most union chiefs on both sides to be immune from raids by rival organizations in either camp.

The no-raiding pact that had previously been signed by many A.F.L. and C.I.O. unions was the foundation stone of the combined organization. Its constitution solemnly proclaimed that no union should have the right to take members away from any other, but even after the merger it took a long time to make the principle really work. In fact, until the constitution was revised at the end of 1961 to vest more authority in the central federation, the probability seemed strong that interunion piracy would wreck the marriage.

From the standpoint of stability in labor-management relations, the no-raiding principle is a highly salutary one. So is the idea that unions should not expend their energies on disorganizing the organized when they could be applying them much more usefully in the neglected task of organizing the unorganized. Unfortunately, however, the practical effect of the ban on interunion competition has been to accentuate the vested-interest concept that, once a group of workers is organized, they become the property of the union that has organized them. This concept hardly operates as a spur to union zeal or enterprise, or even to minimal concern with developing new avenues of service.

Few union leaders are reaching out for new worlds to conquer; they are content with the world they have and they rely on the no-raid pact, plus their very substantial accomplishments at the bargaining table, to keep that world secure. The difficulty is that automation is undermining their world in ways for which collective bargaining provides no adequate answers.

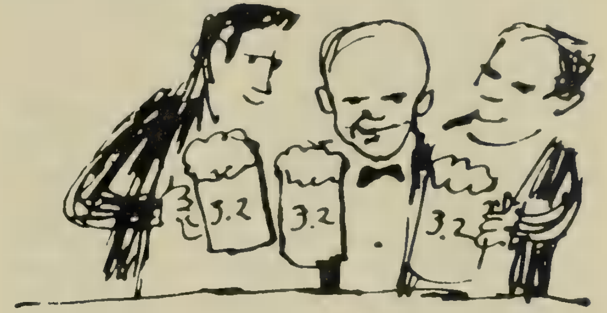
The most visible of these ways, of course, is the erosion of membership through the over-all decline of blue-collar forces and the increasing ascendancy of hard-to-organize clerical and professional groups. The potentialities of technology for erasing production jobs remain largely untapped. Within a generation robots almost certainly will have replaced three-quarters of the workers in what are now labor's strongholds, and even this may prove an underestimate.

ALONG WITH THIS decline goes an atrophy in labor's ability to paralyze the productive process or to hold large sections of the economy in thrall through strikes. Automation already has made several key industries invulnerable to strike stoppage, and the list will grow as manless processes become more universal. Twenty years ago the threat of a national telephone strike caused widespread apprehension. Even then dial service and automatic interconnections were sufficiently widespread to make the actuality of a strike only a minor inconvenience. Today nothing short of mass sabotage could make a phone strike effective in cutting off communications.

Electric utilities and oil refineries enjoy the same imperviousness to strike harassment. In other industries, where unions still have the capacity to halt operations, public policy has made the strike an all but unusable weapon. Thus, in the railroads, Congress passed a compulsory arbitration law rather than expose the country to the hardships of a national transportation tie-up. In the construction of missile sites and the operation of atomic-energy installations, the unions involved voluntarily accepted permanent no-strike plans out of recognition that Congress would pass a law outlawing walkouts if they did not agree, under intense government urging, not to have any.

Public policy also is putting a lid on the horizons of union expectation in collective bargaining. The leapfrogging of wages and prices in the immediate postwar period, with steel as the most persistent offender, brought what amounted to a national decision that the wage-price spiral had to end. This was articulated in the 1959 steel negotiations by that otherwise resolute practitioner of noninterventionism, President Eisenhower, and it represented almost his only contribution in eight years to national economic education.

He got his message across so well that Presidents Kennedy and Johnson institutionalized it, to the vast dismay of their partisans in organized labor. The Gospel According to St. Ike is that the total rise in labor costs each year should not exceed the long-term rise in industrial productivity of roughly 3.2 per cent. Thus far, the formula has not been applied with slide-rule precision, but it has driven bargaining into a more mechanistic mold. The end result will be an assumption on the part of most unionists that they are automatically entitled to 3.2 per cent more each year; the union leader will earn few kudos for bringing back the expected and none at all for bringing back less. "We could do just as well if we sent a computer to the negotiating table," is already the complaint in many unions.



That adds up to three strikes against the man running a union—a diminished membership potential; a diminished capacity to call effective strikes and a diminished prospect for bringing back big slabs of bacon to a rank and file schooled in the notion of "more" as a union's chief reason for being.

Critical as all these adverse factors may prove, they are less worrisome than one which union leaders are even more helpless to reverse through any channel of labor-management relations. This is the fact that the best answers unions can give to automation are those that have the unintended but nevertheless unavoidable effect of erecting walls of exclusion around the work place. In a period when youngsters are cascading into the job market in unprecedented numbers, the protective arrangements unions are making for their own members may become objects of hatred for those outside the job wall clamoring to get in.

The paradox for unions is that the more effectively they do the task they were set up to perform, the greater their danger of community alienation. The contracts that stem from automation provide a growing range of benefits for a shrinking number of workers; inevitably, as the jobs get more attractive, less onerous and fewer in number, the irritation of the have-nots increases. That is exactly what is happening under the most advanced and most universally applauded of the agreements, through which unions and employers have tried to adjust to the problems of changing technology.

The central element in all these pacts is the concept of attrition—no regular employee is to be jolted out of his job by a machine; he stays on the payroll until he retires, dies or quits of his own accord. Along with that guarantee of job security goes some attempt to give the worker a share of the tangible benefits automation brings.

At the big Kaiser Steel mill in Fontana, Calif., one-third of every dollar the company saves through increased efficiency goes into a fund to be divided among the workers every month. Longshoremen on both the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts have a guaranteed annual wage as part of their automation plan. On the railroads the attrition principle has been extended to rule out layoffs because of a slump in traffic as well as because of new equipment or operating techniques. In many other industries, joint labor-management committees are at work on a year-round basis to try to evolve programs for safeguarding jobs and giving workers a cash stake in scientific progress.

THE HEARTBREAK THAT ATTENDED the shakeout of manpower in coal is ample indication of the value of such endeavors in every field in which automation makes it possible to produce much more with many fewer workers. But attrition arrangements, consoling as they are for those already on the job, are no help at all to those looking for jobs. On the contrary, they mean that the man inside will move from one vacancy to another as the total number of jobs in the enterprise contracts. The youth without a job and the millions of Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans and others who for a century have found the gates of opportunity padlocked against them discover that the "Keep Out" sign is just as firmly in place as ever.

The young are coming out of school to seek work at a rate that necessitates the creation of 1,350,000 new jobs every year for the next decade, without any allowance for the jobs being wiped out by automation or for those needed to sop up the nearly 4 million workers already idle. The newcomers have no memories of the Depression or the sit-down strikes; they take the standards unions have fought to build as matters of course, or worse, as the fruits of a narrow interest group preying on the total society. Their image of unions was formed largely by three years of televised testimony before the McClellan Committee on the seamy side of unionism. To this image is now being added a conviction that union seniority systems and attrition programs are conspiratorial devices foisted on industry by labor organizations, whose sole concern is to guard their own dwindling empires.

The civil-rights movement is now the repository of the enthusiasm many youthful idealists once invested in organized labor. And here again the prospect is for a widening breach, even though labor worked unremittingly for passage of a strong Civil Rights Act and insisted on broadening it, over President Kennedy's original objections, to include a comprehensive fair employment practices section.

ONCE AGAIN THE explanation for the prospect of trouble lies in the inadequacy of attrition as a social response to the challenges presented by the technological revolution, especially for the unskilled and under-educated.

The man most completely shut out will be the man who never could get in, the Negro. It will not be enough to tell him, in the traditionally lily-white building and printing trades, that he must take his place at the end of the line for admission to apprenticeship training. Or that there can be no new journeymen because there is not enough work for those already in the union. And, by the same token, it will not be adequate to say in a steel mill or machine shop that he must wait forever for a chance to get in because attrition gives priority to those who were there before him.

The solution does not lie in having the black worker get a job by ousting the white worker, or by the son pushing aside his father. It lies in a workable program for full employment, and that means a much more thoroughgoing involvement in politics than labor ever has had before. George Meany, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., delights in proclaiming that the Federation is the spokesman for all the country's "little men and women." But, in truth, it is ill-equipped to be the voice of America's disinherited.

Its members and its officers have too substantial a stake to protect. They will not—and they cannot be expected to—move out of their own security to provide security for those who have none. They will adopt all the right resolutions about civil rights, abolishing poverty, protecting migratory farm workers and expanding public services. But they initiate almost nothing. Their political role consists of almost ritualistic support for Administration proposals in both foreign and domestic affairs.

But it will take much more than labor's brand of "me tooism" to translate into actuality the promise of full employment that has theoretically been a fundamental part of federal law and federal economic obligation since the passage of the Full Employment Act of 1946. It will entail a particularly difficult readjustment for a movement that has always prided itself on its abhorrence of ideology. Even in Great Britain, with the Labor party in power and a heritage of Socialist orientation in many unions, the shaping of policy is almost totally outside labor's hands.

For American unions the task is made more difficult still by the static leadership. Meany is himself past 70; the average age of the Federation's Executive Council is close to 65. And the new men coming to power are as pallid as those they are replacing. A college man is still under a handicap in rising to union eminence; the best training ground, in the estimation of labor's chieftains, remains the shop and the picket line. When Cornell University opened its School of Industrial and Labor Relations just after World War II, some of its conservative trustees objected on the ground that it would merely be a training institute for union agitators. They need not have worried. Unions have taken only 1.4 per cent of the graduates. Seventy per cent went into personnel and labor relations jobs in industry, and most of the rest into government.

There are still no counterparts in labor of the executive training programs, on which corporations spend many millions of dollars each year. The U.A.W. is almost alone in maintaining a school to provide refresher training for its organizers; most other unions are content with summer institutes or no training at all. The election campaign in steel focused largely on charges that McDonald had turned over too much authority to technicians—this in a union that must deal with multibillion-dollar corporations in a period when everything about the steelmaking process is as fluid as molten steel.

Labor has no more urgent assignment in the last third of this century than the focusing of its political energies on the realization of the limitless promise of this scientific Golden Age. Without a new consciousness of mission, it will drift into a steadily reducing role as either a ward of government or of industry, stripped of any real influence as a force for democratic vitality or economic balance. Thus far, it has only one answer for joblessness, a shorter work week—and this at a time when 30 million members are classed as living below minimum standards of decency, and want is epidemic in most parts of the world.

This is a policy of despair. Until we at least make a stab at abundance, we should not settle for a policy of sharing the misery. What is needed from labor is a degree of independent leadership that will give substance to the concept of direct political action for jobs and an expanding economy.

I hail and salute THE NATION *on its one hundredth anniversary of life and labor in a world of challenge and change of the human condition. It has consistently borne aloft the torch of ever dangerous dissent and courageous criticism as a condition of a free, just and creative society.*

Born during the rising and bitter winds of the Confederate Counter-revolution, THE NATION *never faltered in its fight for the freedom of the freedmen.*

Now THE NATION *is in the midst of another revolution—the Human Rights Revolution of America, Africa and Asia—the most important event of the twentieth century.*

Forward, with your glorious heritage! **—A. Philip Randolph**

WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LEFT?

HARVEY SWADOS

Mr. Swados' novels and short stories have won him many awards and fellowships. He has two books slated for publication this year: A Story for Teddy—and Others *(short stories)* and The American Writer and The Great Depression *(an anthology). Mr. Swados teaches literature at Sarah Lawrence College.*

IF YOU WANT TO LEARN about the Left in the United States today, you must climb stairways in old buildings—and talk to young people. To be sure, a number of men past forty still run the affairs of the "official" political organizations of one or another variety of Socialist persuasion, and some of them are accessible by elevator; but by and large, he who seeks out the official Trotskyists in their crumbling Greenwich Village quarters, the pro-Mao Harlem Defense Council upstairs in Harlem, the Wobbly "hiring hall" in a San Francisco alley loft, or the Free University (formerly Free Speech Movement) students in their Berkeley attic quarters, leaves behind the world of receptionists, switchboards, buzzers, and men worried about their waistlines.

Any assessment of the situation of socialism in the United States today must start from the simple fact that its record has been one of failure. The *Weekly People*, organ of the Socialist Labor Party (Organized 1890), is well into Volume LXXIV, with no indication that DeLeonism finds any more support among laboring people now than it did half a century ago. The same might be said of the Socialist Party; while the Communists—still relative newcomers after more than 40 years—can hardly have 10 per cent of the effective members and supporters that they did two decades ago, during the Soviet-American alliance. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of the reasons for Socialist failure in the world's most "successful" capitalist country, particularly since we are here concerned with an opposite phenomenon, the persistence of Socialist ideas and ideals among American youth. Suffice it to say that the Socialist Party never did recover from the shock of World War I and its consequent split, from the hysterical oppression visited upon it and the IWW, from the emergence of the Communist Party as a more militant alternative. Later, the Communist Party itself never did recover, not only from police penetration, but from the gradual realization on the part of its ranks that its leaders were a cynical and corrupted lot.

Nonetheless, there is today more excitement about socialism in this country than there has been for perhaps as long as thirty years. No one can estimate closely the numerical increase in committed Socialists of one kind or another; but it is perfectly obvious that those who consider themselves Socialists are not only out in the open, but aggressively confident in promoting their beliefs as they were not during the McCarthy era, the war, or even in the thirties. Socialists are active in the AFL-CIO and as consultants to the social welfare programs of the Johnson Administration; Communist "spokesmen" tour the campuses; Trotskyists defend their right to employment at public jobs. Particularly among young people, the fear of being labeled radical, leftist, or subversive seems to have all but disappeared.

If we say that the Communist Party remains, as it has been for many years, the largest political organization dedicated to socialism, it should not be deduced therefrom that leftism in the United States is moribund, or as meaningless as it was, say, in the fifties. The fact is that the radical ferment in this country is not contained by the existing leftist groupings (much to their discomfiture), but spills over into other circles—student organizations, ad hoc committees for or against this or that, unaffiliated but influential individuals, and non-party but left-oriented periodicals, a number of which sponsor forums, symposiums, and on occasion limited political actions. Still, it is only logical to begin with the parties themselves.

ONE BITTER COLD night last winter, I entered the Statler-Hilton to join the 80th Birthday Party for Alexander Trachtenberg, founder and retired head of International Publishers, which was also celebrating its 40th Anniversary. A wretched handful of freezing American Nationalists, outnumbered by the police, picketed at the corner of 34th Street and 7th Avenue. COMMUNISTS DINE WHILE OUR BOYS DIE, announced one of their signs somewhat inaccurately, since this was an after-dinner rally; but it was true that in the warm and comfortable twenty-eighth floor salon, the six or seven hundred Communists and friends of Alexander Trachtenberg and his publishing house looked better nourished than those picketing them.

During the reception I was introduced to the Communist brass, or at least to those of the older generation whose names I still recalled. When the formalities began, the audience, flattered by the presence of Socialist Norman Thomas, who had come to salute an old friend but not his politics, laughed dutifully, even at his barbed comments on the way *The Worker* had reported his addresses on previous occasions. "He's old and feeble," a matron behind me remarked to her companion, "but he talks with real power. A wonderful man." To which the other lady replied, "And we've got a wonderful attendance too. It's just too bad we don't draw a young crowd any more."

She had a point. The well-dressed, well-mannered men and women enthusiastically greeting Gus Hall as he strode to the podium and launched into his prepared address, were well into middle age. Hall paid tribute to the great octogenarians—linking Trachtenberg with Norman Thomas, Clarence Pickett, Roger Baldwin, and A. J. Muste—as well as to such recently deceased elder statesmen as William Z. Foster and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. At which a man seated to my left muttered in a stage whisper, "Yeah, and J. V. Stalin."

The spokesman for the youth on the dais was not Paul Robeson, either, despite the fact that the singer, looking robust once again, was greeted with a standing ovation—to which he responded, *à la Russe,* by clapping back at his listeners. The new generation was represented by Jarvis Tyner, Eastern Regional Coordinator, no less, of the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs, a diffident and rather Ivy League young Negro roundly cheered by the handful of his coevals in the back of the house who were serving as ushers. As I tiptoed past them to the exit while Rev. William Howard Melish was exhorting the assemblage for contributions (the collection is a sacred rite at left-wing rallies just as it is in churches of a Sunday), it struck me that they were as innocently middle-class as their elders—whose children they may very well have been. I felt, as I left the Statler-Hilton, that I might have been departing from a rather tiresome Zionist conclave attended by comfortable greying folk more nostalgic than militant. ("Great Neck Communists," they were savagely characterized for me by a writer who had been very deep in the party for many years, leaving only after Budapest. These suburbanites, including the "Croton Communist" wing, are mainly business and professional men who still reach for their checkbooks, if not their picket signs, in order to prove that they have not betrayed the allegiances of their youth; indeed, many of them, according to my writer friend, had been urged to go into business or accountancy in the first instance by party officials who recognized that their capabilities for making money were greater than their potential as revolutionaries.)

SOME TIME LATER I had the opportunity to discuss these and other matters with such Communists as Dr. Herbert Aptheker, the historian and editor of the party's theoretical journal, *Political Affairs,* and Gus Hall. In the pleasant office where he functions as National Director of the American Institute for Marxist Studies (a newish scholarly body with oldish names, some "non-Marxist" but none of the DeLeonist, Trotskyist, or Maoist persuasions), Dr. Aptheker speaks in a voice free of cant phrases. He has obviously suffered deeply in the last few years—far more, one may be permitted to infer, from the corruption of his own comrades than from police harassment or political persecution.

Indeed, he was frank to admit that the Communist Party has been badly hurt among the youth of America "because it was compromised where it hurts most—ethically and morally." If a radical does not have this, he asked rhetorically, what does he have left? And if the party has gotten over it—to a degree—it has been only because "there are no alternatives."

Dr. Aptheker was speaking to me as the American Communist more in touch with young people than any other: he has been engaged in "serious conversations" with college students on about 60 campuses in the last two years alone, and he agrees that the activists have been shopping around among the Maoists, the Trotskyists, the Communists; what is more, he sees this competitive marketplace as all to the good. One of Aptheker's odder reasons for pride in the brand name of his particular product is an inversion of one of the charges commonly made against it—that in the last 40 years perhaps two million Americans have passed through the revolving doors of the C. P. "That's not bad," he remarks reflectively, "to have introduced Marxism-Leninism into the lives of that many people."

Between my discussions with Aptheker and with Gus Hall I read some of their literature and talked with young people here and there. It would seem that, contrary to the impression I gained at the birthday party, the Communists are beginning once again to make some small headway among college students, for the first time in many years; at least, the DuBois Clubs seem firmly established on a number of campuses. The reasons for this development are interesting. First is the easier rein held on the youth by their Marxist elders. It seems commonly agreed that discipline is loose, with considerable deviation not merely allowed, but necessary if the clubs are to continue to function and grow. Second, the ethical collapse of American communism is all but a dead issue to young people today, as dead an issue as the crimes of Joseph Stalin and his kept men. (Indeed, it is precisely this debonair indifference to recent history which frustrates and infuriates anti-totalitarian Socialists—and which can be regarded as perhaps giving the Communists yet another chance.)

GUS HALL, too, is pleased with his reception among young people. This bulky, affable Minnesota Finn, whom I found at ease in his open plaid shirt, seated at the head of the conference room table on the top floor of the Communist Party's national offices (the building is one of their older parcels of real estate and was formerly used for other purposes), claims that about 85 per cent of his party's recent growth—whatever that may be—has been among young people. They are more interested in his notions of how socialism would work here, he says, than they are in what has been going on in the Soviet Union—about which, he agrees, they couldn't care less. If he is not grateful for this, he might well be, although Mr. Hall is one of those who has found it relatively easy to adjust to changes in the line. "When I got out of Leavenworth Penitentiary after the 'Stalin revelation,' " he said to me, "and people asked me, 'What next?' I said, 'Stalin didn't recruit me. I joined because of my convictions about socialism.' "

Those convictions aside, Gus Hall is in most ways a very average American, and he prefers talking with average American students to arguing Russia or Marxism with the *avant-garde* among them. "I'd rather start two or three hundred kids thinking in the right direction than influence a handful of radicals. In a crowd, invariably a student will complain that I wasn't radical enough or specific enough, but I wouldn't say that such a kid was *typical.*"

When Hall, in response to my question as to whether he still subscribed to such Leninist concepts as the vanguard party or democratic centralism, said yes, but went on to speak of a "greater latitude of experimentation with practical problems," I was reminded of a comment made recently in another context by J. W. Fulbright. "Men do not repudiate the doctrines and dogmas to which they have sworn their loyalty," observed the Senator, but they do "rationalize, revise and reinterpret them to meet new needs and new circumstances, all the while protesting that their heresy is purest orthodoxy."

IN THE COURSE of a long chat with Farrell Dobbs, Presidential candidate of the Socialist Workers' Party (Trotskyists) in the 1948, 1952, 1956 and 1960 campaigns, I had the almost uncanny feeling that I was listening to someone very like his political enemy, Gus Hall. Both are middle-aged middle-westerners, genial by disposition, and given to slipping comfortably into the well-worn Leninist ruts of "tactics *flowing into* struggles," and convinced—each in his musty, seedy office—of the other's corruption and sectarianism and of his own organization's attractiveness to American youth as the vanguard party of revolutionary socialism.

The Trotskyists, claiming a readership for their press in the neighborhood of 10,000, are encouraged by what Dobbs calls the biggest and best response ever to their 1964 Presidential campaign—mass meetings on more campuses than ever before, larger meetings, deeper discussions, and more direct inquiries from students across the country than ever before. Those who do not belong, however, including those who have dropped out or been expelled (the Trotskyists are continually plagued by the proliferation of splinter groups, such as those with a different position on Castro—some of the Cuban Trotskyists are now political prisoners, and are not supported by the SWP), have no such sanguine vision, and on balance incline to view the party as stagnant, faction-ridden, and intellectually mediocre. In an effort to break out of its isolation, the SWP had devoted considerable effort to effecting a *rapprochement* with the late Malcolm X, whom Dobbs characterized for me as "one of those in the vanguard of the Negro struggle in this country against colonial movements throughout the world." Be that as it may, I am convinced, although my personal contact with him had been limited to a telephone conversation, that Malcolm did have a remarkable capacity for political growth (which many white liberals refused to recognize, perhaps because it is a capacity that is foreign to them); and it is fruitless to speculate, now that he has been struck down, what the impact of association with the Trotskyists might have done for that courageous and charismatic man or for his followers.

Nevertheless, there are indications that, as with the DuBois Clubs, Trotskyist Young Socialist Alliance chapters are growing on the college campuses (even though a soapbox meeting of the Columbia University chapter that I dropped in on attracted only a handful of passersby). It seems doubtful, however, that this growth can be attributed so much to the "correctness" of their line—a combination of traditional Trotskyism, Fidelismo, and an effort to latch on to the civil rights issue—as to the increasing receptivity of college students to radical groups with an activist rather than a theoretical orientation.

THE COMMUNISTS' rivals on the Left to whom Gus Hall had returned more than once (almost compulsively, it seemed to me), were not so much the Trotskyists as those Communists cast out or who voluntarily departed as pro-Chinese some four years ago. These sectarians, he had insisted, attract the irresponsible, fly-by-night rebels, and the youth among them are, he hinted, a shiftless and immoral lot. The ones with whom I spoke, in their Harlem office and downtown at their national headquarters, did not impress me exactly that way.

The average age of the members of the Progressive Labor Movement, as the pro-Peking Communists have been calling themselves, is in the twenties, in New York City as low as 25, and hardly any of them are over 40. So I was informed by Fred Jerome (son of V. J. Jerome, for many years cultural commissar of the Communist Party), editor of their weekly paper, and a very likeable young man, who indicated that his group of some hundreds—this year organizing itself into a political party—is growing because it is out propagandizing among previously non-political Americans instead of concentrating on the recruitment of disillusioned Communists.

Jerome hooted at Gus Hall's willingness to have me accept the FBI estimate of CP membership as somewhere around 10,000—a figure which the PLM as well as other ex-Communists with whom I spoke regarded as preposterously inflated by both the FBI and the CP. And PLM has devoted lengthy articles, not in the bilingual weekly *Challenge-Desafio,* but in its monthly magazine, *Progressive Labor,* and its *MLQ* (*Marxist Leninist Quarterly*), to attacking Moscow (for revisionism) and the American CP (for being a do-nothing adjunct to the Democratic Party). The free and easy atmosphere around the PL downtown offices contrasts strikingly with the beleaguered quality of CP headquarters, where switchboard ladies will press buzzers to open doors only after you have been identified. But it must be remembered that, if some Maoists have been indicted for criminal anarchy and some Trotskyist youth for "advocating force and violence," the Communists have borne the brunt of police harassment. Gus Hall, followed wherever he goes by a covey of FBI agents, vowed to me that if the restrictions of the McCarran Act were lifted, "I could go to Minnesota and recruit a thousand people into the Communist Party in two weeks."

Others have already pointed out, however, that throughout the entire McCarthy era a grand total of less than 300 Americans actually went to prison for political reasons. There seems little question but that the waiting thousands, if they are such, in Hall's native Minnesota, are most likely old Communists who would like to renew their associations if it could be done without legal risk—just as it seems obvious that the new recruits to Progressive Labor are young people (many of them Negro) who have never before been involved with the Left. The reasons for this have to do, it seems to me, with the qualities that we customarily attribute to youth—impetuousness, fearlessness, willingness to enter previously uncharted areas.

"The CP and the Trotskyists could be doing what we're trying to do, organize in the neighborhoods and among the Negroes," says Jerome, "but they're just not there—the only place we bump into them is on the campuses."

NOT ONLY are the PL people out talking socialism—and ultimate revolution—to Puerto Rican housewives, Negro dockworkers, unemployed coal miners, and declassed youths on the bum, but they are reaching the farther-out elements of the college crowd and the post-college Villagers in Manhattan. They are aided by: money from wealthy young angels for regular publications; an absence of left-wing stuffiness (*Progressive Labor* is, in layout and art work, the first funny radical periodical since the *Masses*); and an eagerness for high visibility—"Yes of course we are Communists, yes of course we are revolutionists"—that is foreign to the traditions of Stalinists and Trotskyists alike, and is no doubt confusing to police infiltrators on the prowl for undercover names and secret meetings where none exist. And instead of wailing about the State Department's ban on American travel to Cuba, they simply pack up and go there anyway, openly, defiantly, and in high spirits.

Something similar can be said of the uptown branch of PL, described by its leader, Bill Epton, as "the only functioning organization of the Left in Harlem." My first date with Epton, a poised, handsome, and articulate Negro in his thirties who came up through the Labor Youth League and the Communist Party, was postponed because of a tragic occurrence: A depressed young man, a drifter off

Lenox Avenue, and an occasional visitor to PL meetings, had suddenly whipped out a knife for no reason and stabbed to death a young white member of the organization who, with his bride of a few months, was running off a leaflet aimed at arousing black militancy. The hall of the Harlem Defense Council (next door to Sister Conchita, Reader & Adviser) was turned into a bloody shambles. Epton, who had been home at the time, was questioned all night by the police, and I arrived, unaware, shortly after the blood had been mopped up, but before the story had broken in the papers. When I remarked, after being told the reason for Epton's absence, that the mentally disturbed killer (who was then being sought, but was later taken into custody) sounded oddly like Lee Harvey Oswald, the young man who was holding down the fort replied solemnly that for those who were socially aware, there were explanations other than the official ones for both seemingly unmotivated crimes.

BUT WHEN I DID get together with Epton, I found him not at all ponderous, quite unruffled, and as relaxed with me as his comrades had been downtown. Epton regards his native Harlem as an all-but-autonomous community, almost separated from New York and the rest of the country, but well placed to digest information not only from Negro America, but from the United Nations as well. The mood of its people is militant, anti-imperialist, and nationalistic, and partly in consequence it is a leader in political thought: "The Harlem uprising gave the green light to other ghettoes across the country." It was at the tail end of that uprising that Epton defied a police ban as well as the pleas of other Negro leaders, and attempted to organize a march through Harlem, which had no sooner gotten started than he and his attorney, Conrad Lynn, were picked up by the police and separated from his handful of followers.

It is not only Lynn—whose testimony might be regarded as suspect since he is not only an old-time revolutionist himself, but something of a sympathizer with black nationalism—but such Negro leaders of opposing philosophies as the pacifist Bayard Rustin, who express an unstinted respect for Epton's personal courage and his burning desire to improve the lot of his people through political organization.

What is peculiar about Epton and his Maoist comrades—and the same might be said of other Socialists whom we shall consider in a moment—is not how they feel, but how they think. And for this I suspect that the Communist movement, which systematically miseducated them and their parents, must take a heavy share of the responsibility. Thus, Epton believes that there is today no possibility of an alliance between American Negroes and the liberal-labor movement, primarily because of the "fantastic" mistrust of blacks for whites. What he does foresee is a coast-to-coast black revolutionary front that will put forth class as well as nationalist demands and that will then be able to negotiate on a basis of equality for an alliance with liberal and labor white America. Why at that point blacks should stop mistrusting whites, or why at that point the 90 per cent majority of white America should be willing for the first time to negotiate on the basis of "equality" with a 10 per cent minority black revolutionary front, even if it should come miraculously to speak for all twenty million American blacks—these are questions that Epton does not seem to have confronted.

The full flavor of this kind of thinking can best be experienced in the *Discussion Bulletins* of the PLM, taken from tapes. Those of an older generation may remember the hideously wearisome and seemingly endless theses, counter-theses, polemics and counter-polemics that used to (and apparently still do) characterize the internal bulletins and so enrich the leisure hours of Stalinists, Trotskyists, and their respective splinters. Only thanks to the tape recorder, however, can we appreciate in all of its murky splendor, unadulterated by reflection or editing, the word-for-word intellectual confusion of these engagingly modest but nonetheless appallingly ignorant young men who garble the little they have read and reveal the lot that they have not.

It is difficult to comment seriously on these discussions, which border, when they do not actually trespass, on the ridiculous. More important, however, is how intellectual inadequacy can lead to ethical chaos and worse: These young men, whose knowledge of the Russian Revolution, for example, is obviously limited to what they learned in the Communist Party, are capable of quoting with all solemnity, in support of their present positions, the so-called Marxist utterances of Joseph Stalin composed during the late dictator's final years of senile dementia; small wonder that they can characterize as "errors,"

no more, the savage anti-Semitism, the turning over to the Gestapo of anti-Nazi refugees, the butchery of entire populations, the starvation of the peasantry and exploitation of the proletariat, the terrorizing of the intelligentsia and the exile to slave camps of uncounted millions.

SMALL WONDER, too, that they can make common cause—in their press and in such one-purpose outfits as the student anti-war "May 2nd Movement"—with Jews turned Moslem to repudiate their parents and anti-Semitic to repudiate themselves, with Negroes turned racist to outflank James Baldwin and also to evade the responsibility for hard and frustrating day-to-day work in the Negro revolution, with Americans turned professionally anti-American and irrationally pro-Nkrumah, -Nasser, or -Babu because they really do not believe (despite their protestations) in the possibility of progresss toward socialism in America. (LeRoi Jones, uncontradicted in *Progressive Labor,* Nov.-Dec. 1964: "If America is not stopped in its tracks it will destroy the world . . . The majority of American white men are evil . . . there is no sense in your pleading with American society. There is no sense in your praying-in, or laying-in or standing-in or sitting-in . . . America has to be stopped I mean stopped now like a big machine . . .")

One example of the rich, succulent, Socialist prose devoted to the hero-worshipping of anti-colonialist leaders should suffice. The following tone poem on Major Ernesto Che Guevara appeared on the front page of *The Worker* on December 20, 1964 in the guise of an interview:

> Guevara is of the proportion of a football quarterback: under six feet and less than 200 pounds. His bearing is athletically erect but lithe and relaxed. He has a handsome face with each of its parts well defined and classically proportioned.
>
> At rest, his brown eyes are set in wide open lids shaded by heavy lashes, but when his features shift in a shy smile—which is often, in conversation—they become narrow slits, each one holding a tiny sparkling diamond of light.
>
> His speech is full-throated but gently-modulated as the soft musical sounds of the Spanish tongue slightly glide up and down on the crest of the emotional variables in his speech.
>
> When concentrating upon a point his brows become corrugated with ranks of gentle furrows. At a moment of angry emphasis one could see the glow of pink flushing and darkening the skin of his cheeks beneath the thinly distributed growth of sideburns and chin whiskers. . . .

That passage, which reads like nothing so much as a portrait of one of the studs in *Fanny Hill,* really should be interpreted for us by its subject, for Dr. Guevara was trained in psychoanalysis before he turned to politics. But while we await such a happy day, we had better turn to a brief consideration of the democratic Socialists as distinguished from those Communists of one variety or another about whom we have been speaking.

The Socialist Party itself is in its usual state of decrepitude, and its Young Peoples Socialist League dissolved not long ago, the members turning to one variety or another of the campus groups already mentioned above. What makes it more worthy of discussion than, say, the SLP is the genuine intellectual and moral distinction, and the social importance, of the men who have chosen to affiliate themselves with it, men in their seventies and eighties (Norman Thomas and A. Philip Randolph), in their forties and fifties (Bayard Rustin and Erich Fromm), in their thirties (Michael Harrington), and their twenties (Tom Kahn). The line separating these Socialists from those discussed earlier is no longer simply programmatic: it is in fact difficult to detect major political differences between the CP's *Worker* and the SP's *New America.* Nor could it be said simply that these are "reformist" as opposed to "revolutionary" Socialists—many of them are far more radical in approach and activity than the Marxist-Leninists of one kind or another. The basic distinction seems rather to stem from their rejection not only of the Leninist concept of the vanguard party (for even some Communists are edging away from this), but also of the Marxist concept of the increasing immiseration of a growing working class; they see the American future rather as one marked by political multiplicity, and by automation, rationalization, and a shrinking working class.

PARTLY AS A consequence of their genuine radicalism, however, and partly because young Americans today, while increasingly radical and political, are wary of the old parties, the fastest-growing left-oriented youth organization in the country, with over 40 groups in some 30 states, is Students for a Democratic Society. SDS, junior offshoot of the elderly Fabian Socialist League for Industrial Democracy, is somewhat influenced by Socialist intellectuals like Harrington and Kahn of LID; but as an activist and anti-ideological organization, it also serves as a kind of umbrella for impatient young people eager for involvement in SDS slum neighborhood projects and at the same time attracted to the more far-out enthusiasms of one or another of the Marxist groups.

What one detects in conversation with people like Rustin, Harrington, and Kahn, is a kind of ruefulness. Their very success in arousing various publics, and thereby gaining the attention of the powerful, has been rendering them suspect *even in their own ranks* to those more anxious for activity than analysis, and vulnerable to those apocalyptic agitators who cry up extreme nationalism and decry the Socialist commitment to the building of an alliance among Negroes, liberals, and a resurgent trade union movement. What is more, they are under attack from a Left section of their own Socialist movement for not repudiating Johnson, Reuther, Wilkins, and such, and for allowing themselves as a result to be outflanked by the nationalists and the totalitarian radicals. Such seems to be the thrust not only of the attack on Rustin in *New Politics* (a Socialist quarterly of which Rustin used to be a contributing editor), but also of the American Socialist Organizing Committee in Chicago, and the Independent Socialist Club at Berkeley, dominated by Hal Draper (who played a leading advisory role in the Berkeley student revolt late in 1964): these people would seem to be the core of those "Third Camp" Socialists who are "opposed to both of the reactionary systems of exploitation of man by man which now divide the world: capitalism and communism," and would, we may assume, solidarize with, for example, the Vietnamese Buddhists, whose manifesto of March, 1965, stated: "The Vietnamese people do not wish their nation to become one of the Sino-Russian satellites or a colony of the Western imperialists."

The new ferment cannot be contained, as I have indicated, within the old leftist parties or circumscribed within traditional orbits of leftist thought. Much of what Bayard Rustin has called "The Spontaneous Left" tends to identify not with an organization but with a publication or an individual: M. S. Arnoni and his *Minority of One,* Irving Howe and his *Dissent,* Julius Jacobson and his *New Politics,* James Aronson and his *National Guardian,* I. F. Stone and his *I. F. Stone's Weekly,* Paul Sweezy and Leo Huberman and their *Monthly Review,* or even with the *Village Voice* or *The Realist.* For this reason as well as others (the resistance of young radicals to serious reading or sustained thought, the pique of their elders at not being listened to, and their suspicion of the blind activism of the young), the rebirth of leftism, particularly among college students, has been described by Professor Lewis Feuer, himself a former Marxist, as "prolonged adolescence and repetitive re-enactment from year to year of a rebellion against their father." In an analysis of the Berkeley student revolt for the *New Leader* of December 21, 1964, he speaks of "generational animus," "generational revolt," "generational solidarity" (twice) and "generational uprising" (three times).

THERE MAY very well be an element of truth in this, but it must also be borne in mind that the Berkeley collegians were not in revolt against such of their elders as Hal Draper, Paul Goodman, or Paul Jacobs—none of whom will ever see forty-five again. It seems to me that it would be equally useful—and equally limiting—to think of the new leftism as a conflict not between old and young but between urban and suburban. If it is conceivable that suburban young people would dig the incantation, BIRD LIVES! chalked on a Manhattan billboard, and even that they might inscribe such a statement of faith on their high school walls, it is much less likely that they would scratch on the sides of their public telephones what the New Yorker etches on his : KILL COPS!

But this, while it does imply something about the conversion of our cities into smoldering jungles of laborers, servants, and lumpen surrounding the policed compounds of their leisured oppressors, and the conversion of much of our countryside into WASPs' nests, is also inadequate in that it does not account, for example, for the immersion of thousands of young white suburbanites in the civil rights movement and the peace protests: in short, in the new radicalism.

What has happened in the sixties is that a door has opened. What lies beyond that door will be profoundly affected by what goes on in Africa and Asia, to be sure; but we can hope that it will also be affected by what we have learned and absorbed here at home of our native traditions of skepticism, rebelliousness, and affirmation.

THE NATION *has consistently followed the most relevant method for preserving freedom of speech; it has spoken freely, reasonably, and courageously about matters pertaining to justice and the common good.* **—Stringfellow Barr**

DEVIANCE AND DEVIATES

HOWARD S. BECKER

Widely known for his research on deviants, the author is Professor of Sociology at Northwestern University and President of the Society for the Study of Social Problems. He is the author of Outsiders: Studies in the Sociology of Deviance.

WHAT IS INTERESTING about deviance is not what it is, but what people think it is. To be sure, there are such things as drug addiction and homosexuality, and they pose interesting problems for the physiologist, the biochemist and the psychologist. But interesting scientific problems do not create public concern. The still unexplained physiological mechanisms that produce heroin addiction do not generate newspaper headlines. What arouses the government, the press and the public is the crime attributed to addicts, the fear of attack by a drug-crazed kid on a lonely street, even though addicts engage mainly in shoplifting and other kinds of petty theft; the stories of high school students using marijuana, though there is no evidence that marijuana will harm them as much as the alcohol their parents allow them to drink; the fear even, for some, that the Chinese Communists are using narcotics to weaken the will of the American people.

Deviance, in general, as opposed to concrete forms of behavior like drug use or homosexuality, is a creation of the public imagination. The act of injecting heroin into a vein is not inherently deviant. If a nurse gives a patient drugs under a doctor's orders, it is perfectly proper. It is when it is done in a way that is not publicly defined as proper that it becomes deviant. The act's deviant character lies in the way it is defined in the public mind.

The public definition of an act as deviant has, of course, drastic consequences for the person who commits it. Under one definition, he may continue to live as an ordinary citizen. Under another definition, he may become a hounded criminal. A consideration of deviance in America over the last one hundred years must inevitably focus on what people have thought of deviance and how public thinking about it has changed, and must interpret what deviants do as a reaction to the way society reacts to them.

We have had drug addicts for a long time. Before the turn of the century, as a number of early studies show, many older people were addicted to patent medicines that were liberally laced with opium. Women helped themselves through menopause with the aid of opiates, and men and women alike alleviated their minor ills with such remedies. They came to depend on their "medicine" and were addicts without knowing it. We also had more self-conscious addicts: jockeys, gamblers, pimps, whores and others in the "sporting life," who smoked opium and became addicted.

Prostitution is, of course, the oldest profession. But prostitutes in earlier times were fallen women, fenced off (in red-light districts) from more respectable people.

Homosexuality is one of the oldest vices. Homosexual literature delights in naming the famous homosexuals of early times, from Nero to the present. But it seems likely that homosexual activity in an earlier day was usually practiced as a secret vice by those who lived in the conventional world.

The examples indicate the range of possibilities, in an earlier period, in the relations between respectable people and those they considered deviant. People who engaged in practices thought to be morally repellent either did not know that they were "doing wrong," like the patent medicine addicts; knew what they were doing, but did it secretly and despised themselves for it, as they would have been despised by others if their sin were known; or lived in a separate part of society, like the sporting world, segregated and isolated from the conventional society.

Have things changed? Yes and no. The same relationships can be observed today between some kinds of deviants and the rest of society. Large numbers of people are addicted to sleeping pills and tranquilizers; since the public has not yet been persuaded that these are dangerous drugs, they do not think of themselves, and are not thought of, as deviant. Yet the observation I heard attributed to a Kansas City tavern owner—"Everybody who doesn't drink takes pills"—becomes more true every day.

The practitioners of secret vices are still around, though the catalogue of vices involved has been enlarged. There are still secret addicts and "closet queens" who hide their homosexuality. There are, in addition, secret transvestites, secret devotees of sadomasochistic thrills, secret fetishists, and others whose kicks are mailed to them in plain brown envelopes with no return address.

But the analogue of the old red-light district, in which the deviant lived walled off from a society that might otherwise be contaminated by contact with him, is harder to find. Prostitutes inhabit most of the public places people go to for entertainment—bars, night clubs and hotels—at every level of society. Their way of life is not so different from that of other people as to mark them off as a special breed. It is difficult to think of any class of deviants so segregated and marked today.

THOUGH SOME of the relations between deviants and respectable society characteristic of an earlier era can still be found, much has changed. Not only are deviants less segregated, but they have come, in increasing measure, to take a different view of themselves and of how they ought to be treated by others.

One component of the change is an increasing tolerance of deviance by respectable society. The deviant is no longer branded as a sinner whose consignment to hell is a foregone conclusion. Instead, ordinary people are willing to see extenuating circumstances that might account for the deviance, are willing to believe that deviants can be reformed, and are increasingly unwilling to take harsh punitive action toward deviants. Public beliefs have changed in this way, in part, because high court decisions have made it more difficult for the police to "roust" deviants in what used to be their customary fashion. Police habitually control deviance not by actually convicting people of crimes on the basis of evidence, but rather by harassing them with illegal and quasi-legal arrests that deviants are not disposed to fight because they cannot come into court with clean hands. But increasingly strict judicial interpretations of the search and seizure rule, and other decisions affecting civil rights in the area of vice and obscenity, have handcuffed the police so that these means are less available to them. (They have not, of course, given up completely; the nationwide harassment of Lenny Bruce, in clear contravention of Supreme Court decisions on obscenity, is a case in point.)

With the gradual lessening of police harassment, other influences have been at work. The rise of dime-store psychoanalysis—the easy explanation of deviant or odd behavior as the product of childhood traumas that might have happened to anyone—has helped the public to absolve deviants of responsibility for what they do. And, perhaps more important, it has helped deviants themselves to decide that what they do, right or wrong, is not their fault and, indeed, that it might not even be wrong. It is unlikely that any deviant believes this so completely that he never has a qualm about his deviant acts, but it provides the moral basis on which he can demand to be let alone.

Finally, various kinds of popular philosophical positions—the Eastern philosophies, psychological doctrines of self-development, and so on—have brought some people to see the means of salvation in what were formerly thought to be deviant practices. In particular, the use of drugs—both old-fashioned marijuana and heroin and such newer discoveries as peyote and LSD—has been seen as a way of expanding the consciousness and achieving higher levels of human experience. From this point of view, what ordinary people think deviant is not deviant at all; it is all a mistake and they need to be enlightened if they are capable of it and fought against if they attempt to interfere with one's own enlightenment.

In any case, for any or all of these reasons, deviants have become more self-conscious, more organized, more willing to fight with conventional society than ever before. They are more open in their deviance, prouder of what they are and less willing to be treated as others want to treat them without having some voice in the matter.

HOMOSEXUALS have organized what can only be called "defense groups," very much on the model of such ethnic defense organizations as the Anti-Defamation League or the NAACP. The Mattachine Society (for male homosexuals) and the Daughters of Bilitis (for Lesbians) have branches in several large cities and publish magazines (*The Mattachine Review* and *The Ladder*); they hold annual conventions at which panels of experts and members discuss the biological, psychological, sociological and legal problems of homosexuality. Their magazines are filled with discussions of famous homosexuals in history, of civil rights cases and decisions involving them or applicable to their problem, and other matters justifying their right to be homosexual.

When I addressed a Lesbian group not long ago, I was surprised (a sign of how much I accepted conventional stereotypes) at how much the group looked like a middle-class women's club having a meeting to decide how to run the next charity bazaar. Since they were conventionally dressed, not in the least "butchy," I found myself amused by the disparity between my conception of them and the reality. But I stopped smiling when I realized the aggressiveness and courage it took to identify oneself publicly as the officer of a Lesbian organization and the risk these women were taking in doing so.

Homosexual organizations have won support from "straight" scientists, psychologists, lawyers and, most recently, the clergy. A group of San Francisco clergymen sponsored a homosexual New Year's Eve dance, a gesture deliberately designed to make the affair publicly respectable. Though the police had not bothered a Halloween dance at the Hilton (to which the guests came "in drag," to the great delight of news photographers), they saw a threat in this legitimately sponsored affair and moved in, taking pictures of everyone there. Lawyers, on hand to protest such maneuvers, were the only ones arrested. But the police, undoubtedly motivated by a wish to "keep them in their place," will not prevent homosexual defense groups from winning further allies in the respectable world and pressing their fight for equal rights. The militancy of the homosexual organizations has provoked a frightened warning from a committee of the New York Academy of Medicine.

ANOTHER VERSION of the new self-conscious deviant organization is found in Synanon, a self-help organization of heroin addicts now more or less permanently settled in several places around the country, from Santa Monica and Marin County in the West to Westport in the East. The characteristic feature of Synanon is not that it thinks addicts ought to be allowed to take drugs in peace, even though many experts feel this is the most efficient and humane solution to the drug problem, but that it thinks addicts ought to break the habit with the help of ex-addicts rather than being cured forcibly by police or psychiatrists. With merciless discipline, Synanon forces the addicts who join to toe the line or get out. Since no professional group has very much success curing addicts, Synanon (whose successes are not yet reliably measured, if indeed there is any reliable measure) stands on solid ground when it demands that its members be given the right to help themselves. It has, of course, provoked strong reactions from many professionals in the drug-cure field, who cannot believe that any good can come of ex-addicts associating with one another. On the other hand, it has won strong support from many legislators and a few of the professionals who have had an opportunity to inspect its establishments.

LSD ALL THE WAY

SYNANON IS A GRIM operation. Not so the short-lived International Foundation for Internal Freedom (IFIF), headed by Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert, the psychologists who left Harvard after an extended battle over whether their experimental use of LSD and other psychedelic (mind-expanding) drugs with students was a proper professional activity. IFIF, in contrast to Synanon and the homosexual groups, is a frankly utopian organization. It looks forward to a radically changed society, in which people will see through the games of life they now play in deadly earnest—the family game, the work game, etc.—and, freed by the use of LSD, live in happier forms of human association, realizing at last the as yet untapped resources of the human mind and spirit.

Leary and Alpert attempted to found a colony embodying these ideas in Zihuatanejo, but the Mexican government drove them out. They are now giving seminars and lectures designed to let others in on the good news, and Leary has just published a book, based on the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, of ritual and instruction to be used to enhance the LSD experience. They have had a fair amount of success, most of it with well-educated people, including many engineers and "hard" scientists, who seem especially drawn by the appeal of new kinds of mystical experience. Their success has been clouded, however, by the hostility with which officialdom greets them everywhere from Massachusetts to Mexico.

The LSD movement (if it is really big enough to merit being called a movement) differs from the organizations of drug addicts and homosexuals in being composed of people who were not, prior to their involvement with LSD, deviant in any sense. But all three groups exemplify the increasing militancy, organization and self-consciousness of deviant worlds and their growing unwillingness to let respectable society have its own way with them unchallenged.

A sense of what this might lead to (if every group engaged in deviant practices became self-consciously aggressive) comes from the recent lighthearted attempt in San Francisco to have marijuana legalized. One man staged a "puff-in" at the Hall of Justice, lighting up a marijuana cigarette in front of police officers so that he could become a test case. A local attorney has become interested in testing the legality of the law. A group of forty or fifty paraded around Union Square every Sunday for a month (some of the paraders were mothers pushing baby carriages) carrying signs advocating legalization. And when President Johnson spoke, during the campaign, in front of St. Peter and Paul's Church in North Beach, scattered among the "LBJ All the Way" signs that greeted him were a few that said, "Make Marijuana Legal."

Perhaps more interesting than the organization of deviant groups, though much harder to document, is the possibility that practices and beliefs formerly labeled deviant have spread to broad segments of the "normal" population. This possibility first became known to the public, I think, with the publication of the Kinsey Report, which reported surprisingly high percentages of men who had engaged in various abnormal forms of sex behavior. Although substantial questions have been raised about Kinsey's sampling and techniques, the figures were so much higher than anyone had suspected that it is a worthwhile hypothesis that there is a lot more deviance around than meets the eye and that Americans, while not advertising the fact, are by no means as straitlaced as we had thought.

WITH THE Kinsey findings to point the way, a good deal more evidence, most of it quite impressionistic, can be cited in favor of such conclusions. As a simple example, note the mammoth sales of works like *Candy, Fanny Hill* and the *Tropics,* which had been smuggled in from France as pornography only a few years ago. Once the legal restraints were removed, there turned out to be a good many pornography fans around.

Other evidence is not hard to come by. Not long ago, police discovered that some sixty high school students in Woodside, an affluent suburb of San Francisco, were smoking marijuana supplied by a recent graduate. Similar stories could no doubt be told about hundreds of other communities. Marijuana use is not confined to Negroes, Puerto Ricans, musicians and show people. I know of no profession which does not have at least a few members who are at least occasional marijuana users. As an example, far out enough to make the point, one user I know was first offered marijuana by a clergyman, who himself saw nothing wrong with it, though he made sure that his congregation did not find out his views. (Perhaps because I have studied marijuana use and published on the subject, similar cases are constantly brought to my attention.)

Somewhat less direct evidence comes from a survey recently conducted by Paul Verden and Harold Hodges in Santa Clara County. They asked people a number of questions designed to measure "cultural orthodoxy," the tendency to be conservative in areas ranging from political and economic attitudes to attitudes toward sex. The results are somewhat surprising. There are a great many more people who are culturally unorthodox than one might have expected. In addition, the unorthodox are scattered uniformly through all the social classes of the community. In other words, this kind of deviance—and let us grant that asking people whether or not they agree with a number of unorthodox statements is at best a weak measure of actual deviant practice—is not the monopoly of any group in the community. People of all kinds, rich and poor, feel restive under the constraints of our Victorian public morality.

GIVEN THE growing underground of practicing deviants and adherents to the culturally unorthodox, what can we make of our official morality? Why does it receive overwhelming public support, even though many, probably a growing number, no longer believe in it or allow it to restrain their activity? The most likely answer is, of course, that official morality—preached by leading public figures, embodied in laws and enforced sporadically by police—is a political product. Politicians make laws embodying its precepts, or refuse to repeal laws which embody them, because organized pressure groups make that a wise course. Those in favor of a more relaxed official morality seldom organize in a way that makes them politically effective, although ministers, physicians or lawyers may occasionally act on their behalf, as when a New York county medical society issued a report advocating less punitive narcotics laws.

Public morality must, of course, keep itself in some sort of relation to "the times," to the slow drift of opinion and practice in the country. If it gets too far out of step, it creates the kind of situation we had during Prohibition; and public leaders do not care for the widespread disrespect for law such a situation engenders and soon put an end to it. But as long as some sizable and politically influential group demands a particular official morality, state legislatures and others are likely to bow to the demand, even if the consequence is simply a public affirmation of a way of life many no longer follow. If the laws embodying the morality are not enforced too strictly and if deviants do not mind being somewhat secretive in their activities, an accommodation can be worked out more or less to everyone's satisfaction.

But our public morality may have gotten too far out of step. Recent reports on college students indicate that a vast number of college girls, whatever their private beliefs and whatever their practice, simply no longer believe in chastity, virginity and the sexual double standard that once was the American way. Whether they "do" or "don't" they do not feel that they can successfully argue—either with the boys who pursue them or with other girls—that premarital intercourse is wrong in and of itself. In the same way, it seems likely that the general public is now prepared to accept revisions of our extremely punitive laws on homosexuality and addiction.

IT IS HARD TO SAY what things will be like if the trend toward relaxation of older standards of morality continues. We can get a clue, perhaps, from a look at the "swingers" of Los Angeles. Los Angeles is probably the most unorganized city in the country. It has a vast number of new migrants every year, no well-organized elites to absorb and tame the newcomers (as does the San Francisco Bay Area, which also has a large in-migration), and nearly perpetual summer. With none of the constraints that might be imposed by tightly organized neighborhoods, the presence of extended families close by, or even by a seasonal change that would get people off the beach, new kinds of manners and morals seem to have grown up.

A long-time resident of the Los Angeles beach communities told me the following tale. When he moved into a house already inhabited by three other bachelors, one of them handed him a pack of calling cards that had just a phone number, the number of the house phone, printed on them. He was told to hand the cards out to likely girls wherever he met them—on the beach, in bars, in department stores, wherever—and wait for the response. And, just as he had been told, within a week the phone started ringing and never stopped. Girls who couldn't even remember who had given them the card, girls he had thought attractive but unlikely to be intrigued, old ones, young ones—they all called and they all wanted to go to bed. Neither he nor his housemates have ever wanted for companionship.

While few Angelenos are so enterprising as to have cards printed up, and while such a story is a slim basis for generalization, a community where such a gimmick will work must surely be something new in American life. Though no one has really done a thorough investigation of the matter, the casualness about sex indicated by the story is said to permeate large segments of Los Angeles society. (This in a town whose police harass Lenny Bruce as efficiently and conscientiously as those of more puritanical eastern cities!)

David Boroff has suggested that sex is the politics of the sixties, and I think he is right, though perhaps not in the sense he meant. Sex of the Los Angeles variety, drugs (both the hipster's marijuana and the more intellectual drugs like LSD), and other varieties of exotic behavior may well come to be thought of as inalienable rights, not to be interfered with by either the police or self-appointed censors of family, neighborhood or community. Whether proponents take the low road of quiet evasion of existing moralities (like the quiet coteries of marijuana users found everywhere) or the high road of principled defiance (best exemplified by Leary and Alpert's open conflict with their Harvard colleagues), they will contribute to a growing tension between themselves and those who are not ready to countenance the new ways.

THE NEWLY organized deviant groups are making use of the potential for revolutionary change contained in our cultural emphasis on egalitarianism and our legal emphasis on due process. Our institutions can, when they are spurred into action by determined men, protect minorities of whatever kind from the restraints of cultural tradition and local prejudice. The civil rights movement has shown that. The techniques, legal and extra-legal, used by opponents of racial segregation, will probably be used more and more frequently by deviant groups in the years ahead. Recent events in Berkeley have shown that political freedoms and less conventional freedoms go hand in hand; the same powers use the same means to stifle both. As the indivisible nature of freedom becomes clear, even those who do not engage in forbidden activities will be drawn into the battle, just as physicians, lawyers and ministers have already been drawn into the fight for more humane and rational treatment of addicts and homosexuals. The seeds of independence planted in 1776 will yet bear some strange fruit.

THE NEW IMPROVED DRUG SCENE

JEREMY LARNER

Mr. Larner's first novel, Drive, He Said, *won the Delta Prize last year. He has done stories, essays and political reporting for many magazines and this year co-authored, with Ralph Tefferteller,* The Addict in the Street, *a book of interviews with heroin addicts (Grove Press).*

Back!
Back!
Retreat, you fool.
Bar the doors, you are not meant for this world.
Now quietly, crawl into a small crevice in the corner of your innermost mind.
Here I sit alone, seeking sanctuary in opaque blackness.
Though it is dark and dreary,
I am not afraid, for only mortals are afraid.
And I, I am no longer of that world.
The sounds are loud and slow, the colors have all been muted,
But my thoughts are clear.
And I finally realize,
I have finally found peace of mind and rid myself of all internal tortures.

THE ABOVE POEM was written by a fifteen-year-old boy under the influence of a heavy dose of barbiturates. Bobby, as we shall call him, was in school at the time, "and afterwards it frightened me. Because I saw I wasn't paying any attention . . . to anything."

Bobby lives in a small city less than an hour from New York. His high school has a good reputation and a high percentage of college placements. Its student body includes youngsters both from traditional high-income Westchester County families and from families whose fathers supply the labor for an increasing number of decentralized industries. Recently some law enforcement officers came to school with a film about "the dangers of drugs." Bobby reports that "the entire school laughed at them. The whole auditorium never stopped laughing." The kids laughed because they knew more about drugs than the cops did. They laughed because the film was typically melodramatic and full of flagrant errors—calling marijuana smokers "addicts," for instance. They paused, however, on their way out, for a careful study of the police display of implements for drug-taking.

Westchester's teen-age drug problem began at about the same time that youngsters in New York were first exposed to drugs on a large scale—in the early 1950s. Back then, the use of narcotics seemed confined to the most delinquent youngsters. Later, an alarming number of slum-area teen-agers were caught up in heroin addiction. But it now appears that the use of drugs is not purely an economic matter; for the latest customers in the American drug market are legions of urban and suburban middle-class kids, girls included, many of them good students, college-bound, who regard drugs as the *sine qua non* of modern experience.

In August, 1964, the Yonkers police announced that they had cracked a heroin ring which supplied 140 addicts, one-third of whom were girls and many of whom lived in $100,000 homes lining the Hudson River. The police estimated that 800 more Yonkers teen-agers used "lighter" narcotics. It's common knowledge among Westchester youngsters that White Plains is a center for the distribution of all kinds of narcotics. Many of them can rattle off the names of drugstores in White Plains which sell opiate-based cough syrup without registering the buyer—for twice the standard retail price. Talking to a young man at an Ivy League college who has been arrested several times for selling narcotics, I was assured that at his high school—one of the most highly regarded private prep schools in New York—almost everyone had a chance to "fool around" with various drugs and at least two girls had become addicted to heroin.

Bobby's city is smaller than Yonkers or White Plains, and heroin is not very popular there. Bobby estimates that a majority of the kids at his school occasionally smoke marijuana. This is not as bad as the press would have it; for marijuana is a non-addicting stimulant, and its effects are usually (though not always) pleasant and sociable. Marijuana in itself creates no appetite for heroin. Illegality aside, teen-age pot-smoking is no more (or less) serious than the inevitable teen-age drinking. Since marijuana is illegal, however, its continued use will probably bring a teen-ager into contact with users of other illegal drugs. In Bobby's town, this contact occurs at the sandwich shops and pizza parlors where the kids hang out after school. There the high school kids get

together with dropouts and with hangers-on in their twenties who still need the company of younger people. Some of the hangers-on have drugs to sell. Before long the teen-age user learns the stores where he may buy cough syrup or pills; with his friends he begins to seek out connections in Harlem, the Village, or "a place on Long Island."

Bobby says that about 150 of the 800 kids in his school smoke marijuana regularly. About 75 of these also use cough syrup, amphetamine ("pep pills"), barbiturates ("goof balls"), and an occasional sniff or shot of heroin. Cocaine and strong hallucinogens—peyote, mescaline, LSD—are highly valued but hard to come by. Only a handful of kids in Bobby's school have ever gotten hooked on heroin. It is marijuana, alcohol, cough syrup, pep pills, goof balls, and random exotics that form the staple of the high school drug diet. Young users, however, are always on the alert for something new. Recently Bobby's friends discovered that a brand of nasal inhaler contained wyamine; when taken orally, the cotton inside a 59-cent inhaler is enough, they say, to keep three or four people high for 36 hours. The wyamine high especially appealed to them because "it helps you to go to school and work efficiently. Also we like to use benzedrine to take Regents exams."

"The idea is not to get hooked. Your friends stand by you and tell you when to cool it. And it works, with a group. The kids here who use drugs don't use it as an escape—they use it for pleasure and enjoyment, working, listening to music, etc. They realize that if they use it for escape that's bad, and that's gonna be their downfall. When you use drugs you feel you're all to yourself—you're in your own little world. But kids are afraid of this, too—that's why they try to stay together, listen to music and so forth. Except with the depressants—that's why I was scared when I wrote that poem."

Bobby had reason to be frightened. The day he talked to me, a sixteen-year-old friend of his had been hospitalized for an overdose of barbiturates. Barbiturates have been found to be addicting, with severe and even fatal withdrawal symptoms. No one knows, furthermore, the long-term effects of taking heavy doses of amphetamines. In the short run, a heavy dose can cause cerebral hemorrhage, berserk acts, unpredictable violence and hallucinations. A mild dose of dexedrine or benzedrine would stimulate alertness and probably pass undetected in school. But the amphetamines can be at least psychologically habituating, and some teen-agers are taking them in doses far larger than medical science has tested. Almost any drug has its side-effects, and these effects are magnified when drugs are taken at boosted dosages and in random, untested combinations. Tranquilizers, for instance, constantly embarrass their manufacturers by displaying results which have eluded the testers, including, in some cases, habit-forming properties. And the hallucinogens can touch off psychotic episodes from which some people never regain mental balance.

ACCORDING TO BOBBY, drugs are no longer a specialty of the anti-social loner—they've been absorbed into the social scene. "Three years ago, guys would pull away from society. There were no girls involved. Now there are more and more girls every day. It's not a sexual thing—there's not much desire for sex. Girls take depressants and just sit around."

Bobby described a Christmas Eve party held in a cellar apartment. In the middle of the room stood a refrigerator filled with pills, cough syrup, rum and wine. There had to be a lot of codeine syrup, because the opium content is so low that a user will on occasion drink eight to twelve bottles. The pills were a barbiturate sedative called "Tuinal," an overdose of which, according to one textbook, "results in stupor, lowered body temperature, feeble heart action, depression or paralysis of respiratory centers." The host at the party had evidently had a good number of pills, because every time he let somebody in the door he fell down the cellar steps and crashed into the jukebox. "At 4 A.M.," says Bobby, "the boiler exploded. And no one moved. They were floating around in the water. A guy who knew karate went around knocking bricks from the wall. I left and went to church. When I came back they were still there."

What do the parents think of this? As little as possible, apparently. Suburban doctors tell me parents are angry when told their children use drugs—angry at the doctor. They will believe the youngster's denial as long as circumstances permit. Their general attitude is that they've got troubles enough of their own. They're willing to abide by what sociologist Kenneth Keniston calls a "gentlemen's agreement": they won't bother their children if their children don't bother them.

There is a trend among contemporary social scientists to speak of the lack of ego-conflict in the modern middle-class family. Ego strength arises when you pit yourself against others, the theory has it; when there is no conflict the ego will be untested, undeveloped. A weak ego "can't take it"— it tends to withdraw from stress rather than to fight things out, to choose disaffection rather than revolt. The young drug users I've talked to are indeed withdrawn and disaffected. It's interesting that the kids active in athletics or politics usually don't take drugs—and are regarded as "squares." The drug users as a rule were raised by evasive or absent parents who gave their kids equipment instead of values. Values, of course, can be rejected—but the young drug users feel no passion one way or another about their parents. For the drug user, sex is not in fashion—both depressants and the amphetamines impede sexuality. Far from competing with their parents or defying them, the kids seem to want to avoid that uninspiring scene altogether.

IT IS RATHER startling to ask these kids whom they respect and find them hard put to come up with a single name. Contrary to the stereotype of teen-agers as idol-worshippers, the cool ones simply do not look to the adult world for models. That world is seen as a hostile and artificial place, full of squares who make pointless distinctions of class and race, who work at useless jobs, who give themselves pompous airs, and who try to make you as unhappy as they are themselves. Says Bobby, "It's the *parents* who have the problems, not the kids. With things changing so fast, it's the people between 35 and 45 who are confused. The kids can figure it out."

What the kids "figure out" is that it's easier to go along with the game, to perform as one is expected to perform. It's not hip to take the grown-up world seriously. It's hip to put up with it passively, and to use one's private time in search of experience which will make one inwardly superior. And putting up with it passively is easier with the judicious use of drugs. "About two years ago," says Bobby, "I'd say police and adults were wrong all the time. *Now* kids do try and contend—with drugs. But there's no respect."

Whom do you respect then? The question drew a blank. Finally Bobby said, "Someone who's been put down all his life and can still get hold of something and say 'fuck you' and make it." His example of "making it" was listening with heightened enjoyment to music. Most of the young drug users are inclined to art, music, or literature—but in a passive way. "On drugs you see something and you study it and you try to *comprehend* it." It is in a similar spirit that the devotees of hallucinogens insist that their visions are "creative experiences."

This attitude is utterly consistent with the inner values of our consumer society. We live in a country that is devoted to the concept of health and happiness through consumption. The dominating idea in middle-class child-rearing has been to *give* your child the right properties and experiences—toys, medicines, lessons, neighborhood, education, social contacts, etc.—so that the child grows up anxious to resolve all anxieties by adding something magic from outside himself. Drug manufacturers and indeed all advertisers foster this attitude of yearning dependence. The prime object of American business is to create false needs, since our economic system, like the heroin system, is based on the consumer craving more and more products indefinitely. In a nation of suckers, it's only logical that a man who "needs," say, a bulky, over-decorated, inefficient American car with built-in obsolescence, should have a son who "needs" drugs. James Mills, in a pious essay in *Life* magazine, claims that "Rarely is a heroin user found who did not come to the drug by way of marijuana." He might more accurately have said, "Rarely is a heroin user found who did not come to the addictive mentality by way of the advertisements in *Life*." In fact, Mills's article itself offered *Life* readers the vicarious consumption of heroin in much the same manner that *Life*'s recently added book, music and art reviews offer the passive consumption of culture.

THERE IS NO rigid dividing line between the mentality of the young drug user and the mentality of other American consumers. Consider the mountains of unnecessary vitamin pills which anxious mothers push into their children. Consider that alcohol addicts in this country number 5 million and that nicotine addicts consume over 500 billion cigarettes each year. Consider that Americans spend over $146 million a year for cathartics and laxatives, in the belief that even their bowels can't move without external stimulation. Consider that of the 7000 penicillin reactions in the U.S. every year, doctors estimate that only about 10 per cent occur in cases where application of the drug was necessary. Consider the TV ads for relaxants, bringing us the happy message that it is no longer necessary to feel "tension" or "conflict" or "worry"—just add a pill to your system. Consider the ads for sleeping pills which suggest that we can't go to sleep until a pill "turns off the wake center." Consider the 500 tons of barbiturates manufactured in the U.S. each year—enough to put to sleep 10 million people seven nights per week, fifty-two weeks per annum. Consider that children now walk the streets wearing buttons which say "Come Alive!"—a feat to be accomplished by drinking Pepsi Cola. Consider that a New York radio station advertises, "WMCA turns you on." It seems not a bit inconsistent that *The Psychedelic Review* should push "professional subscriptions" with the teaser that "LSD subjects" have found "that their religious experience is an ecstatic and *incontrovertibly certain* discovery penetrating a barrier heretofore closed to ordinary men."

Bobby tells a significant story. In an effort to get at the psychological roots of his need for drugs, he had been seeing someone who called himself a "psychiatrist." After about six months, the "psychiatrist" observed one day that Bobby was nervous and fidgety. He offered to prescribe a tranquilizer. Bobby laughed contemptuously. "I don't need *you* to get me drugs!" His comment: "That's how well he understood what I was talking about for six months!"

IT SHOULDN'T surprise us that Bobby and his friends suffer from a gnawing sense of incompleteness. "There's no one to fall back on but yourself. And this is a bad feeling. There has to be someone to go to." They resent the social forms of an increasingly atomized society in which adults don't bother each other or care about each other. They speak sometimes of "transcending" their surroundings; they are ripe for advertisements of self-proclaimed saintliness. Banding together, they form a fellowship of hip Holden Caulfields, in this world yet not of it. Their desire is to slide by in worldly terms; they have no impulse toward social, economic or political change. They take drugs to dig the music that is given them, or to learn the material their school offers—without complaint, denying frustration. The "transcendence" comes from being high—and knowing you have gone the squares one better. You may conform to whatever standards, whatever routines they lay down, because when you're high you're out of reach.

"The greatest thing in the world is to cool it, cool it, to get high and not have anyone know it. It's not hip to get hooked any more. The big thing is to cool it—to stay cool and just look out your window at the others."

To look out your window—feeling superior to what you see. What you see are human beings desiring, striving; but you have taken in something extra that puts you beyond desire or strife. You're cool.

Traditionally, coolness and superiority over "ordinary men" were signalled in America by the consumption of material products clearly graded to reveal the caste of the user. But now the ante has been raised. Due to time buying, the liberal extension of credit, a general increase in income-level, and mass production, it is no longer so easy to judge an individual by the car he drives, the clothes he wears, etc. Thus style and taste take on a new importance. To be "in" is more important than to be "up"; instead of wealth one displays elite knowledge: the latest way of dressing, the newest "in" slang, fashionable opinions about fashionable art. But mere fashion isn't enough, because with a little instruction, any square can masquerade. The new media are full of hipsters who will bring them up to date faster than ever. The would-be Holdens are panicky: some measure of commitment must be found, or else the whole concept of deep-souled superiority is threatened with collapse.

What must now be consumed is experience itself—experience measured by quantity. This is the ultimate in hip. And yet the ante raises itself even here: what can the hipster do that a modern insurance salesman might not do on his vacation, with the latest copy of *Playboy* in hand to guide him? As the hungry masses press nearer and nearer, the moment of truth is narrowed down to the instant when one takes drugs. And even here the masses follow. (Or have they been there already? In 1914, before the clamp-down on patent medicines containing opium, the national rate of addiction was ten times what it is today, involving one person in 400. And most of the addicts, galling to the hipster, were middle-aged housewives.) When the series on junkies appeared in *Life,* I heard a plaintive moan: "Is *nothing* sacred any more?"

For Bobby's friends, the use of drugs is their only real commitment. They can pride themselves that they've gone all the way. Any disapproval in their direction will be viewed as a joke on the disapprover. People who don't use drugs are squares; they're not hip—which is to say, they haven't kept up with the new Joneses. Therefore, the logic goes, everyone outside our fellowship is a hypocrite—by his own middle-class definition. Our parents are hypocrites, say Bobby and his friends in effect, because they teach us to seek happiness through consumption, and then warn us not to consume certain things because we'll get too happy.

THE DRUG-USING teen-ager is a perfect candidate for the coolest of compromises, an adult life of hip conformity. Lacking in self-determination, he is not likely to develop a personality oriented toward hard thought or hard work. He knows, however, that to "make it" in the modern adult world he may have to undergo considerable training and specialization. For the "taking-in" youngster, such training is identified with the constriction of his personal "freedom." Nevertheless, he may decide to endure training, so that he can use it as a front. Thus the "hip" use of stimulants in school to improve one's concentration. Transcendence is easier when one plays the game—and a truly disaffected hipster would like to think that everything is a game. He considers himself above involvement, above getting "hung-up," but the irony of his position is that he is above independence. His most limiting dependency is his need for someone to use, i.e., to "take in." To be hipper than thou is his version of conspicuous consumption. The epithet "middle class" serves him as an elite term to indicate contempt for the less edified consumer.

To the drug user, people who stick with things or take things seriously are a threat. They are squares, and he will use them, he thinks, just as he "used" his parents. He makes suckers of them by getting them to give him things without giving of himself. He thinks he will surpass them by adding whatever they have to offer to his own reserve of privileged pleasures.

If he is still unhappy, that is because the big people are persecuting him. He insists on the model of a world in which a saintly few battle for existence against the incursions of a brutish majority. His great fear is betrayal ("no one to fall back on"), and the more he tests the more he finds himself betrayed. Searching desperately for the authority he never had, he is an easy victim of mystic ideology, fake science and saintly rhetoric. "There has to be someone to go to"—and so he may become a cultist. But the cult itself is likely to betray him. For in addition to the shared cult mystique, the in-language, etc., each cultist cherishes a conception of his own destined role. When others cease to value his uniqueness, he may have to add one more betrayal to his collection. The letdown will intensify his lostness, his dependency, his need for submission. He rushes to new drugs, new cults, new authorities.

When life doesn't work out somehow, he again looks outside himself for the explanation. He finds magic against him: the curse of the squares, the grown-ups, the outsiders—all of whom are alike to him. He sees them in conscious or unconscious conspiracy. If one should question *his* magic, he fights back with the one challenge he can count on to set himself apart: "Have *you* ever tried Drug X, Drug Y, Drug Z?" He can't hear in his voice the pathetic parody of all the commercials that have swum into his soul and fastened there.

Although many high school kids try drugs only occasionally, others—though most are not addicts—are already victims of the tendency to center their lives around drug-taking. The worst thing that can happen to a drug user is to grow older without grabbing on to some honorable work, to slip instead into a jaded narcissism and grandeur ("only mortals are afraid"). His mood may deteriorate beyond human reach, into a bitterness and paranoia desperate for the manic lift of stimulants, or into a shell of tension softened only by the chemical twilight of depressants. The drug life is consecrated to The Vision—at the expense of the richness, complication, and ambiguity of "ordinary" human experience. Drugs nowadays are an ever-more-available retreat from uncertainty. If one needs magic badly, narcotics will make it all the easier to embark upon a sterile search for The Answer, a desperate flight from questions.

Young drug users, of course, are no less complicated than anyone else. Bobby, for one, is not without a streak of stubborn independence. If he could, he'd like to control his impulse toward drugs without giving them up. That's one more reason why he, and others, try to stay together when they take drugs, and to focus their attention on people, music, reading, schoolwork. Bobby is fighting against himself not to slip away, struggling not to give in to the demons who inspired the last poem he wrote while on barbiturates:

> The night is supposedly a dark and dreary mood, but this is a misconception, for the night is filled with nocturnal creatures, who travel incognito and upright on two legs. These things can corrupt and destroy all morale. They lurk everywhere, but nest and grow in poverty. They can seduce a being of strong will into a state of no reasoning.

How can we help Bobby know that the "nocturnal creatures" are summoned by his own desire? What can we offer him to help fend them away?

One hundred years of facing the difficult and frightening issues of the times! THE NATION *has pushed us to think and face realities and situations from which we might ordinarily run. I am grateful to have so often been challenged in my thinking by this publication.* **—The Rt. Rev. James A. Pike**

HILDA SIDNEY KRECH

THE IDENTITY of MODERN WOMAN

Author of two novels and co-author with her mother, Sidonie M. Gruenberg, of The Many Lives of Modern Woman *(non-fiction), Mrs. Krech is now at work on another book on women,* Beyond the Mulberry Bush, *to be published next spring by Doubleday.*

THE MODERN AMERICAN WOMAN has received an enormous amount of publicity—most of it bad. Books, TV programs, learned and not-so-learned journals have addressed themselves to her problems. Criticism has usually been aimed at her efforts to expand her horizons, to get beyond the daily round described in the old nursery rhyme: *This is the way we wash our clothes/ This is the way we iron our clothes / This is the way we sweep the floor/ This is the way we bake our bread.*

It's surprising, really, that the subject and its debaters aren't exhausted, especially in view of the fact that, in many respects, modern woman is less modern than the "new woman" who was emerging a hundred years ago. The period 1865-1885 saw the opening of four of our finest women's colleges: Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr. Women were stirring, something was in the air. In those days, when education for women was new, when woman suffrage had not yet been achieved, modern woman wanted desperately to take her place as a human being in the world outside her home.

Today that desperation is gone, which is doubtless a good thing. But it is not good when, along with the desperation, women lose all sense of purpose and of personal identity, as though they had no meaning as individuals apart from husband and children. In that first generation of moderns, most women who were "privileged" felt an obligation to "use" constructively their leisure, their intelligence, their special capacities. Their counterparts today lack the same sense of obligation or purpose. Though they live in more convenient houses, many spend all their time homemaking; though they tend to have fewer children, they spend more time "mothering."

The real working woman, who works not for "self-fulfillment" but simply because her family needs the money, may be the most truly modern woman. Both on the job and at home, she is better off than her old-fashioned forebear, who kept house under primitive conditions and worked long hours at pitifully low wages. She is also spared the guilt, self-questioning and criticism that have pained many "lucky" women who seem to have a choice—yet feel that the choices before them aren't real.

George Gallup and Evan Hill made a survey of "the typical American woman" and wrote an article for *The Saturday Evening Post* "refuting the charges against her." She is not "lonely, bored, lazy, sexually inept, frigid, superficial, harried, militant, overworked," they tell us. "She is happy, she is content; she wants only the simple pleasures; her family is her whole life." Their typical wife sums up her situation by saying: "If I don't want to do the dishes or laundry right now, I can do them later. My only deadline is when my husband comes home. I'm much more free than when I was single and working. A married woman has it made."

Such a woman knows neither the nagging worry of poverty nor the nagging pull to be part of the activity and thought of a world that extends beyond her eventually made bed. She may be happy and content. She may even be typical. But she is *not* the modern American woman that commentators have in mind when they speak of "frustration" and of a Radcliffe diploma mildewing over the kitchen sink.

The *Saturday Evening Post* woman is often pictured as leading the modern equivalent of the traditional homemaker's life. Compared to the old-fashioned housewife, however—one who was part of a large, multi-generation household, who helped her husband on the farm or in a small shop, who played an active role in her community—she leads a barren, restricted, undisciplined and vicarious existence.

As for today's college-age generation, it is the least modern of all compared with the co-eds of the thirties or the bluestockings of two generations back. What is disturbing is *not* that these girls want marriage and motherhood above all else, but that they expect to live merely through their husbands and children; even those who have had college, travel and other advantages, have no goals or aspirations other than marriage.

Nobody seems happy about the present situation. At a Vassar symposium on "The College Woman in Today's World," the consensus was: "If the performance of college women from 1920 through World War II has been somewhat disappointing, the mental attitudes of young women since World War II are alarming." Not only do girls drop out or break down; those who stay in college often wonder why they are there. As one student put it, "We have been striving for excellence. But, without a commitment, a goal, excellence in a vacuum is meaningless. Excellence for what?"

THIS STRANGE, NEW old-fashioned attitude has been a long time coming. Perhaps it started as a reaction to the feminists, for with many of the original goals achieved, there was no motivation for young women to mount the ramparts and fight for more. By the time my own college generation came along in the 1930s, we took the hard-won gains of the past for granted; we were, in fact, embarrassed by feminists who seemed out to prove themselves a little more equal than men.

The college-age girls of the '30s must have been the most mixed-up of all, for few wanted to be career women (aggressive, masculine and, worst of all, old maids), yet many wanted to be "career girls" (lively, appealing, glamorous). Not only college girls, but all kinds were planning on careers in those days. When one found herself married, holding a baby in her arms for the first time—her own child—she threw over what she called her career, partly because it was hard both to work and to keep house, but also because, as a matter of brutal fact, there was not usually a great deal to throw over. She turned her full attention on her little family and shut the door on the world.

Many such young women, though happy with husbands and children, found housework and child care both too much and too little—too much in that, though no one task was very difficult, it all seemed so unending; too little in that they had been led to believe they would be spending their time, their energy and their talents quite differently. This was a time of sad little jokes about college being the place where girls who are above cleaning and cooking go to meet boys so that they can spend the rest of their lives cleaning and cooking.

It was also the time when advice and scoldings started coming at them at an ever increasing rate. *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex,* by Ferdinand Lundberg and Marynia Farnham, was published in 1947. In essence, it argued: "Close down the commercial bakeries and canning factories today, and women will start being happier tomorrow." Dorothy Thompson said in 1949 that instead of apologizing for being "just a housewife," each woman should boast that she is a "business manager, cook, nurse, chauffeur, dressmaker, interior decorator, accountant, caterer, teacher, private secretary" all rolled into one. The following year, Agnes E. Meyer elaborated further: "Women must boldly announce that no job is more exacting, more necessary, or more rewarding than that of housewife and mother. . . . There have never been so many women who . . . neglect their children because they find some trivial job more interesting." Even when writers did not scold, but spoke gently, like Dr. Spock, the theme was the same: If it's a career you want, make a career out of motherhood.

This was the beginning of what Betty Friedan calls "the feminine mystique." Psychologists and journalists found allies in advertisers who simply wanted to keep women home and buying. While bakeries and canning factories did not close down, women started baking their own bread, making their own clothes, putting up endless little jellies. Do-it-yourselfism reached a point where women found themselves upholstering their furniture, laying brick patios (at least in California) and papering walls. But instead of being content, as predicted, they felt—to use a word of Anne Lindbergh made popular in *Gift From The Sea*—"fragmented."

MORE RECENT WRITINGS give the impression that the mothers of America are now climbing their lovingly papered walls in frustration. Some, with nearly grown sons and daughters who no longer need them so much, now feel like has-beens who have never really quite *been*. Even the young matrons, who never wanted careers, who now have just what they always did want, find that for some reason, it is not enough. This makes them unhappy, and their husbands as well, for frequently the men feel a sense of guilt because their wives are shut out from the world in which they spend so much of their time.

Writers who describe the feminine condition also help to shape it. The noises some of them are making today are disturbingly reminiscent of the old-time feminists.

"Why are women always the lab technicians?" Eve Merriam asks in *After Nora Slammed the Door*. "Why is a woman never the director of the laboratory?" "Why must women always be content with second-level careers?" asks Betty Friedan. Alice Ros-si, writing in *Daedalus,* puts it on the line with the title of her thoughtful article, "Equality Between The Sexes: An Immodest Proposal."

The pendulum has completed its arc. Where do we women go from here? We could, of course, continue foolishly to swing back and forth: "On to careers!" and "Back to the hearth!" But let women and their work become needed and we will see the problem in a different way. There is already something of this in the air. The New York *Times* runs articles called "A Huge Waste: Educated Womanpower" and "Tapping a U. S. National Resource." Max Lerner, recognizing that women are needed in hospitals, schools and other vital community services, pleads "Let's Draft Our Girls." People are gradually coming to see that each semi-wasted life is not simply a private sorrow, but something that concerns society.

BUT IF WOMEN are to spend their lives more wisely, they must first stop being so bewildered—and so bewildering.

Once women were told that being a wife and mother was a career. Women were not persuaded, yet they aren't sure why; indeed in many a woman there still remains an uneasy feeling that what was good enough for Grandma ought, at least, to be good enough for her. But it is *not* good enough—for the simple reason that life has changed drastically for all of us, whatever our economic position.

Isolation of the American woman within the bosom of her own small family nucleus is the most striking change. Starting with the Industrial Revolution, which first took men out of the home, her isolation has increased with the growing mobility of her husband (today the professional or organization man is nearly as migratory as the migratory worker). To this feeling of isolation has been added a sense of futility: the appliances, products and services which have taken away from her so many tasks and functions, took away also a feeling of accomplishment. And even if a woman wants, and is capable of, doing things the old-fashioned way, living a reasonable facsimile of Grandma's life, what would this do to her marriage? And to her relationship with her children? Does it make sense for her to live a horse-and-buggy life while her husband lives in a dacron-and-jet world, her children in an age of viscose-acrilan and rockets?

In any case, we have reached the point where motherhood as a career no longer lasts a lifetime. Girls are marrying younger, having their children sooner (and having fewer of them), so that they suddenly find themselves, at middle age, with their "career" at an end. What does a woman do who has half her life to live after her youngest child leaves home?

Interestingly, the Women's Bureau estimates that of the girls now in high school (most of whom see only motherhood ahead), eight out of ten will at some period find gainful employment. It is becoming fashionable to speak of a woman having "a second career" after her children are grown. According to this formula, she is generally unprepared for the second career; her skills have become rusty and so she must polish them off or take some refresher courses.

It seems to me that more than a course or two and a little rust-removing is required. If, since girlhood, she has not used her skills, organizational ability or other talents, she is in no condition to present herself to prospective employers at the age of forty or so. If only it were taken for granted that, once a woman's children no longer needed her full time, she would be expected to be useful, productive or needed in some other way, she would put to better use the little scraps of time available during her busiest years. As it is now, the scraps are frittered away—not only during the hectic nursery years, when she needs them for sheer relief, but all along the line. Just as expenses rise to meet rising income, so chores, errands, self-perpetuating puttering, and what Veblen called "ceremonial futility," increase as women's home duties grow lighter.

What should women do with their time? What should they take as their goals?

It used to amuse me, and lately it has distressed me, that most men make do with "jobs," but whenever women are discussed, the word is always "careers." If the notion is pushed that middle-aged women can embark on "instant" careers, with no more than a refresher course or a little brushing up, they will soon find this impossible and they'll go back to "nothing"—like the ex-career girls of the thirties. If, instead, we recognized that relatively few men have "careers," and that women, who have carried responsibilities as wives and mothers, are even less likely to have them, we would be nearer to a practical solution for the problem we are discussing.

For one thing, women must stop looking for one all-purpose formula, be it "Back to the Spinning

Wheel!" or "Back to Sarah Lawrence for Continuing Education!" Most women, actually, will find some place between these two points. Sarah Lawrence, Barnard, Radcliffe, the University of Minnesota and the University of Michigan are pioneering in this field in imaginative, intelligent ways. Some of their projects are designed for women who left college to get married and who now want to finish their interrupted educations. Some provide refresher courses and some are for women with B.A., M.A. or Ph.D. degrees who now want to go further in their own or different fields. But the academic approach does not answer the needs of all women; nor, in fact, does it answer all the needs of any one woman.

We must recognize how absurd it is to expect the same work, the same activity, the same goals of all women. Like men, they differ in temperament, intelligence, training and ability. Like men, they differ in their early opportunity for education and training; and, even more than men, in their later opportunity to *use* their abilities. For in a woman's case, opportunity depends not only on herself but on her family—on how many children she has, when they were born, whether one or more is handicapped in some way, and where her husband's work takes the family to live.

However equally we consider men and women, the work plans for husbands and wives cannot be given equal weight. A woman should not aim for "a second-level career" because she is a *woman;* from girlhood on she should recognize that, if she is also going to be a wife and mother, she will not be able to give as much to her work as she would if single. That is, she should not feel that she cannot aspire to directing the laboratory simply because she is a woman, but rather because she is also a wife and mother; as such, her work as lab technician (or the equivalent in another field) should bring both satisfaction and the knowledge that, through it, she is fulfilling an additional role, making an additional contribution.

When they become mothers, young women must be helped to keep and to use something of what they gained through their education or special training or early work experience. We must not leave each one to battle her way alone; if it is assumed that mothers, at some point, will become participating members of society, society should provide ways to help them. Diaper service is an undebatable example of a help that is new and that all mothers need. Nursery schools—now enjoyed by privileged children (and their mothers) and, more recently, by the so-called culturally deprived (and their mothers), will someday bring joy and benefit to all children (and their mothers).

But progress will be slow if services are added piecemeal, haphazardly, as businessmen or educators find partial answers to existing needs. Many families need more fundamental help in freeing women from their daily chores. Tract developers, for example, might take this into account and provide for *young* families the recreational facilities and some of the medical, educational and maintenance services now provided for *older* people in the retirement communities springing up across the country.

Then, as women become more free, they must become clearer about their goals and more purposeful in pursuing them. Different women, of course, have different goals; the goal of each must be flexible because, as a mother, a woman is more subject than her husband to change of plan without notice. But flexibility (currently regarded as the most desirable feminine trait among some educators of women) must not be confused with sheer aimlessness!

Finally, recognizing that automation will affect employment opportunities for women as well as for men, eventually giving everyone a shorter work week and perhaps an earlier retirement age, we must examine meaningful uses of time, talent and energy outside of jobs. Men, as well as women, will have to find truly satisfying uses of their leisure time—occupations that can be continued and developed into the retirement years (years which, incidentally, I hope will not be spent segregated from the rest of the human family). It could be that the woman who adapts well and functions effectively in the world of today (not, for her, a "full-time" work-world) will serve as a model for man in the automated tomorrow.

THE NATION *has survived a hundred years of critics and detractors on a diet of controversy and stimulating—but often exceedingly unpopular—causes. It has survived and grown because there has continued to be a vital need for its voice—in 1965 as in 1865. (On occasion, I have disagreed with a particular article or editorial in* THE NATION, *but I have always had admiration for the courage and integrity of its editors. Then and now,* THE NATION *is needed.) I hope its voice is around to be heard for another hundred years.*—**Sen. Jacob K. Javits**

'TELL IT LIKE IT IS, BABY'

RALPH ELLISON

The publication of Invisible Man, *which won the National Book Award in 1953, launched Mr. Ellison on a writing and teaching career which has earned him many further awards. His latest book is* Shadow and Act, *a collection of essays (Random House, 1964).*

> *Dear Uncle Raf:*
> . . . What are you doing over there in Rome with all those Italians? What do you think about over there? Are you keeping up with what's happening here at home? Have you read about those cracker senators cussing out the Supreme Court and all that mess? Let me hear what a home-boy done gone intellectual thinks when he's away from the Apple and all the righteous studs. . . . How's the writing going? Do you find it makes a difference being over there? Tell a man how it is. . . .

VIRGIL B., WHO WROTE the above excerpt in 1956 after the Southern Congressmen had drawn up their manifesto against the Supreme Court, is a childhood friend who is now a cook and baker on merchant ships. Inevitably his letters contain a trace of mockery, directed at my odd metamorphosis into a writer, which is meant to remind me whence I come. Nor is he merely amused; he seriously expects insight and eloquence and a certain quality of attention to the reality experienced by our group—demands which, since that experience is often bafflingly complex, I am not always able to meet. After answering his letter, however, I was led to make an attempt at an essay which, perhaps because too many things were happening to me at the time, I was unable to complete. My wife and I were living the dormitory life of the American Academy in Rome and I was much preoccupied: with writing a novel, with literary concepts, with reviewing my own life's resources for literary creation; with the experience of discovering a foreign culture in which the old structures and guides that sustained my thoughts, emotions and conduct at home were so relaxed, whether awake or sleeping, that it was as though I was living in a barely controlled chaos.

So the essay failed. I simply could not organize the various elements—literary, political, psychological, personal—into the complex, meaningful whole which my sense of reality and my concern with fiction demanded. But I could not forget the essay, or at least not the dream which was its core; for in its way it seemed to symbolize my state of diffusion, my concerns, conscious and unconscious. Therefore the following attempt at salvage (made at the suggestion of the late David Boroff) represents, if nothing more, a further episode in my discovery that for me it was by no means a simple task to "tell it like it is"—even when the subject was desegregation and the Southern Congressmen's defiance of the Supreme Court. I was outraged and angered by the event, but the anger was not isolated or shallowly focused, rather it suffused my most non-political preoccupations. More unsettling, I discovered that there lay deeply within me a great deal of the horror generated by the Civil War and the tragic incident which marked the reversal of the North's "victory," and which foreshadowed the tenor of the ninety years to follow.

Since I attempted the essay, some nine years ago now, the power of the Southern Congressmen has been broken and the reconstruction of the South is once more under way. Nevertheless, the hooded horrors parading, murdering and shouting defiance in the South today suggest that the psychic forces with which I tried to deal (in both dream and essay) are still there to be dispersed or humanized; the individual white Southerner's task of reconciling himself to the new political reality remains. In retrospect, then, it was perhaps not too naïve after all to have tried to approach the problem consciously through the insights made available by the wisdom of tragedy. One thing is certain, the mind in sleep will have its way, and I *had* fallen asleep while reading Gilbert Murray's *The Classical Tradition in Poetry*, puzzling over how its insights might possibly be useful to a writer who is American, a Negro, and most eager to discover a more artful, more broadly significant approach to those centers of stress within our national life wherein he finds his task and being.

—*New York, June 1965*

LET ME BEGIN WITH a personal dream—for with what are we concerned, the moment we try to think about the problem of desegregation, but the clash between the American dream and everyday American reality; between the ideal of equality and the actuality of our society in which social, educational, and economic inequalities are enforced explicitly on the irremediable ground of race? And even in so practical and (until recently) so far removed an area as that of foreign policy, does not this clash, especially when we regard Asia and Africa, make for an atmosphere of dream-like irrationality?

Perhaps more to the point, when a Negro American novelist tries to write about desegregation he must regard, in all its tortuous ambiguity, the South. And here immediately he confronts three clusters of conflicting images: the myth-image propagated by orthodox White Southern spokesmen, by costume movies and popular novels of the Civil War; the image, almost completely negative, held by self-righteous white Northerners—and not a few Negroes—who have never known the South; and the more heavily qualified image (far more than a simple synthesis of the others) held by his black Southern relatives and their fellow Negroes. Among these images (none absolutely true or false) there is a great clashing, with the exponents of each set making scapegoats of the others: Northerners for Southerners, the South for the North, the black for the white and the white for the black, and when we try to find stable points of reality in this whirling nightmare of terms and attitudes, they change constantly into their opposites.

If we honestly say "Southerner," then we must, since most Negroes are *also* Southerners, immediately add *white* Southerner. If we say "white South" our recognition that the "white South" is far from solid compels us to specify *which* white South we mean. And so on for the North and for the Negro until even the word "democracy"—the ground-term of our concept of justice, the basis of our scheme of social rationality, the rock upon which our society was built—changes into its opposite, depending upon who is using it, upon his color, racial identity, or in what section of the country he happened to have been born, or where and with whom he happens to be at the moment of utterance. These circumstances have, for me at least, all of the elements of a social nightmare, a state of *civil* war, an impersonal and dreamlike chaos. To what then, and in his own terms, does a Negro writer turn when confronting such chaos—to politics, history, sociology, anthropology, art? War, it has been said, is a hellish state; and so, too, is equivocation, that state (born of the Hayes-Tilden Compromise of 1877 and faintly illumined by the candle of liberty) in which we live. It is the candle alone which guides us through our chaos and when the candle flickers we're in the dark. And so in the Roman dark I dreamed.

IT WAS A BRIGHT spring morning and I was walking along Classen Boulevard in Oklahoma City. Birds sang high in the trees that lined the walk and I could see the flash of wings and the quick, downward swoop ending in a nervous run along the walk, where, with alerted heads and flipping tails, they busily harvested a horde of catalpa worms. The worms were everywhere, the walk smeared green and white with their pulp and skin. But they were relentless. They kept dropping from the trees to the walk and moving over the curb and into the street in a steady wave, providing an ambulatory feast for the birds. Trying to avoid both worms and smears, I moved past the well-trimmed walks that led through handsome lawns to the distant houses, showing bright and gay with awnings. There were flowers too, and a clarinet running arpeggios in middle register, and the call of a huckster sounding hoarse-voiced in the limpid distance. I was filled with the expectation of some pleasantness, some long looked-for reward. Then it came over me that I was going to see my father.

I hurried now and almost immediately I saw in the distance under the high archway of worm-damaged leaves a tall, familiar man coming toward me. We were approaching an intersection, which he reached ahead of me, and stood looking steadily toward me and I felt a certain joy.

But then, as I drew closer, he was no longer familiar, but a stranger wearing a dull black and gray diamond-checked suit, his face narrow as he watched me out of small, staring eyes. I didn't know him at all, was even uncertain of his race. Standing quite still now, feeling a cold sensation along the ridge of my spine, I looked across the empty street, trying to interpret his accusatory look. We stared for a breathless time, then he turned away, retreating quickly beyond a privet hedge and out of sight, just as a mirror or window pane nearby sent the sun glaring into my eyes. It was odd.

I moved again, feeling now as though I had lost something precious. Who was this man, and what was the meaning of his staring accusation? What had I done—what had I failed to do? Had I been mistaken for someone else? But who?

The weather had changed and the city become strange. I was walking through an arcade lined with shops and on into an old street-car terminal covered with dirty glass through which the light filtered gloomily down. Passengers stood about in little groups, silently waiting for the long, yellow cars that came and went with a groaning and grinding, the motormen retracting and shifting the trolley poles with a great showering of sparks. An old man in a white apron and yellow paper cap was selling popcorn and peanuts from a stand topped by a whistle which sent forth a thin plume of steam each time a little mechanical clown, wearing a white, polka-dotted suit and peaked hat with a red pompon, turned the crank of a glass drum containing unshelled peanuts. The man smiled, holding out a paper cone of popcorn, gleaming with butter, as I moved past and out into a great public square, in the center of which I saw a tall, equestrian statue standing level with the second story of the surrounding buildings. The rider, poised in full gallop, stood high in the stirrups flourishing a broad military hat with plume. An expression of victory showed on his bronze face, despite the fact that his saber had lost three-fourths of its blade. Gazing upward past his head, I saw on the balcony of a building across the square the man who had stared; now, accompanied by a mysterious woman, he was looking toward me. They leaned forward, gripping the rail, staring at me intensely. Then a clock struck three with a mournful sound, followed by the creaking of cogs and pendulum—an ancient, dirty, cobwebbed sound. Then a flock of pigeons flew up, casting a shadow between us as they rustled the light with their wings and a voice spoke from a hidden loudspeaker.

"Is he the one?" it said.

"He's the one," a woman's voice answered, "truly."

"Is he the one? I say is he the *one!*"

"He's young, too young; he's not the one. It's been too long."

"Then he's the one," the male voice said, "Strength is not a requirement."

Then I became aware of a crowd standing behind me, before a building decorated with flags and bunting. It was quite hostile and I had the hot feeling that it was capable of almost anything. I moved away, aware that the crowd was following and feeling that somehow I had fallen from a high place, from a cliff or high protecting wall; and now I was running down a hill on which the tracks of a trolley line gleamed, and the air, suddenly breathless, was portentous.

I ran desperately, until, somehow, I was in a dark, colonial alley in Washington. And as I emerged into a crowded thoroughfare it was as though a book of 19th-century photographs had erupted into vivid life. The street was full of rubber-tired carriages—broughams, phaetons, landaus—and I could hear the creak-snap-jangle and thud of wall-eyed pacing horses. Gas lamps flickered the shadows with a chill white light, revealing a relentless crowd moving with sweating excitement, and as I moved out into the crush I became aware of the strangely sinister, high-frequency swishing of women's skirts. All around me people were rushing swiftly past to gather before a building from which, looking past their bobbing heads, I could see a sheet-covered form being removed on a litter.

It was a man, I could see now, his body having lost its covering as his litter-bearers jolted him roughly about. It was a tall man who seemed familiar: there was something about the way the disarranged sheet draped the toes of his shoes. Then it was now and yet another time, and I moved forward with a feeling of dread, thinking, "It's happening again."

We had said good-by and he had made me a present of the tiny pink and yellow wild flowers that had stood in the vase on the window sill, had put a blue cornflower in my lapel. Then a nurse and two attendants had wheeled in the table and put him on it. He was quite tall and I could see the pain in his face as they moved him. But when they got him covered his feet made little tents of the sheet and he made me a joke about it, just as he had many times before. He smiled then and said good-by once more, and I had watched, holding on to the cold white metal of the hospital bed as they wheeled him away. The white door closed quietly and I just stood there, looking at nothing at all. Near by I could hear my mother talking quietly with the physician. He was explaining and she was asking questions. They didn't talk long, and when they finished we went out of the room for the last time. Holding on to my wrist as I clutched my flowers in my fist, my mother led me down the silent corridor heavy with the fumes of chloroform. She hurried me along. Ahead of us I saw a door swing ajar and watched it, but no one came out, then as we passed I looked inside to see him, lying in a great tub-like basin, waiting to be prepared for his last surgery. I could see his long legs, his knees propped *up and his toes flexing as he rested there with his arms folded over his chest, looking at me quite calmly, like a kindly king in his bath. I had only a glimpse, then we were past. We had taken the elevator then and the nurse had allowed me to hold the control and she had laughed and talked with me as we went down to the street. Outside, as we moved along the winding drive into the blazing sun, I had told my mother but she wouldn't believe that I had seen him. I had though, and he had looked at me and smiled. It was the last time I saw my father alive. Years later, while telling me who he was and what he had been and what it meant to be his fatherless child, my mother had said that difficulties with money and the weather caused his body to be withheld from burial until it stank in the dark back room of the funeral parlor. Such was her respect for the naked reality of the human condition. . . . But what quality of love sustains us in our orphan's loneliness; and how much is thus required of fatherly love to give us strength for all our life thereafter? And what statistics, what lines on whose graphs can ever convince me that by his death I was fatally flawed and doomed —afraid of women, derelict of duty, sad in the sack, cold in the crotch, a rolling stone in social space, a spiritual delinquent, a hater of self—me in whose face his image shows? My mother loved him through all the years, cherished his memory until she died, apotheosized his vital years. For in effect he only perished, he did not pass away. His strength became my mother's strength and my brother and I the confused, sometimes bitter, but most often proud, recipients of their values and their love. . . .*

BUT AS I MOVED CLOSER NOW it was Washington again and I could see the man's head snap suddenly back to reveal a short, carefully trimmed beard and I was confused, thinking: *But he didn't wear a beard.* As I pressed forward to get a better look, the crowd came between and I thought: *He's either drunk or sick—but why aren't they more careful?* Some were even laughing.

"What are they laughing at?" I asked a man going past.

"At our American cousin, fool."

"What? Whose—"

Then there came over me an inexpressible anguish, like a great weight suspended on a blunt hook driven through that part of my throat, the region of the thyroid gland, where grief and anguish collect, bearing down like doom.

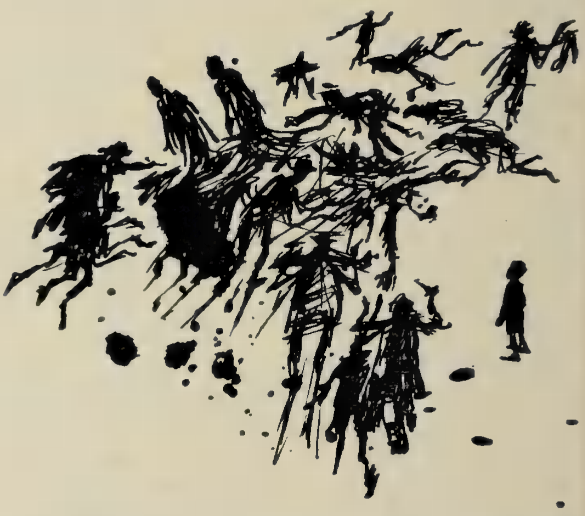
For now, looking at the balustraded steps I recognized the building, and recognizing the building I knew the man; and knowing the man I wanted to cry, but could not cry. I wanted to scream, but could not scream. And suddenly the air resounded with the obscene melodramatics of the assassin's "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" and the night was filled with a great weeping and a great laughter.

And yet I was still unsure.

"What are they laughing at?" I said.

"Are you kidding, boy?" came the reply. "Face the facts!"

I knew now, even in the dream, that I had fallen out of time into chaos, and although the sight of the body filled me with horror, there was still room for personal embarrassment. And an embarrassment over the embarrassment—a chattering, degenerating echo of vanity before sad public events. For suddenly I discovered that I, whose grandparents were quite young at the time of Emancipation, had become a child again and was dressed in the one-piece garment of a young slave. I had no pants, nor shoes nor underwear; and when I tried in my dual shame to leave the street I was swept forward by the crowd, forced to follow after the litter which was now being moved along the street in what had suddenly become a funeral cortege. And now, though barefoot and quite young, I discovered that nevertheless I was literate, a slave who could read.



For as I was swept along, history-book descriptions of the event flickered through my mind in visual counterpoint and I kept trying to anticipate the route which the crowd would take through the dim and shadowed streets. But nothing was going as it was written. Instead of an escort of grieving high dignitaries, military men and weeping gentlewomen following a flag-draped camion, and with a crowd of weeping, recently freed slaves forming an anguished second line (perhaps the archetype of all such lines, joyful or sad, associated today with their descendants), the slain man, lanky and not yet cold, the complexion darker than I'd ever imagined, and with an ironic yet benign expression on the transcendent features, was being conveyed by a mob.

In a flash it became a carnival, an *Oktoberfest*, a Mardi Gras, with the corpse become the butt of obscene jokes. In the light of the hissing street lamps I saw a burly, bald-headed man waving his arms about, announcing in stentorian tones, "We've caught the old coon at last! Haven't we now!" Then as he broke into a fit of wheezing laughter the others responded, "COON! COON! COON! Hep-hep- Hep-john-step COON-COON!" And it quickly became a wild marching chant that filled me with a special terror. For hearing this epithet applied to the slain leader warned me that something terrible was about to occur, that some further support was to be torn from the foundation of that which I had thought was reality, from that which I held most sacred.

And how can I be me, if Old Abe be a "coon," I thought. *Yes, and how can I be a slave or even human?* And I looked down at my hands, fully prepared to see them turn into hairy paws.

Just then I saw a squat man with a toothbrush mustache shoot out of the crowd flashing a knife in the lamplight, yelling, "Make way! Make way!"

Please, not that, please not that! I thought, striking out about me as he bent low over the litter, the knife poised. Then I was spun around and when I looked again, he held a black piece of cloth, a wedge-shaped lapel, its lining gutted, yelling, "Hey! For my grandbaby boy, a souvenir for little Joey!" And this triggered the mob to a frenzy.

They rushed in to rip at the black coat with their fingers, they hacked it with pieces of broken bottle. One elegant man produced a straight-edged razor from the folds of his rich purple cravat and went to work distributing delicate bits of cloth among those unable to share directly in the dismemberment. Bits of cloth flittered down like blackened snow. And the coat swiftly disappearing, they went to work on his trousers.

Someone tugged off a homely gaiter. I saw several men and women, squawking like carrion crows, close in, fighting to take it away. A bent little old woman wearing a poke bonnet like that of the "Old Dutch Cleanser" woman grabbed the gaiter's mate and disappeared. Two small boys snatched off the socks, slashing them to shreds between them with nails astonishingly sharp.

They were insatiable. They ripped up the slain Lincoln's tie. His collar was seized, his white shirt ripped away, his vest torn to surreal tatters.

"Peace, Peace," a thin voice cried. "Remember the old buzzard's advice to its young: Hit a dead head-horse in the eye and move straight up through his vastness. I say: Remember, Find the place, Strike!"

This enthusiastic *elegante* in Edwardian suit and with sauve Eliotonian stoop was knocked aside by a rough-looking man who produced the President's stovepipe hat, and I saw him sail it curving through the air and into a second-story window—in which a wrathful woman promptly appeared and sailed it down again, dusting her hands indignantly as the high hat hovered above us like a battered Saturn with its radiant rings turned gray. A man grabbed it as it fell and, turning on his toes like a ballet dancer, jammed it on the head of a floozy, cotton-topped blonde, who wiggling wobbly a few steps, shook her head of cotton-candy hair to the crowd's applause. She wore a feather boa and a skin-tight satin dress, and flouncing about on unsteady legs she showed off a pair of monstrous, heavily-powdered breasts which, as she stumbled and lurched on shoes with vicious heels, kept flipping out of her low-cut bodice and tossing about like two bloated, moon-mad, oxygen-starved flounders. For a fitful moment she caught the crowd's attention by cutting a clumsy cakewalk as she waved the hat and weaved, singing in a tinny little-lost-girl voice,

Come on boys
And name your play
We put the last clean shirt
On Abe today . . .,

punctuated with a suggestion of bump and grind.

WE MOVED AGAIN, the crowd growing with every step, the heat oppressive, the noise expanding in hysterical volume. Suddenly I noticed that the body was now being carried by four ragged Negro men who, kicked and pummeled as they stumbled along, held grimly to their burden, their stolid black faces disapproving.

"Get on. Get on!" the crowd cried. But hardly had they gone a dozen feet than they were beaten to a halt and rested the litter high on their shoulders while the crowd jeered at the slain President. He lay now in his underwear, his bony railsplitter's wrists hanging awkward and bare, his thin ankles sticking from the bottom of his underdrawers much as the rapidly growing Uncle Sam of the 19th-century cartoons had stuck from his outgrown heel-strapped britches.

"Stars, stripes and nigger minstrels!" someone called. "Now he's Happy Hooligan!" At which, to the crowd's wild delight, a short, fat man wearing a long, gray coat, and who resembled Edmund Wilson, turned from drinking beer from a tin bucket and shook his head as with sudden revelation. Taking a final sip, he dashed the remains into the street and with an inspired, slow-mushrooming belch, jammed the "growler" on the Great Emancipator's head, clamping the wire handle beneath the bearded chin.

"Beautiful" someone said, "Beautiful!"

The applause was like the shattering of great sheets of glass. Whereupon the inspired fat man completed the Happy Hooligan transformation by pushing the stem of a corncob pipe between the once so eloquent lips, twisting the bowl so that its contents spilled upon the shrunken chest. Then a group of men labored up with a railway baggage wagon and the Negroes were forced to put the body upon it and then made to pull it through the cursing, flailing crowd.

"Push dat barge, boys!" a joker commanded in a thick foreign accent. "Push dat dar ole cotton-picking barge!"

I wanted to kill him along with all the callous crowd, but was too powerless *and* too fascinated, too held by horror and the anguished need to see it ended.

We were rushing through wide streets now, with broad lawns and stately buildings on either side. The ragged Negroes strained away, conveying now, beside the President, a number of women in tacky Sunday dresses, whose high-laced shoes dangled contentedly as they fluttered beside the body, joking and laughing and plying their little lace, mother-of-pearl-embellished fans. Then straight ahead I saw the Washington Monument, seeming to break through the floor of a barren plain like a periscope from the sea, rushing to meet us. Then we were there, at the base of the austere shaft, where the four Negroes were again beaten to a halt and made to lay their burden on the grass, then sent fleeing into the darkness. I tried to follow them, but was quickly restrained.

But why not me, I thought. *Why not me as well?* For I wished to join them in their forced detachment, I envied them their anonymity, their freedom to *not* participate. But my brown skin and slave's garment notwithstanding, I was held and forced to the front of the crowd.

I FOUND MYSELF standing near a tall, thin grandame who was laughing hysterically, screaming like a great tropical bird. Then she stopped and sniffed solemnly at a bottle of smelling salts, an expression of utmost complacency settling over her thin, aristocratic face, while the others joked, cursed, and made obscene remarks about the President until abruptly the composure of her face broke apart like the shattering of rock, and she laughed to put my teeth on edge. She bent double, then back, her stiff black garments snapping visibly with the motion and enveloping me in the rank fumes of female senility laced with threat and mystery.

Squeezing around her, and against an invisible hand that now seemed to hold me, I looked down at the lanky figure sprawled at the base of the marble shaft, thinking, *Now it's all over, they'll leave him alone, it's over.*

But not yet. I looked up to see a man wearing a voluminous opera cape, and who looked oddly like Mr. Justice Holmes, skipping slowly forward, decorous and tall, and with the toe of his elegant high-button shoe, flipping the corpse into a grotesque attitude. Then, throwing open his cape, he shouted, "Look at these! I say, *look at these!*" sticking a long finger through a series of bullet holes.

"Poor noble man!" they cried. "Poor betrayed innocent!"

"That dirty coon!"

"He did him wrong, the clod! He swindled him!"

"He wasted his land! He spoiled the cream! Get him!" This initiated a contest. Now they pushed one another about as they tried to see who could kick the corpse into the most fantastic positions, standing it on its head, doubling it over, twisting it in the cordwood postures of Dachau, shouting and cursing all the while.

"He's all to blame!"

"Give it to him good. There, there, how about that!"

"Yeah, but now you just watch this."

"That was a good one!"

"Look at ole Abe, he's dead but he won't lie down!"

"Watch it there, McDuffy, turn him over easy—but turn him!" I wanted to cry, my throat feeling as though it would burst apart, but no tears would flow to bring relief.

I closed my eyes as they knocked me about. And I now realized an odd thing. Up to this point, such is the contradiction of the dream, that I had not felt the President was actually dead. He isn't dead: I wouldn't have it so. It was a pitiful denial born of horror, a wish born of an anguished need to deny the hegemony of terrible fact—an attitude with which I had been familiar since childhood, when I had been bemused by a recurring fantasy in which, on my way to school of a late winter day I would emerge from a cold side street into the warm spring sun and there see my father, dead since I was three, rushing toward me with a smile of recognition and outstretched arms. And I would run proudly to greet him, his son grown tall. And then I could awake at last from the tortuous and extended dream that was my childhood with my father gone. So urgent had been my need for a sense of familial completeness, to have our family whole and happy as it had been until shortly before I saw him placed at last into the earth, that this thin fantasy had been made to serve for the man of flesh and blood, the man of the tales, the ghost stories, the gifts and strength and love. From the age of three to thirteen, the processes of time and the cold facts of death alike were—in this special area of my mind, for I *understood* death and was eager for change and for my own manhood's attainment—held off by this recurring day-dream.

So I could not believe Mr. Lincoln dead. Thus, so, in the dislocated, is-and-isn't world of dream, I felt that the President bore his indignities out of a temporary weakness incurred by his wound or out of war weariness—even out of a saint-like patience, out of a hero's grace before the mob's wild human need. It was as though the noisy desecration of his body was being accepted as he had accepted the tragic duty of keeping the country unified even through an act of fratricidal war. Or as later it had been his task to seek reconciliation of the sundered parts. Yes, it was no less an act of duty than that of receiving the assassin's bullet in his brain. He is not dead, I told myself in the dream; he is not tolerating the mob's outrages out of the insensitivity of death, but submitting willingly to them out of the most sublime and tragic awareness of the requirements of his fated role. For we must take our heroes where we find them, and in all their wisdom and their guile, and in all their frustrating enigmas as in their bright lucidities.

For in him at least, there was a man who, having taken the oath, would do, and did, all that it was necessary for him to do, even before his own foreboding dream of obliteration.

But now in the suddenly accelerated tempo of the dream the corpse rebelled. I saw it grow rigid, then swell, transformed before my eyes into an advanced state of putrefaction. So inflated was the corpse becoming that soon the underwear resembled the series of inner tubes that form the body of the figure in the Michelin trademark. Death undeniable looked out at me, the sublime mocking its earthly shell.

"Now it is over," I thought. "At last they can see what they've done and I'll awaken."

But not even the ultimate protest of decomposing flesh could halt them. A man reached down and grasped the inflated underwear, trying to tear it away—and it was then that a sound like a fusillade of shots ripped the air and a dense cloud of gray, slime-drenched birds burst up from the earth on swift metallic wings and attacked the onlookers with feet of fire.

Screaming with pain, they burst apart like an exploding grenade, turning to claw at one another as they milled wildly about. And in the confusion I was pinned against the monument, burned by the flying slime. The four Negroes had returned now, and they stood silently, looking first at me and then down at Mr. Lincoln. They grasped with one hand the handles of a black box; in their free hands they carried gleaming spades. There was some cryptic exchange among them, then they looked at me, and now I was no longer a child. The scene became a scene on a movie screen, which I was watching from a distance and with a feeling of utmost clarity, as though I grasped the mystery of all experience. Then, just as suddenly, I was in the scene again, only now the mysterious Negroes were resting on their spades around a great hole. They motioned for me to look over the edge. Approaching fearfully, I looked down, seeing the crowd transported there, a multitude, some black faces among them, sitting at table making a ghoulish meal of some frightful thing that a white sheet hid from view. Then as I saw something stirring and expanding beneath the sheet, the earth seemed to crumble, plunging me screaming into a terrible wakefulness. . . .

* * *

I LAY THERE IN the hushed Roman night, aware of a nightingale singing somewhere beyond the venetian blinds, the lonely play of the fountain in the gravel-strewn *cortile* below. The air was breathlessly hot, yet I lay in a cold sweat, trying now, by way of exorcizing the dream, to recall some of Mr. Lincoln's eloquent words—grasping desperately for the Gettysburg Address. I had known it most of my life, had been moved by it even before its implications had become meaningful; had memorized its stately lines as a class assignment back in an old high school named Frederick Douglass; had studied it on my own in Sherwin Cody's little booklet on composition and rhetoric, where it was grouped with passages from *Ecclesiastes* and Benjamin Franklin; had pondered its themes of sectional reconciliation and national rebirth many times long since, as the awareness grew that there was little about it that was simple and that it was profoundly implicated both in my life and in the failure of my promised freedom.

But now, although I could feel the mood of its noble rhythms as physically as the pounding of my heart, the words had hidden themselves, become mute before the vivid mist of nightmare. I sat up abruptly, seeing the dim bars of moonlight seeping through the blinds as the rhythms called forth a swirl of imagery. Then scenes of Charles Laughton performing the title role of the movie, *Ruggles of Red Gap,* suddenly reeled through my mind. Once more he was the much put-upon immigrant English butler, enduring the jibes and abuses of his *nouveau riche* American employers, whose vulgar "Gilded Age" materialism mocked all that is ideal in the American tradition. And once more, at the high point, he drew himself up proudly to recite the compassionate words uttered by Lincoln at Gettysburg, becoming in their measured flow transformed into a most resonant image of the American's post-Civil War imperative of conscience and consciousness achieved.

So here at last, in remembered art, the words of hope and reconciliation born of war and bloodshed rejoined the hallowed rhythms to dispel the nightmare images of the great man defiled. I was, though badly shaken, at last awakened.

THANK GOD IT was only a dream! But as I became more fully awake it struck me that more dismaying than having such events erupt in one's dream life was that no living hero or surrogate had appeared to play Anthony to Lincoln's Caesar. Even the villains were less than individualized, the figure who looked like Mr. Justice Holmes only resembling him and the man in the long, gray coat only *looking* like Mr. Edmund Wilson (but with no aura of scholarly eminence). And so the women. None struck me as mother-figures, neither the rump-sprung blonde, the poke-bonneted granny, nor the tall boom-and-bust figure in the stiff black dress—though I'm sure that some critic expert in the interior life of writers could write a fascinating essay on these ladies as three phases of the same personage—say: "The Woman as Earth-Mother, as Matron, and as Scold." Seriously, I could not ignore the fact that no one tried to stop the mob, nor that I myself was but a trapped and impotent observer—in fact, most infantile, my mind become an incongruous scene for historical horrors horribly personalized.

But enough, let me not pretend objectivity; my dream, being a dream, was absurd. For how else describe its mixture of obscene, historical and mythical elements? During the bright Roman day I had read my friend's questioning letter, and at night had fallen asleep reading Gilbert Murray's chapter on "Hamlet and Orestes," which here would seem to shed no light at all. Yet this immediately suggests, whatever its Freudian implications, a possible relationship between my dream and a pattern of classical tragedy: the hero-father murdered (for Lincoln *is* a kind of father of 20th-century America), his life evilly sacrificed and the fruits of his neglected labors withering some ninety years in the fields; the state fallen into corruption, and the citizens into moral anarchy, and with no hero come to set things right. Perhaps this is too far-fetched, but when living abroad one is compelled to look homeward through one's own inner eyes and through the objectives that lie at hand. Perhaps, therefore—any lens being better than no lens at all—the present optics provided by Murray's essay on tragedy will serve without too much distortion when we consider the possibility that the last true note of tragedy was sounded (and quickly muffled) in our land when the North buried Lincoln and the South buried Lee, and between them cast the better part, both of our tragic sense—except perhaps the Negroes'—and our capacity for tragic heroism into the grave. On the national scale, at least, this seems true. The sheet-covered figure in my dream might well have been General Robert E. Lee.

So I confess defeat, it is too complex for me to "tell it like it is." I can only suggest that here at least is how the Southern Congressmen's defiance of the Supreme Court joined with matters which bemused my writer's waking mind in Rome; this is how the incident "dreamed." For a writer who depends upon the imagination for his insights and his judgments, perhaps this is usually the way. Current events and events from the past, both personal and historical, ever collide within his interior life—either to be jumbled in the chaos of dream, or brought to ordered significance through the forms and techniques of his art. Following my defeat with the essay, I returned to my novel—which, by the way, has as its central incident the assassination of a Senator.

Rome 1956
New York 1965.

A century ago, the United States committed itself to the task of safeguarding individual rights for its individual citizens. THE NATION *has never let go concerning itself with these rights and with individual people. It is a publication which has advanced the public interest and which understands that truthful speaking by an enlightened public is essential to a nation's well-being. I may disagree from time to time with editorial policy or with content, but I am always in hearty agreement with* THE NATION'S *willingness to speak out.*

May THE NATION *have another century of busy and active life.*

—Rep. John V. Lindsay

THE PEOPLES OF AMERICA

NATHAN GLAZER

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THE HISTORY of ethnicity and ethnic self-consciousness in this country has moved in waves; we are now in a trough between two crests, and the challenge is to describe the shape and form of the next crest. That there will be another crest it is hardly possible to doubt. Since the end of European mass immigration to this country forty years ago we have waited for the subsidence of ethnic self-consciousness, and often announced it, and it has returned again and again. But each time it has returned in so different a form that one could well argue it was not the same thing returning at all, that what we saw was not the breakthrough of the consciousness of common origin and community among the groups that made America, but rather that ethnicity was being used as a cover for some other more significant force, which was borrowing another identity.

During the early years of the depression, ethnicity withdrew as a theme in American life. Both those who had urged the "Americanization" of the immigrant and the creation of "cultural pluralism" now had more important concerns. Immigration was matched by a counter-emigration back to the countries of origins; one episode of American history it seemed had come to an end. Then with the rise of Hitler the ethnic texture of American life began to reassert itself. First Jews; then Germans; then Czechs, Poles, Italians, and even the "old Americans," remembering their origins in England, all were spurred to action and organization by Hitler and the great war that he began. Samuel Lubell has traced how the support for Franklin D. Roosevelt in the great cities shifted from class to ethnicity, as the international conflict developed and various groups responded to, or against, Roosevelt as he displayed his sentiments and allegiances.

In 1945 this great crest began to withdraw. True, there was the continuing impact on ethnic groups of the confrontation with Russia and communism, but with the passage of time this began to lose its ethnic coloration. Catholics in general were more anti-Communist than others, Poles still more so, Jews much less so. But the international conflict was so sharply colored by ideology rather than national antagonism, that with the passage of time it no longer served to set group against group (as it had in the Hitler years). Soviet opposition to Israel and Soviet anti-Semitism; the rise of a measure of cautious Polish independence; de-Stalinization in Russia—all these developments softened the sharp conflicts which had created a powerful resonance among immigrants and their children in this country.

The Eisenhower period marked thus a new trough, and it was possible to conclude that the workings of the melting pot had been retarded only slightly by the Neolithic tribal ferocity of Hitler and the counter-reactions he evoked. But now a new wave began to gather force, a wave that had nothing to do with international affairs. Will Herberg interpreted the increased religious activity of the postwar years as a half-embarrassed means of maintaining group identity in a democratic society which did not look with favor on the long-continued maintenance of sharply distinguished ethnic groups. The "triple melting pot" theory of Ruby Jo Reeves Kennedy, along with her data on intermarriage, suggested that old ethnic lines were being replaced by new religious lines. The chameleon-like force of ancestral connection, one could argue, was being transmuted into the forms of religion. Those who were concerned for religion could of course take no comfort in this analysis, even if the religious denominations benefited from higher collections and new buildings. If our major religions are replacing ethnic groups, one could not yet herald the creation of a homogeneous and undivided American group consciousness in America, but at least our divisions no longer paralleled those of old Europe—something which had deeply troubled our leaders from Washington to Woodrow Wilson—but the more acceptable divisions of religion, which ostensibly had an older and more respectable lineage and justification. Thus, if Herberg could still discern the forces of ethnic identity at work in the new clothes of religious denominationalism, at least they no longer expressed themselves openly.

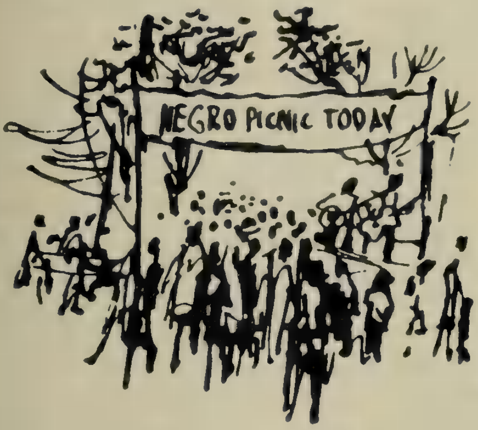
BUT ONCE AGAIN an unabashed ethnicity reasserted itself, in the campaign of John F. Kennedy and his brief Presidency. In his cabinet, for the first time, there sat a Jew of East European origin, an Italian American, a Polish American. If the Jews were no longer being appointed primarily to represent a group, there was no question that this was the explanation for the appointment of an Italian American and a Polish American. The Catholic President was reminded by everyone that he was an Irish President. He was the first President to be elected from an immigrant group that had suffered discrimination and prejudice, and that still remembered it—and those of us from later immigrant groups, who had experienced the lordly position of the Irish in the cities of the East, discovered only with some surprise that the Irish did remember their days as a degraded minority. Those who stemmed from the new immigration now realized that the Irish shared very much the same feelings of resentment at past treatment, of gratification in present accomplishment and recognition. But the old Americans too responded to the realization that they had an Irish President, as well as a Democratic, Catholic and intellectual President. Certainly it is hard to explain otherwise the mutual antagonism that rapidly sprang up between the new Administration and such a large part of the big business establishment, the seat of the old Americans, the "WASP" power. The Administration's policies were not antagonistic to big business. There was of course the President's violent response to the steel price rise, but was not that, too, a reflection—at least in part—of old ethnic images and conflicts? No one who spoke to anyone close to those events could doubt it.

I would suggest a gentle recession, if not a trough, in the period since President Kennedy's assassination. Two events to my mind suggest the retreat of an open and congratulatory ethnic self-assertiveness, and they are related. One is the new concern with the poor, which complementarily marks all the nonpoor as members of the same group, with the same social task laid upon them; and the second is the steady radicalization of the civil rights movement and Negro opinion, and this increasingly places all the whites in the same category, without distinction. And once again a symbolic political event marks the recession of ethnic self-consciousness: the accession of President Johnson, who, like President Eisenhower, comes from a part of America that was relatively unaffected by European immigration.

I have marked recurrent crests and troughs of ethnic self-consciousness by political events, but the political events have of course paralleled social events. The crisis of the depression erased for the moment ethnic memories and allegiances. The agony of the European peoples reawakened it. Prosperity and the rapid rise of the new immigrant groups to upper working-class and middle-class status again reduced their sense of difference. The security that came with long sustained prosperity made it possible for the descendants of despised immigrants to again take pleasure in their origins and their differences. One of the less observed effects of affluence is that it leads people to their real or hopefully reconstructed origins. In Europe and among Americans who look to the European upper classes this may mean acquiring crests, forebears, and antiques. Among the American descendants of European peasants and artisans, it meant, in a surprising number of cases, a new interest in the culture of the old country. But in the most recent period, the rise of the joint problems of poverty and the assimilation of the Negro raises a new set of questions. For the moment, ethnic self-assertiveness is in eclipse and even in bad odor. And the eclipse is directly related to the new problems.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON put the matter quite directly, when he said in a recent speech that the accumulated wisdom of the great European immigrant groups in this country has become irrelevant, for it will not help the current poor and it will not help the Negroes. In varying degrees, we are hearing the same from Louis Lomax, from James Baldwin, from Nat Hentoff, and from other supporters and defenders of Negro militancy. Inevitably the next wave of ethnic self-consciousness must reflect one of the most remarkable and least expected consequences of the Negro revolution—the growing estrangement between European ethnic groups and the Negroes. Its beginnings were studied by Samuel Lubell in the early postwar period, and we have seen the estrangement develop to the point where the fear of the white backlash—and this meant generally the backlash from recent white immigrant groups in the cities—became one of the major issues of the Goldwater-Johnson campaign. The separation, first the barest of lines, has deepened through conflicts over the adoption and administration of fair employment laws, fair housing laws, measures to combat *de facto* school segregation. The patterns under which and through which the European ethnic groups have lived—the trade unions and branches of industry dominated by one or a few ethnic groups, the ethnically concentrated neighborhood with its distinctive schools and churches and organizations—all have come under increasing attack. And thus the distinctive social patterns of the North and West, which the immigrant and the ethnic groups helped create, are now being slowly but surely turned into a Southern-like confrontation of white and black. The varied, more balanced and more creative ethnic conflicts of the North are now in danger of being transformed into the monolithic confrontation of the South.

In the South, Northern variety never developed. One great division dominated and smothered all others, the division between black and white. In this area, the European immigrant of the later 19th and early 20th century never penetrated. All he had to offer generally was unskilled labor, and in the South the unskilled labor was the work of Negroes. The white immigrant laborer refused to enter an area in which the laborer was degraded not only by his work but by a caste system, where wages were low, and racial conflict hindered trade union development and social legislation. The immigrant worked in the parts of the country where work had greater respect and was better rewarded. If he entered the South, it was more often as a merchant than as a worker.



But in the Northern cities, where almost half the Negroes now live, it was not inevitable that the same line of division should be imported from the South. The entry of the Negro into the Northern cities in great numbers during and after World War I and again during and after World War II raised a critical question: was he the last of the great immigrant groups? Would his experience parallel that of the Irish and the Poles and the Jews who had arrived as exploited and unskilled workers and had moved upward, at varying speeds, into middle-class occupations, the professions, business? How would those who were themselves children and grandchildren of recent immigrant waves view him? How would he view himself and his prospects? Against whom would he measure his circumstances? And would the inevitable conflicts between the poorer and the more prosperous resemble the conflicts between Yankees and Irish, Irish and Italians—or would they take the form of the far more deadly and longer established conflict between black and white? I feel the answers are still not given. They will be shaped both by the established ethnic groups and the Negro migrant. But I fear the answer from both sides will be . . . yes, the Negro is different.

It is impossible for the history of ethnic self-consciousness to escape from the impact of Negro urban migration, for all the waves of immigration have affected the self-consciousness of waves that came before. The old Americans reacted to the first great waves of immigrants of the forties and fifties of the 19th century with an exaggerated sense of their own high status and aristocratic connections. The early immigrants from each group withdrew from later immigrants, but were generally forced together with them because the old Americans imposed a common identity on them. The history of ethnic self-consciousness, it is clear, has not worked itself out independently of social and economic and political events. If anything, it has been a reaction to these events: the rise of one group, the occupancy of the bottom by another, the political conflicts of Europe, the sequence of immigration in each town and city and section. All these have helped mold ethnic self-consciousness, and its reflection in social activity, in political choice, in economic history.

But on the whole this self-consciousness, whatever its stages, has been marked by optimism and hope. I have described the Kennedy mood among the more recent and more sharply defined American ethnic groups as self-congratulation. Indeed it was that, though each of the groups might have found some basis for resentment rather than pride. The Irish had reached the heights of political success, and the Jews were prosperous, but both were still in large measure excluded from the pinnacles of economic power—the great banks, insurance companies, corporations. The Italians still were remarkably poorly represented in high political posts, and had a much smaller share in every establishment—economic, political, cultural—than the Jews, who had come at the same time and were less numerous. The Poles were even poorer. And yet such invidious comparisons—which the census made clear—were rarely made. All the new groups seem to have escaped from the difficult period of second generation self-depreciation and exaggerated Americanism. All seemed to wear ethnic connection with self-assurance. Certainly the growing prosperity of Europe, the increased trade with Europe, the wide acceptance of its consumer goods here, the large influence of European culture, all made the acceptance of one's ethnic connections easier—for by doing so, after all, one was no longer acknowledging poor relations. It was fascinating to remark upon the change in the image of the homeland among the more self-conscious and better educated descendants of the immigrants. Ireland was no longer the home of potatoes and cabbage, but of Joyce and the Abbey theatre, good Irish whiskey and Georgian architecture, horse-racing and tweeds. Italy became the land of chic, while Israel and Poland, if they could not compete in the arts of affluent consumption, became now paragons of political independence and heroism. Every group fortunately found something to admire in the old (or new) country, and found it easy to acknowledge the connection that had once been obscured.

But if this characterizes the most recent mood of ethnic self-consciousness, it is now challenged by the new Negro militancy and the theory on which it is reared. The self-congratulatory expressions are strangled in the throat. For a while, in the forties and fifties, when Jewish and Catholic groups worked effectively with Urban League and NAACP, with Negroes proud of having achieved middle-class status, the older ethnic groups and their representatives could present themselves as models and elder brothers—in community organization, group defense work, in cultural and political activity. But the radical Negro mood, and its growing reflection among intellectuals, turns all whites into exploiters, with old Americans, old immigrants, and new immigrants lumped together. The success of the ethnic groups—limited as it is for many—now becomes a reproach. Their very history, which each group has been so busy writing and reconstructing, now becomes an unspoken (and sometimes spoken) criticism of the Northern Negro. Both sides see it, and rush to explain themselves.

What after all is the history of the American ethnic groups but a history of group and individual adaptation to difficult circumstances? All the histories move in the same patterns. The immigrants arrive; they represent the poorest and least educated and most oppressed of their countries in Europe and Asia. They arrive ignorant of our language and customs, exploited and abused. They huddle together in the ghettos of the cities, beginning slowly to attend to their most immediate needs—organization for companionship, patterns of self-aid in crisis, churches for worship, schools to maintain the old culture. American society and government is indifferent to their needs and desires; they are allowed to do what they wish, but neither hindered nor aided. In this amorphous setting where no limits are set to group organization, they gradually form a community. Their children move through the public schools and perhaps advance themselves—if not, it may be the grandchildren who do. The children are embarrassed by the poverty and ignorance of the parents. Eventually they, or the grandchildren, learn to accept their origins as poverty and ignorance are overcome. They move into the spheres of American life in which many or all groups meet—the larger economy, politics, social life, education. Eventually many of the institutions created by the immigrants become a hindrance rather than a necessity; some are abandoned, some are changed. American society in the meantime has made a place for and even become dependent on some of these institutions, such as old-age homes and hospitals, adoption services and churches—these survive and perhaps flourish. More and more of these institutions become identified with the religious denomination, rather than the ethnic group as such.

NOTE ONE element of this history: demand on government plays a small role; response by government plays a small role. There is one great exception, the labor movement. But even the labor movement, which eventually found support in public law and government administrative structure, began its history as voluntary organization in the amorphous structure of American society, and achieved its first triumphs without, or even against, government.

Does this history have any meaning for the American Negro? This is the question that Jews and Japanese, Irish and Italians, Poles and Czechs ask themselves. Some new immigrant groups—Puerto Ricans and Mexicans—think it does have a meaning for them. They try to model their institutions on those of earlier immigrant groups. They show the same uncertainties and confusions over what to do with the culture and language they have brought with them. The militant Negro and his white allies passionately deny the relevance or even the truth of this history. It is white history; as white history it is also the history of the exploitation of the Negro, of the creation of privilege on the basis of his unpaid and forced labor. It is not history he can accept as having any meaning for him. His fate, he insists, has been far more drastic and frightful than any other, and neither Irish famines nor Jewish pogroms make the members of these groups brothers in understanding. The hatred with which he is looked upon by whites, he believes, has nothing in common with the petty prejudices that European immigrant groups have met. And the America of today, in which he makes his great and desperate effort for full equality, he asserts, has little in common with the America of mass immigration.

A subtle intervention of government in every aspect of social life, of economy, of culture, he insists, is necessary now to create justice. Every practice must now be scrutinized anew for its impact on this totally unique and incomparable group in American life. The neighborhood school, the civil service system, the personnel procedures of our corporations, the practices of small business, the scholarship systems of our states, the composition and character of our churches, the structure of neighborhood organization, the practices of unions—all, confronted with this shibboleth, fail. The Negro has not received his due, and the essence of all of them is therefore discrimination and exclusion, and the defense of privilege. It is no wonder that ethnic self-consciousness, after its brief moment of triumph, after its legitimization in American life, now turns upon itself in confusion. After all, it is these voluntary churches, organizations, hospitals, schools, and businesses that have become the pride of ethnic groups, and the seat of whatever distinctiveness they possess. It is by way of this participation that they have become part of the very fabric of American life. But the fabric is now challenged. And looked at from another perspective, the Negro perspective, the same structure that defends some measure of uniqueness by the same token defends some measure of discrimination and exclusion.

It is impossible for the ethnic groups in America, who have already moved through so many protean forms, to be unaffected by the civil rights revolution. For this raises the question of the status of the largest of American minority groups, the one most closely bound up with American history from its very beginnings. Chinese and Japanese, perhaps Puerto Ricans and Mexican Americans can accept the patterns of development and gradual assimilation into American society that are exhibited in the history of the great European immigrant groups. For a while, some of us who studied this history and saw in its variety and flexibility some virtues for a mass, industrial society, which suppresses variety and flexibility in so many areas, hoped that the American Negro, as he entered the more open environments of Northern cities, could also move along the paths the European immigrant groups had followed.

We now wonder whether this hope was illusory. Whether it was the infection of Europeans with the virus of American racial prejudice; or the inability to confine the direct and violent conflict in the South; or the impact of slavery and Southern experience on the American Negro—it is clear, whatever the causes, that for one of the major groups in American life, the idea of pluralism, which has supported the various developments of other groups, has become a mockery. Whatever concrete definition we give to pluralism, it means a limitation of government power, a relatively free hand for private and voluntary organizations to develop their own patterns of worship, education, social life, residential concentration, and even their distinctive economic activity. All of these inevitably enhance the life of one group; from the perspective of the American Negro they are inevitably exclusive and discriminatory.

THE GENERAL ideas that have justified the development of the ethnic group in America have never been too well explicated. We have tended to obscure the inevitable conflicts between individual group interest and national interest, even when they have occurred, rather than set down sharp principles to regulate the ethnic groups. If an ethnic group interest clashed with a national interest, we have been quite ruthless and even extreme in overriding the group interest. Thus two World Wars radically diminished the scale and assertiveness of German-American group life. But we have never fully developed what is permitted and what is not. Now a new national interest is becoming defined—the final liquidation of Negro separation, in all areas of our life: the economic, the social, the cultural, the residential. In every area, Negro separation, regardless of its causes, is seen as unbearable by Negroes. Inevitably this must deeply mark the future development of American ethnic groups, whose continuance contributes, in some measure, to this separation. Recently in this country there has been a positive attitude to ethnic distinctiveness. Oscar Handlin and others have argued that it does not divide the nation or weaken it in war; rather it helps integrate the immigrant groups and adds a rich strand of variety to American civilization. Now a new question arises: what is its effect on the Negro?

Perhaps, ironically, the final homogenization of the American people, the creation of a common nationality replacing all other forms of national connection, will now come about because of the need to guarantee the integration of the Negro. But I believe the group character of American life is too strongly established and fits too many individual needs to be so completely suppressed. Is it not more likely that as Negro demands are in varying measure met, the Negro too will accept the virtues of our complex society, in which separation is neither forbidden nor required, but rather tolerated? Perhaps the American Negro will become another ethnic group, accepted by others and accepting himself.

C. VANN WOODWARD

FLIGHT FROM HISTORY
The Heritage of the Negro

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EMERGING SLOWLY from the crippling handicaps of the past since World War II, Negro Americans have been seeking some viable conception of their history, some meaningful way of relating the past to the present and the future. They have responded to this problem with a variety of solutions, some of them quite contradictory and mutually incompatible. The simplest and most drastic solution is to turn their back upon the past, to reject history outright. A second is to identify themselves with the past, the legends and the myths of some other group. A third is to make over the past on some heroic model in order to furnish a crutch for racial pride and self-esteem. All of these solutions have a common source in a misguided sense of shame and self-hatred.

The most extreme of the solutions, the complete rejection of the past, is commonly though not invariably associated with attitudes toward the period of slavery. "I do not think I would be stretching a point," writes one Negro historian, "by saying that the bulk of Negro scholarship reveals a sense of shame on our past for the period of slavery." In reacting to an issue of a popular magazine devoted to the history of slavery, a Baltimorean declares, "It is high time we buried atrocious reminders of our shameful past." And a professional historian, writing not long before some of the most revisionary and liberating studies of slavery had been made, says, "Let it be declared here and now that for the purposes of Negro history . . . the topic of slavery in the United States has been virtually exhausted." Further study would be a "further waste of time."

Rejection of the past since the period of slavery has been urged by Negroes as well as by well-meaning white advisers who regard all history as some sort of curse, an incubus upon progress. "History, white and black," declared a speaker at Tuskegee Institute recently, "has defeated us too long. And I want free of that history, that burden. The good South wants free of it too." A white civil rights worker and trained historian feels that "we are too much impressed with the power of the past" and that "history has become a burden rather than a guide." He would somehow blot it from public memory. And a white anthropologist addressing a race conference advises that "the norms of the past have been transcended," and that "the American Negro no longer has to seek a past."

An alternative to the radical solution of rejecting the past completely is identification with the history, tradition and religion of another ethnic or national group. This solution, rarely endorsed by intellectual leaders, usually finds expression in popular cults with charismatic leaders and mass following. Remoteness in time or space or cultural origins proves no impediment to such identifications. The Black Muslims appropriate without compunction the myth, symbols and religion of Islam. The Black Jews of Harlem, a smaller sect, conceive of themselves as descendants of Ethiopian Hebrews and the lost tribes of Israel. Back-to-Africa movements have come and gone for more than a century, each with a strained and artificial identification with African myth and heritage. But only since World War II, and more particularly in the last decade and the sudden emergence of some thirty new independent African republics from white colonial rule, have Negro Americans at large been stirred by impulses of identification with African history and myth in the making.

Another alternative is a bold recreation of the past, a reshaping of history to meet present needs, inspire courage, and promote race pride. For the Negro, writes Arthur A. Schomburg, "group tradition must supply compensation for persecution, and pride of race the antidote for prejudice. History must restore what slavery took away. . ." History should be guided by a "purpose-philosophy," writes one historian. "Negro History is quite different from the study of the Negro. Frankly, the former differs from the latter in that Negro History has a *purpose* which is built upon *faith.*" This all sounds very much like the "purpose-philosophy" of certain schools of white history, hauntingly similar to much of Southern history. There are, of course, perfectly sound Negro historians who do not accept this philosophy. But in the opinion of the sociologist Arnold Rose, "The whole tendency of the Negro History movement—not as history but as propaganda—is to encourage the average Negro to escape the realities—the actual achievements and the actual failures—of the present."

BEFORE NEGRO Americans in the excitement of their revolution carry their experiments with the past any further or become more deeply committed to the total rejection, the false substitutions or the purposive recreation of history, they would do well to consider the actual historical environment in which they were fated to conduct their struggle for equality during the century since the Civil War. They might gain thereby some appreciation of the handicaps history imposed on their struggle—exceptionally harsh handicaps that were not of their own making. And they might at the same time purge themselves of the false shame that has inspired their misguided experiments with history.

History usually confounds more prophecies than it confirms, but it takes its time about doing so and by the time the prophecies are fully confounded they have usually been forgotten. One useful preliminary perspective of the century of American Negro history since 1865 may be gained by a brief survey of the forgotten and confuted prophecies made about the future of the freedmen at the time of their emancipation. They were not the prognostications of fanatics and cranks, but views endorsed by men of learning or responsible statesmen and sometimes widely entertained among the citizenry. In origin they were exclusively white and predominantly Northern, and they were preponderantly pessimistic. Optimism about the Negro, even among his friends and champions, was rare and continued to be rare for a long time.

The following predictions are listed as samples in no particular order: (1) that American Negroes were a disappearing race doomed to early extinction under the exposures and competitions of freedom, a view that continued to crop up for two decades; (2) that their best hope for peaceful survival lay in deportation and colonization abroad, a panacea to which President Lincoln clung to the end; (3) a variation on the same theme, that free Negroes could not live in peace among whites and should be isolated on reservations like the Indians; (4) that they would quickly swarm over the North in a mass exodus from the South and meet a hostile reception, a phobia prevalent in many parts of the North; (5) that they could never fit into a democracy as citizens fully qualified for self-government; (6) that gradual loss of racial distinctiveness through amalgamation was the only hope, that this would take ages, and that in any case it would be a solution abhorrent to the white majority.

THE BLEAK climate of expectations in which freedom was born was to grow even less friendly to Negro aspirations of equality, full citizenship and assimilation as the century drew to a close and the new century started. It is in fact hard to find a period of history less congenial to the success of the movement than the eighty years following the end of the Civil War. From the start the equality movement was haunted by a fateful coincidence of ideas and events at home and abroad deeply antagonistic to the experiment. If the American struggle for national independence had been conducted under historical handicaps half so heavy, it is doubtful that it would have lasted very long, if indeed it could have been carried off at all. Any attempt to understand the failures, regressions and betrayals of American race policy during the century that has just ended will have to take into account those fateful handicaps.

One large category of these handicaps was ideological. The first half-century of Negro freedom in America happened to coincide with the dominance of racism in Western thought generally and American social theory in particular. It is true that American racism did not start with Darwin, and the Southern variety owed nothing at all to him. But after Darwin the vulgar dogma of race superiority found a reputable rationale. This was provided not by what Darwin himself wrote, but by unwarranted analogies his followers drew between biological and social organisms, between natural selection among lower species and conflict between nations, classes and races. Genetic symbols rapidly took priority over all others in social thought. This meant that the high incidence of poverty, illiteracy, disease and crime among Negroes was attributed to race and held to be congenital and unalterable.

This fashion of thought infected virtually all levels and classes of white society. It even permeated the Negro's old anti-slavery friends and Abolitionist allies and penetrated the ranks of Radical Republicans who framed the first Civil Rights Acts, the Reconstruction Acts, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Even in these measures—the very legal foundation for the new order of freedom and equality—can be found the compromises, half-measures, and ambivalences that are in essence concessions to racism. Even THE NATION, founded in 1865 by Abolitionists as successor to *The Liberator*, had made concessions before a year was out that alienated the founders and disappointed the freedmen. Some of the Abolitionists themselves soon began to mouth the stereotypes of race and repudiate their equalitarian doctrines. The party of liberation and reconstruction was ready to repudiate its equalitarian principles before it had completed a decade of the reconstruction experiment.

IN THE post-Reconstruction era the liberals, reformers, mugwumps and intellectuals who might have been expected to carry on the defense of principles after politicians had abandoned them were swept along in the current of racist thought. The Adams brothers, Henry, Charles Francis and Brooks, had nothing to say of the Negro's betrayal. Leading academic figures such as Charles H. Cooley, Richard T. Ely, John R. Commons and E. A. Ross were often democratic idealists, but they also subscribed to racism of one variety or another and left the Negro out of their vital concerns. Social Gospel clergyman Josiah Strong, Washington Gladden, Walter Rauschenbusch and George T. Herron were outspoken critics of economic and social injustices of their time, but some of them were of the racist persuasion and none of them proved aware of the Negro's special plight.

Negro labor had found something more than rhetorical hospitality from the old Knights of Labor in their heyday, and after their collapse in the mid-eighties the American Federation of Labor kept up a show of cordiality. By the end of the century, however, the A. F. of L. was in full retreat on the race issue. Much as the federal government evaded responsibility by deferring to the states, the Federation of Labor deferred to the autonomous unions that restricted or excluded Negro membership. Samuel Gompers welcomed "with much pleasure" the affiliation of railroad brotherhoods and other unions that were among the worst offenders against Negro workers. Racial discrimination and exclusion spread unchecked through the trade unions.

The Socialist Party of America appeared to get off to a strong start in 1901 at its first convention by adopting, in spite of significant opposition, a resolution inviting the Negro to join the party on a status equal with white men. But the resolution was quickly forgotten and reference to the Negro disappeared from party platforms and resolutions as racism spread among the members during the very years of greatest Socialist strength. Victor Berger, the first Socialist elected to Congress and a representative of Milwaukee, the strongest Socialist city, was an outspoken believer in Negro inferiority and an advocate of white supremacy. Other prominent Socialists who took the white-supremacy line included H. Gaylord Wilshire, Ernest Untermann, J. Stitt Wilson and Alexander Jonas. A. J. Wayland, a prominent Socialist editor, was a strict segregationist. Racism in some measure infected nearly all factions, though some, like Untermann and John Spargo, combined expressions of sympathy for the Negro with explicit disavowal of what they called "social equality." Even Eugene Debs, a sincere friend of the Negro, nevertheless felt impelled to disavow "social equality" and to deplore the present "animalism" of the Negro. Jim Crow Socialist locals were the rule in the South and not unknown outside.

As the conscience of the Progressive Movement, the muckrakers performed an indispensable service to reform by exposing injustice, corruption and wrong doing. They probed into a remarkable variety of aspects of American life, sometimes superficially, sometimes deeply. But with the exception of Ray Stannard Baker, who published *Following the Color Line* in 1907, they proved largely indifferent to the Negro and racial injustice.

The greatest blind spot of the whole Progressive generation was the Negro. Never was the "invisible man" quite so invisible as he was to this highly ethical, idealistic, liberal and reform-minded group of men. They looked at him, but they saw only stereotypes. They thought about him, but only in defeatist and negative terms. They legislated about him, but only to protect white privilege. They litigated about him, but only to weaken constitutional protection of his rights. Under Progressive government, national and state and local, the Negro's status deteriorated steadily. With Progressive connivance, or permission, or encouragement, Jim Crowism made its most rapid gains for legal sanction, disfranchisement was carried to its greatest extent, economic and social discrimination reached its peak, and constitutional guarantees of civil rights were reduced to a new low. As one Progressive described the process, "The more white men recognize sharply their kinship with their fellow whites, and the more democracy in every sense of the term spreads among them, the more the Negro is compelled to 'keep his place.' " Progressivism and racism, one and inseparable.

THE RACISM of the Progressives had the endorsement of the highest authority and their foremost spokesmen, including the two most famous Presidents they elected. Theodore Roosevelt is often remembered for inviting Booker Washington to dine at the White House. But he never repeated this "mistake," as he later called it, and he went further than any of his predecessors since President Rutherford B. Hayes in appeasing Southern prejudice. "Now as to the negroes!" he wrote Owen Wister in 1906, "I entirely agree with you that as a race and in the mass they are altogether inferior to the whites." He privately pronounced the enfranchisement of the Negro a terrible error and thought the restoration of the francise would reduce the South to the level of Haiti. Under the Wilson administration Negro employees in the Washington bureaucracy were segregated with the President's approval. "I would say that I do approve of the segregation that is being attempted in several of the departments," wrote Wilson, and added that segregation was "distinctly to the advantage of the colored people themselves."

Nothing occurred in the 1920s to mitigate official race policy and much occurred, including the recrudescence of the Ku Klux Klan on a national basis, to intensify popular race phobias. In the depression decade social crises of a different character preoccupied national attention. Racist rhetoric was alien to the style and temper of the New Deal, and some of its reformers made the Negro a special object of concern in welfare programs. But the fundamental approach of the New Deal toward the Negro was paternalistic rather than equalitarian. The basic structure of segregation, disfranchisement, discrimination and subordination was rarely challenged, and gestures of protest were largely ineffectual. White supremacy made itself thoroughly at home in the councils of the New Deal. The country entered World War II under a government in which this congeniality remained virtually undisturbed and proceeded, unembarrassed by any real sense of inconsistency, to fight a crusade against the racist ideology of enemy powers.

In the meantime, working within the national climate of opinion that prevailed with only temporary fluctuations from 1865 to 1945, Southern whites experienced little difficulty in confining the Negro in the South to the degree of subordination required by dominant white opinion. Even during the brief interval of Radical Reconstruction under federal military protection the exceptions were relatively few and the difficulties minimal. It is absurd to speak of "Negro domination" in any Southern state during Reconstruction. White domination in various combinations, native or Northern, prevailed throughout the region in that period. After Reconstruction the Negro continued to vote in large numbers in most Southern states, to hold office in several, and to send a few representatives to Congress from the South down through the end of the 19th century. That in itself served as some check upon the deterioration of their status. White racial extremists, moreover, were not yet dominant in the South. So long as white conservatives retained control they maintained a tacit political alliance with the Negro against white rivals and dissenters. In return conservatives provided the Negro some degree of paternalistic protection against extremist aggression. In their struggle against conservative rule, white agrarian radicals in various third-party organizations attempted to attract Negro support for their own movements, most notably the Populist movement of the nineties. As bad as his plight was in the South, therefore, the Negro was not without protection of some sort.

Toward the end of the 19th century these various restraints on racial aggression began to collapse. To protect their own power the conservatives gave rein to race extremists and called for white unity against the Negro. Populists responded to the race issue and together the white man's party proceeded to deprive the Negro of what remaining protection the law provided. The most important step was disfranchisement, which was virtually complete by 1910 and quite thorough. The Negro quickly disappeared from the polls, the petty offices, the jury lists, and such small political patronage as he had enjoyed. Segregation had been informal, erratic and extra-legal up to the nineties, but then became legal, rigidly enforced, and universal. Jim Crowism advanced to fantastic extremes, and more and more doors of opportunity closed. Negro workmen were driven from crafts and occupations they had long practiced and some they had virtually monopolized. The 20th century witnessed a degradation in status that the Negro had not known since emancipation.

National consent and approval kept pace with Southern developments. The sections were never far apart on race policy. All retreated more or less in step toward reactionary extremes. Acquiescence and endorsement came from press and pulpit, from Congress and Supreme Court, and flowed from the highest levels of American moral and intellectual aristocracy. On a trip through the South in 1907, Henry James found himself at once able to share and sympathize with the Southern point of view. He was "introduced at a bound to the formidable question, which rose suddenly like some beast that had sprung from the jungle," and he "understood at a glance." In the same year President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard likewise called for sympathetic understanding of the South and its segregation system. "Perhaps if there were as many Negroes here as there," he wrote, "we might think it better for them to be in separate schools. . . . If they were equal in numbers or in a majority, we might deem a separation necessary."

The fateful coincidence of history since 1865 that haunted the Negro's strivings at home was matched by a climate of opinion and a calendar of events abroad that was equally hostile to his aspirations. Emancipation and enfranchisement of the African in America coincided with European colonization of the African in Africa and the rapid partitioning of the continent by imperial powers. Before 1861 there had been no permanent European settlement to speak of south of the Sahara Desert, save in South Africa and the few scattered Portuguese plantations. But with the annexation of Senegal by Napoleon III in 1861 the great partitioning and colonization of the continent began. Belgium took the Congo basin, Germany seized vast expanses of eastern and southwestern Africa, and England staked out a huge empire stretching from Cairo to the Cape. The Europeans who were engaged in these imperial enterprises could hardly have been less morally concerned with the fate of the abortive experiment of African equality in America, or more sympathetic with American doctrines of innate Negro inferiority that were thwarting the experiment. The international climate of imperialism was as unfriendly as the domestic climate of racism.

When the United States belatedly shouldered its share of the white man's burden overseas it took direct or indirect dominion over more people of color abroad than it had within its continental borders. In doing so it not only imported all the fashionable European attitudes but isolated its own colored population from such sympathy and support as might have come from other people of color. And at the same time it involved the entire nation in policies of racial discrimination and oppression abroad that were thereby given further license and encouragement at home.

THAT IS THE historical predicament from which American Negroes have only lately begun to emerge. Their predicament was to be caught in a confrontation with the white man throughout the years of his greatest racial arrogance, when his will could not be seriously challenged anywhere in the world and all races bowed to his rule. In America the Negro was not sustained, as were the subject races of Asia, India and Africa, by an unbroken cultural heritage and the presence of his own kind in force. He faced his ordeal as an isolated minority newly emerged from two and a half centuries of a bondage that had stripped him of his native culture and left him defenseless before his enemies. That he survived at all is remarkable, but that some should regard the achievement with shame is even more so. Only a people who have endured such an ordeal and could draw upon the collective wisdom of the experience could have marshaled the patience, the restraint and the discipline under the most intense provocation in their great movement of protest. Gerald W. Johnson calls their determined adherence to nonviolence in the South "a demonstration of political maturity that is among the most impressive in all history." Before the Negro turns his back on his own history, or exchanges it for the tradition of another people, or invents a false history for himself, he might try to appreciate the value of the special heritage that is his own.

Sometimes I have thought over the half-century I've read THE NATION *that I could get along without it—among all the periodicals demanding my attention. But I found I just couldn't. I need its confirmation of my views just as I need its critical dissent from them. Always alert, never irrelevant, hard-hitting in advocacy or opposition, it has remained faithful under all its editors to the principles of its founders.*

—Roger N. Baldwin

THE SOUTH REVISITED

A contemporary observer follows in the footsteps of another reporter, John Richard Dennett, who 100 years ago toured the post-bellum South for the new *Nation*. Extracts from Mr. Dennett's century-old series immediately follow Mr. Zinn's article.

HOWARD ZINN

Mr. Zinn taught for seven years at a predominantly Negro college in Atlanta, Ga., where he was Chairman of the Department of History and active in the civil rights movement. He is now Associate Professor of Government at Boston University. He has written extensively on civil rights. His latest book, New Deal Thought, *will be published soon by Bobbs Merrill.*

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA. On the Piedmont plane from Washington to Lynchburg at dusk, a plump-faced man in a business suit began a conversation, his accent soft-Southern:

"You going to Lynchburg? So am I. I'm in the pharmaceutical business. Just come from Baltimore, trying to find me a salesman there. . . . Understanding people is the main thing in selling. . . . It's like this whole business now with the nigra. Why naturally the nigra's going to demand his rights so long as he's oppressed. And naturally the white man's going to oppress him so long as he can get away with it. . . . I don't know what your religion is, but this is what I like about Christianity—it preaches moderation. . . .

"Now look, I can tell a nigra's voice any day of the week. I was brought up on a farm outside Greenville, South Carolina, and I played with nigra boys, wrestled with them, fished with them. I can tell their talk anywhere, through a wall, through a curtain, on the telephone, *anywhere*. Well, in Baltimore, this fellow calls me up for an appointment. Very nice, intelligent, credentials first-rate, I couldn't tell a thing from his voice. We made an appointment, he came to the hotel, walked up to me in the lobby. A good-looking nigra, neat, pleasant. We shook hands and talked. I told him I'd let him know later about my decision. Would our company hire a nigra? I don't know. *I* would. The world's coming in on the South. . . ." [*Compare with item 1 of Mr. Dennett's 1865 report.—Ed.*]

On a hill south of Lynchburg, an old Negro man, short and thin, in a blue Air Force jacket too big for him, stood outside his wooden cabin and talked, looking out on the road most of the time and only occasionally a quick glance at me. Rain came suddenly and drenched us, and we went up on his porch. A little Negro girl peered through the window at us, disappeared, then came back and looked some more.

"No, this is my son's jacket. I got a pension from the *first* war. My wife works in a dry cleaning place in town, and my son's in the laundry. He's a washer, been there a long time. They throws the clothes in and he washes them. Got two other sons, they works in a foundry in town, makes good money, maybe a hundred dollars a week. Then they start taking off from that and it's not that much. . . .

"Farmin's poor here. I just got two acres. Used to grow tobacco. Now they won't let you grow but an acre. Grow two rows more and they come along and pull it up. They gives you lime to keep the soil good, but all they let you grow is grass. Used to grow wheat, oats, sell them. No more. Oh, I got a half acre planted now, a little onions, cabbage, peas. Too cold to grow potatoes. Yes, the old folks stay, the young ones go, off here, there, everywhere in the world. They work, make just enough for themselves, can't send nothing back to their daddy. Folks remaining here, they go off during the day to work, in Lynchburg, Bedford, far away as Roanoke—fifty miles each way, every day. Farmin's bad around here."

Farther down the road, two Negro women in a two-room cabin of stone and wood invited me into the living room. One of them, slim, animated, with bright red lipstick and a high-pitched voice, did all the talking, while the other sat nearby, not saying anything but smiling at me, nodding her head in agreement with what the other was saying, occasionally interposing "That's right, that's right." A boy of six sat nearby, silent, listening. The walls had dozens of calendar photos, including one of Jesus and one of President Kennedy, and there were hundreds of little knickknacks all over the room. The bed was covered with clothes to be ironed. Nearby was an old TV set and a damaged piano. "Got the piano last year," the woman said, "but it got to be tuned." She waved her hand at the crowded room. "White folks gave me all these.

"No, we got no running water. We'll be putting in a pump soon though. We carry the water from the well, once, twice a day, heat it on the wood stove in the kitchen. Me, I work for a trained nurse. My boy here was playing in her house with her little boy—they got lots of toys all over the house—and she called me over and said, 'Look how my little boy doesn't know about color—they're just having so much fun together.' Yes, he's going to school next year; we got one school integrated—just a little. One ain't."

She pointed to the other woman. "She works in town for other folks. They calls her on the phone at her sister-in-law down the road. White folks been good to us. My house burned down, everybody got together and built me a new one. Folks around here get along fine. Yes, we had a few sit-ins downtown, five and dime is integrated now. But those people on the March in Alabama. They're silly, just plain silly!

"We do different kinds work around here. According to our education—you know what I mean. They *classify* us, fourth grade, sixth grade, eighth grade. And we get jobs by that. . . . No, I don't vote. It's no use voting. No, no one here stops me from voting. I don't see any point to it. They'll do what they want anyhow. I won't make any difference. . . ." [*Compare Dennett's II.*]

* * *

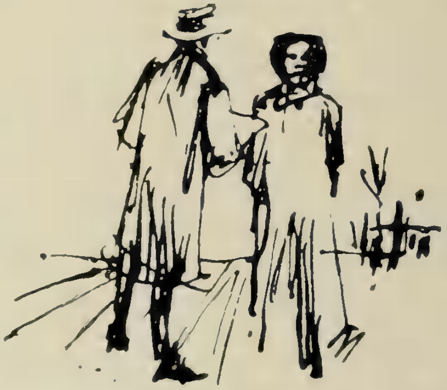
On the road from Lynchburg, a poster signified the South: "Sister Christine—Palm Reader." The highway raced the railroad, close alongside, twenty-five miles to Appomattox. The earth beside the highway was angry red where machines had worked. It was early morning, and two Negro girls piled high with books were squirming, trying to keep them intact while waiting for the school bus. Nearby a tiny white girl with a pleated coat and high, yellow stockings raced across a debris-littered field to climb onto a pile of stones, earth, grass, out of which stuck an uprooted, mutilated tree.

A few miles distant, where a cool wind blew unchecked across an open field, was a green granite plaque reading: "Here on Sunday, April 9, 1865, after four years of heroic struggle in defense of principles believed fundamental to the existence of our government, Lee surrendered 9000 men, the remnants of an army still unconquered in spirit, to 118,000 men under Grant." An iron gate enclosed nineteen tiny blackened stones, representing eighteen Confederate soldiers and one Union soldier, who had died on the day before the surrender was signed. [*Compare Dennett's III.*]

JOHN'S ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA. Out to John's Island, across a neck of water from Charleston, the road is rutted and muddy. There was a shattered bridge across a creek, little houses widely separated, three boys moving through the woods. Negroes turned from slaves to sharecroppers after the Civil War and some bought pieces of land for themselves. But the sons left, and the old folks couldn't pay the taxes, so white farmers bought them out. "Just me one in this house," an old Negro woman said.

Down the road was the "courthouse" where the magistrate, virtual king of the island, held court in an incredibly tiny white wooden box. In front of an auto graveyard, where even the earth was rusty, a Negro woman lived in an old storage shed. In the front yard, a little girl washed clothes in two basins, while her brother rode his twisted bike crazily through the mud.

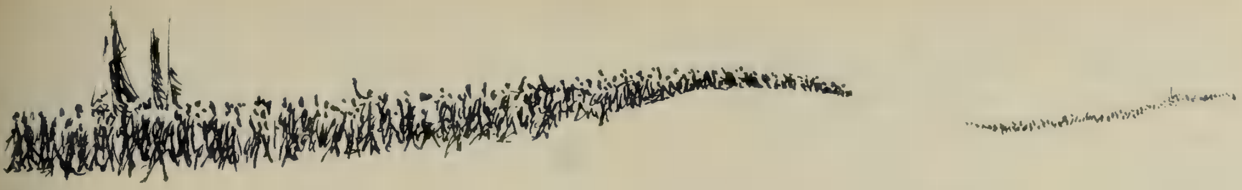
Back in the middle of the island, in a glen under huge spreading oaks thick with Spanish moss, a white man and a Negro were unloading bright-colored fertilizer sacks from a truck. They were about to plant 600 acres of beans and cabbage. "No, we're not both farmers," the white man said firmly. *"I farm. He's workin!"*



Down the road, near a planted field, with hens puttering all around, a young white girl, thin, pimply-faced, held a healthy-looking baby and walked beside her seven-year-old sister. She talked, at first carefully, then more and more at ease. "This is my daddy's land. He plants peanuts and cabbage. But we're moving to the mainland. He'll come back just for sowing and harvesting. Can't live here no more. Got no one for this little girl to be friend with." She pointed to a cluster of Negro children playing a hundred feet down the road. "Nothin but nigger kids to play with, and daddy won't let us play with nigger kids. They sicknin, they ugly, that's why."

Later, on the island, in the house of folklorist Guy Carawan and his wife Candie, I pored over the recorded musings of Negroes living on the island:

"The world is a lot of better now; day is past and gone the people use lamps. This is a lot of change, this electric light. In my time coming up people had jimbo light—you put oil in any kind of bottle, and light 'em for see by. Jimbo light. You must pull the string now, your house light go up . . . My mother died and



gone when I's a girl. Said: 'I may died and gone, but you going see things fly up in the air!' And it's so. The airplane carrying you across, any which way you want to go."

Another: "Whoopin cough, that's what my baby had. Fiddler crab—some little thing down the creek run back in the hole—well you catch that, you put something else along with that, and you boil em. And once you done boil em, you strain em through a white cloth or a strainer. That'll cure whoopin cough. . . ."

Children talking—

Girl: "In Charleston I see a colored girl go with a white boy—people I don't know. People around here say that's a disgrace. I don't say is a disgrace."

Johnny: "See lot of em in New York. Lot."

Girl: "My friend told me that she was in New York. And she go sit down on the step or somethin like that, and she watch the girls and boys—the white boys and the colored girls—go by, and they stand right up in the street, and kiss each other."

Johnny: "If they did that on John's Island, the Mayor would come out. Mayor!"

A young girl: "We go dance at 'gressive Club, and Fields, and Bernard. . . . We do just dances out now. The Jerk, the Camel Walk, and Shake, and the Twine Time. Some old dance been out, the Twist, the Mocking Bird, and the Dog, the Bird, the Fly, the Swim. The people who sing the record come on the television first, and so they is get the dance from the people."

A woman: "I am a mother of ten head of kids. That's enough. Lost three and raise seven head; lost one and got six head. So God take good care of me. . . . My daughter Hattie have to work. She got two head of kids. . . . She housework. She go on in with the husband in the morningtime, and she don't be home 'fore seven cause she have wait on husband till he knock off. You know we have to bum for catch a ride back. I do work. I work on the farm. But now my old man sick. Willis sick and I cannot work, cause I have to take care of him. Some days I don't know how I going to lay my weary head, how we going make it." [*Compare Dennett's IV.*]

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA. The march from Selma, a little over halfway along, turned into a field a hundred yards off the main highway to Montgomery, deep in Lowndes County ("a bad county") and settled down for the night. The field was pure mud, so deep one's shoes went into it to the ankles, and to pull out after each step was an effort. A chunk of moon shone, the sky was crowded with stars, and yet the field was enveloped in blackness. Two huge tents went up, one for men, one for women, and inside people spread plastic sheets over the mud, unrolled their sleeping bags, lay down, weary.

There were three hundred of them, the "core" of the Long March, mostly black people from Selma, Marion and other little towns in central Alabama, but also young Negroes from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, and some white people, young and old, from all over the nation. Space under the tents was soon gone, so people sprawled outside along the mired road that cut through the field.

At the edge of the field were gathered the jeeps and trucks of the U.S. Army, soldiers in full battle dress, called out finally by Presidential order after thirty days of murder and violence in Alabama and cries of protest through the country.

Moving through the darkness in and out of sleeping forms on the ground were men with white ragged emblems marked "Security." They carried walkie-talkies, the aerials glinting, and communicated with one another across the encampment. There was a central transmitter in a parked truck. People coming in off the main highway were checked at the end of the mud road by two husky "Security" men, young Episcopalian priests with turned-around collars. One of them said: "I don't really know who to let in. If he's black I let him through."

Lying down in the darkness near the road, I could hear the hum of the portable generators and an occasional burst of sound on a walkie-talkie. The plastic sheet under me was soaked in mud and slime, but the inside of the sleeping bag was dry. Two hundred feet away, in a great arc around the field, were fires lit by soldiers on guard through the night.

I awoke just before dawn, with a half-moon pushing, flat side first, through the clouds. The soldiers' fires at the perimeter were low now, but still burning. Nearby, the forms of perhaps twenty people wrapped in sleeping bags or blankets. The generator still whirred. Other clusters of sleepers were now visible, beginning to awaken.

A line formed for oatmeal, hardboiled eggs, coffee. Then everyone gathered to resume the march. A Negro girl washed her bare feet, then her sneakers, in a stream alongside the road. Near her was a minister, his black coat streaked with mud. A Negro woman without shoes had her feet wrapped in plastic. Andy Young was calling over the main transmitter to Montgomery: "Get us some shoes; we need forty pairs of shoes, all sizes, for women and kids who been walking barefoot the past 24 hours."

An old Negro man took his place beside me for the march. He wore a shirt and tie under his overalls, also an overcoat and a fedora hat, and used a walking stick to help him along. "Yes, I was in Marion the night Jimmy Jackson was shot by the policeman. They got bullwhips and sticks and shotguns, and they jab us with the electric poles."

At exactly 7 A.M. an Army helicopter fluttered overhead and the march began, behind an American flag, down to the main highway and on to Montgomery. The marchers sang: "FreeDOM! FreeDOM! Freedom's Coming and It Won't Be Long!"

It was seventeen miles to the edge of Montgomery, the original straggling line of three hundred thickening by the hour as thousands joined, whites and Negroes who had come from all over the country. There was sunshine most of the way, then three or four bursts of drenching rain. On the porch of a cabin set way back from the road, eight tiny Negro children stood in a line and waved, an old hobby horse in the front yard. A red-faced, portly Irishman, newly-arrived from Dublin, wearing a trench coat, held the hand of a little Negro boy who walked barefoot next to him. A Greyhound bus rode past with Negro kids on the way to school. They leaned out the window, shouting "Freedom!" A one-legged young white man on crutches, a black skullcap over red hair, marched along quickly with the rest. Two Negro boys with milky sun lotion smeared on their faces looked as if they had stepped off the stage in Genêt's *The Blacks*. A group of white workingmen along the road watched silently. On the outskirts of Montgomery, students poured out of a Negro high school, lined the streets, waved and sang as the marchers went by. A jet plane zoomed close overhead and everyone stretched arms to the sky, shouting, "FREEDOM! FREEDOM!" [*Compare Dennett's V.*]

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI. As I paid my bill at a motel just outside of Jackson, Mississippi, an attractive young Negro couple, smartly dressed, came down the stairs and into the lobby. A white man, sunburned, in shirt sleeves, leaned on the desk, staring at the couple. The motel manager said, apologetically: "Mississippi school teachers." The white man said: "Should charge them thirty dollars a day!" The manager was silent.

Somehow, I was back on Highway 80, the same that went from Selma to Montgomery, here running west from Jackson to Vicksburg and the Mississippi River. A dirt road cut off towards the horizon and a Negro man on a wagon pulled by two mules waited for a chance to cross the highway. He was glad to talk a while.

"Oh I got plenty of time. Don't have to be where I'm going until maybe about three. Got cottonseed cakes in the wagon, for the cows to eat. You know, cows will eat cotton too, right off the ground, just cause it's white. Funny how it is, we grows the seed, then buys it back from the mill, dollar and a quarter a hundred pound sack. . . . No, these ain't mine. Man I work for, he's got over a hundred cattle. His land goes a mile. I don't make enough to talk about. Three dollars a day. I work three days a week sometimes. And I got six children out the house. You come out less than you started. . . ."

* * *

The highway approaches the Mississippi just south of Vicksburg, the river impressive at that point, wide, slow, misty, the opposite shore dim, the Yazoo River sweeping in from the Northeast. In the bend near the shore were railroad tracks, storage bins, smoke gushing from stacks, and the sound of engines.

In Vicksburg, the county courthouse carried a sign that it was built under Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Public Works Administration. Inside the Registry office, on the counter, were two massive books bound in red leather. One was inscribed: **Warren County Marriage Record—White;** the other: **Warren County Marriage Record—Colored.**

Two miles up the river, I turned into the yard of a large feed mill and signed in at the shack of a guard before being allowed to go to the president's office. A distinguished-looking man, with an accent mildly Southern, he was at first wary and unsmiling, but soon became more friendly.

"This is, I guess, the biggest mill in the area. No, I don't own it. It's part of a big Mississippi company that has all sorts of diversified interests: feed mills, grain merchandising, breeder flocks of broilers, hatcheries—maybe 200,000 layers and 60,000 dozen eggs a week—hog operations, meat packing, steel, paper. I guess 20-25 families control the majority of stock; we are really a Mississippi company, which is rare these days; we've got no major Northern stockholders. Here at this mill we process grains and seed. Yes, we make these cottonseed cakes for cattle feed—we call them 'range cubes.' Strange how history comes back at you; water transport is more important again, because operations are bigger. Grain used to come in sacks, now it comes in bulk, and for that barges are best to send the grain down the Mississippi. Can ship twenty-five times as much in a barge as in a boxcar.

"We in the Chamber of Commerce are trying to move Vicksburg ahead. Nine years ago, when I came here (Kansas City is my home) it was a sleepy town, completely devoted to the past. Tourism was the big thing. You know we have these battlefields all around, monuments and statues. People wanted to leave things as they were. There's still a lot of old thinking in town, but that's what we're trying to change. This town has a big potential. It's a crossroads. . . .

"Twenty-five per cent of my boys here at this mill are colored—about 200 out of 700. I call em boys whether they're white or black. I don't think of them as white and black, and *didn't* until this whole thing came up. They've got no problem registering to vote in Vicksburg. I believe 2000-3000 are registered in the county. Why up in Kansas City I had 250 niggers in a mill, and not 5 per cent of them ever registered.

"Some of the colored boys here in the mill could be considered supervisors—they're lead men. Why, I have *fired* supervisors for abusing people. They're *people,* I say. . . .

"Why are policemen vicious? They're underpaid. You pay low salaries, you attract a certain kind. . . . I know the COFO office here in Vicksburg was bombed, but I don't believe any local people did it. I would guess it was done from the outside. . . . No, I haven't ever seen one of those COFO people.

"We had a fellow come down here from a Northern corporation to look the town over. He tells me, I like it fine down here, and I'm going to recommend we build a plant here. But he goes back North and says to his directors: we're planning to build a plant down in Mississippi, and they say: You must be crazy! Well, he tried, but he can't argue with them. That's why Vicksburg has got to change. . . .

"Now I wouldn't tell this to everyone. But we pay for two sets of schools down here, and that's why we can't afford to pay good wages to teachers. And so we're not getting good teachers like we had when I was a kid." [*Compare Dennett's VI.*]

* * *

At the COFO "office" in Vicksburg, an old frame house deep in the Negro part of town, cluttered with mimeographed announcements, the walls covered by posters and clippings and home-made signs, fifteen or so Negro high school youngsters were listening to some jazz records. One sat in a corner, typing. Three others, "the staff," sat at a table with me and talked.

There had been two bombings in the past week in Vicksburg. One was the Anderson Café, used by COFO workers. No one was hurt there. The other was the Vicksburg Café, owned by a white man downtown, and once boycotted because it would not admit Negroes. Three months ago it was integrated, and a week before the bombing three whites beat up a Negro there. Then came the fire bomb. A Negro waitress tried to jump behind the counter to escape the flames and broke both her arms.

The three young Negro staff fellows—all eighteen or nineteen—were from different towns in Mississippi: Vicksburg, McComb, Drew. One was a SNCC man, one was a CORE man, and one, chuckling, said he was a combination of SNCC and CORE. They agreed: the NAACP had been in Vicksburg since 1919 and hadn't done much of anything. All were veterans of boycotts, of demonstrations, of jail. No, there was no Freedom School operating in Vicksburg now. They had started one in the summer, but last October it was destroyed by a bomb, and its library with it. Fifteen people were there at the time, but no one was seriously hurt. A baby was scratched, and one lady's leg was cut.

There were two rooms in back, the walls lined with books, and cases of books crisscrossing the floor. There were 7000 books, donated by people all over the United States, and 1000 were out on loan. (The city library had been open only to whites until a month ago.) In the spaces between the bookcases were bare mattresses. Staff people slept there, and one was stretched out on a mattress as we walked through. Since the bombing, they were maintaining a twenty-four-hour vigil.

A white girl walked in. She had spent last summer in Florida with a CORE task force on voter registration; during her winter break from the University of Rochester she had come down to Vicksburg. Had been here now 73 days ("Yes," she smiled. "I count them.") She'd just come from a meeting of Negro women. She was tutoring one high school senior in math. She took me to visit Mrs. Dilla Irwin, a Negro woman who was editing a newspaper born out of the Mississippi Summer Project of 1964, the *Vicksburg Citizens' Appeal.*

Mrs. Irwin turned from her typewriter: "I was born in Vicksburg, and hatred sort of grew in me as I listened to my father and mother talking. I had seven brothers, and I remember after we got up to some size they were told to call other white boys, their own age, mister, and sir. . . .

"I recall my first fear, when I was seven or eight years old. Parents were driving one night from church on this horse-drawn buggy, a beautiful night, those big cannon from the memorial gleaming on the highway. All at once someone said halt, all these men with guns. They asked Daddy about some Negro man who was a friend of a colored woman who had killed a white man. We got out of it all right. But that fear stayed.

"My dad was a sharecropper, and I lived in the

Delta as a child, went to high school here in Vicksburg, got into fights with white kids. Then I went to live with my older sister in Chicago during the Second World War, and went to Northwestern night school, school of journalism, also a teachers college at night. Worked in defense plants in the day.

"I got married in Chicago, have one son who volunteered for the army when he was seventeen. Now he's twenty-one and in Vietnam. Was always proud to be in the service. But the other day I got a letter from him asking if it was true what was happening in Alabama, and if so, what am I fighting for, he said."

* * *

On March 1, 1965, the eight-page *Vicksburg Citizens' Appeal*, an attractive, photo-offset paper, tabloid size, ran its lead story on a county-wide meeting of the Freedom Democratic Party, where people from different precincts discussed problems they wanted to solve: poorly surfaced county roads, overcrowded schools, unequal welfare payments, drainage ditches overflowing with sewage onto people's land because of lack of pipe sewers. People spoke of needing gas and electricity, and new fireplugs.

Another story told of a continuing boycott of schools in Issaquena and Sharkey Counties in another part of the Delta, with five Freedom Schools set up there for students staying out of class. The boycott had begun a month before when 181 students were suspended from school for wearing "Freedom" buttons.

There were two editorials in that issue. One was on the role of Negro ministers: "The Negroes have always respected the minister and looked to him for guidance. He has, since Reconstruction, been a symbol of leadership to his people. Where is this leadership that is so sorely needed at this time? . . . Preparing souls for life in heaven is very good. However, some thought should be given to life on earth. . . ."

The *Appeal* printed an essay written by a high school boy:

> Life is real, life is honest, and the grave is not its goal. . . . I as a Negro teen-ager am interested in people whether they be Negro, Chinese, Jew, Indian, white, Mexican, Spanish. . . .
>
> The color of my skin in Southern America sets me aside from the general treatment of humanity. My life is a keep quiet: my thoughts are hidden secrets. . . .
>
> Can I forever live as a bird in a cage? When will the door be opened? As I view the situation in Mississippi I can truly see a bird's cage with tiny little Negro birds flying around in it. I can see the feeders with their little sacks of food. I see Governor Paul Johnson as he pours a little bit of prosperity into the trough of my cage. I see Mr. Ross Barnett as he removes the waste from my cage. . . .
>
> But I, one little happy bird, am ready to fly out of my cage and enjoy the sweetness of freedom. . . .

[*Compare Dennett's VII.*]

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS. Anthropologists say the world at any moment shows all the stages of its evolution; and so the South now reveals every trait of past and future. Diverse currents flow, mix, collide there: the Negro, the white, the national government, the Northerner, the world beyond the seas. . . .

Negroes, a century ago, crept out cautiously over the battle ruins but, except for a few bold figures, did not move far from slavery. Northern and Southern politicians one year bid them forward, the next pushed them back.

In 1965, however, the initiative is with the Negro militant, and everyone in the nation watches nervously for the next move. The lady in the cabin outside Lynchburg waits, as did the non-rebelling slave, but she waits on a moving belt, pulled by the bodies of black youngsters in Mississippi and Alabama, by the brave ones of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, by the high school student in Vicksburg ready to fly out of his cage. In a Mississippi Freedom School in the summer of 1964, Negro youngsters read *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* in which Joyce wrote:

> The spell of arms and voices: the white arms of roads, their promise of close embraces and the black arms of tall ships that stand against the moon, their tale of distant nations. . . . And the air is thick with their company as they call to me, their kinsman, making ready to go, shaking the wings of their exultant and terrible youth.

To the dark burst of feeling, the half-uttered thoughts of the Negro, Southern white men respond in confusion. Some pick up guns, as did their ancestors in gray, but their chance died at Gettysburg, and the murders they commit only quicken the pace of change. Most mutter and complain, but inch by inch make peace with the encroaching new order. A few of the young ones give a new kind of rebel cry, one of protest against the sins of their fathers, and they join black boys and girls of their own age, mingling their accents and their dreams. (Two hundred of them, white college students from Tennessee to Mississippi, gathered in Atlanta in the fall of 1964, planning their assault on the past.)

The salesman from South Carolina keeps his eye on the morning newspaper and the business ledger, preparing to roll with the tide. He has traveled, seen the North, and knows, or perhaps just senses, that once the furor is over his daughter won't really marry a nigra, will probably not even go to school with one; that a business society which makes the gestures of equality need not be overturned.

The national government behaves very much as it did in the time of Lincoln, with that priority system which all governments everywhere dutifully observe: "Union first, freedom second." As Lincoln with the

Abolitionists, it is sensitive; it trims and heels with the gusts of protest. One hundred years after the Emancipation Proclamation, ten years after the beginning of the Negro Revolt in Montgomery, thirty days after policemen began swinging their clubs against human heads in Selma, Alabama, there came the first forthright Presidential plea for racial justice couched in the language of morality rather than expediency.

And the legislative machinery began cranking out still another civil rights bill, the fourth in eight years. Continued fire-bombings, beatings, jailings, in Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Louisiana, indicated none of this would be enough. Yet no atrocity, not even the organized murder of three young civil rights workers in Mississippi in 1964, seems able to induce the President to invoke his statutory powers to set up a permanent protective force of special agents in the South to guard citizens against both private and official violence. The federal government will use the ordinary, slow processes of litigation and legislation on behalf of Negro rights, and, on extraordinary occasions, to call out the army for short-term duty. But, perhaps knowing the American citizenry is moved only by major disaster, the President chooses not to take preventive action against the intimidation and terrorism that is recorded by the hour in matter-of-fact SNCC field reports. In the matter of racial equality, the Administration remains, as always, a liberal government, and therefore a minimum government.

THE WHITE NORTH REACTS with horror at murder in the South, with indifference at the less dramatic, daily pain of poverty and fear, with trepidation at Negroes pushing too fast into their neighborhoods and schools. People approach their government as politicians, not citizens, considering what is *practical* over what is right. Politics itself becomes the art of the probable. The limits to change in Atlanta and Birmingham can be seen in New York, Chicago and Washington, D.C.

What begins to disturb the North now is that thousands of its youngsters—college students mostly—are straining to look beyond these limits. They go South to walk hand in hand with young black radicals. They come back with a deep irreverence for everything whose worth has been established over centuries. A Radcliffe girl wrote from Gulfport, Mississippi, in the summer of 1964: "For the first time in my life, I am seeing what it is like to be poor, oppressed, and hated. And what I see here does not apply only to Gulfport or to Mississippi or even to the South. . . ."

"The world is coming in on the South," said the white businessman from South Carolina, and he was understating the reality. At a meeting on the Mississippi Gulf Coast, a young Negro SNCC worker told me: "You know, I saw one of those Vietcong guerrillas on TV the other day. He was ragged, angry, dark-skinned, and poor. I swear he looked just like one of us!" The revolution of the hungry is rising on all sides, in Asia, Africa and, frighteningly close, in Latin America, and we are just beginning to understand that it is more awesome, more inexorable, than communism.

That revolution's only representatives in the United States are young Negroes offering their bodies in the deep South. They may eventually be isolated and crushed, or simply absorbed into the mainstream of moderate American reform; these are the two traditional ways of dealing with dangerous movements in this country. Or, with some special strength, gathered from like people in other parts of the world, they may yet fan a flame of change through this nation.

In the ramshackle COFO office in Vicksburg, Mississippi, someone had copied some lines from Christopher Fry and tacked them on the wall:

> Dark and cold we may be, but this
> is no winter now. The frozen misery
> of centuries breaks, cracks, begins to move,
> the thunder is the thunder of the floes,
> the thaw, the flood, the upstart spring . . .
> Affairs are now soul size.

1865:
'The South As It Is'

The following are extracts from a series written for THE NATION *during its first year of publication by John Richard Dennett, a Canadian-born Harvard graduate.*

I

Lynchburg, Va.

"The negro," said Mr. K., "I sincerely hope may disappoint my expectations. But if he does not, he is doomed to undergo extinction. Less than a hundred years of freedom will see the race practically exterminated. The negro will not work more than enough to supply his bare necessities. There isn't a county of Virginia where we haven't had some hundreds of free negroes, and they have been always perfectly worthless and lived in wretchedness. The negro stands as much in need of a master to guide him as a child does. When I look at my servants, I feel weighing upon me all the responsibilities of a parent. In the course of my life I have known many men who for that reason alone would never become the owner of a slave. I have brought up my children to feel so, and accustomed them to the thought of dispensing with slave labor. Those of them who are old enough share my views on the subject. But the negro will always need the care of some one superior to him, and unless in one form or another it is extended to him, the race will first become pauper and then disappear. Nothing but the most careful legislation will prevent it. Now take an example: of my negroes, nearly half were not on the working list; but I had to support them all. What will the negro do when he is called upon to support not only himself (he isn't inclined to do that, and I don't believe he will do it), but also to get food, and clothes, and physic for the infants and disabled people belonging to him? Why, I doubt if my farm ever returned me one per cent interest on the capital invested in it. He cannot do it. He couldn't do it if all the Southern States were confiscated and given him to do it with."

II

Greensboro, N. C.

To-day I had an interesting conversation with a man who belongs to what, as I suppose, must be a new class in the South—the class of negro lessees of land. He had been a slave all his life, he said, and was now "a settled man" (he appeared to be forty-three or four), but he was going to strike out for himself and see what he could do in a state of freedom. He had already rented some land, and that he thought was what every colored man ought to do, if he could. Perhaps only a few would be able to do it at present, because the masters were opposed to it; wanted to keep the people in such a condition that they could be hired as laborers at low wages, and preferred to let a "no-account white man" have a plantation rather than rent it to negroes. His former master and the gentlemen living in the neighborhood refused to lease out land to him. But a few miles away from home he had been more successful. The owner had selected certain parts of his plantation, and told him to take up as many acres as he could properly care for and cultivate. The land was not good, most of it being "old field;" but if he could make enough this first year to feed his family, he would be content. He had bought a condemned horse from the Government corral for fifteen dollars; he was low in order, but would be fit to plough next month. His wife had been knocking about the house most of her life; but he could depend upon her assistance if the work got too hard for him, and he had two children big enough to do full work in the field. Both were good ploughmen, and when his own crop did not call for their labor he could hire them out to the farmers, and he also could do hauling for his neighbors, and thus pick up a little ready money. If God spared his life, he expected to have twenty acres of corn, eight acres of wheat, five acres of oats and some potatoes on his land. His landlord was to receive one third of all the corn raised.

This year he had been working for his old master, who had promised to give his hands such a portion of the crops they made as should be pronounced equitable by two white men whom he designated. The apportionment had not yet been made. On most of the plantations of which he had any knowledge the workmen received some part of the crop in payment for their labor, and, as a rule, the masters were endeavoring to hire them for the coming year at the same price—their board, namely, and so many bushels of corn.

This man said that he knew it to be still usual on some of the plantations to beat the negroes for any offence; and that especially is this the case in the country districts. Negroes living in the vicinity of Greensboro could complain to the soldiers, but twenty or thirty miles out they were without redress.

He was very anxious that schools should be established. A while ago some of the colored people had spoken to a white man who lived near, a poor man, but "with good learning," asking him to open a school which he had promised to do. But he did not like to begin without having first obtained the consent of the gentlemen in the neighborhood; so he called on five or six of them and made known his intention, but he was told that if he tried that game he would be shot in his school-room; he therefore desisted. The gentlemen who told the man so were just the kind of men that would have done it, too; but the Yankees would set up schools, he hoped.

III

Liberty, Va.

The little village of Appomattox Court-House, distant from Lynchburg about twenty-five miles, is situated on low ground at the source of the Appomattox River, and in a district devoted exclusively to farming. It is, therefore, small even among Virginian towns, containing, besides the court-house and a jail in ruins, only some twenty or thirty buildings, mostly the dwellings of farmers; but small as it is, no other collection of houses in all the county so well merits the name of town. It boasts one hotel and one country store, the stock of goods in the latter sadly needing to be replenished. During the time of my visit, both of these buildings were pretty constantly occupied by men who seemed to have no other business on their hands than to lounge in some easy attitude chewing tobacco and talking to each other, or watching across the muddy road and pools of rain water the movements of the soldiers quartered opposite in the court-house yard. In the country parts of Virginia I have seen at one time and another hundreds of white men, and I doubt if I have seen in all more than ten men engaged in labor of any sort. At the store or tavern of every village just such a group of idlers is sure to be found. In accounting for these assemblages, the fact that apple brandy is always for sale by the glass at such places can hardly be considered a sufficient cause, apple brandy being exceedingly abundant in all this region, as nearly every farmer has a still in operation on his own premises. It is to the custom of the country, which throws all work upon the negroes, that the general idleness must in great part be attributed, and in part also, I suppose, to the unsettled condition of public and private affairs, which furnishes to every man a wide and fertile field for conjecture and conversation.

The newspaper which I mentioned above, *The Nationalist*, is conducted by white men, but is owned by an association of colored people, and of course relies mainly for support upon that class of the population.

IV

Mobile, Ala.

Besides their attempt to establish a newspaper, the colored people here, in their desire to elevate themselves, are making efforts in other directions that merit a favor and encouragement little likely to be given them by the white citizens of Mobile. The books of a branch bank of the National Freedman's Savings and Trust Company have within a month been opened, and the deposits made already exceed $4,000. By means of a fair recently held in the Medical College building they succeeded in raising $1,200, to be devoted to the founding of an asylum for orphan children. Six hundred children are under instruction in the schools, which are to a considerable extent self-supporting, the scholars buying their own books and paying the salaries of two teachers out of eight. In these schools the scholars were well behaved, and the lessons were recited very well. The teachers, who have been engaged in the schools since they were first opened in May last, speak in high terms of the docility of their pupils, and say that it is seldom necessary to resort to punishment. Here I saw, for the first time in the Southern States, colored boys reciting in the same class with white. The latter, however, were children of the teachers, and not natives of Alabama.

V

Raleigh, N. C.

I have been attending some sittings of the colored men's convention recently held in this city. The first steps in the matter were taken by negroes resident in Newbern, and it seems to have been generally thought by the people of the central and western counties, by such of them as took any thought at all about it, that the call was issued prematurely. They would have had it deferred until after the adjournment of the State Convention, thinking it more proper to address the Legislature in the event of the convention's leaving the colored population unnoticed. An appeal to the convention would wear the appearance of addressing itself not alone to the kindly feelings and the sense of justice of their white fellow-citizens, but partly to their fears also, and thus would provoke resentment. Moreover, the petitioners would put themselves in an attitude of complaint, when as yet they had suffered no injustice by any State action. But, on the other side, it was argued that in this State the negroes were surely suffering enough at the hands of individuals to justify them in petitioning; that in other States their brethren were suffering under unjust enactments, both ancient and recent; that in the North Carolina statutes there were evils to be cured, and there were other evils to be prevented from getting there; and, finally, with regard to the body before which the negroes' petition should be laid, that North Carolina would be more likely to slight the claims of her colored citizens after she had obtained full power to legislate for them as she pleased than now, while it is still doubtful if justice towards them may not be the lowest price at which she can purchase the enjoyment of all privileges belonging to a State in the Union. So it was decided to adhere to the original call, which was sent as far as possible throughout the country districts, and on the day of assembling nearly forty counties were represented. Some of the delegates were duly elected by meetings regularly organized for that purpose; others were sent up from churches, from prayer-meetings, from neighborhood conferences where a few men met together in secret. Of course, many were unprovided with credentials, their constituents, very probably, like themselves, being unable to read or write, and but little versed in the business of politics. "They'd hed no time fur credentials," one said; "they'd hed to run off in the night season fur fear;" so it was voted that the convention should be a mass convention, and all should be entitled to seats who had come up to attend. This motion, for which everybody voted, did much to take everything out of the hands of those who originated the convention, but, perhaps, made its action more truly represent the opinions and feelings of the colored people, not of the coast counties and the eastern cities, but of the whole State. For at this present time the negroes in central and western North Carolina have given but little thought to political subjects, and take no great interest in them. In Wilmington, Newbern, and Beaufort, judging by their representations at the convention, the case is different.

The session was held in the African Methodist church, a small edifice in a back street of the city. The delegates were about a hundred and twenty in number, but crowds of colored citizens were interested spectators throughout the four days, and the house was always filled full. It was neatly but cheaply furnished, the only ornament being a large plaster bust of Lincoln, fixed to the wall above the pulpit, against a background of mourning drapery. Just over his head were inscribed some of the closing words of the last inaugural address—that passage which begins thus: "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right."

Among the delegates were some that wore the Federal uniform, and these were treated with much respect by their fellow-members. In pursuance of a fashion that seems to obtain everywhere, one of them, a sergeant, was chosen to office, and served among the vice-presidents. He, like the others, was a fine-looking young fellow, perfectly neat and clean, with every button polished, and even his face shining. "I's black," he said; "just as black as ary black man goin', I is."

There were several men dressed in black broadcloth, ministers and chaplains, who did a large share of the talking, and bore a main part in the management of the business, and here and there was a younger man, nattily dressed, and evidently a hotel waiter by profession or a barber; but the great majority were mechanics and plantation hands, men who had grown up in ignorance, whose forms were bent with long labor, whose faces expressed patient endurance rather than thought or any passion, and who for the most part sat mute on the benches. On two or three occasions some one of these men would rise to deprecate long discussion of things merely formal, or debate that was only personal, beginning his speech perhaps in this way: "My dear brothers, I don't place myself in this honorable convention as a Henry Clay or a Webster, fur I know I kin not do it, nor to speak afore you. I know I's a poor, destituted, onlarnt don't-know-A-from-B. I's been rocked in a hard cradle, from my youth up to the present age." And then he would go on to urge the propriety of at once transacting all necessary business, so that delegates could go home, and, warming as he proceeded, he would very likely fall into the sing-song of the class-meeting and become nearly unintelligible to those whose excitement had not kept pace with his. At the end of his remarks, however, there was always renewed diligence. But these men though ignorant were intelligent, and often spoke exceedingly well. "Yes," said one of the cleverest among them—"yes, we are ignorant. We know it. I am ignorant for one, and they say all niggers is. They say we don't know what the word constitution means. But if we don't know enough to know what the Constitution is, we know enough to know what justice is. I can see for myself down at my own court-house. If they makes a white man pay five dollars for doing something to-day, and makes a nigger pay ten dollars for doing that thing to morrow, don't I know that ain't justice? They've got a figure of a woman with a sword hung up thar, sir; Mr. President, I don't know what you call it—('Justice,' 'Justice')— well, she's got a handkercher over her eyes, and the sword is in one hand and a pair o' scales in the other. When a white man and a nigger gets into the scales, don't I know the nigger is always mighty light? Don't we all see it? Ain't it so at your court-house, Mr. President?"

VI

Virginia.

The white people are often very far wrong in their notions of the object for which the Bureau of Freedmen was organized, and the power committed to its officers. I was waiting the other day in the office of the superintendent when two gentlemen of respectable appearance entered and announced themselves as planters from the State of Mississippi. The conversation on their part was carried on by one, the other saying nothing. Both seemed to listen with very great interest to all that was said to them. The speaker said their business with the superintendent was to get from him about a hundred Virginia negroes to be taken down to Mississippi to work on cotton. They were informed that the officer had no power to send away negroes unless they chose to go. They asked if they couldn't get a hundred paupers or criminals. But the superintendent had not at command so many of either class or of both together. They asked if negroes could not be apprenticed to them for a term of years. But apprenticeship, except of boys in cities, who in exceptional cases may be put with a tradesman to learn his craft, is not permitted.

"Well, now," said the gentleman, "this is how the thing is. I've got land there, and I'm going to raise cotton. I've spent pretty nearly $20,000 for mules and harnesses and a complete outfit generally. What I want to know is this—you say you can't use compulsion to make these Virginia niggers go down there—what compulsion will the Government let me use to make them work when I've got them there, anyhow?"

"You seem to think all negro labor must be compulsory."

"Why, of course it must. How long have you lived in a slave State sir?"

"I have lived within twenty-five miles of one a good part of my life. But you must look to the experience of those who have tried free labor. There is Mr. B. G.—, on the James. He has about two hundred and eighty-seven negroes. They were with him as slaves, and he has employed them all since they were emancipated. Only three went away from his place, and the rest, he says, are doing very well indeed. One example like that is worth a great deal of theory."

"Yes, I know him very well. Didn't know he had so many as that, though. But I know the nigger. The employer must have some sort of punishment. I don't care what it is. If you'll let me tie him up by the thumbs, or keep him on bread and water, that will do. Over here in Rockbridge County, as I came along I saw a nigger tied up by the wrists. His hands were away up above his head. I went along to him, and says I, 'Boy, which would you like best now, to stay there where you are, or to have me take you down, give you forty good cuts, and let you go?' 'Rather have the forty lash,' says he. So he would, too. You folks used to make a good deal of talk because we gave our niggers a flogging when they deserved it. I won't ask leave to flog, if you'll let me use some of your Northern punishments. All I want is just to have it so that when I get the niggers on to my place, and the work is begun, they can't sit down and look me square in the face and do nothing."

The superintendent could not encourage him to hope that the Bureau would deport negroes to Mississippi, nor that it would allow him to use on his plantation the punishments which he seemed to think necessary. If the negro wouldn't work, he could be complained of. When a Northern laborer violated a contract he was sued.

"Ah! sue the nigger! Can he give his testimony in court? Will his testimony be taken?"

"It is taken here, sir; and it will be in Mississippi—at any rate, while that State is occupied by Federal troops."

"Why, no nigger can be believed whether he is under oath or not. No one that knows a nigger will ever think of believing him if it's for his interest to lie."

The gentlemen took their leave, very much dissatisfied with the state of affairs in Virginia, and with the prospects of planters throughout the Southern country.

VII

Lynchburg, Va.

Walking along the main street the other morning, I met several parties of negro boys and girls with primers in their hands, evidently on their way to school. Turning about in my walk, I followed two grotesque-looking little creatures till I came to the door of a large brick tobacco warehouse or manufactory. Looking in, I saw that it was empty of merchandise, and fitted up with benches as if for a school. The scholars were there also, and two soldiers, to whom I introduced myself, and by whom I was invited to stay and see the school when in session. Both teachers were enlisted men, privates in a Pennsylvania regiment. They were detailed at their own request for this duty. No pay is given them, but while engaged in teaching they are relieved from all camp duties. One was without experience as a teacher, the other told me he had been a schoolmaster before entering the army.

By nine o'clock about one hundred and thirty children, of all ages between three and twenty, were assembled, and the school exercises began. "I want to be an Angel" was sung in clear and pleasant tones, and with great correctness of emphasis and pronunciation. The first stanza and the chorus all the children knew, and the rest of the hymn they sang two lines at a time as the teacher dealt it out to them.

While the singing went on, I amused myself by counting the faces which gave unmistakable evidence of their owners being of mixed blood. There were all tints and shades of yellow among the forty-nine boys present, and I could find but twenty-seven who seemed to me to be purely African. Among the girls the proportion was much the same.

After the singing a chapter of the New Testament was read, and then the alphabet class recited. They knew their letters backwards and forwards, they could pick out the letters by name, and they could tell which were vowels and which were consonants. I thought they had made rapid progress in the four weeks during which they had been under instruction.

A more advanced class then read a column of a child's paper. One or two of the little girls read exceedingly well. They had been taught, they said, when they were slaves.

In Lynchburg, besides this school, which contains about one hundred and fifty pupils, there is another, taught in the same way, which contains three hundred and fifty more children. It is a pleasant and encouraging sight to see the willingness with which the scholars apply themselves to their lessons, and the very respectable measure of success which rewards their efforts.

It is a sight, too, which has attracted some attention in Lynchburg. The *Republican*, urging upon its readers the importance of providing for the education of their children, speaks of the freedmen's schools, and says, "How utterly important is it that benefits should not accrue through governmental or other philanthropy to these children of a degraded race of which our own are deprived through our culpable neglect and thoughtlessness."

JOHN OLIVER KILLENS

HOLLYWOOD in BLACK and WHITE

Novelist and TV and film writer, Mr. Killens is at present Author-in-Residence at Fisk University. Trident Press will shortly publish his Black Man's Burden, *a book of essays, and he is now completing a book on Africa.*

IN THE BEGINNING was the Word, and the Word was God, and the Word was with God, but somewhere along the line Hollywood preempted God's dominion.

My first trip to Hollywood occurred when I was twenty and impressionable. I thought at the time that Los Angeles, especially the Hollywood-Beverly Hills part of it, was Paradise Regained with glamorous moving picture stars thrown in for good measure. I had driven with three friends of mine across the vast and varied country. My friend who owned the car in which we made the trip was a Negro American Legionnaire, and his reason for making the trip was to attend the Legion's convention. My reason for going was the actual going and the seeing. We saw a huge hunk of America that summer and fall. We drove from Washington, D. C. through Maryland, through Pennsylvania, through Ohio, through Illinois, through Indiana, over the muddy rutty roads of Nebraska. And we "Americans" were perfectly willing to "give Nebraska back to the Indians," which was a rather masochistic pun on our part, coming as it did from four black men who never owned Nebraska or any other of the Forty-Eight. I shall never forget one of the billboards on a Middle West highway outside a great industrial complex:

EVERY WORKER WITH HIS TOOL IS
AN AMERICAN CAPITALIST

This made us feel better about the whole thing.

We went through gorgeous, luxuriant Wyoming, through Lusk and Cody and on and up into Yellowstone National Park where nature runs amuck in all her naked shameless beauty, and then two days later down out of the mountains to Salt Lake City where we spent the night in a "chinch harbor" (which is Afro-Americanese for all the dinky colored hotels with hot and cold running roaches and bloated bedbugs and a public, alligator-legged showerless bath at the end of the dark and dingy hall). It seemed that our money did not spend at the white hotels of that fair city. The next afternoon we followed the Okies in hapless trek across the hot Mojave Desert and on and on to sunny California, where the earth is lush and glistening green and breathing with fertility. We also stopped in a chinch harbor in Los Angeles, but we told ourselves it had nothing to do with our color this time, but was because our money was not long enough for the fancy white hotels. We also noticed, but overlooked, the discrepancy between Central Avenue and Wiltshire Boulevard, which was even more glaring than the difference between Lenox and Madison Avenues.

THE NEXT OCCASION for visiting the City of Angels was years later when I flew West on a lecture tour. I was older and had been to a great World War to fight against fascism and to make the whole world safe for democracy. I had come home and quit Washington for New York, had written a novel, and had been published. I was wiser and I should have been wise to L.A. and to Hollywood. I should not have been taken in a second time. Probably because I came to the city that second time as a "celebrity" it was difficult for me to see the city, realistically, through all that smog and adulation. The weather, the people, the cleanliness, the expanse, life slower-paced, the glowing landscape, all that pretty superficiality. And, of course, the inevitable stars all over again. I was going to New York, I told a couple of my California friends, and bring my family out there to live. "Fine! Great!" they said. "This is the place for an artist like you to live and work. And you can write scenarios for Hollywood while you're at it." There was one dissenting voice. Almena Lomax, editor of an angry incorruptible newspaper, the regrettably defunct *Los Angeles Tribune,* told me: "The worst thing someone like you could do would be to move out here. Los Angeles is moribund. Most of the people are empty, a legion of lost souls. The town is a deadly poison to the creative spirit." I have been back several times since to do film work and I found out, painfully, how right Almena was.

By "Hollywood," I mean the film industry and its comparatively younger brother, television. And anything we say about Hollywood may be said of Madison Avenue—*in spades*. Hollywood just happens to be *where* it is. Madison Avenue determines *what* it is. Hollywood is Fake-town, the great city of make-believe. Here are the culture-makers of our society, many of whom are the most uncultured of men. Here are the true head-shrinkers and the brainwashers of America. I was out west working on a screen treatment once, when my producer, who had a reputation for being the most sensitive of the Hollywood species, got that faraway wistful look in his eyes and said longingly: "Ah, John, if I could only come across just one good 'monster' script to put on my schedule for this season. I don't ask for much in this life." He sighed. I shuddered.

Hollywood, moreover, is a Southern-oriented city, as is all of Greater Los Angeles. This statement should surprise no one, since Hollywood, more than any other institution, has been responsible for the glorification of the South, past and present, and for creating the image of black inferiority. It created the lying, stealing, childish, eyeball-rolling, feet-shuffling, sex-obsessed, teeth-showing, dice-shooting black male, and told the world this was the real Negro in the U. S. A. It invented the Negro "mammy" whose breasts were always large enough to suckle an entire nation, and who always loved old massa's chilluns more than she loved her own. The men of Fake-town have brainwashed America and the entire world with the brush of white supremacy.

I accuse Hollywood of being the most anti-Negro influence in this nation in the 20th century. With *Birth of a Nation,* Hollywood fired its first big gun in its war against the black American, and the gunfire has continued unabated ever since. Hollywood has ever glorified the Confederates' and slavery's cause, with such magnificent monstrosities as *Gone With the Wind, Virginia, Kentucky,* ad infinitum. Oh, how many oceans of bitter tears have been shed for the likes of Rob Lee and Jeff Davis? How much weeping and nostalgia for the good old days down on the plantation with the pretty, white and Southern-hooded ladies and the handsome white colonels in the Big House at their grand and gracious parties, replete with dancing and live (and sometimes black) musicians? What kind of distortion of history has made Grant and Sherman anti-heroes and Lee and Stonewall Jackson men of unblemished character and unquestioned loyalty and heroism?

I WAS SEATED IN a Hollywood movie house with a friend in 1959 watching a ridiculous version of slavery entitled *Band of Angels,* based on a novel by Robert Penn Warren. In one particular scene, Clark Gable, who was Sidney Poitier's good massa, was coming from New Orleans via the Mississippi River back to his plantation. When the boat neared the shore, all of his happy faithful slaves were gathered there singing a song of welcome to old massa. White people in the theatre were weeping, some slyly, some unashamedly, at the touching scene, when suddenly my friend and I erupted with laughter, because we thought that surely, in the time of Montgomery and Little Rock, this must have been put into the film for comic relief.

The other great myth created by Hollywood was the "good" cowboy and the "bad" Indian, again standing truth and history on their heads. Again white folks were inevitably cast in the role of supermen. Surrounded and outnumbered by wild and screaming Indians, the gallant whites crouched with their women and children behind a barricade of broken-down covered wagons, and they somehow always managed to break out . . . . Either that, or they held the bloody bastards off till the Cavalry arrived. The only good Injun was a Gunga Din type, who sold out his tribe to the whites, or one like Tonto who was the white man's lackey. The pity is not so much that Hollywood distorted history, but that most Americans, black and white, accepted the distortion as truth.

Once upon an afternoon in the middle fifties, I got a phone call from a friend. He was in Hollywood and I was in Brooklyn, and the conversation went something like this: "John, what do you think of *Emperor Jones?*"

"*Emperor Jones?* What do you mean?"

"I mean—making a movie of *Emperor Jones.* I've been meeting most of the day with the executive producer of a major studio, and they want me to do *Emperor Jones,* and I told them you were the only writer I would trust to do the screen-play, because that way I would be certain that the dignity of the Negro people would not be violated."

I said, "But, Harry, crap-shooting, razor-toting, all the tired stereotypes—who needs it in 1957?"

Harry said, "The man assured me we could do anything we wanted with the script, make any changes, so long as we called it *Emperor Jones,* based on the play by Eugene O'Neill."

I said, "But—"

He said, "Look, why don't you come out here for a few days at their expense and we'll sit down with them, and if you don't like what you see or hear, I don't like it either. All you can lose is a couple of days."

I agreed. During my flight to the coast, I did a hasty three- or four-page outline in which I rewrote O'Neill's *Emperor*. I took the studio at its word. Instead of Jones being a train porter, I made him a slave on a Southern plantation. Instead of his getting into a fight with another Negro in a dice game and slashing him to death with a razor, I had Jones hit his white whipping boss in the head with a hoe and escape to an island in the West Indies, where he meets Smithers and so forth and so on, change after change after change. When I arrived in Los Angeles, I found that the studio had set me up in a suite across from Belafonte's at the Hotel Ambassador, where he was appearing nightly at the Coconut Grove. I went over to Harry's suite, and Sidney Poitier was visiting, and we had a lengthy bull session about what we were going to do in Hollywood to change the Negro's image of himself. I remember Sidney saying very excitedly, "I will never make a movie that will reflect against the dignity of Negro people." As sophisticated as we three deemed ourselves, we naïvely thought we could set jaded Hollywood on her uppers.

The next day Harry and I sat for hours with the executive producer and staff members of the major studio. After I read my outline with a straight face, Mr. Executive Producer said, "Well, Mr. Killens, you will admit that this is hardly what Mr. O'Neill had in mind."

I said, offhandedly, "You can still call it *Emperor Jones*."

What we tried to get them to do was to tell the real story of Henri Christophe, the magnificent Emperor of Haiti, upon whose life O'Neill apparently based his story. Belafonte talked to them as if he had just stepped out of Haitian history. We would make a movie that would include not only Christophe, but Toussaint L'Ouverture and all the other Haitian heroes who made history in the war against Napoleon. As we depicted it, it would have involved all of the major Negro actors as well as white ones. A spectacular. I could almost hear the sound of the cash register clanking in the producer's head. He agreed. Forget about *Emperor Jones*. This is the movie we would make. And in the epic tradition. A week or so later the studio changed its mind, with this explanation: "We paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the rights to *Emperor Jones*, and this is the movie we will do. If Mr. Belafonte doesn't do it, we will get a Negro star who will." Thanks to the rising consciousness of black Americans as reflected in leading Negro actors, this movie has not been made. Decades before, the great Paul Robeson, who is a hero-symbol to every black artist with a heart or memory, played *Emperor Jones* on Broadway and in Hollywood. An era ended when Mr. Robeson denounced the film capital after making *Tales of Manhattan*.

In 1959, I spent five months in Hollywood writing a screenplay of my novel, *Youngblood*. When my family (which consisted of my wife and two children) were ready to spend five weeks of the summer with me, I had to look for larger living quarters. This was when I came to know Hollywood for what it really was. I spent two frustrating weeks trying to find a vacancy in the hotels and motels of that city. My producer would call a motel and ask about accommodations for his writer and his writer's family, and of course, "We have just the thing you're looking for; come right over." We would drive to the spacious motel, but as soon as the manager realized what the deal was, the vacancies would disappear mysteriously. One proprietor took my producer aside and told him: "I sympathize with the colored people, especially the kind that's made something out of themselves, like your writer. I'll take a chance and take him and his family in, provided they agree not to use the swimming pool." Imagine how ungrateful he must have thought I was, since I would not agree that my family would not use his old lily-white swimming pool. Fortunately, a friend of mine came to the rescue. His family was visiting in the East, and he offered us the use of his house.

I DO NOT, cannot, care for Hollywood because it has ever been my arch enemy, even with its enlightened films like *Lost Boundaries* and *Home of the Brave*. If the latter one says anything at all, it says that the American Negro is a "nigger" not because of white America but because he, the Negro, believes himself to be a "nigger." And if all American Negroes could be psyched by the white man out of looking upon themselves as "niggers," all their problems would be solved. For, after all, Jim Crow and racial prejudice and lynching are only psychological states of the Negro's mind and have no bases in reality. Thus it is the victim's fault that he is the victim. Following this "logic," history would blame the Jews and not the Nazis, the Algerians, not the French. Thanks particularly to Hollywood, it has already blamed the American Indians and made heroes of the men who practiced genocide against them.

World, Flesh and the Devil, starring Harry Belafonte, Inger Stevens and Mel Ferrer, was another movie of the new "Era of Hollywood Enlightenment." The big hang-up in this one was: Which of the men would get the girl at the end of the story? The story's logic, its artistic integrity, and dramatic necessity dictated that Inger go for Harry. There were only three people left on the earth after an atomic holocaust. Harry was handsome and the good guy. Ferrer was the embodiment of evil. Nothwithstanding, one of the first versions of the script gave Inger to Ferrer. After much debating between New York and California, they arrived at a compromise that satisfied nobody at all. In the final scene of the film, Harry and Inger walk up a deserted Times Square together, and that is how the movie should have ended. But no. Just as we are about to believe that justice has triumphed and that love will conquer all, including racial prejudice, we reckoned without the racial fears of Hollywood. At the final moment, Belafonte turns around and gestures for Ferrer to join them, and the three go off together toward a stone-and-steel horizon.

I remember Ruby Dee commenting once: "I'm not concerned with interracial love and kisses on the movie screen. I'm just looking forward to the day a Negro man can kiss a Negro woman." She noted that with all the roles she had played, as wife and lover, she had never been kissed. It seems that Hollywood is very self-conscious about Negroes being in love and kissing, carrying on like other humans. *A Raisin in the Sun* made history in this respect. Sidney Poitier was probably the first Negro man ever to kiss a woman in a love scene on the movie screens of America. The woman, of course, was Ruby Dee.

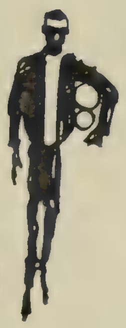
WHY IS HOLLYWOOD the most backward of mass media as far as black Americans are concerned? An obvious reason is that more money is involved in making a film than in producing a play, and, consequently, more money is likely to be lost in case of box office failure. In its turn, Broadway is far more backward than book-publishing. The hard facts are: the more money involved, the less likelihood that the truth about the black man will achieve an audience. And thus black voices, stilled for centuries, are yet committed to oblivion at a moment in history when America needs most desperately to hear black voices. What else is new besides the new Negro? All else is repetition, a gross redundancy. What else is dynamic in this homeland of the brave? The Negro is the nation's mid-century protagonist.

That is why there's never been a crop of black writers for film or television. If you don't work in these two media, you do not reach the multitudes. Hollywood makes great pretensions of doing controversial movies. But the great debate in America today is *Negro freedom*. This is the fundamental controversy. How does the Negro artist break through this wall of censorship? We black writers and performing artists are ready to pool our creative strength to make our statements to our country. Where are the big-talking liberals?

Television is such a powerful persuader, hidden and overt, it could saturate the Southland with democracy, spreading the word to every nook and corner. Why has not the sunny Southland been sold a democratic image? In the November 14, 1964 edition of the New York *Amsterdam News*, Jesse Walker wrote: "Of the 35 new television shows this season, none has a Negro on a regular basis." How is that for getting the "real" image of America across? In the entire history of Hollywood, less than a half dozen screenplays have been written by Negroes. In that time not a single black screenwriter has been developed. If he has, it has been kept a deep dark secret. As for television, not a single Negro star has ever had his own weekly TV show (with national hook-up), except the late Nat Cole, who did a very very abbreviated stint. Why? Why is the Negro star forever relegated to the role of "guest in the house"? Why is he never the host? Where are the black news commentators? Sports announcers? Weather "experts"?

Of course, the brainwashers have never in history become the unbrainwashers. The slavemaster has never freed the slave. If a slavocracy had to wait for the slave-holders to overthrow it, it would surely last forever. Slave-masters cannot create free societies, even if they are of a mind to do so. The chains—economic, social, sentimental, psychological—that shackle the master to his slave are unbreakable, as far as he is concerned. On the other hand, the slave's fundamental aim is to break these chains. He awaits the day, the hour, the moment. The Nazis would never have freed the Jews. America has not yet freed the Negro, one hundred years after the word was given.

Ironically, the American Negro, at whom Hollywood has eternally aimed her fire, has been the least vulnerable of all Americans, the least brainwashed. We have never been completely taken in by the hypocritical culture, by film or television. Our belief in our innate inferiority has been, at most, superficial. Yes, the black American is a believer, but not a True Believer in the Word according to Saint Hollywood. That is why we will be the basic folk to free this country. We'll need a great deal of help from you, but we cannot, shall not, wait while you procrastinate.



A DIFFERENT DRUM

GEORGE W. BROADFIELD

George Broadfield designed and directed the country's first Domestic Peace Corps (1962-64) and is now program designer and analyst for the Associated Community Team, a federally sponsored program for underprivileged youth.

DURING MY UNDERGRADUATE years, one of my teachers, a great Rhodes Scholar, often called me the symbol of the "new Negro." I have yet to understand fully what he meant. There was nothing new about my ideas, my ambitions, heritage. He was, perhaps, confusing me with the times, the flow of history—the consequences of man's acts.

By white, middle-class standards, my life had been quite ordinary; compared to the life of most American Negroes, however, I had been most fortunate. I was brought up in a big clapboard house, in Hampton Roads, Virginia, in which my family had been living for more than a century and a half. My great-grandfather established a profitable fishing business in this seaport town, and at one time had a considerable fishing fleet. My grandfather carried on the business for a while. It is a yardstick of the family's position in the community that Broadfield money helped to found the first local bank.

Fortune smiled less on my father. He had a good education, majoring in engineering, but he ended up with a menial job with NACA, the predecessor of the present National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA). My mother was a professor of education at Hampton Institute; she was widely traveled, with a vivid interest in people and affairs far removed from the local scene. I don't suppose my father ever earned more than $75 a week, and I imagine that the pay scale for teachers at Hampton Institute could not have been very high. But we lived very comfortably, and there was never any question but that the means were available for me to go to college. Indeed, money was never mentioned at home in my presence, and it is quite possible that my education was paid for, at least in part, by the proceeds of my great-grandfather's fishing fleet.

My father was seen by me solely as a symbol of authority to be feared and obeyed. As an only child, much of my world was the one I made, at first from the heroes and heroines of the books my mother read to me and later from the books I read myself. I lived in an adult world. I don't ever really recall being a child, as I never played. In retrospect, I cannot remember, even to this date, any reference ever being made in our home to race, to color, to religion, to the "differences" among peoples. As a result I was hardly prepared to face the incredible reality that I was to be exposed to as the "new Negro."

All during my childhood, at some time of the day, I would put my hand into the hand of my grandfather, a tall, stately, blind man, and he would lead me from room to room, stepping from window to window, and he would say that "a Broadfield should own the land as far as he could see from every window in the house" (at one time we did). He was a patient man who had been a successful businessman under great handicaps, and he tried to indicate to me that the world would offer opportunities to me, too, and that I must develop the necessary inner strength and courage to exploit them.

In college—I attended Hampton Institute and Talladega, New York University and the University of Paris—I had been a protégé of three great intellectuals: a very young man steeped in the Chicago University tradition of the "Great Books"; a German professor-in-exile; and a French scholar whose mind had been moulded by Dr. André Siegfried of the University of Paris. These three tried to fashion for me a lens through which to view the strange, paradoxical social order which was very soon to confront me. I had studied economics and finance, and was determined to build a future for myself inside the corporate structure. I saw myself, if you will, as an Organization Man.

After graduation, I went through the voluminous listing of job openings in *The New York Times*. Interviewers very quickly gave me a pleasant, quiet and final "no." I then chose 73 companies and corporations from various directories and knocked in vain at the employment office of each. Finally, I was sent on a round of interviews by such agencies as the NAACP and the Urban League, none of which turned up anything that promised a future. I noted that the boards of these organizations, and particularly of the Urban League, were replete with members of the power elite, including the Rockefellers. It seemed odd to me then, and still does, that the Rockefellers who so generously support the Urban League, should yet fail to open the doors of The Chase Manhattan Bank, or Standard Oil of N.J., or any other of their great enterprises to one or two of the Negro youths who had been to schools and universities with their own sons.

And then, late one evening, at a party given by the Indian Ambassador to Washington, I met an American white man who had lived so long in the Middle East that he no longer saw people as black or white or brown, but as people, competent or incompetent. I told him I wanted to work in the petroleum world. He said he would arrange it. He wrote to his New York office on Park Avenue, informing them that I had been hired as a junior executive-in-training, making no reference to my race. Very soon I received a formal letter inviting me to come to New York at my convenience.

A suite was reserved for me at the Delmonico Hotel on Park Avenue. On a Monday morning, at 9 A.M., I was at the corporation's headquarters and was promptly shown into a magnificent, fruitwood-lined elevator, operated by a man in livery with white gloves, and swept up to the 47th floor. A young lady quite like those on the covers of fashion magazines appeared stunned as I introduced myself as the Mr. Broadfield for whom she had been waiting. Summoning her courage, she ushered me in to see the vice-president with whom I had the appointment. He took one look at me and, visibly shaken, turned in his swivel chair and stared out the window upon the towers of Manhattan for quite a long period before turning back to me.

But I was hired and there was nothing he could do about it. He never asked me to sit down. He talked vaguely about the corporation's operations. It was clear to me that he was either deliberately omitting, or under the stress of circumstance completely forgetting, the normal briefing he was supposed to give the new, young executive.

I stayed with the organization for three years, chiefly because of the encouragement of friends inside and outside the corporation. It was a thoroughly dehumanizing experience. Every day I had to prove anew that I was a human being. There was not a day that I was not center-staged; every act of mine, however small, was appraised against the background of my co-workers' prejudices. There were times that I was overcome by despair. Junior executives were supposed to attend classes; I never did because none were arranged for me. Junior executives are supposed to move from department to department; I remained at the desk to which I was first assigned for the whole three years of my employment.

My plight soon became a source of embarrassment to some of my colleagues; we had become friends and we were all young. But I was determined not to quit. I was foolish enough to think at the time that if I accepted the values of the Organization Man, all the trappings and the jargon, the door could not remain forever closed to me. I wore the right clothes, said the right things, lunched at the right places, talked to the right people. The result was catastrophic: I lost my own heritage and gained no other. Those I was trying to emulate were really little people playing roles in a vast machine of which they had no understanding. In my effort to imitate them, to be accepted by them, I became caught up in their own nothingness.

There is no way to describe the anger, the terror, the loneliness that welled up inside me during my three years with the corporation. And worst of all, almost—I had no one to whom I could unburden myself. My Negro friends, concerned with status and the trappings of success, could never understand why I should be unhappy working for a great corporation with a Park Avenue address. And my friends in the corporation could never understand simply because they were white. For all their natural kindness and generosity, they could not possibly accept that I, as a black man, wanted from life exactly what they wanted, no more and no less.

A sort of death came over me. I worked every day—"performed" is a better way of putting it—like an automaton. My own life began to mean very little. Had it not been, perhaps, for the memory of the things my grandfather had told me, I could never have survived.

But there came a summer morning when I could stand no more. I walked out of my office in a daze, rode down the fruitwood elevator, crossed over to Fifth Avenue and on to Rockefeller Center. Stumbling, I went into the French Line office and booked passage on the *Liberté,* the first ship sailing. I hated Americans and I hated America. I chose a foreign ship deliberately, thinking that it would be easier to avoid American companionship. I feared that shipboard intimacy with a fellow-countryman would lead me to explode all my spleen upon him, all my pent-up anguish. For me, such an explosion would have been a kind of exorcism; I had been living too long with values which affronted me as a man and as a Christian, and I yearned to throw them back upon the society that had forced me to accept them.

I had booked passage to Paris because I wanted the anonymity of another country, an older civilization. Now, staring down at the people waving goodby, I noticed one of my friends frantically directing my attention to another part of the deck, where a tall, black man was standing by the rail. Later, at sea, we met; he proved to be the highest ranking member of the Cabinet of the President of Liberia. I dined with him and his bride almost every evening during the voyage. "Your destiny is in Africa," he told me one night. And he added: "We need you." I did not answer him; Africa played no role in my thoughts at the time. But he persisted, and when we reached Paris he introduced me to the Liberian Ambassador. "When this man is ready to go," he told the Ambassador, "send him to us by the first available transportation."

After a month in Paris, resting and contemplating my future, Africa loomed larger and larger in my mind. I went to the Ambassador and said: "I'm ready."

I landed finally in Africa—still an angry black man. Looking back, I realize now that I must have been at least as tired as I was angry, involved as I had been in a harsh and fruitless struggle with others—and in a much deeper struggle within myself. I asked myself the following simple but frightening question over and over again: If I were white, and had the abilities that those whom I respected were willing to grant me, and had been driven to this point of total renunciation, would my life have been worth living?

I arrived in the late evening and twilight was turning into night as we drove in the car which the government had put at my disposal from the airport into Monrovia, the capital of Liberia. I did not feel strange; Liberia is American-supported, a fact of which one becomes immediately aware. By the time we had driven through the vast Firestone plantation, twilight had vanished and we were engulfed in the blackness of night quite unlike the nights I knew. The smooth, black asphalt road, the tall rubber trees on either side meeting at the top, gave one the feeling of moving swiftly through a silent tunnel. A sweet aroma hung in the air; it came, my driver said, from the rubber trees during the rainy season which now prevailed. Here and there, as we raced through the darkness, I caught the glow of small fires; around each, I was told, a family was gathered enjoying the last palaver of the day. About us was the silence of the African night—the silence that comes when all man-made noises stop and crickets, frogs, birds and drums take over. In Africa one is never beyond the sound of drums and the rhythm of one's own life seems somehow related to their staccato beat.

In the peaceful loneliness of that first ride, a fire within me flickered and went out. I found once more the serenity of my childhood mansions—and the strength of a proud old man who wanted to possess all the land his blind eyes could not survey. For me, I realized at once, this was a new homecoming.

The Liberian Government immediately cast me in a role of great responsibility for which my youth and inexperience left me unprepared. As a Special Assistant to the Minister of Public Works and Utilities, I was to be responsible for the coordination of all public services. My duties were largely financial: the allocation of Export-Import funds and of other loans for commerce and industry, and the procurement of new loans from public and private international fiscal institutions for projects that would be both socially worthwhile and economically viable in a country which, after a century of independence and modern government, still remained greatly underdeveloped.

This assignment might have led older, wiser men to take the next plane out of the country. But I was avid for experience and a glutton for responsibility. I stayed. I discovered experience and I learned responsibility.

It took the Africans three years to accept me as one of their own. At first, their acceptance or nonacceptance was a matter of indifference to me. After all, in spite of myself, I was an American, with ways of thinking quite different from theirs. I was surprised and somewhat shocked at what seemed to be an incredible ignorance prevalent even among some of the country's elite; I resented the apathy shown by authorities toward measures for social improvement; I did not like the authoritarian measures used to suppress political opposition. I resented, and still resent, the lavish way in which some of the rulers live at the obvious expense of the people. It hurt me to see black people deny other black people opportunities to serve—just as I had been denied in my homeland. Yet I stayed. And as I stayed, I learned a simple truth: that I could love, and be loved by, people who had been utterly alien to me. I speak advisedly: my colleagues in government service were not so alien. They spoke correct phrases in perfect English, had air-conditioned homes and indulged themselves in polite gossip whenever the occasion arose, which was quite frequently. The women were either fat, loud and sweaty, or else thin and graceful, and seemed forever silent, looking out of the windows of their eyes on a world which they had yet to interpret. I stayed. I learned.

This was living. In my "oil days," I had often dreamed of dining by candlelight in my own Park Avenue penthouse, and had told my friends that I would not settle for anything less than a view of the river. My African days taught me that you can see rivers from any vantage point if you know how to look for them.

I went up and down the country, beholding dream-lakes and sudden silvery falls with the critical eye of one who plans to capture natural beauty for its commercial utility. Waterfalls meant hydroelectricity. I thought of "handicrafts," or "animal husbandry" whenever I saw the soft-haired buffaloes trampling about in the marshier sections of the water.

I had been catapulted into a job which gave me the prestige which I felt I deserved, and which had been so unjustly denied to me in America. This job I learned to love, and I learned humility from the immensity of the tasks set before me. I also learned how it felt to be accepted—nay, wanted. I learned this when people who owned land pointed to a vacant field beside their property and insisted that I settle there that I might be closer to them. I sensed this again and again when problems of African independence were discussed in my presence, and my opinion on various aspects of these problems was solicited by my African friends.

Through five years of experience and exposure, I acquired the knowledge and skills which made me not only an expert on planning for economic and social development, but—and this is infinitely more important—provided me with an understanding of human problems I could not acquire as an outcast in America.

I love Africa. I love its sunsets, the quiet of its countryside, its simplicity. As I discovered it, I also discovered myself. I discovered the joy of dedication, how rewarding it is to "work for a cause" that one believes in. Whatever I may have contributed to African society has been given back to me fourfold, and for this I shall remain eternally grateful.

Five years passed and then, one day, I awoke and found that I could not see. I had contracted a rare, tropical eye disease requiring immediate surgery. Since the required medical care was then available only in the United States, the Liberian Government paid my plane fare back to New York, and also for my stay in one of New York City's expensive hospitals.

The operation was successful and I recovered my sight rapidly. I was overjoyed and began to look around me with brand-new, unspoiled eyes and an open mind.

Friends now insisted that I stay, that I owed something to the country of my birth, that it was better to try to right wrongs than to run away from them. They pointed out that things had changed since I had left five years before, and that I no longer had the right to say that everything was right in Africa and everything wrong in the United States. And so I stayed.

I stayed and I went through a repeat performance of what I had experienced after leaving college. Everybody was polite, everybody was sympathetic, but nobody could use the special services that I had to offer. This time I was wise: I went back to Africa before I had time to become angry and embittered all over again.

After spending three more years in Liberia, and traveling through many other African countries as a representative of the Liberian Government, I returned to the United States once again, this time to see my ailing father. Again I was urged to seek a job in this country that would be consonant with my experience. Again I tried, and again I failed. Now I reached the conclusion that it was impossible for me to attain self-fulfillment and to contribute anything of value to a society of which I still felt that I was a part. But this time, instead of being angered, I was immensely saddened. I decided to leave again, but now it seemed to me as though I was abandoning a friend who desperately needed help, but was too disturbed to be able to accept it. I felt frustration, but not for myself; I merely felt sorry for those who were depriving themselves while they thought that they were depriving me.

Thus, when the government of Guinea offered me a position, I did not hesitate to sign a contract, I was about to leave once again for Africa when the unexpected happened. A Negro woman who has devoted her life to helping the young, and whom I've known for many years, called me. She said that a grant was being made available through the President's Committee and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare for a project for the youth of Harlem. She added: "We need you here, George. Please stay."

I cannot say that at first I was overly enthusiastic about the project. A grant is a fine thing, but it doesn't last forever. What would happen when the project came to an end? Did I have the strength to put myself through yet another excruciating job-seeking experience? Then, suddenly, I stopped asking myself questions; I realized that what really mattered was the project and what it could mean to hundreds of Negro children who, as I had, must face a future where color more than ability could determine their destiny. I stayed.

I designed the initial project for the Domestic Peace Corps with the help of three people. Our original plan was to illustrate the real and pressing need for such a corps, and to test its feasibility. In designing the project, I was moved by two personal considerations:

1. I wanted to prove that the spirit of voluntarism inherent in the American democratic tradition is still alive among the young, and that it can be greatly stimulated by a specially designed crash training program.

2. My compelling need to do something for my people in an area where I know I can be helpful, and in which I have competence.

It has been hard work, and it will become more difficult as the project expands. But I feel as gratified now as I did on the day when President Tubman of Liberia did me the honor of asking me to become a citizen of his country. I have at last become a man of meaning in my own country. I have been able to contribute my talents for the betterment of the land of my birth. I know at last not only what to fight against, but what to fight for.

I have, of course, disagreed with a number of articles which have appeared in THE NATION *over the years. At the same time, however, I have always respected the courage and forthrightness of the editors in stating the facts and analyzing them. I think the publication has provoked both thought and controversy, both of which are essential in a democracy such as ours.*

Keep up the good work for another hundred years. **—Sen. William Proxmire**

LEWIS A. COSER

THE FEAR of POSITIVE THINKING

When he isn't teaching sociology at Brandeis University, Professor Coser is writing books or contributing to various journals (mostly of dissent). His most recent book is Men of Ideas: a Sociologist's View *(Free Press).*

THE CLAIM OF THE intellectual to get a hearing in the market place and on the forum has never been securely established on the American scene. Though this nation was founded by men who achieved the very rare feat of combining intellectual eminence with political leadership, anti-intellectual tendencies have been sharply salient in American society and in the American polity ever since the passing of the generation of the Founding Fathers. As the requirements of mass democracy forced the gentleman intellectual from the political scene, the new style political leaders felt the need to flatter the electorate by stressing the superiority of inborn, natural, intuitive and folkish wisdom and to devaluate the ratiocinations of the cultivated. Politics and mind began to be seen as antithetical, and the cultivated retreated into a genteel isolation from political life. Politics was defined as hard, demanding and masculine; ideas and culture came to be seen as effeminate. Though this image partially receded, as Richard Hofstadter has reminded us, during the progressive era and, again, during the New Deal, it has continued to mark American politics in ways often incomprehensible to the European mind.

The very democratic and egalitarian passion which marked the history of America as a nation was also responsible for a distrust of those who might cloak their claims to elite status under the pretext of being the appointed guardians of the arcana of knowledge, be it in science or in the law. As early as 1783, an aroused citizen could be heard calling for a purge of the courts so that "Voluminous laws [could be] curtailed into a plain command, which the common people, of plain sense, may understand."

The common man's disparagement of learning was catered to not only in politics, but in all other institutional spheres. In religion especially, as revivalism and evangelicalism displaced the scholarly traditions of early Puritanism, the conviction grew that head-religion was inferior to heart-religion. From the Great Awakening to Billy Graham, one notices a progressive primitivization of the Christian message, a growing dissociation of sensibilities; religion came to stand for emotion and to be inimical to mind. In their efforts to win over the unchurched frontiersmen and the vast secularized urban masses, evangelical preachers gradually developed a muscular Christianity, stressing the "practical" value of their messages and inspiring distrust in the claims of intellect. The minister but too often became a salesman of the gospel, a booster of Christ.

The all-pervasive stress on practicality explains as well the sorry state of American science and American higher education throughout most of the 19th century. When national support for higher education was forthcoming at all, it was almost exclusively limited to the advancement of the mechanical and agricultural arts rather than to the "impractical" sciences. When an Englishman offered America an endowment for a national scientific institution, Congress refused to accept the gift for many years. When it finally did so, it invested the Smithsonian bequest in bonds of the State of Arkansas, which promptly defaulted. . . .

Lest it be believed that such attitudes belong to a long-surpassed state, it is well to be reminded that but a decade ago a Special Committee of the House of Representatives to Investigate Tax-Exempt Foundations, under the Chairmanship of Congressman Reece of Tennessee, issued a report warning of a dangerous trend in the social sciences which had led to "an excess of empirical research," based on "inductive reasoning from observed data," which in turn had led to " 'moral relativity', to the detriment of our moral, religious, and governmental principles. . . ."

NO ONE has yet been able fully to answer Crèvecoeur's insistent query, "Who then is the American, this new man?" But one strong ingredient which marked his make-up has clearly been a distrust of intellect born of a commitment to activity, practicality and admiration for those hard-headed men who got a job done without being distracted by excessive ratiocination. In this respect, images derived from the muscular politics and the muscular morality of the 19th century merge effortlessly with the newer images of 20th-century mass culture. Even though the prestige of the scientist has risen enormously in the post-Sputnik era, his portrayal in the mass media is still marked by a great deal of ambivalence. Even though he may nowadays be endowed with powerful magical mana, or perhaps because he is so endowed, he is conceived as threatening, as possessed by a fearful otherness, which marks him off from ordinary men. Even though he may overcompensate for his lack of truly masculine attributes by his ability to manipulate hidden and secret sources of power, he seldom commands more than the kind of awed reverence with which primitives might upon occasion have viewed practitioners of dark and awful tribal rites.

While our commitment to technology provides some protection for the scientist against the claims of practicality, no such protection has traditionally been available to the artist who, in consequence, has been even more vulnerable a target of anti-intellectual wrath throughout much of our history. The prevalence of the theme of estrangement among our greatest men of letters, from Hawthorne and Melville to Henry Adams and Henry James, is a consequence of this. The American artist could rarely feel, like his French counterpart, that he incarnated national purposes or national aspirations. His was almost invariably an interstitial existence, and his work was shaped by his sense of isolation. Throughout most of the 19th century, the arts were seen mainly as a means to soothe and comfort feminine sensibilities. Men devoting themselves to the calling of the arts condemned themselves to exist at the margin of "serious" society. Both Pale Faces and Red Skins alike, to use Philip Rahv's suggestive typology of American writers, were but too often treated with, at best, tolerant amusement.

The negative stereotypes of the artist-intellectual tended to decrease in virulence when the idea of modernity burst upon the 20th century. As artists and literary men began their counterattack against Main Street and Babbittry, as the modern temper gradually eroded genteel tradition and popular know-nothing reflexes alike, as mass education spread at least a veneer of culture over the raw practicality of America, crude anti-artistic and anti-intellectual attitudes began to be driven underground or were left to flourish only in such pockets of resistance as are found in the Bible Belt or the affluent suburbs of southern California. As culture became a conversation piece and status symbol among the *nouveaux riches* and the well-to-do, the claims of the intellect seemed to gain more ready acceptance. Yet anti-intellectualism was to reach its highest pitch in the fifties.

TO DOCUMENT the anti-intellectual passions of the McCarthy era of pseudo-conservative revolt is to belabor the obvious. Intellectuals were not the only target of McCarthy's rage, to be sure, but they were prime targets. His mindless sorties against educators, universities, writers, diplomats became models for countless minor inquisitors who hoped to rise to power and influence by joining the hunt. During the fifties it seemed at times as if intellectual-baiting would displace baseball as a national sport. All the venom and resentment against the very spirit of modernity which had long smoldered under the surface now came into the open in an atmosphere of anti-intellectual fervor and malice which seemed matched only by the witch hunts which Stalin earlier had instigated against Russia's writers and artists. McCarthyism finally subsided, but the anti-intellectualism of the American Right was by no means dead.

The nativistic crudities of the Goldwater campaign are still vivid enough in our ears as not to need much discussion here. When Goldwater argued that "The moral fibre of the American people is beset by rot and decay," it was not hard to realize that he wished to single out modern intellectuals as the root cause of the decay. When he said in his Memphis speech, "A lot of my enemies call me simple. The trouble with the so-called liberal today is that he doesn't understand simplicity. The answers to America's problems are simple," it was not hard to realize that this *terrible simplificateur* appealed to the very same anti-intellectual prejudices that have marred American politics since the early 19th century. The call to arms against "permissiveness in the school and the home," the claim that our basic social evils stemmed from a lack of "discipline and punishment" or from the attempt to "eliminate religious sentiment from every aspect of public life," the appeal for a return to the basic simplicities of the Protestant Ethic or of Herbert Spencer, all the dreary inanities of this dismal campaign will serve future historians with ample evidence for the continued virulence of anti-intellectual reflexes on the New American Right and among all those who have not yet accepted the 20th century.

Anti-intellectual prejudices on the Right have been fully documented. But modern liberals often seem to assume, by virtue of a kind of self-comforting hypothesis, that the disease is limited to the Right alone. Such a view might provide a considerable measure of psychic reassurance but it hardly gibes with the facts. The Right has by no means a monopoly in this respect; the Left is similarly, though perhaps not equally, susceptible to the infection. And certain intellectuals have themselves been the purveyors of anti-intellectual ideas.

The roots of liberal and radical thought in the ideas and ideals of enlightenment and rationalism may have provided a measure of inoculation against the virus of anti-intellectualism in the past. But ever since the *fin de siècle* revolt against the optimistic, enlightened, progressive rationalism of the 19th century which we associate with such otherwise diverse figures as Pareto and Freud, Sorel and Dewey, certain anti-intellectual tendencies have become prevalent among intellectuals. Not that Freud or Dewey can be held responsible for the follies of their disciples—they were, of course highly self-conscious intellectuals fastidiously devoted to the intellectual calling—but the fact is that it was possible, by utilizing bits and pieces of their work, to build an anti-intellectual world view from the materials they had provided. Once the disappointed lovers of progress and rationality discovered the driving force of unconscious desires and untamed instincts, of irrational taboos and nonrational constraints, there came the temptation to turn disappointment in the powers of rationality into an attack on the claims of intellect.

Norman Brown's *Life Against Death* serves to provide an instructive example. In this strange book Brown attempts to "renew psychoanalysis" by raising the ante over both Wilhelm Reich and Herbert Marcuse. Only the end of *all* repression, the "resurrection of the body," the total de-sublimation, he argues, can cure "the disease called man." The abolition of repression "would abolish the unnatural concentrations of libido in certain particular bodily organs. . . . The human body would become polymorphously perverse, delighting in that full life of all the body which it now fears." The coming polymorphous revolution would not, however, affect the body alone. Norman Brown entertains the hypothesis that "formal logic and the law of contradiction are the rules whereby the mind submits to operate under general conditions of repression. As with the concept of time, Kant's categories of rationality would then turn out to be the categories of repression." In the light of such cravings poor Wilhelm Reich, orgone box and all, sounds pretty mild. He wanted only to reduce body armor and cure cancer—the categories of logic he left alone.

IT THUS CAME to pass, as Richard Hofstadter has shown in convincing detail, that alleged disciples of Dewey developed a "life adjustment" philosophy of education built on the anarchic idea that the subject matter being taught a child did not matter, be it Latin or homemaking, provided it had "an immediate appeal" for the child. Or, as the National Education Association once put it: "Mathematics and mechanics, art and agriculture, history and homemaking are all peers." No matter that the old master had preached a doctrine of almost puritanical self-restraint, many alleged followers took Freud's writing as a point of departure for a kind of neo-Rousseauistic primitivism, an antinomian stance in which the claims of instinct were taken to be the only reliable guides to "natural" conduct. Similarly, self-styled disciples of Marx disregarded the master's claims to have provided scientifically certified guidelines to action by exalting a kind of generalized activism, an exaltation of doing over reflection.

In spite of, or rather because of our sympathy with and admiration for the youth who have emerged in recent years from apathy and despair in the magnificent upsurge of the civil rights and peace movements, we must not close our eyes to the anti-intellectual strains which can often be discerned among them. Talking to these young men and women one senses often that the failure of the ideological commitments of their elders makes them turn toward a certain contempt for "mere" thinking and a distrust of the intellect. One notices among them a curtailment of time perspective, an immersion in the here and now of immediate experience. They often seem to be given to undifferentiated, almost visceral responses. They are right, of course, to deplore the lack of militancy, vision and commitment of their elders, but this does not exempt them from the obligation to think through the political alternatives open to them. The admirable movements in which the young today struggle against the follies that their elders have bequeathed to them, would be fatally marred were they to succumb to a kind of mindless activism, a know-nothing militancy, a conduct unguided by firm intellectual as well as emotional commitments.

SUCH INCIDENTS as the recent "dirty word" episode on the Berkeley campus—which seems to have been activated mainly by a desire to maintain flagging student militancy—succeeded only in making the Free Speech Movement look ridiculous and sophomoric. Last year's attempt by a few civil rights activists to mar the opening of the New York World's Fair by a "stall in" on the major access roads failed completely and only served to help discredit the movement in the eyes of previously well-disposed middle-of-the-roaders. Some of the antics of Jesse Gray and his followers calling last summer for a "hundred revolutionaries willing to die" in support of rent strikes in New York's ghettos is another example. Militancy for militancy's sake, inability to think through the relations of the means used to the ends striven for, can only injure and weaken the new radical movement which, as a whole, seems to me the most hopeful development we have witnessed in America since the thirties. These young radicals sometimes argue that theirs is a "pragmatic" politics based on personal choice and commitment. So be it. But they might do well to remember John Dewey's advice, "While the solution has to be reached by action based on personal choice, theory can enlighten and guide choice and action by revealing alternatives, and by bringing to light what is entailed when we choose one alternative rather than another."

Nor are anti-intellectual tendencies on the Left limited to the militant young. In fact the exaltation of action and of the primitive id at the expense of the socialized and hence "unnatural" ego is much more pronounced among certain of their elders. Norman Mailer's recent apologia for murder in his neo-primitivist *An American Dream* may serve as an extreme example in point. This sick and sickening apologia for Mailer's hipster hero, he of the ever active phallus, is far from being the private fantasy of one writer; it reproduces, though in heightened form, a revolt from reason and intellect which far transcends Mailer's case history. His hero who, after having strangled his wife, reflects: "I was weary with a most honorable fatigue, and my flesh seemed new. I had not felt so nice since I was twelve," is echoed by LeRoi Jones's revolutionary hero in his recent play, *The Slave*, who after having derided his "dickless" liberal-intellectual antagonist, finally shoots him to the applause of many young Negroes in the audience. Genêt's and Burrough's work provide other examples. Genêt's "The only criterion for an act is its elegance" can be said to provide a capsule definition of this new literature of chaos glorified.

THESE ARE EXTREMES, to be sure, but I cannot help but feel that a number of younger novelists, such as Joseph Heller, illustrate a similar anti-intellectual temper in more muted ways. Even as one enjoys the boisterous protest of *Catch-22* and its many successors, one senses in its pages a nihilistic rejection of the claims of culture and intellect. This fashionable nihilism has now even made its appearance in, of all places, the Luce publications, which but recently clamored for Men of Affirmation among the intellectuals to take the place of somewhat un-American Men of Protest. Writes John Aldridge on Mailer's new novel in *Life*: "The novel explores . . . the possibilities, not for damnation, but for salvation to be found in some of the most reprehensible acts known to our society—murder, suicide, incest, fornication and physical violence. It dramatizes the various ways a man may sin in order to be saved, consort with Satan in order to attain God, become holy as well as whole by restoring the primitive psychic circuits that enable him to live in harmony with himself and find his courage, regardless of whether his courage seeks its test in the challenges of love or the temptation to murder, whether he ends by becoming saint or psychopath." Even Nietzsche's nihilism beyond good and evil is still intimately tied to the Western civilization he attacks with such bitter vehemence; certain modern nihilists have "progressed" beyond him into fantasies of total rejection, of rebellion against the very idea of civilization. To them everything is a "racket," or a weird circus. As Mary McCarthy has said of Burrough's *Naked Lunch* in an admiring review, "The best comparison for the book, with its aerial sex acts performed on a high trapeze, its con men and barkers, its arena-like form, is in fact to a circus. A circus travels but it is always the same, and this is Burrough's sardonic image of modern life."

One realizes, of course, that the anti-intellectual revolt among certain intellectuals becomes understandable only if seen against the backdrop of a world disfigured by the continued threat of atomic destruction. Much of it can be read as a primitive protest against the stultification of bureaucratized mass society. Yet the primitivism which is advertised as a cure for the disease of modern man turns out to be but another form of his sickness.

One source from which anti-intellectualism derives some strength on the current scene lies in the functioning of modern industrialized society, quite apart from the realm of ideologies, of activistic practicalism and the ambiguous appeals of neo-primitivism. Industrialization fosters the preponderance within economy and polity of mental technicians who view the claims of the intellect with barely concealed contempt or, at best, with amused curiosity. In the world of computerized decision-making, of highly skilled operators with extremely narrow fields of specialization, generalizing and critical functions might slowly atrophy. Once the center of the stage is occupied by specialized brain workers and experts of various kinds, surviving intellectuals might find it hard to find an appreciative audience. In Max Weber's "cage of the future," in the disenchanted ice age of managerially dominated mass societies, autonomy, creativity, critical abilities and substantial rationality, the traditional prerogatives of the intellectual, might well be regarded as potential disturbers of peace of mind. And, as I have written elsewhere, much like hunchbacks today, surviving intellectuals would then meet a mixture of pity and awe on the part of the settled denizens of the world. In such a society, should certain present tendencies develop to the full, the claims of high culture and of intellect would become problematic. Such societies would, in fact, not be anti-intellectual at all, they would be a-intellectual. T. S. Eliot once remarked that the blasphemer is still close to the Christian: in as far as he still feels the need to attack the Godhead he recognizes it. Only the indifferent is the truly dangerous antagonist of Christianity. Similarly the truly dangerous antagonists of the intellect might not be those who attack it explicitly, but rather those who treat it as irrelevant.

But this ice age is not now with us, though we might discern some of its lineaments in certain present trends. In fact, defense of the claims of the intellect against all those who for whatever reason wish to restrict and deny it must be seen as an essential component of the struggle against it. Basically the struggle against the bureaucratic ossification of modern society and the struggle against all the varieties of anti-intellectual tendencies is one and the same. Those who defend the claims of the intellect defend the very idea of an open culture against a future in which they would be obsolete.

One hundred years is a long time for anything to last, and for a weekly liberal journal it is a miraculous stretch.

Without THE NATION *one of the central components of the American liberal movement would have been missing and the movement itself would never have been the same.*

I send congratulations to THE NATION *as a liberal journal of serious and lasting importance.* —**Harold Taylor**

PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

Holding degrees in both chemistry and education, Mr. Friedenberg switched to sociology as he became "increasingly aware of the school as an institution to be evaluated." He is now Professor of Sociology at University of California (Davis).

"TO EDUCATE" HAS BECOME the most transitive of verbs. It is something that is always done to somebody else, usually by adults to children. Long before THE NATION was first published, the word had lost much of its original meaning of "to educe or draw out" the pupils' personal gifts and potentialities. This may possibly be what Aristotle did—rather irresponsibly—for Alexander of Macedon, later to be called the Great. It is seldom what American public schools do for the students who are obliged by law and circumstances to attend them.

Self-education, in the older, eductive sense, is really no longer permitted. Our society has become too anxious for credentials to allow it; the student may read and listen on his own time, or flee the attendance-taker and the draft board by going on the road; but such self-cultivation has become eccentric and socially dysfunctional even when not strictly illegal. Students who try to practice it risk bogging down in revolt and preciosity, and losing the self-esteem they started with. Education, today, means schooling. Some readers, perhaps, may find it pedantic even to suggest that it might mean anything else.

Education, or schooling, has been a recurrent concern of Americans—as it must be, perhaps, to all immigrants, who can have no natural feel for their new and alien surroundings. Those who would build a New Jerusalem must arrange for instruction in Hebrew; yet, it takes a while to feel at ease in Zion. Our preoccupation with education has, however, been suspiciously protracted and obsessive. This is not our usual style; our customary habit is to leap from problem to problem like a clumsy and over-confident moose, declaring each in turn to have been solved by our exceptional technical gifts and ignoring the wreckage we have strewn behind us. But we ruminate about our schools; which is to say that we have never quite been able to stomach them.

People only become obsessed with difficulties they are dealing with dishonestly, and whose actual basis they dare not quite face. Our fretfulness about education masks, I believe, an unwillingness either to accept or renounce certain of the most important social functions of our schools. Centrally, these have to do with status and success, and the conditions youngsters must meet in order to have a chance to achieve them. Among those conditions, of course, is that status and success must be the rewards they want and seek; and the schools must intensify their urge to do so, on the terms society makes available.

Community leaders are likely to find themselves in conflict when they face what those terms have become. In fitting American youth for its destiny in the free world of tomorrow, our schools may be virtually compelling them to become a bunch of ratfinks. So, in effect, Jules Henry in *Culture Against*

Man and Paul Goodman in *Compulsory Mis-Education* maintain. Though this is not the whole story, they are right, I think. We are inclined to regard our interest in education and our huge expenditure on it as evidence of enlightened commitment to social progress and to the spread of economic opportunity. When we still complain, as we continually do, it is because we believe our schools are not functioning properly; standards are too low, or the dropout rate is too high, or discipline is too lenient, or college entrance is overstressed and competition is too keen. Educational evils are attributed to *defective* schools. In fact, they are as likely to be the work of *effective* schools that are being directed toward evil ends by the society that supports and controls them.

There is a sense in which great emphasis on formal education is a sign of stress and social conflict, quite apart from questions about whether the schools are working right. I do not refer here to the overworked and nostalgic idea that primitive people have more *élan vital* and fun, because they lead more natural lives. This is probably sentimental and is in any case irrelevant to my point. Great educational zeal is a trouble sign in other ways than as a token of possibly excessive artificiality.

SCHOOLS, AS SEPARATE, FORMAL, social institutions, do not appear in a society simply because it is growing more complex and specialized. In fact, the more complex and specialized a particular social role is the more likely it is that it will have to be mostly learned on the job. But, as Margaret Mead pointed out more than twenty years ago[1], schools are a definite indication that a society is divisible into a dominant and a subordinate group, and that the dominant group want to teach the subordinate group something they could not be trusted to learn if left to themselves. Schools are expensive; and when the church, or the state, or the taxpayers set them up and arrange for the young and ignorant to attend them, it is either because they anticipate that they will have to draw on their pupils in the future for the skills and attitudes necessary to maintain and expand their enterprises, or because they have set society up and are running it in such a way that the young can make no contribution to it and become a nuisance if allowed at large (their confinement seems less arbitrary if the place in which they are kept is called a school). These reasons are neither exhaustive nor mutually exclusive; but in our society they are, I believe, paramount.

There need not, of course, necessarily be a conflict of interest between those who run the schools and those who are obliged to attend them. But if public instruction must be heavily institutionalized and strongly supported by legal sanctions there probably is such a conflict. People do tend to learn what fits their pattern of life and their conception of their own interests without other people making a special effort to teach them; though they may want and need assistance in making the necessary arrangements. On the other hand, those social forces that mold the educational establishment also set the terms for later success and even survival as adults; and in this sense, of course, children need to become what schooling makes them. Whether education is conducive, therefore, to economic opportunity or economic exploitation is a highly subjective judgment. Supporters of the school system insist, quite sincerely, that education develops talent and potential by suiting the pupils' skills and character to the opportunities society provides and helping them to make themselves useful. This, indeed, has been the historic function of public schooling in America. Only Paul Goodman, I believe, has spoken of this process as a kind of subsidy by which the personnel problems of private enterprise are solved at public expense. The schools train youth to be the kind of employees corporate bureaucracies need, and do the dirty job of weeding out the unfit by establishing dossiers on them to warn prospective employers away, or guiding them into humble jobs for which their deficiencies of character or competence, from the corporate point of view, are not disabling.

CORPORATIONS, in any case, pay a large proportion of the taxes that support education; so this is no less biased a way of viewing the function of the schools than eulogizing them as the fountainhead of economic opportunity would be. Every society is a kind of organism, and its schools serve as a kind of digestive system, breaking pupils down into goodies that can be transported to and utilized by remote organ-systems. Our school system is excessively faithful to the analogy in its tendency to degrade youngsters it cannot assimilate or finds toxic, and to treat them like excrement. And today, American youth no longer has an alternative to being ingested by the schools. Throughout our history, the average number of years of schooling completed has risen steadily from one generation to the next, as has, of course, the proportion of youth of any age still in school. Our current attention to the "dropout problem" is not the result of any increase in the dropout rate—the rate is still falling, as it always has been—but to our increased difficulty in utilizing adolescents out of school and, I suspect, to the increased political potential of the Negroes who drop out at a rate disproportionate to their enrollment.

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[1] "Our Educational Needs in Primitive Perspective": *American Journal of Sociology*, p. 48, May 6, 1943.

We now expect all adolescents to complete high school, and most of those who do have declared at some point in their high school career that they expect to attend college, while communities, faced with a higher unemployment rate among youth than among any other age group, strain their resources to give young people some sort of respectable civilian social role in institutions they hopefully call colleges.

This process is supposed to be progress: more and more young people, both relatively and absolutely, are being granted greater and greater educational opportunity. Perhaps; but only if we assume that what is taught in school is necessarily more valuable than what might have been learned outside it, if society had troubled to provide alternatives, so that youngsters might be free to stay out and make their own way, and had legitimate opportunities to get jobs and live according to their natures. This too is an American tradition, celebrated most triumphantly, perhaps, by Huck Finn in his closing statement. Only recently have we refused absolutely to permit adolescents—as we would now say—to program their own activities.

SO, INSTEAD OF CITING our approach to total school attendance as evidence that youth is being served better and better, I should prefer to accept it for what it certainly is: one more instance of the centralization of American life, with corresponding elimination of the "path less traveled by" that might have "made all the difference." For some youngsters this constitutes reduced educational opportunity; and for all it constitutes more limited—that is, less diverse—educational opportunity. Expansion of the scope and authority of formal education in this country is a pivotal part of the process by which human diversity is stultified or extinguished; not just because of the simple fact that all must now attend school for ten years or longer, but because of what school is usually like. With school consolidation, the increased dominance of standards and curricula set through state departments of education, the consequent practice of state adoptions leading to the growth of a mass textbook industry, and the emergence of an ideologically uniform educational establishment represented by the NEA, there is not as much variation in that as there used to be, either. If Dr. Conant's recent proposal for an "Interstate Commission for Planning a National Educational Policy" [2] is accepted there will soon be still less.

In compensation for the more limited range of his educational opportunity, the increased term of compulsory school attendance is supposed to provide the student who completes high school—and, preferably, college—greater economic opportunity. This is the argument advanced by those who most vigorously combat the "dropout problem." I have never heard a participant at any of the numerous conferences on this topic that I have attended argue that what was learned in school would have improved the quality of the dropout's life except insofar as it made him more employable and raised his income; nor have I heard it suggested that such an argument, even if valid, would have moved many dropouts to reconsider. The case for protracted school attendance usually rests on its economic merits. But the economic argument is largely circular. It is certainly true that people with diplomas get further and have less trouble than people without them. So do people with passports, and for the same reason; there is general agreement to require them. Employers who refuse to hire anyone but high-school graduates hardly ever specify what it is that the job requires that could only have been learned in school. If they did, they could usually find out whether a youngster had it with much greater certainty by testing than by asking for his diploma. Nevertheless, the requirement is not irrelevant; they most often want the *kind* of employee who could have succeeded in high school; who is docile, reliable, not a troublemaker; who is punctual and symbol-oriented, though not actually literate or responsible.

We are back, then, to the point that the schools are an integral part of the system by which the dominant social and economic institutions of our society staff themselves and propagate their values. What is new to us is the *totality* of the process. Society no longer brooks any alternative to school attendance; the schools no longer permit their students much voice or choice about what kind of persons they shall be encouraged to become. There is, of course, variation in the curriculum: there are IQ groupings in elementary school, with offerings tailored to the school's assessment of its pupils' abilities; there are general, commercial, and academic tracks in high school, with only the last leading to college. But students are *placed* in these by a counselor, partly on the basis of test scores and previous academic record; but to a large degree on the basis of his estimate of the fitness of things and the kind of student he is dealing with. This is not, as is sometimes thought, a simple function of social-class bias, for the bias works only negatively. In their subtle and perceptive study of the counselors' role in the educational careers of the students assigned to them, Cicourel and Kitzuse[3] found that though counselors usually kept students with pronounced lower-status characteristics out of college preparatory courses to which they would have admitted most middle-class students with the same grades and aptitude scores, the counselors also excluded qualified middle-class candidates with too much hubris: who were arrogant, or highly confident, or who professed to be happy and self-satisfied and refused to provide the counselors with the "problems" they needed in order to maximize their own operation. Very able upper-status students, if they were blithe and insouciant, were put-down as "underachievers" by counselors who made dire—and self-fulfilling—prophecies that such rogues would never get into a good college. "He thinks he's handsome," one counselor snapped in appraising such a student. "He's nice looking, but not handsome."

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[2] James B. Conant, *Shaping Educational Policy*. New York, McGraw-Hill, 1964.

[3] Abraham Cicourel and John Kitzuse, *The Educational Decision-Makers*. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill, 1963.

CONSIDERING, THEN, that there is no longer an alternative to school attendance, the schools' assumption of the right to prescribe the student's personal tastes and style of life is wholly insupportable. I have discussed elsewhere[4] the means, both subtle and brutal, by which students were kept in line in certain exemplary high schools whose climate of values I was studying. More recently, some schools have become so egregiously presumptuous that their actions have been reported by a press not notably zealous in defending the civil rights of adolescents. Thus, on December 16, 1964, *The New York Times* carried a story from Hartford, Conn., that Edward T. Kores, Jr., has been ordered to change his hairstyle or face prosecution as a truant. The school superintendent had suspended him on November 13 "for wearing his black hair in bangs Beatle fashion" though

> . . . trimmed in the back and on the side. Edward, with the backing of his father, Edward Kores, Sr., a carpenter, refused to change his haircut. His father denounced the subsequent suspension as an invasion of personal rights. . . . Westbrook's Board of Education voted unanimously last Thursday to uphold the suspension. Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Kores came here and met with [State Education Commissioner] Dr. Sanders after trying unsuccessfully to file a complaint with the State Commissioner on Civil Rights.
>
> Dr. Sanders heard their case, then pointed out that a state law required all children to attend school until the age of 16, which Edward will not reach until February. Today, a spokesman for the Commissioner said he has written the Westbrook School Superintendent, asking him to seek the cooperation of Westbrook's Town Counsel in enforcing the law against the family.

As I read this account in *The Times* I recalled—too vaguely, unfortunately, to be able to look it up and check out the details—a local case which had recently been reported in *The Sacramento Bee*. This, too, involved a boy who had been suspended for having a Beatle haircut, and who had appealed his suspension. *But the courts had sustained him,* on the grounds that he was a member of a musical group that got paid for its services, and his haircut was therefore a necessary item of professional equipment and not, like Kores', just personal.

MANY SCHOOL PERSONNEL are exceptionally well-suited to the role of Delilah the Philistine, and I would not deny them their dramatic triumph in it; though one might have hoped they would choose to appear in a more significant vehicle. One should not, however, underestimate the significance of the role they *have* chosen. It is no small thing to serve as the instrument by which the entire youth of a great nation is subdued in spirit and taught that it has no rights except those it can wheedle and no inherent dignity that anyone is obligated to respect. This, too, is an indispensable part of the program by which youth are fitted into a mass society, which protects itself from faction and bitterness by discounting the claims of distinction in advance, before they can become a threat or arouse envy and resentment. Young Kores' experience sums up, in microcosm, the entire social transition by which the word "character" changed its meaning from something we were proud to develop to something we are ridiculed for being. This must all have been a very important lesson to him.

In principle, however, it has its ironic side, which becomes more apparent when the lesson is carried to extremes. A few months ago I had occasion to visit a Juvenile Hall, or detention prison, in a nearby

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[4] "The Modern High School: A Profile": *Commentary,* November, 1963.

county. This was not a punitive institution. Some of the kids who were locked up in it were being held for trial. But most of them had not been charged with any offense; they were "dependent minors" or "potential delinquents" or, in some cases, simply abandoned and homeless. These had not been confined by any formal legal process; and no process existed by which they could demand release. They would have hearings, in the course of time, at which the juvenile authorities would dispose of their cases administratively; but some would be kept there, though accused of no misconduct, till they were 21 if there seemed to be no place else to put them. They lived in cells that smelled like cells; but the place was humanely run, and some effort was made to give it a normal, institutional atmosphere. There was an enclosed garden, though the youngsters were not permitted in it except under guard; and there was a wing with schoolrooms. In the corridor to this, as usual, was a framed facsimile of the Constitution, open at the Bill of Rights.

"What would you do," I asked, "if one of them read that?"

"Then," the Director replied, "we'd be in trouble."

It seemed discourteous to say so, but I had the distinct impression that we already were; and had been for some time.

As a kid in the Public Library in Fresno, on Broadway, across from the Orpheum Theatre, I discovered THE NATION, *and I looked forward to examining the new issue every week. It always had fight, which a kid has, too, and I felt that I was in there, in that fight.* **—William Saroyan**

When I was a college student, a friend introduced me to THE NATION. *As I read it week after week, I began to look at the world differently, and began to see what I had never seen before. Now it is over twenty years that I have been reading* THE NATION. *Whatever I have been able to do to promote social justice, in the course of my ministry, my writing, teaching, or influence, has in no small measure been inspired by this great American magazine.* **—Rabbi Robert E. Goldburg**

IS FREEDOM ACADEMIC?

LOUIS JOUGHIN

After a quarter-century of teaching, Mr. Joughin became director of the Academic Freedom Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union. He is now associate secretary of the American Association of University Professors. He has co-authored books on Sacco-Vanzetti and on higher education.*

A VERY SHORT ACCOUNT of academic freedom and a glance toward its future requires us mainly to examine pertinent forces at work in society and ensuing general results. There can be little discussion of the "cases" which provide for academic freedom its foundation in clinical material and which supply its human drama. Nor can a short history, of any kind, carefully develop its own governing ideas; the conceptual base must be presented with apology for its brusqueness. Thus—

Inquiry into the nature of academic freedom—retrospective, in present terms or with regard to the future—appears to warrant these postulates:

1. *Academic freedom is a principle applied by a civilized society to protect the functional independence of an important group of civil servants.*

2. *Society assigns this freedom to responsible experts with the understanding that the liberty involved is to be used for the common good, and that the collateral personal privileges which accrue—inseparable and indispensable as they may be—are in fact derivative.*

3. *Because it is an idea and an ideal, academic freedom is subject to the inaccuracy of communal memory, to rough handling by mythology, and to emotional coloration from the lurid lights of crisis situations. Taking the long view, academic freedom flourishes when the community feels secure, and sickens when its world is frightened.*

I

The history of American colleges and so-called universities for the background period, 1636 to 1865, yields many instructive episodes throwing light on the immemorial conflict between liberal and repressive forces. However, one seldom discovers a distinct academic freedom issue clearly defined; if an educational institution does well in terms of liberty, its good fortune is likely to be incidental to the happy resolution of some political or religious problem. Harvard, it is sure, did well most of the time; but this blessing probably resulted from the fact that liberalism was endemic among the successful men of Massachusetts. At the prevalent religiously affiliated colleges, students had a fair measure of freedom, sometimes because of inherent tolerance or latitudinarianism in the controlling sect, but perhaps more often because the competition for students was keen.

Not many persons had much to say about the principle of the freedom of the academy as an institution. The usual view, as Hofstadter notes, is that expressed in a letter of 1826 by Jefferson to Madison; in politics, at least, there was to be a clear-cut party line:

> In the selection of our law professor we must be rigorously attentive to his political principles. If we are true and vigilant in our trust, within a dozen or twenty years a majority of our own legislature will be from one school, and many disciples will have carried its doctrines home with them to their several states and leavened the whole mass.

II

Beginning in 1865, higher education in the United States joined in the steady march of our institutions toward maturity; available liberal forces came to a focus in a system which was becoming conscious of its own meaning and structure. Hofstadter, whose thinking on these matters is inescapable, reviews the contributory elements:

> The modern idea of academic freedom has been developed by men who have absorbed analogous ideas from the larger life of society. From modern science they have taken the notion of a continuing search for new truths, fostered by freedom of inquiry, verified by objective processes, and judged by those who are competent. From commerce they have taken the concept of a free competition among ideas—hence the suggestive metaphor of a free market in thought. From the politics of the liberal state they have taken the ideas of free speech and a free press and an appreciation of the multitudes of perspectives in a pluralistic society. From religious liberalism and from the long historical development which led to the taming of sectarian animus have come the ideas of toleration and religious liberty by which they have benefited.

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*In this article he writes expressing his personal opinion and not as a staff member of his organization.

One other contributing influence, of slightly later date, should be noted: the law gave to academic freedom the powerful instrumentality of due process, which serves to guard individuals who have elected to surrender the protective armor of a competitive disposition.

Moving on, it appears that the seventy-six-year period from Appomattox to Pearl Harbor witnesses the effect of at least three of the positive forces just noted—science, religion and politics.

In the Ross case at Stanford, involving a social science, one encounters a common pattern in academic freedom controversies: the man loses out—briefly; the institution is disgraced—briefly; informed public opinion soon takes hold and the prime importance of science is established; a view hostile to freedom is discovered to be obsolete even for its own unintelligent end; and education goes forward in generally better shape. So at Stanford, in 1900, private wealth and personal power were dedicated to the advancement of knowledge; this arrangement perspicaciously brought to the campus a vigorous and articulate social scientist, E. A. Ross. Unfortunately, sponsorship and support were not adequately separated from a feeling of vested control. Mrs. Stanford, the owner of the establishment, with the aid of President Jordan, forced out Professor Ross. The issue was clear: was Stanford to be operated in the interest of functional competence or according to the will of those holding a proprietary interest? Ross left, to go to a better scene, but this proved nothing. In no time at all Stanford was regarded as a less suitable place than it had been for the conduct of scientific work; this loss of repute then became intolerable to prevailing public will; a change was made and Stanford University set its chastened face toward a future in which science was clearly better understood.

RELIGION IN THE colleges during this period can be regarded as a mildly suffocating force, even—for a disputatious adversary—a power to be feared. But in most institutions most professors were left alone most of the time. On an absolute scale, religion in the United States from 1865 to 1941 probably endangered academic freedom only occasionally. An unplanned accommodation seems to have been achieved, for which Woodrow Wilson might serve as a symbol. Wilson was intellectually trained and competent, but at heart he was a didactic moralist; his personal transcendence took the form of university and national presidencies.

Politics presents a mixed picture: a low fog settling in areas where not much action of any kind stirred the air, or a ridiculous bolt from above—as in the form of a Texas Ferguson—which set things back but did not destroy. But these depressing or irritating elements may be put aside because, in due course, the relationship between academic institutions and politics became extraordinarily fruitful. An increasing number of first-class minds came to be lodged in colleges and universities. When the Great Depression struck, the country discovered that much of its needed guidance would have to come from the academies. For the first time in the history of the United States it was apparent to the political power structure that the substance and method of higher learning was essential to national survival. Beginning in 1932, the public changed its mind about academic freedom. A principle which had been regarded as esoteric became a public necessity. The persons involved were no longer regarded as somewhat quixotic figures, but as civil servants. Justification was accomplished during the years of FDR—a perceptive aristocrat whose wholesale purchases of academic talent constituted a major social revolution.

However, in these same years—between the Civil War and World War II—one also encounters powerful forces greatly disadvantageous to the independence which we have called academic freedom. It was not so much a matter of overt anti-intellectualism or the rumbles of anti-collegiate mobsters; rather, the great enemies were lodged in the mindless currents of the social stream. Poverty, orthodoxy, obscurantism, naïveté and the war spirit hurt academic freedom just as they did other vital instrumentalities.

POVERTY, FOR professors, in these years was a matter of degree; a few were rich, no one starved, most were underprivileged. Life was seldom desperate but usually depressing. At the very end of the period, in the mid '40s after fifty years of national industrial growth, a faculty member at a distinguished private college found himself in a curious situation: his students paid the highest tuition-room-board rate in the country, and no member of the teaching staff could hope, from his own salary, to send his child to his own institution. The inevitable result was exhausting moonlighting, student disrespect for faculty, and a sentimental revolutionary spirit—activities and emotions quite incompatible with academic freedom.

The orthodoxy of the inter-war period was multiform and frequently became a demand for conformity with a particular religious or political position. In this there is surely nothing new. The insolent are always with us. What causes uneasiness is the general lack of challenge or resistance; we discover a more general orthodoxy, one so pervasive as to be without sect or party—in short, the universal adherence to the myth of progress. Granted an increasing population, industrial expansion, new resources, wider education and better health: all of this was happening and created happiness. The weakness in the structure was the marked irritability with which even modest dissent was greeted. Fifty years before *Brown* v. *Board of Education,* Professor John S. Bassett in 1904 nearly lost his post at Duke (not yet so named) because he dared to question the reality of progress in a scene where the racial question was unsolved. Bassett's unexpected survival, it should be emphasized, was due to the influence of millionaires and sectarian religious leaders who were rich or righteous enough to stand up for academic freedom.

Obscurantism is a harsh word and few really deserve to have it applied to their habit of mind. Perhaps it fairly fits only those who are both innocent and congenitally stupid. For example, Regent X. About thirty years ago a professor wrote a learned paper in which he held that properly fortified oleomargarine was equal in nutritional value to natural butter. He had the misfortune to hold an appointment in a state where the dairy industry was a major economic fact, and nearly lost his post. Regent X, a famous banker and trustee of a major state university, was asked what he thought of the oleo case. The reply was quick: "He should have looked for a job in a state where milk didn't matter." One hardly needs to pass judgment on so apt a premise for self-destruction, but the import is disturbing. Here is a frightening quickness of response, a rejecting "on principle" of intrusion upon things as they are. That kind of sensitivity does not weigh any proposal for change—be it bad, indifferent, or based upon the considered advice of a responsible expert.

Naïveté is a somewhat less disagreeable term, but it also leaves the labeled person with no effective appeal. Still it can be used fairly in such extreme cases as that of Professor William Graham Sumners. When President Noah Porter of Yale objected to Sumners' use of a Herbert Spencer book as a text, the president simply did not understand how little he knew and how out of date he was. Whatever the judgment of eternity on the whole man may be, in 1879 Sumners was a modern man and Porter was a wistful innocent. Sumners won and thereby laid a stone in the Yale foundation. One might hope that similar conflicts achieve similar resolutions elsewhere, but it must be confessed that not all protagonists of academic freedom have been of Sumners' magnitude.

TURNING TO THE influence of war spirit, it is at once evident that one of its important duties is to excuse the lamentable failure in social intercourse which has occurred. And refusal to join in the sacrament of justification is a serious matter; an individual who does not like war, or a particular war, finds himself in trouble—all the more so if he has been assigned to instruct the young. Coming to the point, the United States has reason to regret the easy acceptance of 1898 and the childish romanticizing of 1917. Then, with somber satisfaction, one encounters 1941—when for all practical purposes no one exulted. A single illustration must suggest the vast implications of war for academic freedom:

1. In 1918, Professor William A. Schaper, chairman of the Department of Political Sciences at the University of Minnesota, was dismissed because he said that he did not wish to see "the Hohenzollerns . . . wiped out root and branch."*

2. In 1938, the University of Minnesota Board of Regents declared:

> The Board of Regents sitting in 1938 recognizes with regret and not in a spirit of condemnation of its predecessors that periods of national crisis are characterized by widespread loss in social perspective and a strain upon values that prevail when conditions are more nearly normal. It would also affirm in these calmer days and against another day of storm and stress that in times of crisis the need for adherence to accepted values and traditions and procedures, especially by institutions of higher education, is most necessary.

The Board at this time made Schaper a Professor Emeritus and gave him substantial token redress.

3. In 1957, the wills of William A. Schaper and his wife gave to the University of Minnesota a considerable sum.

From 1865 to 1941, in summary, one discovers essentially the expected. Fear, ignorance, inertia, material denigration and romantic commitment tangle with intellectual quantities and procedures and plainly hurt them. Some help is had in these years

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*At this point the writer of a general essay acknowledges his indebtedness to the chief book in the field, *The Development of Academic Freedom in the United States,* by Richard Hofstadter and Walter P. Metzger.

from a nonobstructive world of religion, a growing public awareness of the irrefutability of an established fact, and the warm receptiveness accorded to learning by expert practitioners of political democracy.

III

In the quarter century from Pearl Harbor to the present, academic freedom has had to meet as well as it could such challenges as World War II, the cold war and the complicated racial issue. In addition to these cosmic turbulences there has continued a stream of unformulated pressures, with some change in the configuration of the rapids.

Poverty threatens in a new way. One may grant that people have more money to buy education, and that a vast number of new facilities have been opened up. But in the great urban centers toward which Americans are steadily gravitating, one finds that much physical structure and equipment which was obsolescent in the '30s is still with us, and that many school teachers are now less well paid in 1941 dollars than they were a generation ago. This means, for higher education, poorer prepared entrants in the colleges and universities. Furthermore it is unquestionable that the huge increase in the cost of four years of application to collegiate study has created profoundly shocking class differences in American youth of 18 to 22 years. It seems that higher education has done no better than any other cherished institution in avoiding payment of the inescapable bill for war. With respect to academic freedom, as before, the story is not one of overt strangulation by the weird henchmen of some bizarre vested interest in poverty. It is rather that educational opportunity has become too closely related to a single function of higher education—the enhancement of the student's economic power.

Every adult American has his own view of the cold war, of its inquisitions, of McCarthy, of pressures from the Birch Society, and all the other forces which have bedeviled higher education and academic freedom for a generation. The question of the moment requires only that we discover how far a flare-up of insecurity will take a people in its quest for stupid or immature victims. Such is the witch hunt. But a deeper and more troubling confrontation of reality is also in order; if academic freedom is to be more than a sitting duck, some answer must be found to enable us to escape the despair of Chafee's conclusion that freedom's fate at any moment is determined by the degree to which the public mind and heart is controlled by fear.

The issue of racial justice demonstrates clearly that academic freedom leads a hard life when it is caught in crossfire on a battle field. If deep social controversy arises on a campus, it is obvious that heinous forces will wish to beat the living daylights out of an adversary, even if he is mild, argues soundly, and is right; in some places—Texas Tech., Alabama State and the University of Arkansas—teachers have got into trouble by no more than recognizing the existence of a problem. Unfortunately it is also true that some proponents of justice have brought techniques fit for the handling of a law-breaking sheriff into the academic world; and peremptory demand, from any quarter, is no fit classmate for independent judgment.

Turning to a consideration of forces at work in positive support of academic freedom between 1941 and 1965, it is deeply satisfying to note the passing of a great anniversary. In 1862, the Morrill Act directed the youthful pride and vitality of the states to realization of their opportunity to develop and protect higher education. Now in 1965, a people which still retains some capacity to make its voice heard has instructed the nation's executive and legislative leadership to apply a quite different concentration of national resources to the service of education. For the moment the main focus is not on higher education, but that will have its turn. Mistakes will probably be made, and some of them are likely to compromise academic freedom. But no true student or teacher would wish to reject opportunity because risk is attached.

ANOTHER HEARTENING element of the past quarter century has been the continued flourishing of American romantic democracy. Many of us, without paying too close attention to the facts of life, still believe that in some degree a single honest voice can make itself heard in a crowd, and can even sway its hearers. In the academic freedom situation, the lonely voice is most often raised in defense of a principle or a mistreated colleague; proof of successful influence in the early stages of a controversy is, for good reasons, usually not blurted out. However, it is the general experience of those who deal with these matters that a large number of potentially nasty situations are each year kept from developing because some individual—a teacher or an administrator—has had the courage to give warning of the likely wrath of an informed public.

Looking back more precisely to the historical record, it would probably be correct to say that since 1941 the main alteration in the academic freedom situation has been a shift from overt attack upon the unpleasing professor because of what he said in the classroom, i.e., an attack directly infringing upon academic freedom, to penalizing the professor academically because he is disliked or suspect as a citizen. The shift admittedly leaves the college educator no better off personally, and offers no better protection to his independence and his ideas. But it does in some measure relate the academic issue to an essential civil liberties problem. Thus in one recent case a legal argument was advanced to the effect that a dismissed professor had been deprived of his property without due process of law because the dismissal had involved a judgment restricting his freedom of speech. The argument found no acceptance in the courts, but another set of facts, other tribunals and a later day might yield a different result.

And so, in 1965, academic freedom stands just about in equilibrium. It is threatened or violated in the main only by hasty, stupid or mean actions, and not with horrifying frequency. However, it is quite possible that a great deal of academic freedom is not used by those charged with its practice, because of softening or fearsome social forces. With respect to possible crises, there is regrettably no clear sign that we have learned much from the past.

IV

Assuming a context of human survival, the history of academic freedom in the next twenty years may very well offer fewer instances of "criminal" behavior stories. Instead, there will appear increasingly ambiguous situations in which the essential violator is a changed attitude of society or the unreckoned power of a new social instrument. If such new threats appear, there must of course be changed and, perhaps, as yet unthought of defenses. Some portents exist to guide our thinking.

If this country goes forward at its present pace of economic development there is a possibility that the more subtle values of our civilization, such as academic freedom, may find themselves freed from the destructive force of poverty only to be threatened by the stifling power of wealth. It is now time for our institutions of higher learning to begin a study of how independence of thought can best survive in a world of spiraling riches. The main problem will not be that of the few dissenters who reject the advantages of wealth, but the threatened paralysis of the many academic persons who are genuinely eager to make the system work. One possible hope might lie in a new humanism which would really be divorced from the world of material substance, perceived by all as clearly alienated, and genuinely approved of therefor.

Personal wealth, after the great and little societies have staked their claims, may also present a problem for academic freedom. When people are poor and have little to lose, a fair number need only find courage if they are to achieve independence. The situation becomes more complicated when wealth abounds and one must both risk one's wealth and be brave to be free. These generalities may not apply so much to faculty members who wish to demonstrate their functional liberty as to the attitudes which society will adopt. What will be expected of our institutions of higher education?

The danger of technological innovation has of course always beset the human race; undoubtedly the first wheel threw thousands of pushers and pullers out of their jobs, and in those days victims undoubtedly starved to death. Professors, happily, are in a better situation as they face the threat of computers; their independence has always embraced the postulate of frontier job location—to the inquiring mind there is always a new point from which to take off, whatever ground may have been yielded. But the technology of our day has one element which offers cause for real uneasiness—its velocity of development. For the independent person, in or out of the academy, the problem is one of thinking fast enough to avoid being sidetracked, totally and irretrievably. And a considerable investment in men, programs or whole institutions may be lost before the expected return is realized. Even now the day is late for coming to grips with the problems of obsolescence and retraining in the academic world. We no longer live in markets where a better mouse trap supplants the poorer machine of the previous century. Our present pace clearly indicates that the idea which will come to maturity in 1975 is indeed seriously threatened by the line of thought which will be fully developed in 1985. Such velocity, even where there is all good will, is intimidating, needs analysis and all possible management in the interest of human beings and social institutions.

ORTHODOXY IN our day has gone underground. The world of college textbooks will serve as an example. The publishing trade faithfully reports the annual spate of scandalous incidents in which self-appointed censors attack first-class books. That problem seems to be manageable; furthermore, such a catalogue of crimes is helpful because it serves to stir the public to a healthy state of fear that it might miss useful knowledge or opinion. But in the meantime the economics of the situation is also possibly lessening the independence of academic persons to a considerable degree. It works this way: (1) the competition among publishers is such that a 2 per cent loss in unit sales can have serious import for survival; (2) that 2 per cent may be represented by the sales potential in the most irritable or benighted state in the Union on some such subject as turnips; (3) what then does the publisher do if the typescript submitted to him treats of turnips in a way likely to antagonize forces in the unhappy state powerful enough to make it likely that adoption will not occur in the public colleges and universities, or even in the private institutions? No one knows what is happening; no one is in a position to observe the transformation of the original bold idea to the ambiguity or silence of the final, printed text. Nevertheless one may suspect, judging by the end result, that some bangs have become whimpers.

The essential difficulty with the present orthodoxy is that it is much too mild and pleasant; it does not display the overt asininity which permits an independent mind to recognize it for what it is and to fight back. In all probability some fundamental thinking will have to be done about academic freedom so that its perceptions can be sharpened, its boundaries extended and its enemies exposed.

Comment upon national and personal wealth, technological developments and the new orthodoxy have in each instance led to a suggestion that a critical state of affairs demands immediate reply and prompt action stimulated and guided by the best imagination available. The prescription—no promise, but at least a hope—suggests that we examine the guidance and leadership being given by the chief organizations whose business is the welfare of higher education and therefore of academic freedom.

The government agencies and national voluntary associations which represent or serve colleges and universities, the workers in them and the values of higher education, show unusually similar qualities. Almost without exception they are devoted to objectivity of approach, high accuracy, sensitivity to human values and, above all, to the maintaining of conditions which will foster the advancement of learning. Their leadership is generally experienced and of good judgment; with particular respect to academic freedom, much is usefully explained, some things are corrected and the spirit of liberty is broadly supported. None of these accomplishments should be minimized.

THE DIFFICULTY with the organizational leadership in higher education is that it has not engaged with three main challenges of the contemporary world: (1) the fact that very little is going to survive in anything like the form we know it and like it; (2) the fact that the forms of society are changing ten times more rapidly in each present year than in previous decades, which means that every function must pay attention to acceleration as a condition of its continuance; and (3) the fact that the minimum price for survival of any organization is the creation of an independent division which will have as its fundamental responsibility immediate responsiveness to the stresses which now affect the structure of the human race, and as its operational responsibility rapid thinking and rapid action with freedom to make mistakes as a necessary price for speed. Whether the educational organizations will consider these challenges is an open question; the inertia of a long history of satisfactory performance can be an obstacle. Probably the best that can be hoped for is that a small revolutionary demand of some kind will offer enough stimulus to cause at least a short jump forward.

Among the somewhat new and developing handicaps to academic freedom in our day, and for the immediate future, are a number of broadly diffused psychological attitudes. Three require comment in even the shortest statement: fear, familialism and the habit of reserved judgment.

THE IMPORT OF fear for a nuclear age requires little exposition. But it may be worth pointing out that professors carry a triple burden. Like everyone else they worry about their personal fate; in addition, they find it difficult to justify a chief function which looks mainly to the future; lastly, they are subject to the heavy strain of asserting to the young that life has some significance other than termination.

The United States is frequently described as a family-oriented culture, excellent in many useful ways but also tinted by a pervasive desire for domestic security and a gourmand appetite for the satisfactions of a warm hearth. To the degree that these urgencies dominate, they can be inimical to any notable spirit of adventure or strong external dedication. Thus, it has been observed that American soldiers complain loudly when asked to take up positions to which they cannot bring their families or their household baggage. And in all walks of life the proliferation of insurances and other fringe benefits has created a marked spirit of stasis. Probably this is all unavoidable; it is even arguable that physical security and comfort will build a firmer base for flight into new realms of thought. However, presently, for most academic personnel, there is apparent some degree of conflict between mundane, agreeable safety and the charge laid upon scholars to practice independence at all cost.

The third in this series of possibly debilitating attitudes, that of reserved judgment, is desirable in itself but difficult to manage well. For many years teachers have been urging students to hold back from judgment until the facts are in. This excellent counsel must, in our day, be related to the universal problem of acceleration which has been referred to earlier. There are constantly arising nice points of accommodation between consideration and conclusion, or even between thought and action. In the colleges and the universities too little attention has been given to the problem of adjusting scholarly methods to the imperious demands of crisis, a problem which faces academic persons as individuals and is of vital concern to academic freedom itself.

The story of the past century, the difficulties of the present, and the likely difficulties of the immediate future demonstrate quite clearly that academic freedom has not yet acquired that gravitational mass which well recognized social principles possess. Academic freedom is an admirable idea but not yet an established governor of public thought. What then can be done to strengthen it?

Three practical approaches can be tried: (1) an attack on a chief cause of confusion which obscures the issues, the accreditation situation; (2) a call to institutional allegiance, and (3) a reaffirmation of the kernel truth which justifies academic freedom.

More than two thousand institutions of higher education serve the United States; the great majority are accredited. But accreditation means only that the minimum standards of educational sanitation have been met. There is no effective guidance to the broad division of these institutions into a group of 300 or 400 which offer adequate to excellent instruction and the remainder which are significantly inferior in their work. Of course, the American consumer is a clever creature, and by some means he does in fact make the separation—if any meaning is to be attached to the enormous demand for entry into the smaller group of institutions and the known empty seats in the large remainder. Unhappily, for the more refined analyses needed in professional studies of education, market demand does not help to fill the informational gap.

The import of the accreditation situation for academic freedom is obvious. A good institution, one whose services are probably the object of enlightened demand, can afford to encourage that strong-willed habit of mind which is at the heart of functional independence. Good colleges and universities not only have more academic freedom than poor institutions, but have so very much more as to be essentially a different kind of social instrument.

The idea of loyalty is old and inescapable. In bad times strong men shine out, and something like this phenomenon is now apparent—except that in higher education the emergent champion is likely to be the institution itself. Members of the academic profession are reasonably well able to judge the degree to which a college or university supports the academic freedom of its faculty and calls on them to use it. And there exists in the United States a surprisingly large number of institutions which have been tested and found to offer both a history and a promise of at least this much: a governing board which will defy unwarranted external pressure, a chief administrator who would resign rather than fail in his accepted duty to lead and protect free scholars, and faculty members and a student body who understand the meaning and method of their work as present and future servants of their fellow men.

It is suggested that a more intense loyalty be given to such institutions by faculty, students and the community. Faculty members should give careful thought to the relative worth of high salaries and high freedom—and the two by no means necessarily go together. And if a teacher has the good fortune to be truly at liberty in Academe, he might well give his best in its defense when occasion demands. Similarly, students might ponder the value of freedom to practice independent, self-disciplined thought as opposed to the indulgence demanded by some of the antic camp followers of our intellectual armed forces. And signs of greater loyalty by faculty and students might be an important stimulus to improved support of good colleges and universities by the general public.

When the findings are in, and history has been written, one must still face the philosophic question of meaning. For academic freedom the question can be put without too much difficulty. Yes, functional independence for the institution and its people, but to what end? Why should one try to serve a chaotic or suicidal world? It is here that one can hope that academic persons and the rest of the race can meet in recognizable unity. We all have our ways of getting on with life—systems of thought, systems of feeling and beauty, systems of God—but the ultimate choice is the same for each man, negation or such truth as he can see use in. It would seem fair to say that the present working term for the rejection of death and the choosing of self-knowledge, in our colleges and universities, is academic freedom.

To congratulate THE NATION *is a kind of impertinence, for it has served for a century, and serves now, as a goad to the consciences of Americans who think about social matters. Without it the country would be the stupider and more complacent. Not congratulations: gratitude, to those whose devotion has given it existence.*

—George P. Elliott

HONOR BRIGHT AND ALL THAT JAZZ

DALTON TRUMBO

Dalton Trumbo is a novelist, playwright and screenwriter. Among his more notable contributions to Hollywood were Kitty Foyle, 30 Seconds Over Tokyo *and the Oscar-winning* The Brave Ones. *Among Hollywood's more notable contributions to Mr. Trumbo was to include him in its Black List as one of the Hollywood Ten.*

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1947, nineteen members of the Hollywood film community were summoned to Washington for political purification before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. They were not the first celebrants of the committee's bizarre ritual, but their motion-picture background made them temporarily the most famous, or—depending on how fastidious you are and what you paid for your seat—the most notorious.

There ensued a week of clamors and alarms the like of which the Republic hadn't known since Mr. Morgan tried to explain why he wanted to marry a midget. He never did get it straight, and neither did the chaps from Hollywood. After the first eleven of them flunked its version of the Apostles' Creed, the committee abruptly dismissed the eight witnesses who remained, and adjourned in dudgeon.

The eleventh witness was Berthold Brecht, who received so strong an impression of the committee's non-benevolence that he grabbed the first Swiss-bound plane out of LaGuardia and never again set foot on free American soil. He seemed to have the uncomfortable feeling, based, perhaps, on earlier hassles over un-German activities, that all those doctors of humane letters who earned their bread by writing about his plays and describing his genius, would forget, somehow, to set the alarm clock on the day he went to jail. The more one thinks on it the more plausible the idea seems.

Those he left behind had no taste for martyrdom and no conception of the storm their conduct would arouse. To this day I suspect there is not one of them who feels anything but pleasure when he opens the morning paper and finds his name not there. They did not ask to play the parts assigned them by the committee, and, like any other group of even passably intelligent men, would have ducked the game altogether had the chance arisen. They were as confused as anybody else, and probably made more mistakes. They were, after all, down there on a ballfield which is error's favorite breeding ground, while Brer Rabbit sat cool in the bleachers and judged form.

What actually happened to them was almost as simple as changing pig to pork, although it took longer. Charged with trying to subvert Hollywood to communism by a gaggle of witnesses friendly to the committee, including George Murphy, then a leading man, now the junior Senator from California, and another leading man named Ronald Reagan, who may be California's next governor and Goldwater's candidate for the Presidency, the Ten took the stand in October, 1947, invoked the First Amendment, and declined to reveal whether they were, or ever had been, members of the Communist Party and the Screen Writers' Guild. In November they were cited for contempt of Congress, a misdemeanor. In December they were blacklisted by the producers in a public statement known as the Waldorf Agreement. The following year saw them indicted, arraigned, tried, convicted, sentenced and released on bail pending appeal.

During the first phase of the battle their principal support came from the film community itself. Those actors, actresses, directors, producers, writers, musicians and artists who formed the Committee for the First Amendment took to the air in a series of remarkable broadcasts and petitioned the House for relief from "the abuse of civil liberties we believe to have occurred at those hearings."

A few weeks later, Representative John E. Rankin, whose parliamentary legerdemain had made the Committee on Un-American Activities a permanent committee of the House rather than a temporary one, and who was himself its senior Democratic member, rose in the House to attack those who dared to critize its conduct. It is impossible to understand the spirit of the times, the quality of the committee, or the issues confronting the Ten, outside the context of what he said, and what no member of the Committee—not even Representative Richard M. Nixon—disavowed or sought in any way to ameliorate:

> They sent this petition to Congress, and I want to read you some of these names. One of the names is June Havoc. We found out . . . that her real name is June Hovick. Another one was Danny Kaye, and we found out his real name was David Daniel Kamirsky. Another one here is John Beal, whose real name is J. Alexander Bliedung. Another is Cy Bartlett whose real name is Sacha Baraniev. Another one is Eddie Cantor, whose real name is Edward Iskowitz. There is one who calls himself Edward Robinson. His real name is Emanuel Goldenberg. There is another one here who calls himself Melvyn Douglas, whose real name is Melvyn Hesselberg. There are others too numerous to mention. They are attacking the Committee for doing its duty to protect this country and save the American people from the horrible fate the Communists have meted out to the *unfortunate Christian people of Europe*." [*Emphasis added.*]

For almost a year the Hollywood community and the Committee for the First Amendment gamely continued the fight—the bravest, most attractive, most generous, and by far the most vulnerable defenders of free speech the country had yet seen. Whatever position each of them held in the world had been achieved lonesomely, without institutional support or grants-in-aid, and their futures held no hope of tenure. They had sensed the House committee's purpose more accurately than the rest of the country, and were willing, at that time and in those circumstances, to stake their reputations in a fight against it.

What they did not expect, and could not have anticipated, was betrayal at the hands of the same intellectuals who had first instructed them in the liberal credo and the virtues of democratic action. They listened intently to the enormous silence that had fallen over the airwaves, the press, the theatre, the reviews, the universities, the academies. They knew, too late, exactly what it meant. Many of them in later years paid heavily for their misjudgment, and all of them were affected by it in one way or another, but while they lasted they made a light.

By 1949, when the Circuit Court of Appeals, to no one's surprise, ruled for the committee, the Ten had become objects of almost superstitious horror and execration. All channels of communication, aside from an occasional hired hall, were closed off to them, and even the hall was a sometime thing: when it wasn't cancelled altogether, it was packed to the eaves with stormily applauding agents of the FBI. Press relations, never good, turned lamentable, and even personal relations left something to be desired, as evidenced by the writer who jumped to his feet at a meeting of the Screen Writers' Guild, shouted "Beware of the bear! Beware of the bear!" and sat down as irrelevantly as he had stood up.

There were, of course, contrary voices. Bernard de Voto and Archibald MacLeish and Van Wyck Brooks and Prof. Thomas I. Emerson of the Yale Law School tirelessly warned their confreres what the committee was doing, not primarily to the Ten, but to themselves and to the country, while men like Harlow Shapley, Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein and Linus Pauling, in addition to opposing the committee, associated themselves personally with those the committee hoped to imprison.

But personal support, however gratifying, was not the primary requirement. The liberal establishment simply could not be made to understand that the point at issue was not defense of the Ten but opposition to the committee; that it didn't matter whether the Ten were Communists, Nazis, homosexuals or giraffes, what did matter was the committee's assertion of power in areas forbidden to it. They would learn the truth later, and ADA would muster 58 votes against the committee in 1965, but that would be the result of changing generations and different battles. The first generation skipped the one that counted.

William F. Buckley, Jr., finding himself recently at odds with James Baldwin, knows exactly how to resolve these annoying differences of ideology and intellect: "How long," he wonders, "before the Baldwins will be ghettoized in the corners of fanaticism where they belong?" It's a lovely project, but Mr. Buckley himself is scarcely the one to bring it off. For that job you need a *sheep* in sheepskin, not a wolf.

It wasn't the committee or the American Legion or the DAR or Parnell Thomas or Francis Walter or Walter Judd or Joe McCarthy or Roy Cohn or Westbrook Pegler or George Sokolsky or Victor Riesel who convinced the liberal establishment that the best way to fight the committee was to "ghettoize" anyone who did; it was Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s "non-Communist Left" bursting out of the river and crossing the trees in its first wild stampede toward the Center, startling to their feet great herds of creeping Socialists, while Max Eastman and Sidney Hook, riding the flanks and bearing down hard, fired buckshot and bacon-rind at the face of the wondering moon.

They were going so fast they overshot their mark, but toward dawn they found themselves in some pretty fair pastureland slightly to the Right of center. The grass was ankle-high, there was a stream to drink from and defecate into, the horses were winded and they were all bone-tired, so they decided to settle in permanently. Bugles blared, enlisted men stood at attention, and censors swung great pots of diabolofuge, and the chief idealogue christened the place Vital Center. After the songs were finished they proclaimed a new alphabet and sent guerrilla bands fanning out through the countryside in all directions. They had been secretly trained to throw aspersions instead of cast them, their aim was deadly, and whenever they scored a hit they swarmed down on the poor devil and forced him to draw his own conclusions in the mire, while everybody stood around and jeered. By the time they were through you couldn't cross the Charles River without three salutes and a police permit.

The only remaining support for the unwanted and unholy Ten lay in that sorely pressed coalition which emerged under Henry Wallace as the Progressive Party. It wasn't much, but it was enormously better than nothing. The committee and the press took the more sinister view that their sustenance came almost exclusively from the Communist Party, but as usual they hadn't the vaguest notion of what they were talking about. In New York City, which is the money capital of the country for everybody, including political mendicants, the national leaders of the Communist Party were backed up against almost every wall in town, bedeviled by more investigations, indictments, trials and convictions than any dissident outfit really needs. In such circumstances, it didn't overmuch pleasure their hearts to discover some (still) well-suited member of the Ten prowling their precincts instead of his own in pursuit of Yankee dollars that stood in hideously shortening supply. Although they didn't picket the Ten, or gun them down, neither did they take joy in the sound of their approaching footsteps, nor steer them to those secret places where the big money broods on social injustice.

HUAC, too, had its problems. The massive purge it had planned and actually announced obviously couldn't be pulled off until the courts decided whether it had the right to pose the purgative, or $64 question, which the Ten had challenged in the courts. A majority of law faculties and legal reviews predicted a reversal which would free the Ten and forbid the committee to pose the only interesting question it knew how to ask. Then in 1949, as the case passed upward for final disposition, Justices Murphy and Rutledge died in swift succession. The Supreme Court's liberal majority was diminished by two. Yet still the Committee did not move. It turned otherwhere, to be sure, but for thirty-two long months it made not so much as a feint toward the lush lands it had publicly staked out for its own. It was that near a thing. Then, as the summer of 1950 approached, the Supreme Court refused review; the power of the Congress to compel political revelation was legitimized; the Ten were swiftly distributed throughout the federal prison system—and the dam broke.

For a full decade thereafter the hunt raged at blood heat, roving wherever its masters wished, summoning whomever it pleased, demanding answers to questions never before heard in chambers that displayed the American flag—not, as some may have hoped, only in Hollywood (where over 200 decent American citizens, including 44 returned veterans, were humiliated, bankrupted, and driven from their professions), but in every area of American life that dealt with ideas and their dissemination.

WHAT A CURIOUS era it was, and how sad: actors driven from radio, television, film and theatre—their fellow-actors working all the while; doctors removed from the registry of such hospitals as Cedars of Lebanon in Los Angeles—their colleagues never once considering a move *en masse* to more civilized quarters; professors hounded from lecture halls, musicians from recording studios and symphony orchestras, artists from galleries and museums—their brothers contentedly continuing to teach, perform, exhibit; scientists banished from laboratories, ministers from pulpits, students from colleges, reporters from newspapers, editors from publishing houses, craftsmen from unions, lawyers, economists, sociologists and statisticians from government posts; hundreds, perhaps even thousands of civil servants at every level insulted, destroyed, cast aside—and nothing, really, done about it, no cry in the streets that murder was afoot, nothing at all to be heard except a few cranks and do-gooders howling in vain to the rising wind. Colleagues, friends, fellow-workers stepped softly into the jobs of the damned, and the hole which their disappearance left in the fabric of community life was scarcely noticed except when one of them killed himself or required commitment.

The eeriest aspect of a decade that lost its mind because men and women refused to take the national spotlight and swear they were or were not Communists, lay in the fact that a surprising number of those who declined the question had private yearnings to answer it and be damned to everyone.

The idea of compulsion, however, changed everything. For if Congress could compel public confession of political affiliation, it could also compel confession of candidates voted for, which would do queer things to the Australian, or—as we call it—secret ballot. Beyond this, there was the annoying moral quibble that compliance with the committee's request vastly simplified the task of destroying all who would not comply, or couldn't give the approved answer. In such a game the prize for winning seemed scarcely worth the trouble. Or perhaps one thought of all those good German intellectuals and artists and craftsmen who swore so eagerly they were not Jews and never had been. *Hals und Beinbruch!* as the toast goes.

In any event, error and contempt swept the field despite the feeling of many non-swearers that every aspect of a man's life is relevant to aesthetic evaluation of his work; that the more one knows about the life of a painter, the more one understands his painting; that, in fact, to study one and ignore the other is to diminish the available truth by half. Just so for writers: it makes a considerable—and by no means invidious—difference if one knows whether a book about hanging was written by the judge, the hangman, or the widow of a man who was hanged.

Granting that the amount of useful information varies from person to person, it would generally seem relevant to know the author's sex, race, nationality, age, religious belief or lack of it; and, in a time when politics invokes fiercer passions than religion and kills more people, what political group he belongs to. In an open society, a rational society, a society in which diversity is cherished rather than penalized, such information would be known to all as a matter of normal human intercourse.

UNHAPPILY WE DO NOT have such a society in America, and with the exception of something that suggested its possibility during the Roosevelt years, we have not had for more decades than one cares to remember. France has it in degree at least, and England in a larger degree. With local variations, Italy has it, and so do the Scandinavian countries. It is quite possible almost anywhere in Europe to find oneself at table with a priest, a Social-Democratic politico, a journalist of the Right or Center, a Communist novelist, a *rentier,* and an ex-resistance fighter turned salesman, each in lively disagreement with all except his hostess (whose deceased husband was suspected of collaboration) and none concealing the viewpoint from which he speaks or the goal to which he aspires.

Each election year in Italy the banner of the Communist Party hangs in its turn from the battlement of Castel Sant' Angelo, the Vatican's great citadel on the Tiber—yet only a thousand yards away the Pope still reigns, the saints and martyrs atop the Bernini Colonnade still marvelously praise both God and man.

They may not have our form of government, or a First Amendment, or a Supreme Court to interpret what it so plainly says, but most Europeans do have the right to join anything they wish and to shout their opinions and affiliations from the highest hill they can climb without fear of criminal prosecution or professional death. That is what an open society means, and what we do not have in America.

We do not have it because, taking from the Soviet Union a tip that nearly destroyed it and drowned a whole generation in blood, we have transformed our politics into faith, our way of life into a religion, and our national purpose into a world crusade of absolute good against Satan's utter evil. Between such extremes there can be no dialogue, no agreement, and no peace until Satan is annihilated and communism vanishes from the face of the earth. In every area of his life we confront modern man with a choice of our absolute over Satan's. If he declines the choice, we isolate or bribe him until he acquiesces. If he chooses Satan's absolute, we kill him on the spot, or, if that be found inopportune, add his name to the lengthening list of those to be ministered unto at Armageddon. The first commandment of the new secular religion is to hate: its last commandment is to kill. We have heard them repeated so often in schools, churches, government and press that no one dreams any longer of challenging the concept that brought them forth. By rote we have learned the faith and now by rote we believe it.

Beyond mere belief, we worship and fear it, and sustain it with processes more ritualistic than legal, tribal in nature, propitiatory, and sometimes magical. The committee, as inquisition, smokes out the heretic and hands him over to the secular arm of the courts for punishment. Ordeals of purification become mandatory for admission to the higher orders, confessions of faith to the lower. The community of the unbaptized suffers *arcani disciplina;* backsliders do penance through contrition, confession and satisfaction; diaboleptics are exorcised with great regularity, and permanently interdicted from fire and water if the treatment fails. A *Malleus maleficarum* issues annually from the Government Printing Office.

A new language of incantation grows up. Phrases like "international Communist conspiracy" and "slave world," repeated frequently enough and in precise word-order, have great value as spells to confound the enemy. "Free world," "free enterprise" and such function as charms for our side. We no longer confront the external world with ourselves as we are, but with our "image". Images as means of casting spells stand very high in the thaumaturgic lore. Today, however, images, effigies and statues are regarded as generically the same, differentiated no longer by what they do, but by what is done to them; i.e., a statue is looked at, an effigy is more often burned than not, and an image is venerated. The veneration, Webster says, is religious. Clearly, then, we present our image for the world's veneration. If it venerates, our spell has worked. If it doesn't, more powerful magic and better sorcerers will make a new image, one of such absolute bewitchment they'll have to venerate it whether they wish to or not. But stand before them as ourselves? Indeed not. They would steal our mana.

In this curious atmosphere of charms, oaths and incantations, meanings have a way of becoming their opposites, values reverse themselves, tergiversation becomes the rule, and "pragmatic truth"—meaning a lie that works—stands much higher on the scale of virtue than simple truth that hurts. Is it, then, a matter of astonishment that the State Department denied we were making U-2 flights, or that we organized and supported the Bay of Pigs? Of course not. They were telling God's absolute pragmatic truth right up to the hour they were caught. And when mundane rather than theological truth finally stood revealed, it was not the lies we deplored, but the admissions of truth that exposed them.

WITH THE FOUNT of honor thus polluted at its source by a single word that changes everything and packs the killing power of a bullet, the simple act of staying out of trouble requires more guile than most men have on call. ". . . Mother Bloor is an old lady," said the witness to the committee's counsel. "Wouldn't you say an old *Communist* lady?" [*Emphasis added.*] "I certainly would," cried the witness, "I certainly would!" The word had to be inserted into the sentence with great delicacy, but once there it changed the old lady and the witness and the counsel, too.

Just so, they are not ordinary families we inadvertently incinerate in North and South Vietnam, they are *Communist* families (or families saved from communism), and that, somehow, excuses the inadvertence. Occasionally it has to be explained why we can't, or don't kill Communists. President Kennedy, that extraordinarily humane and graceful man, once felt obliged to explain to the press that it was the danger of killing Russian personnel, with consequent possibility of Soviet retaliation, that prevented us from bombing Cuban missile sites. The danger that we might kill a Cuban child wasn't discussed. It wasn't relevant.

Our new faith accounts it a noble act for one to die for all. The idea that it may be nobler for all to die for one—that this, indeed, is the whole meaning of brotherhood—finds no sanctuary in our hearts. If in fighting communism we find it necessary to kill a child, we will surely kill it. We have killed them already in substantial numbers. Exactly how many we do not know because we do not ask. We will continue to kill them as long as the word "Communist" triggers hatred and steels us to murder.

THE WHOLE DEGRADING process of politics-as-magic and incantation-as-intellect will continue until that terrible word, "Communist," is wrested from sorcerers and robbed of its necromaneous power to drive us mad. It will not stop until all the orders and estates of the intellect—education, law, science, art, philosophy, religion—not just a few of them as in the past, but all of them together—rise to their feet and perform at last the function for which they were ordained, which is to speak the truth, the extremely simple truth without which reason and the rational world cannot survive: that there are no absolutes, neither absolute good nor absolute evil, neither absolute truth nor absolute falsehood; that all men partake of good and evil, and all faiths, and all nations; that—and this will be the hardest and bravest because it touches on the word that kills—there is a rational probability that Communists, as individual human beings, have as many (though possibly different) virtues as we ourselves; that just as our society is not completely good, neither is it likely that Communist society can be held completely evil; that in one area, at least—a determination to avoid being bombed from the face of the earth—both societies seek the same goal; and that common ends provide the surest basis for rational discussion of common means.

Even if such an improbable consensus of the estates occurred, the time may already be too late and the steadily diminishing area of allowable dissent too small for it to be effective. Five million voters in the Presidential campaign of 1924, declining a choice between Coolidge and Davis, distributed their votes among LaFollette and five other minority candidates. Forty years later the voters of thirty-six states, including the six most populous, had no third choice at all: it was Johnson-Goldwater or nothing. Three minority candidates got their names on the ballots of some of the remaining sixteen states, although none on all of them. Instead of 1924's five million votes, the minority candidates of 1964 polled fifty thousand. The dissenting independent vote had shrunk from 17 per cent of the electorate to .009 per cent in four decades. The radical Left had disappeared entirely: the radical Right had captured one of the two major political parties, and 26,000,000 Americans had voted for its candidate.

It was not only the radical Left that had disappeared: with it also had vanished the whole vigorous coalition of the general Left that had provided the sinews of four Presidential campaigns, and inspiration for a large body of New Deal legislation. In the area of organized political and legislative action, the ADA stands as far Left as the action goes, and it isn't Left at all, it's a coalition of the liberal Center. There remain only the peace marchers and the civil rights movement. The peace marchers want peace, and the civil rights organizations are out not to challenge the law but to enforce it, not to change the Constitution but to restore it. Neither is a political organization or a left-wing movement (July, 1965), although civil violence and red-baiting could, at a decisive moment, turn each into both. For all practical purposes, however, the Left, as a movement proposing new ideas and decisive social change, doesn't live here any more.

THE HARD-HEADED, rock-ribbed gentlemen of the far American Right had known what they wanted all along, and their methods, though cruder and more brutal than their opponents', were expertly chosen for the job at hand. The anti-Communist campaign they had inaugurated on that cold January dawn in 1920 had been aimed at the entire left-wing of American political life, and only incidentally at Communists. Though the targets changed, the method didn't. The same weapon that blasted the incidental target wreaked such damage on the primary one that its defenders fell silent or vanished in retreat.

The whole campaign had been a fraud, and it still is. The American Communist Party, unarmed, fluid in its membership to the point of instability, outmanned 80,000 to 131,000,000 at its peak, posed about as grave a threat of revolution as the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, which out-manned it ten to one and had much more fun. Until 1945 no one even suggested the possibility of a Soviet attack on the United States, and after that date, unless the military has lied to us for twenty years running, there hasn't been a day we couldn't overawe, over-bomb, over-kill and overwhelm not only Russia, but the rest of the world with her. It is not communism these amiable, soft-spoken, tribal epigones are out to destroy, it is the right of the majority of the American people to legislate in their own behalf. They mean to curb that right and control that majority, and they perfectly understand it will take the full power of the federal government to do the job. They propose to capture that power. They have created the weapon with which to do it, and the climate of insanity that suits it best. They will turn it against anyone who stands in their way. Far from fighting revolution, some of them already ponder one of their own. A legal one, of course. Perhaps something like . . .

Yet everywhere people tell me things are getting better. The sun comes up earlier these days, the blacklist tapers off, and children seem to be growing taller than they used to. Splendid sentiments flower in the most improbable gardens, and there's going to be the damnedest harvest in Appalachia you ever saw. They even let you read from your own books in the White House parlor, and with Hubert Humphrey where he is, there's an outside chance he may have an opportunity as President to fill with Communists the very concentration camps his sponsorship as Senator made possible. Everything comes up roses, the 1964 election was the greatest victory for our side that anyone has ever seen.

It was also the greatest victory *their* side has ever seen. Never before had the far American Right been able to carry its program to the whole people from the platform of a national party; never had a candidate of the Right been so attractive, or aroused such profound devotion; never before had hundreds of thousands of dollars—perhaps even millions—flowed to its cause from the "grass roots," that lost, embittered, isolated army of smallholders driven almost mad by the intolerable thought they were not rich, and never would be, and might, under the horrors of creeping socialism, Godless communism, dogoodism and the income tax, become even poorer.

Neither had it ever before received so many votes. There is an idiot theory abroad that 26,000,000 people voted for Mr. Goldwater in a sort of *crise de coeur,* hating his program but loving the GOP. The reverse seems closer to the truth. Those who couldn't stomach the program bolted; those who didn't bolt were not dragooned, they were either believers or opportunists. Between such there is no choice; their mutual attraction in a happy cause is so powerful that all distinctions vanish.

Each year a constellation of some 250 rich individuals, 100 business concerns, and 70 tax-exempt foundations pours between $25,000,000 and $35,000,000 into such organizations as the American Security Council, Americans for Constitutional Action, the Americanism Educational League, the American Conservative Union, the Congress of Conservatives, the Conservative Party of New York, the Freedom School (all you have to do is put in the word "freedom" and people send you $600,000 by return mail), the Freedom Foundation of Valley Forge, the Christian Freedom Foundation, Young Americans for Freedom, the Free Enterprise Bureau, the Free Society Association, the John Birch Society, the Constitution Party of Florida, the Liberty Lobby, the Cardinal Mindzenty Foundation, the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, the Committee for the Monroe Doctrine, the National Defense Committee of the D.A.R., the White Citizens' Councils in the South, the Americanism Committees of the various veteran groups, and innumerable regional societies of young, old, middle-aged, conservative, disillusioned, indignant, resurgent or free Republicans.

Publications like the *National Review, American Opinion, Human Events, The Wanderer,* and the *Liberty Letter* promulgate doctrine for the scores of lesser journals and organizational publishing houses which flood the mails at every level, while *Washington Report, Life Line* (formerly *Facts Forum*), *Let Freedom Ring,* the Deering Milliken Foundation, the Penthouse Trust and others spread or finance the word by radio, television, filmed shorts, and even telephone.

THE VIGOR AND VARIETY and burgeoning health of the movement is somehow reminiscent of the great days of the Popular Front, with the exception that the Popular Front had no foothold in the police and military, and no secret bands of armed auxiliaries. The new Right, of course, has both. The political coloration of most peace officers' organizations, as well as those of the retired military, may be fairly judged by that of the 20,000-member National Sheriffs' Association, which this year elected Sheriff James G. Clark of Selma, Alabama, its vice-president, assuring his automatic elevation to the presidency in 1966. Combine their forces in a time of crisis with such veterans' action groups as fought the labor wars of the twenties, and thousands of their like-minded brethren from the country's organized gun clubs and riflemen's associations, and you have as formidable—and legal—a political army as anyone could wish for.

Deeper in the shadows lurk the real Communist-hunters, the ones who carry guns. They have the special virtue that they can be disavowed or even denounced by their more respectable brethren and still hold firm, since they have no other place to go. They call themselves Councillors, Raiders, Minutemen, Vigilantes, Rangers, Volunteers, Kluxers, Nazis, and other names still more colorful. They are the mountain dwellers, the Scythians, men with hard eyes and emaciated spirits and terrible hungers, bigots, prophesiers, killers, night-prowlers, parading the flag as a hunting license, organizing combat-teams and counter-guerrilla details, spanning the country with counter-conspiratorial warfare schools, secret training camps, hidden ammunition depots, studying *A Handbook for Saboteurs* and *The Secret Principles of Guerrilla Warfare*—violent men fed on the violent words of their betters, and armed: armed with mortars, bazookas, bazooka rockets, rifle grenades, hand grenades, dynamite, guns and hate.

They wait, all of them from high to low, and they prophesy crisis, which is to say they pray for it. They know the power of their weapon, and our fear of it, and even a small crisis is better than none. But what they especially dream of is a profound crisis, that anguished crisis of the spirit which tears us to pieces every thirty or forty years, one that will soften our hearts to the tall fierce strangers who stand outside the door and cry salvation. They are certain the door will open; they have no doubts at all that a time will come when the prevalence of devils will persuade us that freedom is best defended by surrendering it altogether.

AND PERHAPS they are right. Perhaps we don't like freedom any more. Perhaps we have listened so long to the concatenation from the swamp that all unknowingly we have passed our point of no return, and now drift closer and closer to the heart of that thick, nadiral stupor in which men no longer want to be free. The cats have killed all the birds, the swimming pools everywhere overflow, and across the street at the old Bella Union—*che bella* that union was in her time, *che bellissima!*—the bar is closing down. The midnight air stutters with the magic word, and men with pinched white faces steal through the street. They have long memories, and the shortest tempers you ever saw, and they fondle guns instead of girls. Yet I do not dread them as much as I fear the others—the silent ones, the contented, the alienated, the frightened, the acquiescent.

I DREAM THAT for reasons I do not understand angry men are chasing me through the nightscape of a strange city. I duck into a side street and they do not. I come to a closed door and knock on it. There is no answer. The house is dark, yet I sense someone inside, someone standing "shadowless, like silence listening to silence." I hear sounds of the hunters retracing their steps. I cry my alarms to the silent listener inside. I beg refuge. He does not answer. The hunters whirl into my side street. I try to smash the door but it is too strong. The hunters race toward me. I cross to a window that is only partly draped. I cup hands to my brow and peer through it. The face in the darkness which stares so intently back at me is mine. The hunters strike. I waken.

Only then do I understand that I am of my own time. Only then do I fear that I am lost.

First let me say a word of deep gratitude that THE NATION *has lived and prospered for a century and has not escalated into an advertising medium printed on expensive paper and in tiresome colors. Its sheer dedication to simplicity of format and searching for truth is reason for praise. More especially in this constantly shifting political, economic, and social scene, it performs an invaluable service in furnishing a sound basis on which readers may form judgments on the central issues of our day.*

May it prosper even in our all-too-affluent society! **—Clarence E. Pickett**

Anyone actively engaged in the practice of journalist has every reason to say to THE NATION, *"Thank you for the last One Hundred Years."* THE NATION *has proved itself, to me at any rate, not only a source of information but a source of inspiration and influence as well. If* THE NATION *follows its past formula it will probably live another One Hundred Years. That formula has always been the deliberate choice of not living safely but thinking clearly.* **—Harry Golden**

AMERICA'S SCHIZOPHRENIC VIEW OF THE POOR

PAUL JACOBS

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I

How OLD FASHIONED, almost quaint, the word "pauper" appears today! One thinks of Oliver Twist asking the beadle for a bit more porridge or of an aged couple trudging over the hill to the poorhouse. Yet at least 8,000,000 of the estimated 35,000,000 people living in poverty today are actual paupers, dependent solely on public or private charity. But we prefer to speak of these paupers as "the disadvantaged," the "hard-to-reach," the "senior citizens," or as the "long-term unemployed" with "culturally deprived children" who are born, unfortunately, into a "cycle of poverty" which gives them no chance to get out of the "poverty pocket" or "poverty belt." Are these less offensive terms merely euphemisms, or do they suggest that basic changes have taken place in the American attitude towards the poor?

An ideological schizophrenia with a complex history characterizes the American view of poverty. On the one hand, we believe achievement is related primarily to self-reliance and self-help; on the other, we have been forced to concede that failure cannot always be laid at the door of the individual. Both these views are embodied in the constellation of ideas on which President Johnson's War Against Poverty is based. As a result, that program is schizophrenic, too. It assumes that poverty will be eliminated if only society can alter the circumstances which have barred the poor from access to work, the "American way of life." But it does not question whether such a way of life is possible for all in the new technological order, nor does it seek to alter, in any profound sense, the economic and political system. Instead, the existence of poverty is viewed as an impersonal—and soluble—"paradox." The program's cheerful optimism reflects an almost mystical belief in the infinite potentials of American society. Poverty, like polio, will be defeated when the right vaccine is found.

The first American colonists brought with them from Puritan England the comparatively new doctrine which combined the view that man had a religious duty to achieve material success with the concept that giving direct financial aid to the poor destroyed their character.

Typically Puritan was John Locke's proposal in 1697 "that all men, sound of limb and mind, begging in maritime counties out of their own parish shall be seized by an officer of the parish or by an inhabitant and brought before the next J.P. and be sent . . . to the next seaport town, there to be kept at hard labor till some of H.M. Ships coming in, give an opportunity of putting them on board, where they will serve 3 years under strict discipline at soldiers pay." So, too, Locke suggested that paupers' children between the ages of three and fourteen be taken away from their parents and put in working schools where "what is necessary for their relief will more effectually have that use if distributed to them in bread at school. . . . And to this may be added, without any trouble in cold weather, if it be thought needful, a little warm water gruel, for the same fire that warms the room may be made to boil a pot of it."

IN COLONIAL AMERICA, such Puritan doctrines were buttressed by the belief that every man, except the Negro slave, could break through the class barriers that had held them down in aristocratic England and Europe. In this view, the poor were poor only because of some flaw in their character; therefore, not society, but only their families, bore any responsibility towards them. Only the Negro slaves, for whom poverty was considered the natural state, were exempt from this judgment, and their care was given to their masters. The only explanation for any others who were poor was the one characteristically offered by the Humane Society in 1809, when it said that "by a just and inflexible law of Providence, misery is ordained to be the companion and punishment of vice."

The most popular methods for dealing with the non-slave poor who had no families or friends to care for them were to auction off those incapable of working to the persons asking the smallest amount to care for them, to put them in "almshouses," or to "bind out" the able-bodied as indentured servants. This was usually done by state or local governments; no one dreamed of any federal responsibility for the poor.

Such attitudes began to waver, however, in the first quarter of the 19th century, when the vision of an eternally expanding and ever-more-prosperous country became clouded over by recurring economic depressions. Grudgingly, it was conceded that "non-employment" resulting in poverty was not necessarily the fault of the workers. For those "whose cry was, not for bread and fuel of charity but for Work!", as Horace Greeley described them, destitution was often the ugly consequence of unemployment. The popular faith in the American ideals of self-sufficiency and self help was shaken by this kind of talk. Nevertheless, as late as 1854 President Franklin Pierce, vetoing a bill to grant public land for the use of states to help care for the indigent insane, argued that the government could not become "the great almoner of public charity throughout the United States."

The severe depression of 1857-1859 forced changes in methods of dealing with the poor. Private charity funds weren't adequate to tide over the unemployed, and public funds had to be appropriated by cities. Now, for the first time in the country's brief history, the unemployed organized in protest, demonstrating and marching to force local governments to take action. Shortly there followed the Civil War, which left the South as an entire region of poverty. In the wake of the war, private charity and philanthropy developed on a large scale, while there grew a reluctant acceptance of the fact that the federal government had to assume responsibility for some part of veterans' care and provide for the families of dead soldiers.

But no one, except 19th century radicals, questioned the basic assumption that the free enterprise system was created by God to bring about the Kingdom of Heaven, or something close to it, here on earth. Economic dislocations were believed to be only temporary disturbances from which the country could, and would, always quickly recover. The depression of 1873, like that of the late '50s, brought about demonstrations of the unemployed which were crushed by the police. Private charity remained the main form of welfare during the latter half of the 19th century. Public work projects were adopted only reluctantly, because administration of welfare programs by corrupt officials often led to their abuse for political purposes. In the spring of 1894, thousands of unemployed marchers from all parts of the country gathered in Washington to petition Congress. This was "Coxey's Army." Coxey and a few other marchers were arrested and received short prison sentences for "walking on the grass" and carrying banners. The House Committee on Labor refused to hear Coxey's proposals, and before the end of the year, the first national movement of the poor and unemployed had collapsed.

MEANWHILE, THE REFORM and settlement house movements had started focusing attention on the social and economic conditions creating poverty. Even so, these social workers remained committed to the thesis that the dole destroyed the character of the recipients. In 1883, Josephine Shaw Lowell, the great welfare worker, wrote that using public funds to support the poor in their homes was evil because "the principle underlying [the practice] is not that the proceeds of all men's labor is to be fairly divided among all but that the idle, improvident and even vicious man has the right to live in idleness and vice upon the proceeds of the labor of his industrious and virtuous fellow citizen."

Characteristically, Jane Addams poignantly describes her mixed reactions to this policy in the case of a young man who came to Hull House to secure help for his family:

> I told him one day of the opportunity for work on the drainage canal and intimated that if any employment were obtainable, he ought to exhaust that possibility before asking for help. The man replied that he had always worked indoors and that he could not endure outside work in the winter. . . . He did not come again for relief but worked for two days digging on the canal where he contracted pneumonia and died a week later. I have never lost trace of the two little children he left behind him although I cannot see them without a bitter consciousness that it was at their expense I learned that life cannot be administered by definite rules and regulations; that wisdom to deal with a man's difficulties comes only through some knowledge of his life and habits as a whole; and that to treat an isolated episode is almost sure to invite blundering.

The viewpoint of the business community towards the reformers' concern about the "deserving poor" was expressed bluntly by Elbert Hubbard in 1899:

> We have been recently hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizen of the sweatshop". . . . Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with the "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. . . . It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

Gradually, however, needy children, the aged, the blind, the deaf, the mentally retarded and widows with children were exempted from the strictures of social Darwinism. Pensions for the blind were authorized by law in Ohio in 1898 and spread gradually to other states. In 1911, Illinois passed a law providing cash payments to widows with young children, and over a period of years the boundaries of these laws were extended to take in not only children with dead fathers but those whose fathers had deserted them. But the application of these laws was discretionary rather than mandatory, and since the costs were almost always assumed by the local communities, rather than the states, the grants were very often not made or were inadequate.

THE FIRST OLD-AGE ASSISTANCE law was passed in 1915—not in a state, but in the Territory of Alaska. In 1923 Montana and Nevada became the first states to enact such legislation. Only 28 states had such laws in 1934, and even then the restrictions on eligibility were very severe and the amount of aid very limited. During the depression that followed the panic of 1907, and during the depression of 1914-1915, the fate of the able-bodied unemployed was left almost completely in the hands of private charity.

The traditional commitment of the country to laissez-faire capitalism was still very strong in the postwar depression of 1920-22. The federal government took the position that only private industry could solve the problem of unemployment and that the responsibility for relief of the unemployed rested with the local communities.

In September, 1921, President Warren Harding told the Nationwide Conference on Unemployment that "I would have little enthusiasm for any proposed relief which seeks either palliation or tonic from the public treasury. The excess of stimulation from that source is to be reckoned a cause of trouble rather than a source of cure. . . ." Curiously, organized labor sided with the President and the employer class in opposing public relief for the unemployed. The American Federation of Labor had always opposed such relief and continued its opposition to any form of federal unemployment insurance even after the Great Depression of 1929. At its 1930 convention, William Green spoke in ringing 18th century terms: "The American workman, proud of his freedom and his liberty, is not yet willing to make himself a ward of the state and a ward of the government. . . . We cannot deal with such a tragedy in a visionary way."

Even in the following year, with at least 7,000,000 people expected to be unemployed during the winter, the AFL termed federal unemployment insurance as "unsuited to our economic and political requirements here and unsatisfactory to American working men and women." It was not until July, 1932, when 11,000,000 workers were unemployed, that the AFL executive council reluctantly instructed President Green to draft a plan of unemployment insurance.

Social workers, too, opposed the "federal dole." Influenced strongly by Freud, they had moved, during the twenties, from the muckraking role of urging environmental reform to a greater emphasis on the psychological problems of their clients. This new psychological orientation, with its emphasis on the individual solution of problems, blended very well with the older traditions of self-help and social Darwinism. From it evolved a belief that the best way to help unemployed able-bodied workers was not through a federally controlled "dole" program, administered by politicians, but through locally administered private programs over which the social workers could exercise some professional control.

But by the summer of 1931, this re-affirmation of local responsibility was beginning to face strong opposition among social workers appalled by the effects of the Great Depression, and by the spring of 1932, the profession as a whole was united behind the urgent need for federal intervention.

The character of that intervention was set by Franklin Delano Roosevelt while he was Governor of New York, and can be found today in President Johnson's program. In August, 1931, Roosevelt had called an emergency session of the New York legislature, and one month later got a bill passed setting up the Temporary Emergency Relief Administration. TERA sponsored relief programs that were to be administered by local communities: the amounts allocated to each community were to be based both on the community's needs and their effectiveness in drawing upon their own resources. Thus, TERA was, in a sense, a compromise between the older tradition of self-help and the terrifying need for governmental action. It was headed by Harry Hopkins, a professional social worker, who gave the highest priority to work relief, for he was deeply concerned that the recipients of aid not lose the self-esteem which social workers believed would be destroyed by direct aid.

II

The argument over whether or not federal funds should be used to aid the needy had actually ended in the summer of 1932, when President Hoover had reluctantly approved federal loans to finance 80 per cent of all state and local aid to the unemployed (loans which obviously were not going to be repaid). The summer of 1932 was catastrophic for the Republicans: thousands of unemployed veterans had converged on Washington to exert pressure for the passage of a bonus bill, and were driven from the capital by force—an act which outraged the country. Roosevelt, as President, took immediate steps to meet the terrible crisis. In March, 1933, the Civilian Conservation Corps was established to provide work camps for youth; in May, the Federal Emergency Relief Administration was created; in June, public employment offices to be operated by the states were authorized; and in November, Roosevelt issued an executive order setting up the Civilian Works Agency to operate a federal work program. In January, 1935, Roosevelt proposed that Congress set up the Works Progress Administration. But his message to Congress reflected his commitment to the traditional attitude toward the dole: "The lessons of History," he said, "show conclusively that continued dependence upon relief induces a spiritual and moral disintegration fundamentally destructive to the national fiber. To dole out relief in this way is . . . a subtle destroyer of the human spirit."

Roosevelt also asked, at this time, that Congress act in the field of social security by establishing a federal-state partnership to finance old-age assistance, aid to the blind and aid to needy children. In August, the Social Security Act was passed, providing also for a federal tax on employer payrolls to finance unemployment insurance. The passage of this legislation, as well as the establishment of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, formalized the federal government's acceptance of responsibility for social welfare. (The first government job that Lyndon B. Johnson ever held was as a WPA administrator, an experience he obviously has never forgotten, for clear echoes of that experience can be found in his anti-poverty program.)

THE NEW DEAL welfare program changed an essential tenet of American life, but only in a limited way. Responsibility for the economic well-being of individuals was now vested in the government, but the responsibilities were carried out in ways that did no violence to traditional attitudes. Unemployment insurance and social security pensions were not given to all citizens as a matter of right; unemployment insurance was paid only to those who had been working for specified periods of time; payments to the aged were based on a system to which the workers contributed. The amounts paid out varied, too, in relation to the amounts paid in; nor did anyone question the right of the state to refuse unemployment insurance payments to the unemployed worker who refused to accept what was considered a suitable job. States' rights were also carefully preserved, and the emphasis of the program—accepted by the political leaders, the administrative staff and their social-worker allies—was on helping the depression victims adjust to their now somewhat better condition.

The fear shared by reformers and conservatives alike that unemployment relief and unemployment insurance would have the effect of pauperizing the recipient turned out to be groundless. Bakke, in *The Unemployed Worker*, a study of the depression victims, came to the general conclusion that "Unemployment Insurance has not made paupers." Nevertheless, over and over again, the "no handout" theme was emphasized by the administrative liberals running the programs. Together with the social workers, they adopted a kind of progressive paternalism towards the poor in which Roosevelt represented the kindly father figure.

But the establishment of federal work and relief programs also brought about the development of organized groups of the unemployed who, demanding better treatment or increased relief budgets, frequently met with bitter opposition from the welfare administration and from the police. However, some welfare administrators understood that these groups played an important role in dramatizing the plight of the unemployed.

In 1939 and 1940, another and more rebellious voice was raised—that of the Back of the Yards Movement in Chicago, which brought together a variety of community, religious and labor organizations centered in the stockyards. The BYM was overtly a pressure group, committed to tying local actions into programs of larger social reconstruction. In words that have a clear resonance today, for they are echoed by important segments of the civil rights movement, one of their spokesmen defined the organization's aims:

> We are sick of the social-worker aproach. The battle against slum conditions and slum areas is our prime

> objective, as it must be the prime objective of all organizations and individuals who seek to do significant work for social betterment.
>
> Many liberals are disturbed by the Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council because they feel it is a pressure group which fights in a tough vicious way in which no holds are barred. It does fight viciously.
>
> We in Back of the Yards are fighting for our bread and butter, our homes, our families, and for our very lives. . . . These liberals fail to realize that the achievement and constructive use of power can help people better themselves.
>
> The force we rely upon is the power that can only be generated by democratic organizations. The liberals cannot believe this because they are remote from the people and have never seen or felt the vitality of democracy in action.

World War II brought an end to the depression, at least for the white majority, and with it also came a temporary easing of the ideological schizophrenia that the country had suffered during the thirties. The society concentrated its attention on the war efforts, which seemed, as a concomitant, to have brought prosperity to all. In fact, nothing of the sort had happened: the aged, the dependent, and the disabled were only a little better off than they had been during the depression, while the Negroes, the largest minority group, were only in a relatively better position.

At the end of World War II, memories of the depression resulted in the passage of the Full Employment Act of 1946, which again reflected the dual commitment so characteristic of American society. The Act affirmed federal responsibility for providing "conditions under which there will be afforded useful employment opportunities, including self-employment, for those willing, able and seeking to work and to promote maximum employment, production and purchasing power"; but, simultaneously, it insisted that this responsibility had to be carried out "in a manner calculated to foster and promote free competitive enterprise."

Fortunately, the law faced no real test in the first ten years of its enactment, for employment remained relatively high except for brief recessions in 1949 and 1954. To be sure, some industries revealed a high rate of unemployment, and some groups—particularly Negroes and older workers—were quite clearly at a disadvantage. But only the unions and a few economists raised the issue of unemployment in any forceful terms; the Republican administration and the business community remained optimistic about a future upturn and insistent that the prewar values were still verities. The National Association of Manufacturers bitterly opposed, for example, the United Auto Workers demand for a supplementary unemployment insurance plan that would guarantee income for a longer time. Said the N.A.M.: "Guaranteed wage demands are based on the theory that employment is man's natural state and that when unemployment occurs employers should be held responsible. Actually, people cannot be employed until someone takes positive action which results in the creation of jobs."

III

Beginning in 1956, the unemployment rate rose steadily, from 4.2 per cent to 5.6 per cent. Even worse, inside the overall rate was buried a differential rate for Negroes that was having a sharp effect in the Negro community: Negroes were actually slipping backwards and were relatively worse off than they had been in the immediate postwar period. But now a more aggressive mood prevailed among the Negroes and other minority groups, stimulated in part by the expansion of community and race relations agencies that were often supported by foundation funds.

These agencies were the post-World War II counterparts of the social welfare and reform groups of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. But their focus had shifted to the improvement of inter-group and inter-religious relations, primarily through the establishment of community agencies with broad representation from all segments of the community. Generally, their operations were in the hands of professional staffs, backed by a board whose individual members either had personal or organizational prestige. And although the agencies recognized very quickly that the problems they confronted had to be dealt with in an integrated fashion, involving all aspects of community life, their actual operations involved very few members of the groups on whose behalf they spoke. In this approach they differed sharply from such organizations as the Back of the Yards Movement, with its emphasis on participation in decision-making by as many members of the community as possible.

Inevitably, then, reform became professionalized, and the reformers learned to operate within the context of society, rather than attempting to make radical changes in it. Even more important, the new breed of reformers became the experts to whom society deferred for dealing with community problems —including the one of poverty, which was again being discovered.

THE DISCOVERY WASN'T A sudden one, nor was it complete. In 1958, John Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* divided the "new poverty" into two main components: case and insular poverty. Case poverty referred to those individuals who suffer from some personal disability that prevents them from joining in the national upward trend, while insular poverty referred to an entire area, such as the Appalachians, where everybody was adversely affected by the economic downgrading that had taken place.

But most people were more heartened by the title of Galbraith's book than dismayed by its contents. And the civil rights movement, which was not yet directly connected with, nor concerned about, poverty absorbed the attention of the government and the reformers. Robert Lampman's work on unequal income distribution failed to draw the notice it deserved, and when, in 1962, Michael Harrington's *The Other America* was published, it received equally little attention. But a year later, Dwight MacDonald wrote a long review-article about poverty in *The New Yorker* praising Harrington's book, and the rush was on. Poverty had been rediscovered.

The rediscovery came at a most opportune time for American liberals. Their earlier struggle on behalf of the Negroes had been replaced by the Negroes' struggle on their own behalf—one from which the white liberals were being pointedly excluded. In foreign policy, the cold war consensus had eliminated any real differentiation between the liberal voice and that of the conservative. And the Kennedy administration had brought to Washington a group of people who combined a commitment to *Realpolitik* with a rosy vision of the liberal future. At the same time, the administration grew increasingly concerned with the problem of poverty, especially as it related to the intensification of the Negro struggle; indeed, the Negro became the personification of the poverty problem.

The assassination of the President cut short the administration's plans in this field, and thus Johnson was able to make the anti-poverty program his own.

Johnson's interests in developing the program were manifold. It was one of the first with which his Administration could be identified as initiator, rather than merely as executor. Such a program, moreover, represented a fairly safe political means of dealing with the race relations crisis, for few could openly defend the poverty level in which so many Negroes still lived. To be anti-poverty was certainly good politics in an election year. And finally, Johnson, unlike any other recent President, had spent his formative years in a poor part of the country and so had some direct personal experience with the traumas created by the depression of the thirties.

JOHNSON'S CHOICE of Sargent Shriver to head up the anti-poverty program was characteristic. Shriver, who was a symbol of the Kennedy style, had directed the Peace Corps operation remarkably well. He was an attractive figure against whom very little personal antagonism had developed anywhere in the country. If he knew nothing of poverty either personally or through academic study, he could be expected to learn very quickly, as indeed he did. And clearly, he was committed, sincerely, to the notion that some changes were in order. As a business leader in Chicago, Shriver had been actively engaged in community activities, and was familiar with the agency and foundation approach to civic problems.

The Peace Corps had attracted people to the Kennedy administration who might not otherwise have been willing to join government: liberal professionals with genuine commitment to limited change, and sincere volunteers, especially young ones, who were becoming involved in social problems but who, for one reason or another, were outside the civil rights movement.

The "war on poverty" attracted the same kinds of people—in some cases, the very same people. And Shriver, who was familiar with these types, liked them, and has proved willing to take some risks on their behalf. Under him, the "war on poverty" did not so much professionalize reform as bring professional reformers into the governmental orbit.

But despite manifestly good intentions, the program was handicapped from the start by the schizophrenia that has always marked the American view of the poor. For political reasons, it had to be defined immediately, in Shriver's words, as "not a hand-out program—or an individual case-work program." Instead, the main emphasis has been put on projects which, again in Shriver's words, are "prudent, practical, focused and patriotic." The program is designed to give some of the poor opportunity to participate more fully in the American way of life, through better education and jobs. The basic assumptions were stated by the President's Council of Economic Advisers in their 1964 report: "Americans want to *earn* the American standard of living by their own efforts and contributions."

THUS, NO ATTEMPT has been made to initiate new payments, or to increase the amounts of money now paid, to unemployables—the 4,174,728 recipients of Aid to Families with Dependent Children (whose average payment per family is $138 monthly); the 2,160,943 recipients of old-age assistance (average payment $78.88 per month); the 691,000 people who receive general assistance of $31.36 per month; the blind and the totally disabled. All these groups are still considered to be the "undeserving poor," no matter by what euphemism they are called.

So it is the "deserving" poor who are the main targets of the anti-poverty effort. Its major emphases are on youth education and employment, on planned regional and community development and on vocational training and retraining. But the programs are severely limited, almost all of them merely extensions of older programs. And the "war on poverty" was sold to the American public as a "cheap" war—one that would cost taxpayers very little.

As part of the effort to make the campaign seem a natural extension of society, some programs have been placed in the hands of business groups, especially those in the systems-development field. Computer techniques will be applied to the operation of Job Corps camps and training programs; the latest methods of teaching by machine will be used.

But all the programs are handicapped by the need its administrators feel to maintain good "public relations" and to avoid risking Congressional disapproval. Admission to the Job Corps is limited to young people without long histories of arrests for serious offenses; no volunteers from VISTA, the domestic counterpart of the Peace Corps, can be sent to a local community, except to mental hospitals, unless the community leaders request their presence. And the major portion of anti-poverty funds are focused on community-action programs submitted by broadly based community groups. But such great emphasis on local community support places even nonrisk programs in jeopardy. In a good many cities and areas, conflicts among local political interests and among community groups have held back development of even limited programs.

Only one new dimension was added to the "war on poverty": the poor were to be involved, as much as possible, in making decisions about their own future. But paternalism dies hard, and so the involvement of the poor has been limited—at times hardly noticeable—at the political level. When an organization such as Mobilization for Youth in New York encourages a rent strike, powerful forces rush in on the landlord's behalf to attack the organization. And even if Mobilization for Youth, or a similar body, can survive such attacks, inevitably it becomes more cautious.

The poor are encouraged to find new careers, new work opportunities; but when jobs are created in fields hitherto dominated by professional trade or labor organizations, great resistance is encountered. Unions resist those parts of the poverty program which they believe menace their direct interest; business organizations act similarly; and community groups seek to exploit the program for their own selfish purposes. Too often, the latter regard the "war on poverty" as a kind of "fuller employment act" for their own professional staffs, rather than as an opportunity to the poor to make their own decisions, even bad ones.

THE PROGRAM HAS suffered, too, from conflicting political interests at local, state and federal levels. The mayor wants to control the disposition of the funds in his area; the governor, given a veto authority over the program by the act, may seek to exercise it to further his political interests; the local Congressmen are convinced that they, too, have a stake in how the money is spent. Such political problems become especially acute when community groups are also involved, since these groups tend to support the political interests which provide them the best opportunity for carrying out their program. The poor seem lost, very often, in this tangled forest of politics and private and public agencies.

The basic idea of the "war on poverty" suggests that the enemy is impersonal, a matter of "unfortunate" circumstances like "ignorance" or "disease." But, in fact, there are people and institutions who have a vested interest in the continuation of poverty: employers who pay substandard and marginal wages; agricultural groups that refuse to pay living wages or to maintain decent housing for migrant farm workers; racists who understand the connection between maintaining the fiction of white supremacy and the reality of low wages. Yet, since such groups exercise a strong political influence in the society which is being called upon to support the "war," they go unmentioned in the propaganda.

Still another basic difficulty is that the program's success, especially for the youth, depends upon the creation of enough jobs to employ those who have gone through the training courses. If there aren't enough jobs, then the aspirations of the poor will have been raised without any opportunity for them to be satisfied.

But with all its limitations, this new effort to diminish the number of Americans living in poverty may help at least some people; and from it may flow consequences altogether unexpected by the Congress which approved it. Perhaps stimulated by the program, the poor will organize on their own behalf. If that happens, the country may yet be forced to adopt the kind of pre-Puritan ideas expressed about the poor by our Leveller ancestors in England, who in 1648 petitioned "that the too long continued shame of this nation, viz. permission of any to suffer such poverty as to beg their bread, may be effectually remedied: and to that purpose that the poor be enabled to choose their trustees to discover all stocks, houses, lands, etc., which of right belong to them and their use that they may speedily receive the benefit thereof: and that some good improvement may be made of waste grounds for their use: and that according to the promise of this House in your first remonstrance care be taken forthwith to advance the native commodities of this nation, that the poor may have better wages for their labor: and that manufactures may be improved for the best advantage of our own mariners and the whole nation."

TIME TO KILL
Automation, Leisure and Jobs
ERIC LARRABEE

Former associate editor of Harper's *and managing editor of* American Heritage *and* Horizon, *Mr. Larrabee is the author of* The Self-Conscious Society *and editor (with Rolf Meyersohn) of* Mass Leisure.

THE PARABLE OF AUTOMATION and leisure is that of the sorcerer's apprentice. Half-educated man, lured by the prospect of relief from toil, mechanizes and eliminates his work. The chores get done, idleness is achieved, but the would-be wizard finds that he is drawn into a nightmare where the machines will not stop and his fate is to be their victim.

Man of his nature is a tool-using animal, but a machine—as Lewis Mumford was pointing out thirty years ago, in *Technics and Civilization*—is something different from a tool. It is a tool which can function independently of its operator's skill or expended energy. The difference, Mumford wrote, "lies primarily in the degree of automatism. . . ." Mechanization implies automation, and all self-controlling mechanisms are to some extent uncanny. The dancing brooms and mops of the sorcerer's workshop are only the extreme case; all machines hold possibilities for awe and terror.

Mumford's argument, in his pioneering book, was that humanity had to mechanize itself before it was ready for the machine. People had to be willing to constrict their lives, to adapt themselves to regularity and repetitiveness, before the machine would unloose its power on their behalf. For Mumford the turning point was the introduction of the mechanical clock into Western Europe about the 13th century, since the clock is the type case of automatized precision and order, and since no other machine so permeates and controls our daily lives. The history of mechanization, as Mumford, Siegfried Giedion, and others have told it, is one in which man increasingly makes himself the machine's servant, and fears his master.

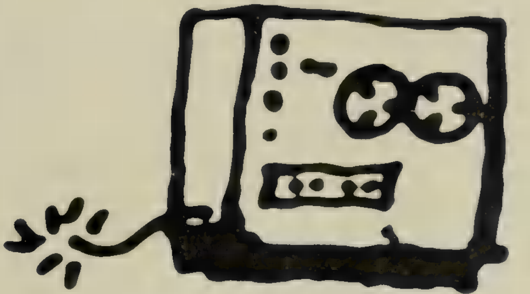
Automation is the currently fashionable object of that recurrent fear. In the past fifteen years, with the application of electronic computers to commercial and industrial tasks, true automation—or what some writers, following Donald N. Michael, prefer to call cybernation—has become a reality. Vast domains of hitherto human handicraft in farm, factory, office and even executive suite can now be invaded and occupied by machines. While the depth and meaning of this invasion are still in dispute, the fears which it arouses are many and natural, most of them deriving from a fundamental fear of being dehumanized: being deprived of identity, deprived of function, deprived of meaning—that is, the fears of bureaucracy, of unemployment, and of empty leisure.

The fear of losing identity is the most individual and immediate. One is vividly made aware of becoming a punched card and a number by one's inability to communicate with institutions except through a screen of coded responses, often inappropriate and always impersonal. Though every number is in fact unique, the sense of being treated as a number is one of being reduced to a common denominator. A mechanized economy, on the face of it, seems to produce nothing but interchangeable objects and demand nothing but interchangeable men and women to operate it. The characteristic posture of youthful revolt, in an incipient age of automation, is understandably one of revulsion and flight from the prospect of stereotyped lives: identical jobs, identical cars and consumer goods, identical houses, and virtually identical spouses and children—like a row of little boxes, in the words of the modern folk song, all made out of ticky-tacky and looking just the same.

THE FEAR OF UNEMPLOYMENT is the most general and traditional. It is general in that a threat of vanishing jobs produces the only organized response to automation, that of organized labor, whether in defiant resistance to all change or in grudging accommodation to the inevitable. It is traditional in that the arrival of automatic machinery in the textile industries of Germany, Holland, and England caused riots and brought on prohibitory edicts as early as the 17th century, and eventually reached a symbolic climax in Yorkshire with the Luddite riots of 1812, which have given their name to an attitude of hatred for machines and the desire to smash them. So deeply does this history permeate the world of learning that C. P. Snow, in his *Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution,* was constrained to describe all humanistic intellectuals as "natural Luddites."

The fear of leisure participates in these other fears, but it is neither so impingent nor specific. It is, by comparison, a fear one feels on behalf of others. Leisure is a recent arrival on the agenda of officially defined "problems"; as long as there was not enough of it to go round, it could be regarded as an undoubted good, as indeed the rare but indispensable ingredient of art and high culture. Leisure in this context is not merely inactivity or time free from labor, like the unoccupied but unusable time of the prisoner or the peon sleeping in the sun. It is disposable time, time paid for by work, whether your own or someone else's. Leisure is the luxury and the burden of conscious choice; it compels a statement of what you would do if left to your own devices—a definition, for yourself and others, of who and what you are. The machine has democratized this type of leisure, making gifts of it to many who never before possessed it, until one can now legitimately speak of Mass Leisure, an unprecedented phenomenon in which enormous numbers of people have not only free time but the resources to do with it what they will.

The fear of leisure is at base the fear of boredom, of what the medieval monks called *acedia* or what Robert M. MacIver has called "the great emptiness," the restlessness that comes upon us when we have time and nothing to do with it, or when we look inward and find nothing there. Modern experiments in sensory deprivation (in which the subject spends as much time as he can tolerate at rest in a sightless, soundless cubicle) have emphasized the obvious: that if you force a man to do literally nothing he will eventually go mad. Deprived of variety, the mind begins to oscillate and empty itself until a new message, whether in brainwashing or a mystical conversion, comes to it radiant with ineffable truth. Multiply individual boredom by the millions and you have all the unattractive attributes of mass culture: the worst of the mass media and the ever present possibility of mass hysteria. "When men and women find nothing within themselves but emptiness," in the words of the *Report of the Commission on the Humanities* last year, "they turn to trivial and narcotic amusements, and the society of which they are a part becomes socially delinquent and politically unstable."



When leisure was limited to a minority class the burden of it could be borne, so to speak, vicariously. What Veblen called conspicuous consumption by that minority had to be conspicuous in order to allow the majority to watch, to derive that paradoxical pleasure the employed multitudes have always seemed to get from the spectacle of the idle rich being ostentatiously unemployed. Envy is not eliminated, to be sure, so that people at any given level of social stratification—given the chance—tend to adopt the leisure styles of the strata immediately above them, with the regrettable consequence that the 20th century middle class exhausts itself (and strains the available facilities) trying to behave like the landed aristocracy of the 19th. Also, it is a question whether vacations for recreation (which is to say, recovery from work) can properly be defined as leisure at all, and the frantic exhaustion which characterizes them is a telling weapon in the debating armory of those to whom mass leisure is a contradiction in terms.

Old-fashioned optimism about the indolent paradise which automation will bring, as you might expect, is more likely to flourish today in the Soviet Union than in the United States. Mihajlo Mihajlov, a Yugoslav teacher of literature who published in the Belgrade monthly *Delo* an account of his visit to Moscow during the summer of 1964 (reprinted in translation in *The New Leader*), tells of how surprised he was to find even a Westernized intellectual like Ilya Ehrenburg completely doctrinaire and inflexible about the coming future in which machines will liberate mankind from work and "people will read a lot, listen to music, conduct intelligent conversations. . . ." The American experience with a declining work week (from sixty-six hours in the mid-19th century down nearly to forty by the mid-20th) has already been extensive enough to induce profound doubts and, where an even shorter work week has been tried for any length of time—in Akron, Ohio, for example, as described for THE NATION by Harvey Swados in 1958—the most notable result is moonlighting, an increase in the number of men who hold two jobs at once. Perhaps the only reasonable balance between naïve hope and premature despair is the point so clearly and forehandedly made by the Canadians E. W. Leaver and J. J. Brown in their *Fortune* article "Machines Without Men" in 1946, one of the earliest announcements of automation's imminent arrival. "The new machines," they wrote, "will force the issue, force society to find better use for men than to make them the mechanical operators of machines."

BUT WHAT ARE THE alternatives? The potentiality of leisure for self-cultivation is one that, historically, no more than a minority has been allowed to exploit. Though no evidence exists that this limitation is ordained by natural law, since lifting it has not been tried, writers of an elitist persuasion have traditionally maintained that it was—that culture of necessity had to be supported by a few, and those happy few supported by the rest. "On inequality," as Clive Bell bluntly put it in his little book *Civilization* (1928), "all civilizations have stood." Now that such outright snobbery is no longer respectable this view is less often heard, but similar reservations about mass leisure are entertained by those to whom true leisure seems unattainable in a society organized around work, as ours still is. Leisure in a civilized sense is a form of inner equilibrium and grace which cannot simply be ordered up as part of a three-week holiday package. As long as people define themselves in terms of their work, in work will their deepest satisfactions lie; and the image of unlimited leisure will be inseparable from a threat of self-deprivation and loss. "What we require," as Michael Harrington has said, "and this is particularly difficult for English-speaking countries, is an end to the Protestant Ethic that a man establishes his worth in the eyes of his neighbor and his God, and works out his eternal salvation, by doing drudgery and engaging in saving."

It is no accident, if the phrase may be used, that Michael Harrington is the author of an influential book on contemporary American poverty and that he spoke these words (over the Chicago radio station WFMT) as a member of the Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution, a private group which is trying to generate public concern over automation (along with civil rights and thermonuclear war) as part of an interlocked crisis for our times. Members of the committee vary in the emphasis they put on one aspect or another, but in outline they hold that automation is coming on a great deal faster than any preparations being made to meet it, and that a major social disaster is implicit in the efforts of the dispossessed minorities, especially the Negroes, to move upward into those very jobs which automation will destroy just before they get there. The economist Robert Theobald, one of the committee members, took the extreme position on the same radio program that within the present decade "most of the new factories, the new public works, will employ machines rather than men and that it will be absolutely impossible to give everybody a job."

THE CONSEQUENCES WOULD be so far-reaching, if this conclusion were accepted as a base for public policy, that the conclusion itself is naturally being challenged. Charles E. Silberman, in a *Fortune* magazine series on "Technology and the Labor Market," has said of the Ad Hoc Committee's predictions that "nothing of the sort is happening," that no fully automated process for any major product exists anywhere in the United States, and that employment of manufacturing production workers has actually increased by one million in the past three and a half years. At a national conference on automation in March, 1965, sponsored by the American Bankers Association, the popular viewpoint seemed to be that no one really knew how many jobs had been destroyed by automation, since those industries which had automated the most had also been expanding the most in employment. Yet Charles Silberman himself willingly agrees with his adversaries about the long-term trend. "Sooner or later," he writes, "of course, we will have the technical capability to substitute machines for men in most of the functions men now perform"—a confession which carries weight, coming from this quarter, even if it seems to imply that the future is clearer than the present.

The conclusion Robert Theobald draws from this minimal possibility, and from the economy which secular increases in productivity have already brought about, is that we must immediately start reconciling ourselves to the inevitability of paying people merely to exist. Theobald's latest book, *Free Men and Free Markets,* ends with a ringing demand for what he calls "an absolute constitutional right to an income." This concept, he says, "would guarantee to every citizen of the United States, and to every person who has resided within the United States for a period of five consecutive years, the right to an income from the federal government sufficient to enable him to live with dignity."

THEOBALD'S PROPOSAL has the qualities of clarity and excess. As Leaver and Brown said of automation, it forces the issue; there could hardly be a more concrete reduction to cases of what it means to substitute a Keynesian doctrine of consumption for the Protestant Ethic. Anyone who wants to argue with Theobald has got to propose some better solution of what to do with economically no-longer-necessary people, or else propound some competitive morality to the mild humanitarianism which has shaped the present, almost worldwide welfare state. One can take the position that humanity is simply not ready yet to stop working, that it has not yet found anything remotely suitable as a substitute. As William Faulkner told an interviewer from the *Paris Review* in 1956, "One of the saddest things is that the only thing a man can do eight hours a day, day after day, is work. You can't eat eight hours a day nor drink for eight hours a day nor make love for eight hours —all you can do for eight hours is work. Which is the reason why man makes himself and everybody else so miserable and unhappy." But to differ with Theobald one has to be as categorical, if perhaps not so ironic, as Faulkner.

To be sure, when Faulkner spoke of work he spoke as an artist, knowing full well that what he did as an artist for eight hours a day was in fact hard work. In principle, there is no reason why the challenge and satisfaction he derived from the craft of novelist could not be found by the multitudes in similarly uneconomic activities, from the arts as such to the more mundane and less honorific arts of daily living. For the individual's well-being it is the struggle rather than the goal which matters, provided only the goal is defined as admirable by one's own standard and that of one's peers. Theoretically, again, we can conceive of a society superficially not too different from our own in which self-respect could be based on personal achievement of a purely aesthetic or even spiritual kind, but the word "achievement" itself is a booby trap packed explosively tight with traditional Western assumptions about virtue and individuality. A truly Keynesian aesthetic would be built around the ephemeral experience, since this is the only thing we can all consume indefinitely, and it would therefore put as high a value on a dew-tipped blade of grass as on Beethoven's Ninth. There is just not room enough, either physically or psychologically, for everyone to be Beethoven all at once; we would have to be seeking fulfillment in self-expression while denying ourselves permanence, and to say as much is to ask for a reversal of inherited criteria in art as wrenching to individual ego and integrity as the economic idea of becoming a permanently de-pauperized ward of the government.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF denying mankind the one thing it can do eight hours a day are not likely to be manifest immediately, since they are so various and interrelated as to resemble a generalized psychic malnutrition of the body social rather than the onslaught of any single disease. But certainly it requires no tight certainty about cause and effect to observe that industrial democracy needs a number of incentives spread through the population in order to function properly, and that it functions very poorly without them. For one thing, the whole machinery of upgrading deprived social classes, such as the immigrants to America, has called for ambition and discipline on their part which today's deprived, for good and evident reasons, no longer share. Character is hard enough to come by even in the awareness that it generally profits a white, upper-middle-class male to apply himself and behave decently; take away that awareness and a decay of morale sets in, spreading inescapably into education and the formation of coming generations. The sense of hopelessness which pervades the New York Public School system, as Martin Mayer has described it in the *New York Times Magazine,* is but the mirror image of hopelessness in its pupils' future. "We have just got to accept the fact," a junior high school principal told Mayer, gesturing at an assembly of nine hundred Negro and Puerto Rican students, "that half of these children will never hold a job in their lives."

Their misfortune is to have been born into an overdeveloped society engaged in the headlong pursuit of economic goals it has long since left behind; all of its habits are organized around the struggle for material sufficiency and it doesn't know how to break them. These several hundred children are not useless by any objective measure; they are merely classified as useless by contrast with the energy and sophistication of a world metropolis. In any other surroundings there would be plenty for them to do. Remove them to a South Sea island or Siberia and they would reveal all the motivations and resources which New York City has bred in them but will presently deny them the scope to exercise. They learn as victims what it means to belong to an insufficiently utopian society. The fault is not in Manhattan Island's dynamism but in the failure of its aspirations to keep up with its capabilities, so that surplus human energies are left unengaged—surplus, that is, in the sense of being the most convenient to disregard. In an unequal race for a previously awarded prize most of the contestants are superfluous, and the vulnerable minorities—in pain, in public disgrace, and mainly in ignorance—have but the honor of being first to make the discovery.

For it is absurd to suppose, given the amount of ugliness and suffering the world still affords, that we have run out of work; what we have run out of is a set of organized connections between purposes crying out to be achieved and people crying out for purpose. Utopianism is one of the names for a connection between aims and efforts. It has to be a serious fantasy in that means must exist for pursuing it, but it must nonetheless remain fantastic to the extent of picturing a future worth extravagant risks to win. Automation is not the villain of this parable but only the occasion for it; there is so far no disequilibrium caused by increased productivity which could not be restored to balance by raising social goals. Automation forces the issue, as Leaver and Brown might have said, by compelling a given society to decide what its goals are going to be. It is a weapon put in man's hand like the dagger of the Gurkha: once drawn, it must be used.

IF A REVERSAL of the Protestant Ethic seems too much to ask, or an America given over to culture and contemplation is unrecognizable, then the reader should at least remember that utopianism is a national habit of long standing, and that the nation was in part created by men who expected sound institutions to nourish prosperity, and prosperity in turn to nourish art. "I must study politics and war," wrote one of them, "that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy. My sons ought to study mathematics and philosophy, geography, natural history and naval architecture, navigation, commerce, and agriculture, in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture. . . ." The prophecy was John Adams's, and the last portion of it has yet to be realized.

The amount of fact modestly offered as opinion by THE NATION *goes a fair way toward counterbalancing the quantities of opinion disguised as fact in the rest of the public press. Without the valiant efforts of* THE NATION, *I don't know how we would go about trying to assess just what is fact. I hope that the profound respect in which it is held by some part of the public will sustain* THE NATION *for many years to come as it has for so many years gone by* **—Ben Shahn**

Hearty congratulations to THE NATION *on its hundredth birthday. For over one-half of this period I have read it sporadically, being at times made ecstatic, at times irritated by its authors' views, but never bored.*

May it always remain in the thick of controversy. **—Henry Cowell**

ALFRED KAZIN

THE LITERARY MIND

A noted American literary figure, Mr. Kazin has taught at many universities, here and abroad, and is now Professor of English, State University of New York (Stony Brook). His latest book, Starting Out in the Thirties, *is about to be published.*

THE NATION was founded by an Irish-born Englishman in order to strengthen the influence in his adopted country of what E. L. Godkin called "the educated, moral and religious portion of the community." Godkin firmly believed in the political promise of the country; this had brought him over at twenty-five; but he doubted its capacity for cultural and moral development without the help of such intellectuals as himself and those he was able to enlist for THE NATION. He felt that a review of the English type was needed to help create "an educated class amongst us, to be the guardians of the traditions and feelings and aspirations of high culture." An "atmosphere of thought and study" was "a kind of barrier against the growing materialism of the time, the growing tendency to estimate the value of everything in dollars and cents." He felt that the absence of this "educated class, and the apparent failure of the universities to hold out even any promise of it, and of society to approve or call for it, furnish to most cultivated Americans a standing theme for lamentation." In 1867, making "A Plea For Culture," he calculated that there were only thirty-seven thousand people employed in the publishing and manufacturing of books in this country and found his theme in this insignificance of the book industry: "That the people of our country shall acquire knowledge easily is of paramount importance. Compared with the question of education all other questions of our time sink into insignificance." He pleaded with the politicians in Washington to advance "the interests of authors and readers . . . the class who keep civilization alive and make progress . . . possible." "The movement of the world towards purer manners and nobler laws; toward larger liberty, deeper insight; its growth in faith and hope, and in moral and material power, is due to the labors of a comparatively small number of thinkers."

Godkin was of course interested more urgently in reform and political-economic questions than in belles-lettres; he condescended to the novel in this country, supposing that all the available plots were based on country houses, and had been used up by the English. But he was himself a literary man in the style of nineteenth-century editors, he had close friends among the leading writers, and he was much admired by literary men and able to enlist their collaboration with THE NATION; his belief in the moral leadership to be exercised by men of letters certainly corresponded with theirs. Charles Eliot Norton and James Russell Lowell thought THE NATION simply "the best periodical in the world." Lowell even thought "the paper sometimes too good for the world." "What a sanitary element in our affairs THE NATION is," rejoiced George William Curtis.

The new "realistic" writers were coming up just as THE NATION was being founded; Henry Adams, William Dean Howells, Henry James and Mark Twain were the natural spokesmen in imaginative literature, especially in the significant new form of the novel, for the "educated class" whose reform politics, dislike of the overbearing new rich, and fear of the embittered South's violence Godkin expressed in The Nation. As compared with Godkin and many other liberal intellectuals, mugwumps and genteel idealists making their protest as they bobbed up and down on the new wave of power, the important thing about Adams, James, Howells and Mark Twain is of course their commitment to literature, their sense of themselves as literary professionals. The last three were devoted to the novel; even Adams wrote two. There had been no school of modern novelists in this country until James and Howells met through their common interest in realistic fiction. But these writers were in the orbit of Godkin's Nation because they all had a marked incapacity for religious belief and made a fetish of "culture," on models English, French and Italian. "Civilization," Anglo-American, had replaced both religion and nature; American Victorians definitely lacked the spiritual tension that can make a sentence by Thoreau, Emerson and Whitman so cutting in its spiritual edge.

WHAT NO ONE ever says about all these charming and gifted figures is how much they liked and approved of themselves as a group. Unlike so many twentieth-century writers, for whom imaginative expression is a making up for life, many of the leading literary presences of the time thought of each other as the best company of the time. Charles Eliot Norton once wrote to his friend Leslie Stephen in England: "I wonder whether you would agree with me that the set of men of letters, and their kindred, whom we have known, is a good deal the best that the world has seen . . . the pleasantest to live with, the best-intentioned and the honestest." Introducing Howells at a program of "Authors' Readings" in 1887, Norton said that "a true realist in fiction" must be "one who sees clearly with the vision of imagination. He must be primarily an idealist . . . More than this, the realist is the deepest of moralists, for he teaches his lessons after the manner of life itself. I present to you the moral writer, the idealist, Howells."

They were "beloved authors," cherished by their audience and in close touch with it. Even Henry Adams, paying Scribner's to publish his great *History of the United States,* was astonished by the number of people who bought the set. No doubt the pleasure these writers found in each other reflects the pride in the old stock that possessed many Americans during the eighties and nineties. But Norton's expressed satisfaction in his "set of men of letters, and their kindred," reflects faith in "letters" at a time of ever-growing technical specialization and a marked relief at the vast number of disturbing and unsettling questions about human experience that he and his friends were able to evade. Norton strongly urged a "holocaust" of his friend Ruskin's letters, when they betrayed his disordered sexual emotions; Adams burned his diaries after his wife's suicide, could make no reference to his wife in the *Education* (first privately printed for his friends), and asserted his cult of "woman" by proclaiming the natural superiority of the wives he knew to their husbands. Sex, the Bible makes clear, brought guilt into the world; Adams, James, Howells and Mark Twain were not willing to introduce into their work the conscious pain that was to give such a special cast to the writings of Hardy, Housman, Conrad. The moral order that American writers represented to themselves could not be allowed to suffer disorder; these writers had to think well of their own moral ideas, for they could no longer think well of society, "their" society.

Representatives of the genteel tradition had a certain responsibility to the moral office expected of themselves by themselves, their friends, and much of the country. When Mark Twain got up at the Whittier birthday dinner in 1877 to josh the literary idols of New England, he embarrassed his New England friends so deeply that he had to regain his credit with them. New England was already painfully conscious of being historic, the American museum; the native worthies could not admit what the isolated and sardonic Santayana was soon to notice at Harvard—that the cultured in New England were a minority, out of touch with the experience of most people; the mutual approval of the local intelligentsia was a form of escape. Henry Adams had a passion for his friends, a uniquely gifted set; but they alone were what he could approve; everything else about society spelled catastrophe, to which he felt chained by his instinct for historical analysis—the end of his world was clearly marked on his graphs. He had no hope. Howells became a Socialist and took off for New York; James settled in England, where no one would get mad at him for writing sardonic portraits of desiccated New England reformers, like those he put into *The Bostonians*; Mark Twain was, with increasing fury at the meaninglessness of existence, mounting up to his final denunciations of the "damned human race." But while the sense of privilege remained with them, they knew that *they* were not helping to direct the thinking of the country, much less its social destiny. They merely amused each other.

YET WRITERS LIKE Mark Twain and Henry Adams were still connected, through their friends and their own natural appetites for the great world, to the main line of power in this country; they were always near the powerful, they knew about power, they fretted about the wrong people—Roosevelts and Morgans—having power. Stephen Crane, who did all his living and writing as if he were specially marked for destruction, knew that whatever he might think about power, *he* could have no share in it. Crane was the first American writer to base a whole *oeuvre* on the creed that man and the creation have no moral connection with each other. An advance sentinel of twentieth-century dogmas of absurdity, he saw that from now on the writer's perceptions would be always eccentric to the social order, subjective in content, and personal in their truth. "An artist, I think, is nothing but a powerful memory that can move itself at will through certain experiences sideways, and every artist must be in some things powerless as a dead snake." "When I was the mark for every humorist in the country I went ahead; now, when I am the mark for only 50 per cent of the humorists of the country, I go ahead, for I understand that a man is born into this world with his own pair of eyes, and that he is not at all responsible for his vision—he is merely responsible for his quality of personal honesty. To keep close to this personal honesty is my supreme ambition." To Crane the writer is always a bystander, a reporter by trade, a percipience into the tragic cast of things made more acute by the writer's refusal to commit himself to any value judgment of the universe whatever—that being a form of sentimentality. Where the literary men of Howell's type had found their associates among the bookish men easily made comfortable by the trappings of culture, Crane gravitated to the outcasts on the Bowery, the private soldiers, the victims of war and of every mischance in the streets of New York. He had a special vendetta with the New York Police Department; only the lost were ever right. Even the great love of his life was the madam of a brothel in Florida; for the writer's dispossession from all cultivated and established values, Crane as easily made a symbol of his life as he did of his work.

* * *

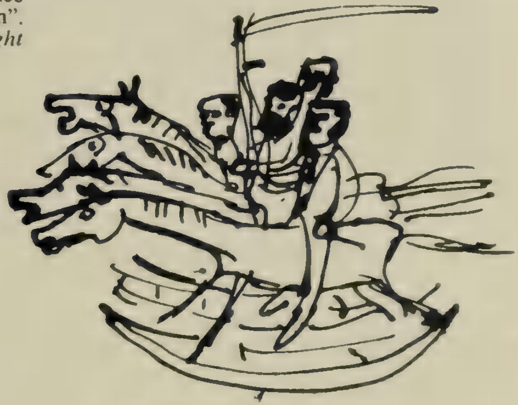
Is this where it began in our literary consciousness —the twentieth-century writer's belief that truth is always private and subversive, that the writer always stands apart from the social order even when he is admired by it? Crane, I think, is prophetic of many writers today, more so than the satirists of the twenties and the angry realists of the thirties, because he was our first *poète maudit*, the first to make a career out of the incongruity between man's imaginative consciousness and the forms of culture and society. The characteristic themes of twentieth-century literature—and never more so than now—revolve around D. H. Lawrence's realization that "man has his excess always on his hands." To a writer like Crane, as to many a writer today, man is always imaginative man, and imagination and society are unrelated. In the age of Godkin the connection between writers and the public had been a common belief in culture, in civility, in "the right values." The writers of the polite tradition had defended these values against the upstarts of plutocracy, for they had believed in these values. Crane does not. Society—along with many other externals—cannot express the necessary range of the human imagination; only the cosmic drama does that, as he showed in his great story of *The Open Boat*. Human creativity can fulfill itself only in confronting man's fate as a whole—in showing the contrast between man's feebleness and the force of the creation, which can crush him at any time, by accident, without design. Against this overriding sense of his fate (which we have learned to call existentialism), the artist, now man's only hero, puts forth the power of language, the force of his wit— not to avail but to express, to situate, the immediacy of what it means to exist.

MORE AND MORE the historian of twentieth-century literature is compelled to recognize the power over writers' minds of the Romantic faith in the supremacy of "mental events." That is Blake's phrase, and Blake now means as much to us as Freud does. We exist in our minds, and if we hold fast against the dominating circumstances that our minds have built, it is only by finding imaginative recourse in our minds. It is symbolic that the hero of Saul Bellow's *Herzog* should be an expert analyst of the Romantic consciousness. While liberal historians and critics were busy determining the "influence" of society on writers and the importance of "commitment" to political ideals, the writers were themselves getting more and more absorbed in the drama of human creativity— a plastic stuff, seemingly limitless, fierce in its insistencies. But it must also be said that now that many a prosperous bourgeois is as cynical about the satisfactions of well-being as only poets and other wild men were seventy years ago, the passion to be an "artist," to follow the dictates of "imagination", permits a dream-like confidence in the "absurdity" of everything else. Art has become too easy, a gratification of the self—and the self is terrible in its demands on our taste. Surely it is not just terror of the Bomb and resentment of racial inequality, militarization and widespread poverty that leads so many commonplace and merely fashionable minds to echo the disgust with civilization sounded by Genêt, Beckett and other genuinely idiosyncratic writers. From the inflamed consciousness of one's own creativity, everything else looks absurd. The devaluations proceed too rapidly. The more the raw American ego becomes conscious of having *its* excess on its hands, the more these marginal irritabilities can be taken for creativity and genuine concern.

Admittedly, many value traditions have broken down and art must minister to our condition. But we are also propelled by the dissatisfaction created by too many easy satisfactions; an uninhibited fantasy like Norman Mailer's *An American Dream*—and that is just what it is—can be taken as evidence of unlimited "boldness" and of a heroic striving to reach "the outermost limits of the Ego." Still, Mailer is not only fascinated by his exceptionality; he is exceptional. I open the Sunday paper and learn from the author of a new comedy hit on Broadway that he, too, belongs to the theatre of the absurd; "three characteristics of the theatre of the absurd," he informs us, "are language used in other than its literal sense, the fantastic made commonplace, and the focus on man as an isolated, unredeemed individual confronting his own destiny in a pitiless world." I open an academic journal specializing in contemporary literature and am told by a camp-follower that the only real art in America is pop art, that the only literature equal to our age is to be found in the mass media; the writer asks "only that we abandon our game of categories . . . an important first step toward a re-evaluating of all sorts of new writing forms, in which I include even journalistic sociology, picture books, cartoon books, and all the other 'non-books' now so easily disdained, and so infrequently grappled with, by our serious critics." I open a Sunday book supplement and read in an article by the editor of a "girlie" magazine that the United States is "monster-land," and that "the nightmare of sheer survival in a culture of such murderous indifference to the individual being" has made a new generation of writers, "neo-lunacy literary jive-bombers like Joseph Heller, Terry Southern, and Jack Gelber, coldly aggressive about converting art into electric shock to awaken the conscience of a puppet-like, things-oriented, mass-minded enemy. . . . It is America's artists who love her the most because they love beauty, and what its ideal symbolizes, and they feel that the land of their fathers has turned them out with its commercialism, callousness, opportunism, unimaginativeness, stupidity and honesty." One fears, says the editor of this book supplement, that "the curtain is falling on the American Dream to the sound of canned laughter." I go to a Greenwich Village symposium and am told by the Negro playwright LeRoi Jones—who obviously has no subtler way of getting publicity—that the "revolutionary theatre" for which he speaks "hates whites" and "is a theatre of victims."

TO HEAR ALL such commentators, one would suppose that they care about nothing but the "victims," that they are possessed night and day by the fiercest moral indignation about all the injustice and ugliness in our society. And of course many of them are concerned about the issues that do press down on us every day and that are mounting toward violence that we cannot permit. But I believe that behind all the vehemence now become commonplace among writers is a cult of the artist, who has been released from many conventions and many hardships, and who is excited and maddened, as in times past only the greatest writers have been, by the disproportion between the writer's own consciousness and the external world. Just as some minds have been released to bombard the stars and others to expand the possibilities of the nervous system, so literary minds, the gifted and the ungifted alike, are excited by what they have discovered of creative possibility in their own inner space. They must therefore collide with a society which they think of as backward, but which is actually exciting to writers, as it is to us all, because it is the most consciously dramatic age in history. The age has finally turned *all* our dreams into books. And it does not matter to most of us if the books are bad, for our dreams are now more important to us than our books. We are in love with human possibility, and we will surrender our sense of ourselves to nothing, not even the limitations of art.

I have watched the soul, Ferdinand, give way bit by bit, lose its balance and dissolve in the vast welter of apocalyptic ambitions. It began in 1900. That's the date! From that time onwards the world in general and psychiatry in particular frantically raced to see who could be most perverse, salacious, original; more disgusting, more creative, as they say, than his little next-door neighbor. A first-class scramble. Each strove to see who could immolate himself the soonest to the monster of no heart and no restraint . . . The monster will scrunch us all, Ferdinand, that's how it is, and rightly so . . . What is this monster? A great brute tumbling along wherever it listeth. Its wars and its droolings flood in towards us already from all sides. We shall be swept away on this tide—yes, swept away. The conscious mind was a bore, apparently . . . We shan't be bored any longer! We've begun to give Sodom a chance and from that moment on we've started having "impressions" and "intuition".
—Louis-Ferdinand Céline, *Journey to the End of Night*



THE NEW APOCALYPSE

EUGENE GOODHEART

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THEY ADVOCATE PASSION over the intellect, exalt the body over the mind, prefer the perverse to the normal, the spontaneous to the habitual, the risks of violence and disaster to the security of our ordinary modes of existence. They can perhaps best be described as apocalyptists, because they exist in a condition of expectation of some event of a demonic or catastrophic kind that will transform their lives. They are often politically radical though the old conception of political struggle (its Marxian version, for instance) is superannuated. ("The long rejected bastard brother of the proletariat," says Jean Malaquais, "of marijuana-soaked hip.") They might concede the importance of social reorganization, but the reorganization would presumably follow the revolution in the body and the consciousness of men. Religious idea and image loom large in this literature of expectation. ("I think there is one single burning pinpoint of the vision in Hip: it's that God is in danger of dying. In my very little knowledge of theology this never really has been expressed before." Mailer, of course, is naïvely echoing Nietzsche.) The apocalyptist appears in the familiar guises of the bohemian, the hipster, the beatnik and the militant homosexual. His artist-heroes are Nietzsche, Whitman, Rilke, Lawrence, Genêt, Henry Miller. (Norman Mailer has been the outstanding American publicist of the Apocalypse.) In a less familiar aspect, the apocalyptist has produced a body of "philosophical" work: the writings of Wilhelm Reich, Herbert Marcuse and Norman O. Brown.

In common with other "movements" there is a certain amount of internecine warfare. The purity of doctrine must be preserved from its deductive variants. Thus Norman O. Brown in *Life Against Death* dissociates himself from the "primitive" genital psychology of Wilhelm Reich (Reich would have undoubtedly repudiated Brown's "religious mysticism") and "the paradoxically conservative sexuality" of D. H. Lawrence, when he declares for the abolition of repression and the reconstruction of the Dionysian ego. Brown is an extreme left-wing Freudian, who believes that the New Jerusalem is embodied in his interpretation of psychoanalysis. As Brown understands psychoanalysis, the New Jerusalem is no metaphor, for in his heretical interpretation of Freudian thought, psychoanalysis rejoins religion—the mysticism of the body—and thus transcends its original atheism.

The apocalyptists are, of course, hostile to orthodox Freudianism. Psychoanalytic therapy, except in the most reactionary and ignorant view of it, is hardly radical. It is a therapy motivated by a desire to help the patient accommodate himself to "reality"; it presupposes a conservative view of reality as a given, alterable only within narrowly defined limits. And yet it is psychoanalysis that illuminates most vividly the source of apocalyptic thought and feeling. Freud had systematically argued that our civilization as well as our individual lives is a history of the sublimation of sexual energy. By sublimation, a term Freud took from the romantic poet Schiller, he characteristically meant a channeling of sexual activity into nonsexual activity. The part of Freud that was committed to civilization (and it is the major part) valued sublimation, and psychoanalytic therapy is an outcome of that commitment. But it is possible to argue from psychoanalytic premises that the "reality" of therapy is no more than a complex of illusions, a masking of libidinal energies. Norman O. Brown in *Life Against Death* and Herbert Marcuse before him in *Eros and Civilization* have recently attempted this transvaluation of psychoanalytic values.

MARCUSE'S BOOK is rooted in German political and social philosophy. A scholar of Hegelian and Marxian thought, he justifies his use of "psychological categories" by asserting that they have become "political categories." Whether Marcuse's book is genuinely concerned with the political is moot, but it is clear that *Eros and Civilization* is the response of a man who is deeply committed to the idea of political "salvation" (the metaphor is mine) and who is trying to supply the old political categories with the sophisticated psychological content of Freudian thought. Brown, on the other hand, speaks of "the superannuation of the political categories which informed liberal thought and action" and the quasi-mystical atmosphere of his book suggests his greater kinship with current apocalyptic thought and feeling.

In the concluding chapter of his book, Brown addresses himself to the possibility of resurrecting the body and thereby finding a "way out" from the dilemma of a civilization whose progress is based on the attenuation—i.e., the repression—of human energies. Brown admits that he is engaged in utopian thinking; earlier in the book, he speaks of the "mad consequences" in which his argument issues. But he defends his "madness" as the only way "of affirming faith in the possibility of solving problems that seem at the moment insoluble."

Brown advocates the abolition of repression; that is, the recovery of "erotic exuberance" and narcissism that man had possessed in a mythical golden age. This erotic exuberance (Freud calls it "polymorphous perversity") entails the destruction of the mind-body dualism and a new, completely sensualized body in which Eros has moved outside of its "normal" genital zone and reconquered the whole body. Reconquered because polymorphous perversity is paradise regained, infant sexuality recovered on a higher plane. The goal of life, in Rilke's phrase, is to live out all the "unlived lines in the body." The resurrected body that Brown celebrates is the risen body of Augustine, the body electric of Whitman, "the greater life of the body" of Lawrence. Brown's characteristic instances are from the mystical tradition (Jacob Boehme) and visionary poetry (Rilke).

The consequences of the resurrection of the body are social, political and moral. In the New Jerusalem, repressive work is banished. Work would be transformed into play and the aim of bodily activity would be instinct-gratification. The society of abundance that Marx envisaged in the formula "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need" is, of course, a precondition of this vision. This new psychology of consumption and pleasure would destroy our anal-oriented and self-destructive connection to money, permit the conquest of the fear of death ("only those who have unlived lines in their body are afraid of death") and subvert the regime of time (the past and future are real only to the impoverished body and the dissatisfied self).

BROWN'S ANTIPATHY to civilization, its past as well as present, is total. His "dialectical" view (in the Hegelian mode) makes it impossible for him to repudiate the history of civilization, but he sees it as ultimately negating itself. (He quotes approvingly Stephen Dedalus in *Ulysses*: "History is a nightmare from which I want to awake.") The history of civilization is a history of sublimation, in Brown's "dialectical" version of it, and is its own undoing. For Brown, sublimation is an unequivocal negation, "The dehumanization of man is his alienation from the body."

Brown does not confront the fact that even in his own terms there is an unbridged (perhaps unbridgeable) gap between our actual bodies and the resurrected one he envisages. If we abolish repression, then we may permit our disordered bodies to act in terrible ways, for there is no guarantee that the abolition of repression would mean a new body: it might mean nothing more than the old body acting without restraints. To achieve a body worthy of the freedom Brown conceives for it, something more is required than merely abolishing repression. About that something more, Brown has nothing to tell us.

Moreover, Brown (and other apocalyptists) tend to confuse repression with oppression or suppression. If repression is unconscious, as Freud maintained, then it cannot be "overthrown" by the will. The rational and conscientious psychoanalytic will can mitigate some of its more painful effects, but repression permeates the mind-body too thoroughly and too subtly to be regarded as an ephemeral tyrant. Brown cannot tell us how repression can be overthrown or how the body becomes deserving of a new freedom.

How to bridge the gap between our disordered bodies and the resurrected one is the unsolved (perhaps insoluble) problem of the apocalyptist. Narcotics, liquor, criminal self-abandonment, disease (like tuberculosis), perversion: these are the traditional ways of release. Norman Mailer has called the new body psychopathic, and Jean Genêt, the arch-hipster of Europe, and a greater artist than Mailer, has made the most elaborate chart of the adventures of the rebellious body.

But the kind of demonstration that Genêt makes, for instance, emphasizes rather than solves the problem. For perversion, for all its advantages of intensity and vitality, is a cul-de-sac. To say, as Mailer has said in the notorious essay "The White Negro," that the psychopath "may be indeed the perverted or dangerous frontrunner of a new kind of personality," is to beg the question. The evidence is against the possibility. To pass beyond the psychopath, one must make a detour: to go through it is to come smack against a wall. Perversion, as Freud and Dostoevsky before him taught, is slavery, not freedom. To be driven by a murderous impulse, or by the compulsion to be beaten, may produce an ecstasy of pain and pleasure. But it is not to be confused with the repossession of one's body that one would expect in the resurrection.

DOSTOEVSKY'S *Notes from the Underground* (written in 1861) is the *locus classicus* for the connection between perversity and the dream of the resurrected body. Throughout most of the story, the underground man asserts his freedom from the "laws of nature." One law of nature—as conceived by the utilitarians, the scientific psychologists of the 19th century—is that the enlightened man pursues pleasure and avoids pain. The underground man will suffer, and with full consciousness, if only to prove his freedom from the tyranny of psychological law. However, in his relations with his friends and with a prostitute, he shows himself to be sado-masochistic. He moves between gestures of self-abasement and self-humiliation, on the one hand, and gestures of superiority and insult on the other. We soon come to realize what we may have suspected throughout: that the underground man's freedom is illusory, that he is the most driven of men, that his actions proceed from terrible compulsions about which he has some understanding, but about which he can do nothing. Our own realization is confirmed by the underground man himself who at the end acknowledges that he too knows his freedom to be illusory, that in having invidiously distinguished himself from others by asserting his uniqueness he has come full circle to the knowledge that in his perversity he is no different from anyone else. The paradox of the perverse rebel is that he is the most complete victim of the order against which he is revolting, that his revolt is itself a mark of his enslavement and that even knowing this, he has no choice but to continue to revolt.

Jean Genêt knows this, but he doesn't permit it to darken his celebrations. *Our Lady of the Flowers* (a "novel" which is really a series of fantasies involving a cast of characters that Genêt has invented to satisfy his masturbatory appetites) and *A Thief's Journal* (a book devoted to the new trinity of Treason, Theft and Homosexuality) are extraordinary efforts at an aesthetic transvaluation of values. Genêt celebrates what I think is a general truth about the erotic apocalyptist: that he is an onanist, seeking in the love object not *another,* but himself. The apocalyptic hero is the sexually volatile hermaphrodite, the creature capable of becoming man or woman or both. Genêt also affirms the sado-masochistic character of his imagination. "If I continue, he will rise up, become erect, and penetrate me so deeply that I shall be marked with stigmata. I can't bear it any longer. I am turning him into a character, whom I shall be able to torment in my own way. . . ." The ultimate reach of this perversity and suffering is "saintliness," which Genêt defines at one point as loving what one hates. This is of course a rather playful perversion of the religious tradition. Genêt is like a Dostoevsky character who has preempted the moral authority of the novelist.

AS MORAL SPECULATION, apocalyptic "thought" is unconvincingly abstract and disturbingly inhuman. One can sympathize with Philip Rahv's recent complaint that those who should know better have been taken in by "the moral idiocy" of Genêt. Genêt, of course, is a more interesting counterpart to our own hip ethos, and the current interest in Genêt reflects, I would imagine, the fact that the hip ethos has fully penetrated intellectual culture. But it would be wrong to regard this phenomenon merely as a fad or as a symptom of cultural pathology. The apocalyptic vision is an important element in our cultural life, but its strength is in its poetry (and Genêt is, among other things, unquestionably a poet), not in its manipulation of categories.

The poetry of Whitman, Lawrence and Rilke is an effort to extend the boundaries of the ego, not to be confused with the task of psychoanalysis, as Freud understood it, which is to insure the domination of the id by the ego. The visionary poets do not want domination at the expense of energy. They rather seek constantly to extend the ego beyond the area of safety, to create the adventure of the "spirit" in which even the destruction of the self is risked.

Self-dissatisfaction is the condition of the visionary poet's soul, and any resting within an area of safety is experienced as a kind of atrophy or death. The restlessness of the visionary poet is as much a curse as a blessing; half in love with easeful death, he yearns for a surcease of striving. (The negation of history, in Brown's view, is the end of striving and restlessness, which, one might add, would be the end of visionary poetry.) The visionary poet seeks the unattainable condition of divinity. It is no accident that he is apocalyptic, that his characteristic vocabulary is so often religious.

The current versions of the Apocalypse (its beat and hip manifestations) suffer from comparison with the really great instances. In "Song of Myself" Whitman declares:

I am the teacher of athletes,
He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own proves the width of my own
He most honors my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher.

But Whitman's students (e.g., Ginsberg) are weak-chested. They have largely imitated the slackness, the stridency, the shrillness. They are not without gifts, but in the light of the largeness of their claims, they come off as unwitting parodists of the Apocalypse, confusing inspiration with slackness, automatism with spontaneity. Thus Allen Ginsberg in "Howl" imitates the Whitman catalogue, the least interesting and most vulnerable of poetic "devices." To be sure, the monotonous incantation is somewhat relieved by genuinely powerful and witty images: "angelheaded hipster burning for the heavenly connection," "ashcan rantings," "radiant cool eyes hallucinating Arkansas and Blakelight tragedy." But these images never coalesce into significant event. Whitman's best poems, "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" are poems of spiritual adventure and discovery: the journey into the "delicious" darkness of death in "Out of the Cradle" and "Lilacs," the epiphany in "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" that the poet is suspended in "the eternal float" of community with other human beings. The egotism of Whitman and Lawrence is offensive and strident when they merely flaunt their vitality against the squalid world. In their best work, the "vitalism" is conditioned by their humanity. They know loss and impotence and guilt (see Lawrence's superb poem "Snake," for instance, or his novel *Women in Love*). The shout on the rooftops—Ginsberg's characteristic utterance—is the rhetoric of vitalism, not necessarily an expression of vitality.

Of the writers of the Apocalypse, Norman Mailer has perhaps provoked the most attention. Mailer, it seems to me, has betrayed or mistaken the nature of his gifts. He is essentially a naturalistic writer in the tradition of Dreiser and Dos Passos. (Some of his best writing has, significantly, been reportage.) His justly admired short novel *The Man Who Studied Yoga* is strong on the observation of a semi-bourgeois, semi-bohemian life that Mailer knows so well; it is weak on dream and fantasy. (He need only be compared with Genêt, a genuine fantasist.) When Mailer tries to be a fantasist, he almost always becomes strident. His recent novel, *An American Dream,* is violent in plot and rhetoric, but it is curiously without visionary power, or without sufficient visionary power to redeem the book from its dross: arbitrary situations, inadequately realized characters, bad prose. It is very hard, if not impossible, to believe that Mailer's hero, Stephen Rojack, has sailed into "the harbors of the moon," that he is in communion with the demons of the universe and that the murder of his wife is authentic, so unreal are the emotional consequences of that murder. Crime without punishment, a Nietzschean transcendence of guilt and responsibility: above the genuine suffering and torment, Mailer is playing with abstractions barely disguised as fantasies. Mailer is a writer of considerable energy and talent, but an energy and talent that belong to the inspiration that produced *The Naked and the Dead*: the inspiration of realism.

IN MAILER'S RECENT career and in the public and imaginative career of some of the other apocalyptic writers, there is a strong element of buffoonery. It is hard to know when the buffoonery is intended or unconscious. But the comedy is often the most attractive side of beat and hip writing. It is almost as if the writer knows that he is not serious enough for his claims, or he is serious enough to know that the kind of gesture he makes is extravagant and ludicrous unless informed by genius and heroism—so he mocks his own gestures. There is a touching and amusing moment in *An American Dream* in which we get a glimpse of this kind of honesty—unfortunately only a glimpse, for Mailer prefers the frenetic and ultimately dull contortions of his "existentialist" fantasying.

> "I can't get over the way you look," Deborah [Rojack's wife] exclaimed. "I mean you really look like some poor peddler from the Lower East Side."
>
> "I'm descended from peddlers." [Rojack replies]
>
> "Don't I know it, honey-one," said Deborah.
>
> "All those poor materialistic grabby little people."
>
> "Well, they never hurt anyone particularly." This a reference to her father.

Shortly afterwards, Rojack murders his wife. The peddler is forgotten or denied, and authenticity becomes gratuitous acts of violence.

Immoralism has traditionally been linked to the aesthetic attitude (see, for instance, Genêt's invoking of the standard of elegance), and the value of that link was that art—with its emphasis on order, control and beauty, although a more flexible order than that of social morality—supplied a check to the excesses of the perverse imagination, a way of ordering it. The aesthetic justification may not be necessary for a genius of the order of Whitman and Lawrence (though we know what price they pay for such absolute trust in the power of their daemon), but it is necessary for minor talents. There is in fact an admission of this necessity in the hip ethos currently fashionable in some highbrow circles. Originating in a profound dissatisfaction with the forms of life available in contemporary America, hip has converted that dissatisfaction to a narrow belief in a particular style called swinging, which always verges on affectation: a style that is world-weary, cool and at bottom cynical.

THE APOCALYPTIC VISION is necessarily lonely, aristocratic and tragic. It requires an authentic vision, fidelity in communicating it, a capacity to live in a permanent state of expectation, for no transformation would really satisfy. In its democratic *cultus,* as a "movement" of adolescents, dope-pushers, shrill solipsists and minor talents, we have a caricature of a valuable element in our cultural life. ■

Down here in the Southwest a short while ago, a good man, J. Frank Dobie, died. In my University of Texas days, Professor Dobie taught me a favorite expression of his: 'He will do to ride the river with.' Well, old Pancho Dobie's expression applies to THE NATION *on its centennial anniversary because* THE NATION *will do to ride the river with. And ride it has—for the right of dissent, for what my father called 'liberty and groceries,' and for the family of man.* **—Maury Maverick, Jr.**

As a frequent reader of THE NATION *during the past third of a century and a sometime contributor to its pages during the nineteen thirties, I have been impressed year after year by the unfailing honesty of its editorial leadership. After all these years,* THE NATION *continues to be, in my opinion, the supreme American journal of social, political, and literary contemporaneousness. The generations to come will probably be as appalled by its iconoclastic proclamations as many generations in the past have been—but likewise be awakened and enriched by its unrelenting campaign against myth and stupidity.* **—Erskine Caldwell**

THE NATION and ITS POETS

ALEXANDER LAING

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THE NOISIEST EPISODE in THE NATION's long and concerned involvement with poetic values began as the issue dated February 11, 1925, reached its readers. More than a thousand contestants and their well-wishers were eager to know who had won the fifth annual "NATION's Poetry Prize" of $100. The editors themselves were a bit edgy. For the first time they sought to forestall expected criticism. A column-deep editorial offered the "guarantee that nothing beyond their instinctive preference has operated to decide their choice. This year they chose 'Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana' because it seemed to them the most passionate and interesting poem that came in." Some representative lines:

> Montana, thou art, and I say thou art, as once monks said of God,
> And thought, too: Thou art.
> Thou hast Kansas on thy side;
> Kansas is in the newspapers, talked of by men;
> Idaho thou hast, and far away, Singapore, Alabama, Brazil.
> That bird over this green, under that sun, God, how sweet and graceful it is!

The author, Eli Siegel, aged 22, had been quite unknown. The vigor of THE NATION's influence was demonstrated in an immediate editorial uproar across the country, commenting upon prizes in general and upon the lunacy of this particular award. Much of it assumed the form of raucous parody. Literate columnists—there were some in those days—had a gay time with "Hot Afternoons."

The disturbance reached inward. Maxwell Bodenheim—a poet whose death by shooting in 1954 provided copy for magazines that had done little to keep poets alive—wrote a furious letter. Claiming that THE NATION, in the four years preceding, had printed more of his poems than of anyone else's, he announced that it would never have another chance. His reckoning was not quite right: twelve of his poems had been used in the four-year period, but Ann Hamilton had nosed him out with fourteen. If translations were to be included, both were far outnumbered by Witter Bynner's thirty-one.

Smouldering still from the earlier insult, as he saw it, of a mere honorable mention in the 1923 contest, Bodenheim apparently did not read far enough past the 1925 prize winner itself to observe that he had been sullied again: honorably mentioned a second time. (His rage presently drifted into forgiveness. One of his poems appeared in THE NATION in 1932.)

Ludwig Lewisohn, himself a contributing editor of the magazine, wrote a letter of dissent. This is notable because the award to Siegel helped to dramatize, for a large audience, a transition in the perception of literary values which at this midpoint of the 1920s was already evident, although still arcane. If THE NATION's choice, "Hot Afternoons," is thought of as nothing more than a catalyst, the magazine's willingness to stand up for the unorthodox in poetry was symbolically important. It had not always done so. Siegel published a few more poems in little magazines. Then he vanished for a quarter of a century, until the vastly kind and angry William Carlos Williams was persuaded by a mutual acquaintance to take another look at "Hot Afternoons." Writing in 1951, Williams declared, "Only today do I realize how important that poem is in the history of our development as a cultural entity. . . . I say definitely that that single poem, out of a thousand others . . . secures our place in the cultural world. I make such a statement only after a lifetime of thought and experience, I make it deliberately. . . . On that rock and only on that rock can we in our cultural pattern build."

The declaration from which these lines are taken helped Siegel to a brief renaissance. A number of his poems appeared in good magazines in the early 1950s, and "Hot Afternoons" at last came out in a book in 1957. If Dr. Williams was right (I doubt it), the editors of THE NATION chose, in "Hot Afternoons," something of absolute seminal importance, not merely a first-rate catalyst.

"THE NATION's Poetry Prize" was first announced on Dec. 1, 1920, for bestowal in the ensuing February. It was last awarded in 1927. All of the winners were young—the oldest, Roy Helton, was thirty-five when he divided the original award with James Rorty, four years younger. No previously eminent poet took first place, although Stephen Vincent Benét, who won the 1923 prize in his twenty-fifth year, was already the veteran author of four books, including two successful novels: *The Beginning of Wisdom* and *Young People's Pride*. Counting split decisions and deducting repeaters among the honorable mentions, we have a total of thirty-five poets called to special notice during the seven years of competition. Ten of these now seem figures of some importance in the history of American poetry: Benét, Babette Deutsch, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, John Gould Fletcher, Alfred Kreymborg, William Ellery Leonard, Siegel, Genevieve Taggard, Allen Tate and Elinor Wylie. In nearly all of these cases, recognition was a forecast of fine accomplishments ahead. The established poets may have been reluctant to compete, even for what was then a substantial award, but the editors seem to have been in favor of youth.

AN EDITORIAL commenting upon the second contest noted that nearly 2,500 poems had been submitted by nearly 1,000 poets; that there was more rhyming than in the first year; that young women excelled; and that most of the poems were either "compact studies of mental states" or "more extended, realistic comments upon current affairs." Benét's "King David" did not fall into either handy category. It provoked some shocked responses because of the lusty tone in which the poet faithfully retold the facts of the Biblical original:

> Bathsheba bathed on her vine-decked roof.
> (The Lord God is a mighty God.)
> Her body glittered like mail of proof.
> (And the Lord is King above all gods.)
>
> Her body shimmered, tender and white
> As the flesh of lilies in candlelight.
>
> King David forgot to be old or wise.
> He spied on her bathing with sultry eyes.
>
> A breath of spice came into his nose.
> He said, "Her breasts are like two young roes."

One school supervisor retaliated, curiously, by removing the entire back file of THE NATION from the student library. While it is not clear that the Siegel controversy influenced the work of other poets, Benét's prize-winner probably did. Without referring to "King David," a NATION critic perceived, some years after its appearance, a strong resurgence of Biblical themes in contemporary American verse.

During the bestowal of its seven annual prizes the attitude of the magazine toward poetry was being reformed. For a long time its interest had been expressed only in academic criticism of new volumes. One might argue that when creativity itself was in the doldrums, its editors had the good sense to refuse all of the derivative stuff that pretended to be original. Evidence in the back file suggests a more complex condition which raises the old problem of poetry and politics as well as the more recently stressed aesthetic question of the use of poetry. The inspection that follows grows from my own assumption that poetry is the central, the most profound and durable, therefore the most important, activity of the human spirit, rightfully drawing through all perceptions from all circumstances, outer and inner. Every subject is suitable, but each can find for itself only one perfect form, however strict or free. (Go away, Plato. I haven't the room, here, to explain you away.)

THE NATION's steady subject, throughout a century, has been, of course, the nation—in all its turbulent complexity. The publication's journalistic device has been unremittingly political: to encourage the people to use government virtuously in their own crisscross interests. If there had been enough poets of an all-embracing perception of circumstance, THE NATION's business could best have been done entirely in poetry, at a wonderful saving of space. The fact that there were not, the likelihood that there will never be, enough poets of protean ability, should not be inflated into arguments for the thesis that poetry and politics have no connection. In the great hours, poets have always been as political as they felt like being. It is one of the uses of poetry to focus intensities of insight upon problems leading to political choice; but such problems are made less soluble than ever when the offered means is not poetry, but merely false logic residual in a deft jingle:

> Take up the White Man's burden.

Something more to the point was being reached for by the editors who chose Martin Feinstein's "In Memoriam" as one of the joint prize-winners of 1922. Here is the vernacular ballad's ending:

> It took a shrapnel shell,
> Spat from the jaws of hell,
> To bust the color line,
> Till even a fool could tell
> A nigger's a man, and a man's divine.

This raises a miserable question: if the ballad had been written by an able poet—if it had had the skill which was perverted into Kipling's atrocious, unforgettable line—would we have had to argue the same point during most of a second World War? Would THE NATION, at the end of its century, still be engaged in a prose monologue, pitched toward Alabama and Mississippi, which repeats the same lucid arguments it sent in the same direction in 1865? This unanswerable question brings us to the beginnings of THE NATION's involvement with poetic values.

II

In its first issue, the mingling of poetry and politics began with Aubrey de Vere's two strong, conventionally phrased sonnets on "The American Struggle." A few weeks later, in a facile, over-long poem, "The New Exodus," Julia Ward Howe admonished Southerners to learn to do honest work. John Greenleaf Whittier followed with a more discerning plea, "To the Thirty-Ninth Congress," for compassion toward the defeated and for legislation that would make reunion possible:

> . . . Cancel all
> By one brave, generous action; Trust
> Your better instincts, and be just!
>
> Make all men peers before the law,
> Take hands from off the Negro's throat,
> Give black and white an equal vote.
>
> Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,
> But give the common law's redress
> To Labor's utter nakedness.

Should the poet perhaps have addressed himself to the *Eighty*-Ninth Congress?

There was also a long but curiously effective political poem in Volume 1, entitled, "The Street Commissioners to the Cholera. Invocation." Its anonymous author, impersonating neglectful officials, coaxed the disease to visit New York, where the filth in the streets would give it an ideal environment. The conclusion:

> . . . the dull wheels of the hearses that creep,
> Harnessed to nightmares, trouble the sleep
> Of the great city we deck for thy home!
> Cholera, cholera, cholera, come!

The remaining six "poems" in the first volume were conventionally sentimental and derivative. One was signed Marah, pseudonym of the woman who later, as Helen Hunt Jackson, wrote compassionate if still sentimental novels in the interest of justice for the Indians. Her verse generally was signed H.H. THE NATION, in its first four years, printed fourteen unhappy examples of it, which made H.H. its favorite verse writer at outset. None was as dreadful as "Noli Me Tangere," C.B.C.'s contribution to Volume 3, which begins:

> Luscious and sorrowful, bird o' the roses. . . .

If it seems unfair to exhume this lamentable anapest, I do so only in evidence that early political verse in THE NATION stands up much better than the consciously literary examples. Perhaps the latter were chosen by the staff writer of an unsigned review, a few issues farther along, of *Dana's Book of Household Poetry*. "We . . . have not as yet been able to detect the omission of a single shorter poem of value which we have ever lighted on and admired elsewhere."

James Russell Lowell contributed three poems early in 1866. The first indicates that he had been reading the recently published "Rabbi Ben Ezra." The second was on reconstruction in the South. The third and longest, "Mr. Worsley's Nightmare," assumes itself to be a passage from Aristophanes. Philip Stanhope Worsley, a young English translator of part of the *Iliad*, had dedicated his work to General R. E. Lee "as the best living representative of its hero." This was too much for the Yankee classicist of "A Fable for Critics":

> FROGS
> Brekekex! Brekekex! Who goes there?
> WORSLEY
> Please, your Frogships, Homer's last translator.

Bacchus and the frogs give Worsley an unsettling time on the bank of the Styx. It turns out that the translator is to be ferried across with a vast crowd of American ghosts. A hearty spook named Smith presents the first three thousand hand-shakers to Hector until the hero cries:

> By Jove! I feel like an old town pump.

But Smith has one more request:

> That's to present my friend, Mister Worsley,
> I made his acquaintance on the boat:
> I rather guess it's likely you know him—
> Author of "Homer," a first class poem.

Hector, to the alarm of Worsley, indeed knows of him:

> My staff has been longing, these three months past,
> To measure the back of that dedicator
> Who likened me to the double traitor,
> False to his country, false to his oath,
> *Me*, who'd have given my life for both!
> . . .
> You insulted my soul without reason,
> Coupling my name with a broken trust,
> Dabbling my fame in the lees of treason.

Worsley presently "awakes in terror, but gradually composes himself by reading a few pages of his translation of Homer."

This, and others among THE NATION's early examples, suggest that political verse is likeliest to succeed when it is satiric. E. L. Godkin and his associates must, however, had had cumulative misgivings about the aptness, for their purposes, of any sort of verse. In the first year they printed thirty-one varied examples, in the second year eight. The number for the third and fourth years dwindled to five apiece, and in the fifth year to only one. Beginning in 1870 the evident policy was no verse at all. It was broken on a few occasions for Lowell's mortuary pieces and political epigrams. Half a dozen of the latter enlivened the Presidential campaign of 1876:

DEFRAUDING NATURE

Skilled to pull wires, he baffles nature's scope
Who sure intended him to stretch a rope.

These were unsigned, but in the following year Lowell acknowledged four sequential sonnets that began in memoriam, bucolically, and ended with a political thrust. His sprawling comment on "infant industries," written in the last year of his long life and published on May 1, 1890, put an end to "purely original verse" in THE NATION for twenty-four years.

Throughout its first half-century, the magazine maintained toward poetry, as it did toward the less central subjects of high consequence, an attitude closely critical. If it published very little verse, it evaluated a great deal. For its unsigned reviews it soon developed the virtuous practice of focusing a single critical intelligence consistently upon a particular category of writing. From 1877 to 1903, for example, clustered volumes of new poetry were considered in more than fifty contributions by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the "Dear Preceptor" who salvaged Emily Dickinson. A year later Oscar W. Firkins assumed the task for a similar period. Both, along the way, wrote more extensive reviews of significant single books. They were men of classical education, far more competent in the task of critic than the genial noddy who, in Volume 3, had copied forty-eight lines to show "how narrowly Mr. Niles can escape doing well" with the comment, "It is senseless stuff, we may as well confess, but who is not pleased with it?"

HIGGINSON AND Firkins both knew what it feels like to want to write good poetry. As critics, they were adventurous only to the degree in which the trait occurs among good teachers who try hard to keep their minds pried open. Too much should not be inferred from a narrow sampling, but there is some hint of THE NATION's earlier standards in its successive comments upon two differently revolutionary poets who startled the world of letters at about the time of its own origins: Algernon Charles Swinburne and Walt Whitman. A review of *Atalanta in Calydon* in the magazine's first volume praised the newcomer generously as having "powers which, if wisely employed in the production of poetry of modern style, would secure him a place among the popular poets," but it chided him for not reflecting, in a drama upon such a theme, the orthodox Greek attitude toward the gods. In the following issue a review of Walt Whitman's ***Drum-Taps*** began, "It has been a melancholy task to read this book; and it is a still more melancholy one to write about it. . . . It exhibits the effort of an essentially prosaic mind to lift itself into poetry." The long and acidulous piece concluded: "This democratic, liberty-loving American populace, this stern and war-tried people, is a great civilizer. It is devoted to refinement. If it has sustained a monstrous war . . . it is not to put up with spurious poetry afterwards. To sing aright our battles and our glories it is not enough . . . to be aggressively careless, inelegant, and ignorant. . . ."

In these unsigned reviews, Swinburne was being welcomed by Charles Eliot Norton, and Whitman by Henry James. When *Laus Veneris* was published, two years later, the unacknowledged critic—Russell Sturgis—wrote a review that was in many respects remarkable: "It is foolish and useless either to abuse or to ignore this book, for what Mr. Swinburne has written is now a part of English literature. . . . Blasphemous these poems are not; for blasphemy consists not in the mere expression, but in the intent of the words. . . . Insincere books are necessarily immoral . . . but may not a work be at once immoral and sincere?"

Swinburne, more outrageous than Whitman to the Victorian proprieties, was given a serious hearing as an objective artist: it could be inferred that the song was not of himself. Moreover, his style shimmered with elaborations upon the admired archaic orthodoxy; it had nothing of Whitman's strong, plain lunge into the vernacular future. It took the Supreme Court almost a century to catch up with one phrase in the Sturgis review: "The immorality of a book is not, however, to be judged by its effects on any chance reader, but only by its influence on the average moral mind."

Swinburne continued to receive fair treatment in THE NATION throughout his lifetime, with an occasional knuckle rap when he probably merited it, but few chances were missed to take a remorseless swing at Whitman. A few months after Henry James's surly review, a famous pamphlet entitled *The Good Gray Poet* was noticed. "Mr. W. D. O'Connor asks us to make common cause with him," in objecting to Whitman's dismissal from his government job. The editors cheerfully sided with the government. In attempting, a few weeks later, to explain the British attitude toward the self-exiled Victor Hugo, they say he was regarded as "the type of the grotesque and abnormal and vicious, a sort of Walt Whitman." The animosity obtrudes again and again. When Whitman died in 1892, the writing of an obituary was assigned to the usually gentle Higginson. The five or six columns resulting are at points almost frenetic: ". . . a bad influence—we speak from personal observation—on the lives of young men"; "Those who thus claim to be Nature's darlings end as Nature's warnings . . . paralysis, insanity, premature old age are the retribution for 'the drench of the passions' in youth"; "Compare this premature senility of the poet of 'life coarse and rank' with the old age of the chaster poets—with Bryant's eighty-four clean and wholesome years. . . ."

After the critical balance had turned strongly in Whitman's favor, old Henry James, the originator of the long process of rebuke, was given the opportunity to examine his memories of fifty years earlier, when he was a twenty-two-year-old staff member of the new NATION. He did not think to adjust his view of the poet, but instead wrote a maudlin piece about "fairies"—the quotes are his—that presided over the magazine's origins.

III

The issue of March 12, 1914, presented thirteen "Features to be Introduced" under Oswald Garrison Villard's new editorial policy, These included:

> 5. POETRY. Greater attention than heretofore to contemporary verse. "The Nation," which first published many of the works of Lowell, Whittier, and other eminent poets, is peculiarly fitted to encourage and guide modern aspirants for poetic fame.

"A Lay o' the Day," by Jefferson B. Fletcher, was chosen as peculiarly fitting to end the years of poetical famine. Other dismaying efforts were interrupted in midsummer by Stuart P. Sherman's angry polemic, "The White Slave." Then Europe took to its guns. The ensuing attempts to make political use of poetry failed. Poetasters reached into an ordered past for image and form, missing the needed violent immediacy. "The Victory," poor busted statue, was pondered by Marion Couthoy Smith up to a last line revealing her as

> The flaming soul—of France!

There was some awareness of a strange orchestra scraping discords. In 1915 Professor Firkins discussed "The New Manner," pointing out that "oddity, to be respectable, must be necessary. In this point, Mr. Lindsay's verse is inconclusive." Later in the year Firkins amiably faced up to his own problem with, "The New Movement in Poetry, the Self-Exposure of a Reactionary Critic of the Imagistes." He conceded to imagism "its own modest place in a tolerant and balanced commonwealth; its mistake was to unfurl the banner of revolution."

AS THE WAR ended a change was evident. Babette Deutsch, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Edwin Arlington Robinson made their first contributions in 1918, followed by Edgar Lee Masters. In 1920 THE NATION at last did what was indispensable to realize the aim of the Villard manifesto of 1914: it appointed a specific literary editor, Carl Van Doren. He and his successors, chiefly Mark Van Doren from 1924 to 1928, honored the stronger established poets and took well-calculated risks with many newcomers. Criticism kept pace. "The Waste Land" was promptly explored by Gilbert Seldes, who gave prior attention to T. S. Eliot's prose criticism as "the clue to his poetry. . . . 'The Waste Land' is, in a sense, the inversion and complement of 'Ulysses' . . . each has expressed something of supreme relevance to our present life."

Robinson, between 1918 and 1924, contributed several poems including one of his finest, "Mr. Flood's Party." His *Children of the Night* had been cordially reviewed in 1897, first of seventeen of his books to be respectfully criticized. Carl Van Doren noted that *The Three Taverns*, 1920, "unites the fullest courage of innovation with . . . unhurried wisdom. . . . It is not of course by being topical that Mr. Robinson achieves his immense pertinence to the moment"—a hint of the surest way in which verse, beyond aesthetics, can find its most effective political use. Mark Van Doren also suggested this when he said, of *The Man Who Died Twice*, "the whole will sing where Mr. Robinson intended that it should sing, in the depths of the brain."

The crossrips of politics and poetry tumble persistently in THE NATION's consideration of Ezra Pound, first noticed in 1911: "the few bits of really good comment" in *The Spirit of Romance* "are too rare to be worth hunting for." When his early cantos were appearing in *Poetry* and *The Dial*, the only notices here were of his prose. Gaudier-Brzeska (in 1916) "deserves a better fate than to be maundered about by an unvenerable *Imagiste*." *Pavannes and Divisions*, 1918, was shrugged off. *Instigations*, 1921, was called by Mark Van Doren "a mess, if an agreeable and often erudite mess." The complete response to Pound's *Poems 1918-1921* was, "Now witty, now pretty, now dull, now absurd." None of Pound's verse ever came out in THE NATION, but it did publish his articles, in 1927 and 1928, on the witlessness of passport officials and the sins of American libraries and musical foundations.

On June 10, 1931, the full phenomenon of Pound was confronted at last in a long review of *A Draft of XXX Cantos* in which Allen Tate called him "probably one of two or three living Americans who will be remembered as poets of the first order." Three years later Kenneth Burke deftly dissected *The ABC of Reading* in which Pound, perhaps unawares, borrows the sentimental Marxist distortion of the word "science" without the comfortless rigors of the accompanying dialectic. The accumulating cantos were noticed from time to time.

A prophetic cartoon of 1936 portrayed the poet "Interrupted in his Daily Devotions" before busts of Mussolini and other idols. In 1939 Louise Bogan epitomized *Guide to Kulchur:* "He likes to fiddle around." She regretted the lack of "real, as opposed to hysterical, breaking through into new thought." Perhaps the first of many attempts to wish half of the schizoid anomaly away came in John Peale Bishop's reminiscence of 1940: "no man can be a consistent admirer of fascism who holds John Adams in admiration." Then came the treasonable broadcasts and Eliot's defense of his mentor. THE NATION responded to both with Gilbert Highet's long lampoon, "Homage to Ezra Pound." Some passages:

> though ole T.S.E. proclaimed his maestro
> and in *such* prose, my God
> constipated but dignified like an elderly cat
>
> . . .
>
> So he took to damning his own country, living in
> Rapallo and Rome
> among the black shirted brown bottomed yellow
> hearted Heroes

When the question of a condign fate for Pound arose, THE NATION held to a clear principle in defense of poetry. "It is an unwarranted slur on the poet to maintain that he is less responsible for his actions than other men."

Four years later Margaret Marshall printed in her column a letter signed by eighty-four writers condemning the way in which a contributor to the *Saturday Review* had used the Bollingen award to Pound as a device for discrediting poetic experiment, a protest rejected by that journal. Again the issue was not the behavior of one man who happened to be a poet, but THE NATION's insistence that poetry itself should not be dabbled in the lees of anyone's treason.

In April, 1956, THE NATION appointed its first editor exclusively for poetry: M. L. Rosenthal. For his first critical piece he chose Pound's *Section:Rock Drill. Cantos 85-95,* referring to all the cantos as "this great experiment . . . which seeks to extend the spirit of poetic art in an enterprise so daringly complex that it risks losing the main chance in a wilderness of multiplicities"—a careful effort to concentrate upon the poetry apart from the politics.

In the following spring an undergraduate poet, David Rattray, hoping to make a good report, visited Pound in the mental hospital. There he found representatives of a ring of neo-fascist disciples that included John Kasper, the renegade segregationist. Rattray's disillusioned piece, "Weekend with Ezra Pound," was secured by Rosenthal for THE NATION, but he took care to imbed in the text Ramon Guthrie's nostalgic tribute, "Ezra Pound in Paris and Elsewhere," which perceived amid inexorable tragedy the remaining debt of so many writers to the poet's early generosities:

> The frowsy slut
> you would have breathed
> —forsooth—a soul into
> has got
> her teeth snagged in your jugular.
>
> . . .
>
> *'So few drink of my fountain'*
> (although the *best* did
> and came away changed men)

When old friends at last forced the political question to an issue, a NATION editorial, noting that Pound's "anti-Semitism is one of the running sores of modern letters" recommended the release of the "sick and vicious old man—even if he were not the brilliant poet he is." Two years later with "The Pleasures of Pound" Rosenthal concluded upon a note of balance: "Pound represents the best and the worst in our civilization."

IV

After an editorial reorganization in the mid-thirties THE NATION's interest in poetry varied. Forty-six poems appeared in 1933, twelve in 1939. The World War II poets were much abler than those of World War I: W. H. Auden, John Berryman, Robert Penn Warren, William Carlos Williams, and others. Noting in 1945 a "New Genre," F. W. Dupee praised Jean Garrigue, Randall Jarrell, John Frederick Nims, Karl Shapiro, and most of all, the newcomer Robert Lowell. When John Ciardi edited *Mid-Century American Poets,* 1950, he introduced Lowell's section with a nine-page reprint of Jarrell's NATION review of *Lord Weary's Castle.*

Interest sagged again. Only sixteen poems were printed in 1955, but with Rosenthal's appointment the number zoomed to the highest level ever: about one hundred a year. The new editor outlined his views in several witty articles. For example, "experimentation in verse is largely a matter of adjustment between personal motivations and available traditions." He ranged widely, seeking distinctive combinations of motivation and tradition, not content merely to see what the mailman would drag in. The five poets whose work he printed most often are warrants of his adventurousness as well as of his respect for both freedom and strictness when used with skill. He chose twenty-two poems by W. S. Merwin, his successor as poetry editor; twenty-one by Dilys Laing; thirteen by Howard Nemerov; eleven by Richard Eberhart; ten by Paul Blackburn. Rosenthal's success in swiftly advancing THE NATION to the forefront of generally distributed magazines that include poetry was partly the outcome of his willingness to annoy poets by pointing to weak passages, requesting their improvement. Harriet Monroe used to bring poets up to their own best performance, in spite of themselves, in the same manner.

Rosenthal also employed the device of calling a specific poet strongly to attention by publishing several poems, not in a single gust, but in a quick sequence. In this way he recalled Ramon Guthrie from his long reticence, publishing four of Guthrie's poems in separate issues between October 26 and November 30, 1957, and two others a bit later. These were the nucleus for Guthrie's *Graffiti*, which justified Rosenthal's judgment by becoming much the most successful volume in the new paperback *Macmillan Poets* series, begun in 1959.

THE REMARKABLE POLICY established for THE NATION by Rosenthal was continued by a series of interim editors: Merwin, Blackburn, David Ignatow, A. R. Ammons, until the appointment in October, 1963 of the present poetry editor, Denise Levertov. The measure of her editorial acumen cannot yet be taken, partly because she stresses so generously THE NATION's now traditional welcome to newcomers. Unless the new criticism has freed all poems from their creators, as it has tried to do for the poems of Pound, the scores of new names in the magazine, introduced by Miss Levertov, will have to be attached to more poems before we can know whether she has been as successful as Mark Van Doren and M. L. Rosenthal in fixing upon consistently able new talents. A year or so ago, when she was conversing with a group of undergraduate poets, I asked her to describe her principles of selection. Her reply, as I recall it, was simply, "I choose the poems I like." Those with formulated justifications of their liking probably do the same.

Rosenthal's imaginative care in securing a Guthrie poem to publish in counterpoint with Rattray's article on Pound has been the pattern for some of Miss Levertov's editorial arrangements. Adrienne Rich's long review of John Berryman's *77 Dream Songs* was confronted by a full page given to three additional dream songs written after the printing of the volume. With this and a number of other full pages she has succeeded in returning the magazine to its earlier laudable practice: one more warrant that poetry is thought of as something more than a convenient spatter of type to fill out a column after the prose is all used up.

Is there any way of characterizing poetry that has appeared recently in THE NATION, by comparison with the general nature of contemporary American verse? To get some idea I have scanned Ciardi's anthology of fifteen *Mid-Century American Poets* who "came to prominence" in the nineteen-forties; the Donald Hall-Pack-Simpson collection of thirty-six poets under the age of forty in 1957; Donald Allen's *The New American Poetry 1945-1960*, with forty-four contributors aged up to fifty-one years; and the *Beatitude Anthology*, ages not given, forty-two poets, "edited on a kick or miss basis by a few hardy types" in 1960. Only Lowell and Richard Wilbur, from the Ciardi volume, survive into the Hall-Pack-Simpson. No poet in either of the earlier two volumes appears in either of the later two, and these have only seven in common. Here then are 128 poets selected by editors varying between the mildly conservative and the distinctly radical.

Under Miss Levertov's editing, 20% of the poets in the first anthology, 17% of those in the second, 23% of those in the third, and one poet from the fourth, have appeared in THE NATION. Since the lonely one from the *Beatitude Anthology* also appears in Allen's, THE NATION's interest in the phenomenon of the beats has come to the vanishing point, replaced by another kind of newness that perhaps will prove less transient. If I had to choose one poet to represent this kind of newness, he would probably be Miss Levertov's own favorite in the number of poems printed—Wendell Berry, who appears in none of the above anthologies. To characterize his poem "My Great Grandfather's Slaves" and another in the same recent issue, "Nuns at the Dali Exhibit . . ." by Beth Bentley, I find scribbled in my copy's margin, "hopeful signs of a new poetry combining classic straightforwardness with modern idiom, insight, problems." The same statement will do for most of the poems that I myself like, among Miss Levertov's choices.

Politics? Still present, but unobtrusive, as in some of Berry's poems. They already sing, a little, in the depths of the brain. Another aspect is the terse discipline of many of the newcomers, who seem to be recovering an awareness that it is always the poet's task to reverse the expanding universe, to compact experience into its significant essentials: into a form which will expand again, of itself, creating new experience in the reader.

NYC

There now is your insular city . . . commerce surrounds it with her surf. . . . Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.
—*Melville*

1
Gray to the marrow, pale as tall smoke
across the East River
the boneyard of Queens burns

Into my window charred letters fall
from the grim incinerators,
some still legible, with lovers' initials

and the brown reek of fire

2
Pools of blue children under the haze
under the sailing hats of nuns

3
Private darkness strays into rubble
where the Catholic god and the Jewish god
grow weak stems in cinders

Terror is private
A woman is murdered in 38 windows

Everybody is nobody's keeper
Ask mercy of stray cats

The dim roar of traffic over bridged burroughs
comes savage and sad

4
On an island staked out by stolen car aerials
professional liars in glass canyons cross
Madison Avenue and disappear
in secret Connecticut

Marcantonio's city of shattered wine bottles
and brown cut flesh rings Columbia in

In the midnight streets I hear
young whores cursing

5
The smiling girl who committed suicide,
mistress of gem thieves, hid a black eye
under polaroid glasses
She screamed the length of her lover's coffin
She rode in a Cadillac long as a whore's dream

Lover, tell me the best hate
Murderer, tell me the best love

6
The cold wind shines

A train clicks quietly under the iron grating
where, with axle-grease on a lead sinker,
a coatless man fishes for lost coins

I watch raw-knuckled care for all trivial, all small

And here

7
Banks whisper money

Male whores reply

Oiled locks slide free

8
Aluminum trucks bleat like lambs
hauling barrels, crates over the cobbles

Streets grow long with vegetables and messengers

Near dawn I walk among fishnets and
boatloads of coffins

And where the streets move, treeless,
I hear pawnshop trumpets

9
The ferry rides under gulls crying
in high monotones the water's given names
over Crane's forgotten bones

And wrecks passed without sound of bells

Acropolis builders, stand with me here,
see how you failed!

—Robert Hazel

A Man

'Living a life'—
the beauty of deep lines
dug in your cheeks.

The years gather by sevens
to fashion you. They are blind,
but you are not blind.

Their blows resound,
they are deaf, those laboring
daughters of the Fates,

but you are not deaf,
you pick out
your own song from the uproar

line by line,
and at last throw back
your head and sing it.

—DENISE LEVERTOV

Two Elegiac Poems

Harry Erdman Perry, 1881-1965

I

I stand at the cistern in front of the old barn
in the darkness in the dead of the winter,
the night strangely warm, the wind blowing,
rattling an unlatched door.
I draw the cold water up out of the ground, and drink.

At the house the light is still waiting.
An old man I've loved all my life is dying
in his bed there. He is going
slowly down from himself, his body dwindling
to the bone, as an old field on a hillside
weathers finally to the native rock.
In final obedience to his life, he follows
his body out of our knowing.
Only his hands, quiet on the sheet, keep
a painful resemblance to what they no longer are.

II

He goes free of the earth.
The sun of his last day sets
clear in the sweetness of his liberty.

The earth recovers from his dying,
the hallow of his life remaining
in all his death leaves.

Radiances know him. Grown lighter
than breath, he is set free
in our remembering. Grown brighter

than vision, he goes dark
into the life of the hill
that holds his peace.

He's hidden among all that is,
and cannot be lost.

—WENDELL BERRY

THEATRE: THE LAGGARD ART

HAROLD CLURMAN

Mr. Clurman, well known stage director, has been THE NATION'*s drama critic since 1953. He has directed plays by Odets, O'Neill, Hellman, Williams and Giraudoux, among others. His latest: Miller's* Incident at Vichy.

The best things come, as a general thing, from talents that are members of a group.—Henry James

By losing traditions, we lose our hold on the present . . . The great ages did not perhaps produce much more talent than ours; but less talent was wasted.
—T. S. Eliot

WRITING IN 1869, Walt Whitman in his *Democratic Vistas* complains: "Of what is called drama, or dramatic presentation in the United States, as now put forth at the theatres, I should say it deserves to be treated with the same gravity and on a par with the questions of ornamental confectionary and public dinners, or the arrangements of curtains and hangings in a ballroom—no more no less."

Seven months after the assassination of Lincoln in April, 1865, the "hit shows" were the delightful actor Joseph Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Black Crook,* the first of our big musicals in which "one hundred beautiful girls in short diaphanous skirts and flesh colored tights provided an unprecedented sensation."

This at a time when our literature had already bequeathed to us *Moby Dick, The Scarlet Letter, Leaves of Grass,* not to speak of Emerson and Thoreau. We can sympathize with Whitman's reaction. But we are less astonished. The theatre is almost always a laggard art.

A single reader may be said to constitute an "audience" for a poem or a novel; one viewer may be sufficient to encourage the solitary artist who shows his painting. Theatre requires a larger number of people to convene at the same set time. The theatre is both a public and a composite art, *social* in the nature of its creation as well as in the circumstances of its manifestation. A history of the theatre must comprise not only a study of dramatic texts but an examination of acting, the mechanics and economics of production and, inseparable from all these, a consideration of the audiences to whom the art is addressed and from whom it derives.

After they had passed through the primitive state of tribal rites the great theatres of the western world emerged as forms of civic and religious celebrations. State and church—in effect the entire community—supported them. Later, when the theatre was no longer an organic part of governing bodies, when indeed it was frowned upon and its suppression urged by those who held it to be immoral, the theatre still managed to survive through various devices of aristocratic or royal protection. Despite all the vicissi-

tudes of its history the theatre was recognized as a social benefit meriting special privilege. In a word, *a tradition* developed in Europe which bestowed care for the theatre.

This tradition was lost in the settlement of America. The Puritans thought the theatre sinful. With a civilization to be built there was no time for such frivolity. By the time the educated minority was able to provide for them, a few playhouses were put up in the main cities of the eastern seaboard. Plays and actors were usually foreign. The best fare consisted of mutilated Shakespeare. There was practically no native drama and hardly any native actors.

When preoccupations beyond those of material needs could be entertained, schools and universities were established, important writers appeared and a few signs of original theatrical creation. One of these was Anna Cora Mowatt's *Fashion* (1845), a satire on the American parvenu, which in our present estimation is hardly more than a chromo. Yet Edgar Allan Poe found it praiseworthy.

That Poe should have welcomed so slight a piece, though he probably would not have deigned to notice its literary equivalent, may appear paradoxical. But this paradox repeats itself constantly. (William Dean Howells in 1891 referred to James Hearne's *Margaret Fleming,* a crude and creaky bit of claptrap, as "epoch-making" because it was the first of our realistic plays.) We may discover a clue in this to the peculiarity of our theatre's progress.

"Hardly anybody listens in the theatre," the Irish dramatist Denis Johnston had said, "to anything he doesn't know already." For a play to prosper it must unite its audience—which to begin with must be homogeneous. A minority attitude, a heterodox premise are divisive, and the theatre's life depends on popularly recognizable interpretations of a common experience. The cultivated handful who were able to appreciate the Brahmins of our literature couldn't have filled the tiniest theatres of their times.

It has been said—and it is perhaps true—that the liveliest and most representative "theatre" of the period immediately following the Civil War was to be found in the riverboats, in the saloons, in the minstrel shows on the Mississippi and westward. These frolics possessed the rough vigor of their audiences, the hardy folk who were opening the country.

The situation in the East, as we have seen, was that which made Whitman exclaim: "Do you call that perpetual, pistareen, paste pot work . . . American drama?" Still clinging to his faith in the American dream he was dismayed by a society ever more dominated by money values. Capitalism was set on its roaring course of empire building. Fortunes were being made by and for a most fortunate people. It was the Gilded Age. Theatres attracted folk eager to ease themselves with entertainment inducing the minimum of mental strain. The really poor never went to ordinary playhouses and thus poverty was never made the subject of any but the cheapest tear-jerkers. A large part of the audience was beginning to free itself from some of its Puritan inhibitions, though the "upper crust" in press and pulpit hypocritically persisted in upholding the Puritan code. Only the smiling aspects of American life or titillating melodrama were suitable material for such audiences. So rage as intellectuals might, the theatre between 1865 and 1890 was in its own distorted way a mirror of the times.

EVEN THE INTELLIGENTSIA does not go to the theatre for literature alone. Native acting during this period improved steadily. If America did not see any good plays (Shakespeare, remember, was bowdlerized), it had the opportunity of catching glimpses of such luminaries as Edmund Kean, Rachel, later Salvini and Duse. Edwin Booth refined the red-necked robustiousness of Edwin Forrest, America's first tragedian (1806-1872).

The actor-manager Lester Wallack, who beginning in 1864 ran a stock company for twenty years, was patronized by New York's gentry. His theatre was something like a London theatre in Manhattan. He never produced an American play because he found none that was good enough. After Wallack the big "name" producer from 1879 to 1899 was Augustin Daly who had a sound sense of integral play production. Though he produced Shakespeare with excellent actors, the fare at his theatre was more frequently trash. Daly's "discovery," Bronson Howard, the first writer for our stage to become rich from his work, was the author of *Shenandoah* (1889), a Civil War saga which one can't read today without indulgent laughter.

The theatre prospered, but because of the advent of realism the playhouses were built smaller. Playgoing became respectable; the social elite or "carriage trade" made it customary. Shows toured the hinterland. The theatre became industrialized. Henry James writing in 1885 found that "scenery and decoration have been brought to the highest perfection while elocution and acting, the interpretation of meanings, the representation of human feelings have not long been the subjects of serious study."

To appreciate the frame of mind of theatrical leaders at this time one may cite the fact that in 1893 the dignified manager Daniel Frohman rejected Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (about a woman who had been kept by four men before marriage) because it was "too frank." When it was produced the reviewer of the *New York Herald* spoke of the play as being "for audacity surely without parallel in dramatic literature." Even as late as 1905 when Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was produced (and suppressed) it was said by the *New York Sun* "to glorify debauchery."

Clyde Fitch, the most highly regarded dramatist between 1889 and 1909, was entirely sincere when he wrote: "I feel myself strongly the particular value of reflecting absolutely and truthfully the life and environment about us." He had the impulse to confess himself as much as to reveal the environment, but his play *The Truth* (1906), about a compulsive liar, and *The City* (1909), about the corrupting effects of the Big Town, are rather rickety contraptions. After all plays, like most of the novels of the day, had to please the Ladies or they would incur the censure of the Gentlemen.

While Edward Sheldon may be credited with bringing social themes to the stage—the destitute in *Salvation Nell* (1908), the "race problem" in *The Nigger* (1909) and politics in *The Boss* (1911)—the plays themselves are sophomorically inept and timid. (Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser had already written most of their stories and novels.) Sheldon's true vein was that of *Romance* (1913), about the love of an Episcopalian minister for an Italian opera star. A play which harks back to New York in its Age of Innocence, it is chiefly memorable as a vehicle for the glamorous Doris Keane, rapturously admired by Stark Young. There *was* artistic substance in the American theatre of the day—not in the plays but in the players. Otis Skinner, Laurette Taylor, Maude Adams, the Barrymores, and later Pauline Lord, Alfred Lunt and numerous others brought life to the boards.

One notes other progressive signs. The actor Arnold Daly champions Shaw, the intrepid actress Mrs. Fisk and the exotic Alla Nazimova do much to convince the retarded, including the shocked William Winter, the *New York Tribune's* drama critic from 1865 to 1909, of Ibsen's worth.

Most indicative of the community's steadily growing sophistication is the effort sponsored in 1909 by J. P. Morgan, John Jacob Astor, the Vanderbilts, Thomas Paine Whitney and Otto Kahn to establish a "permanent national art theatre." A sumptuous house was built on Central Park West between 62nd and 63rd Streets, at this time an exclusive residential section for the well-to-do, and a remote suburb to citizens of more modest means.

Chosen to direct the ambitious New Theatre was the Harvard-educated Bostonian Winthrop Ames, a man of ability and taste. He enlisted an admirable company and produced Galsworthy's *Strife* (capital and labor), several plays by Maeterlinck (among them *The Blue Bird*) and Shakespeare. It was difficult to find American plays of corresponding calibre (only three, including Sheldon's *The Nigger,* were offered) because few American plays, with only such possible exceptions as Langdon Mitchell's brightly written comedy *The New York Idea* about divorce among the rich (1906) and Percy MacKaye's imaginative *The Scarecrow* (1910), were anything better than hack work.

The New Theatre collapsed after two seasons. Apart from the auditorium's unsuitability for the presentation of modern drama, its poor acoustics, its high prices, its inconvenient location, the reason for the New Theatre's failure was the absence of an audience great enough to sustain a serious repertory theatre.

YET FORCES WERE AT WORK to bring about a distinct change. Contact with Europe began to exercise a marked influence. The culturally alert became acquainted with stimulating and still unfamiliar dramatists (Tolstoy, Hauptmann, Gorky, Andreiev) on New York's Lower East Side—in both Yiddish and German. Little theatres were spreading all over the country so that by 1915 there were nineteen hundred. In 1916 the attractive comedian John Barrymore proved himself an actor of immense emotional power in Galsworthy's *Justice.* New manager-directors like Arthur Hopkins, inspired by overseas example, ventured into new fields which yielded fresh ideas, unusual plays employing the talent of that fine artist Robert Edmond Jones. A number of discriminating critics—their columns full of intriguing foreign references—began to clamor for a theatre in touch with art, literature and life. Chief among them was George Jean Nathan.

Most important, though little noticed at first, were the activities centered in the vicinity of Greenwich Village. The year 1915 witnessed the formation of the Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street, The Washington Players (transformed into The Theatre Guild in 1919), the Provincetown Players, who were to reappear in the early twenties as a triumvirate of the critic Macgowan, the designer-director Jones and the dramatist O'Neill. These new groups planted seeds from which a proud harvest was soon reaped.

In 1920 we became conscious of the flowering with the production—cautiously introduced at special matinees—of O'Neill's first full length play *Beyond the Horizon.* That event marks the *birth* of American theatre as a conscious art intended to contribute to our inner life what we expect of the best literature.

This "birth" in the theatre corresponded with a rebirth in American letters generally. For while the years between 1835 and 1850 gave evidence of our native genius in poem, essay, short story and novel, the fortune-hunting years between 1865 and 1913 had very nearly destroyed vital literary expression. During this interval Dreiser, on the one hand, and Henry James, on the other, dwelled in limbo. This is also true of Whitman, Melville, Thoreau, whose work was known to a rare few only. They came into their own just before and immediately after the First World War.

WHAT MADE THE twenties a feverish and wonderful time was our coming of age in prosperity, in power, in self-confidence, as well as in self-consciousness. This made it possible for us to recognize our character and to acknowledge our shortcomings. Our desire to learn and accomplish things as a great nation lent a tremendous impetus to all endeavors. We became cocky and at the same time self-critical. We were prepared to look at ourselves with unrelenting realism. We were rediscovering ourselves as Americans.

Many thought us fooled by the holiday of our success. Others declared our iconoclasm adolescent. The superficial traits of our Puritanism were raucously shed. Freud began to be read by the literati. We rerejoiced in our afflatus and jeered at our rejoicing. Some said America had become a jungle of competition; others read that Western Civilization was doomed. But whether the diagnoses and prognoses were rosy or black everything took on a jubilant air.

New York playhouses doubled in number. One hundred ninety-six productions opened in 1920-21; two hundred seventy in 1927-28. The Theatre Guild assembled a loyal body of subscribers which assured its productions a minimum run of five to six weeks. The Guild did many unusual and stimulating plays by foreign authors as well as by some Americans. After a while it clasped O'Neill to its bosom. Eva La Gallienne at the Civic Repertory Theatre produced Ibsen, Chekhov and other "standard" European dramatists at popular prices.

Musical comedy, the one theatrical form in which we undoubtedly excel, with truly gifted tunes by Kern, Porter, Gershwin, Rodgers and others, sweetened the surrounding clamor. The Ziegfeld Follies, glorifying the American girl in gorgeous dress and suave undress, served as emblems of our high spirits. Among the lovely faces and the lush furnishings a parade of comedians close to genius cavorted.

The shadowy side of the picture was painted by the uncouth master figure of Eugene O'Neill himself. Apart from his concern with the complexities of personal psychology, O'Neill brooded on the drama of man's soul in America. Something had gone astray. The poet who yearns to explore realms beyond the narrow confines of his job fails to follow his bent and as a result wastes his being. The simple laborer proud of the strength which turns the wheels of our magnificent civilization finds himself scorned and adrift in a mechanism in which he is merely a cog. The artist wishes to attain the effectiveness of the man of affairs; the businessman envies the artist's imagination. Both suffer a sense of incompleteness. The would-be aristocrat from the Old World with his dream of grandeur is rendered absurd in the factory of a materialistic democracy. But without that strain of grandeur the dignity of a true manhood is somehow damaged. The son has little of his pioneering father's grit; the father in his struggle to master the soil of his farm (America?) impairs his capacity to love.

O'Neill dramatizes himself and us as people cut off from but still seeking some principle of coherence. For want of it everyone feels isolated and frustrated. O'Neill's strength lies in the persistence of his quest for a wholeness which has been shattered in the new world. We sicken in detachment from some age-old secret of sanctity. O'Neill is committed to its recovery. He told friends that his never completed cycle of nine plays would be an epic of America's failure to realize its promise.

THE DEPRESSION OF THE thirties exposed the moral as well as the social lesion in the national body. Having been wounded where we believed ourselves invulnerable we began questioning ourselves in new ways. The plays of the depression were not depressed. (Depressed plays appeared in the fifties in a time of prosperity.) The depression was a time of hope. Youth would not accept defeat, take "no" for an answer. It condemned the illusions of the previous decade which had exulted in the fun principle. The thirties sought and found a solution to our dilemma in collective action for social betterment.

The theatre was struck a bitter though not a fatal blow. The number of productions shrank; playhouses were sold for use as grind movie emporia and for burlesque shows. Actors left for Hollywood which prospered because the disconsolate wished to flee the gloom of impoverished homes and streets. The disease wrought its own healing. As Roosevelt aroused the country with his New Deal, so Groups, Collectives, Unions of the theatre were formed. What characterized most of them was the attempt to present plays confronting the times: the condition of the unemployed, the dispossessed, the unprotected worker, the dispirited middle class, the desperate farmer, the threat of fascism. All this was to be done in a new fashion: through organizations which would commit themselves on a *permanent collective basis* to a disciplined practice of theatrical craft.

The theatre of the thirties was thought to be political—a mistaken opinion. Its impulse was moral—even moralistic. That is the essence of Odets' work. He was the era's representative playwright just as The Group Theatre, of which Odets had been an actor-member, was the representative theatrical organization. That is why after The Group Theatre's dissolution in 1941, it still remained an influence in the ensuing years through its former actors, directors, designers, teachers.

One particular contribution to theatre technique made by The Group was a way of work which was the heritage of the Moscow Art Theatre's New York visit in 1923. This was the Stanislavsky System which in time—through the Actors Studio founded in the forties—came to be known as the Method. While the Method is presumed to have narrowed the scope of American acting, though this is not at all its aim or necessary effect, it added a certain vibrancy and density of feeling to our actors' endowments.

WITH THE SCATTERING of forces during the Second World War and its immediate aftermath, in which not only The Group Theatre but the inestimably valuable Federal Theatre Project (the Government's first entrance into the domain of the arts) disappeared, a subtle change took place. As business as usual resumed there followed a cooling of social fervor which soon turned into a freeze.

This was hardly noticed at first since Arthur Miller's early plays and even those of Tennessee Williams sounded a more subdued and introverted variation on the mode of the thirties.

Social reform had failed to "save" us. Many suggested panaceas had proved delusive (or so it was thought) and some were considered positively treasonable. The source of our ailments, it would appear, lay in our unsatisfactory relations with parents, wives, children. Our traumas—our traumas were to blame! Though Tennessee Williams' work always had discernible social connotations, what public and press chiefly responded to was its private and especially sexual aspects.

The age of conformity and of McCarthy terror drove men of sensibility into themselves. Young folk exiled themselves in the ghetto of their egos. The faceless world, all perpetual motion without any core of meaning, was to be shut out. "Contact" as someone has said about the new dancing, "went out in the fifties."

Connection with the outside world, now threatened with annihilation, became attenuated. Some solace (or drug) which might alleviate the pain of aloneness or sink us more deeply into forgetfulness was craved. To be "beat" became an ideal by default. This laid the ground work for the dramaturgy of the maimed.

The plays of Beckett, Genêt, Ionesco, Pinter—usually presented at some distance from the theatre's supermarket—which were expressions of not altogether similar but of equally disabling stresses, became models for American writers. Edward Albee's "permanent vagrant" disturbing the complacent gent on the park bench is a youth who prefers contact through his own violent death at the hand of his neighbor to total neglect. At this moment Albee seems as representative of the early sixties as William Saroyan and Thornton Wilder were in embodying the spirit of benevolent reconciliation (or "national unity") in the early forties. Albee testifies to the agony of a society no longer real in which we try to live on debris of exploded faiths, a state which renders us savage.

Though, retrospectively, we may realize that since O'Neill our theatre has turned in earnest to the contemplation of our existence in a manner unthinkable a hundred or even sixty years ago, we remain dissatisfied. Broadway as the hub of theatrical activity has become an electrified desert. We still go there though its game is crooked because it is the only game in town! Seventy-five productions a season constitute the norm. At the moment of this writing only musicals and skimpy comedies are produced with much chance of public support.

MOVIES AND TELEVISION are not the cause of the downfall. It is show business itself which is destroying the theatre. Its arrangements are anarchic: the costs of production are too high, the price of tickets prohibitive. The greedy exactions of the stage hands' unions are not the sole cause for this. They do what all the others do: treat the theatre as a business, which means every craft for itself, every man for himself. This inevitably becomes destructive to an art, the very nature of which depends on the planned and enthusiastic integration of its entire personnel. We have lost the tradition—indeed have never established one—of the theatre as a service, a social need. When business ceases to be profitable it has lost its reason for existence. There is "no foundation all the way down the line," in Saroyan's words, and it will take more than the Foundations to supply one.

Are we to end with a whimper? On the contrary: we may yet see a new beginning. Observation on my travels convinces me that the country is full of talent and appetite for theatre. Young folk are trying to rediscover a true theatre tradition.

The decentralization of the theatre is not the result of any special "idealism" but the response to a need for using all our unused gifts. In San Francisco, in Seattle, in Minneapolis, in Houston, in Washington, in Philadelphia and elsewhere new professional theatres have been, or are about to be, established. This trend is bound to grow.

These theatres aspire to be more than show shops. We are becoming aware that there are other "classics" beside Shakespeare. Many world famous plays —ancient and modern, in foreign tongues and in our own—are still unknown to our stages because they do not sit well in the maw of commerce. One hears of productions in university and community theatres as well as in cafés, of plays so "advanced" and "experimental" that even off-Broadway (now being assimilated into the stream of running rats) dares not undertake them. We are also beginning to get free theatre in the parks and on the very streets of certain cities—both in the South and in the North.

New York itself is now endowed with ambitious new theatre organizations. A heavy load of disdain has been hurled at the first two seasons of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—some of it merited but most of it misguided. To found a theatre is not the same as setting up a series of productions. A considerable time of preparation and at least three years of performance are required as a preliminary test. The demand that these new organizations immediately satisfy our hunger for genuine innovation and artistic achievement is a way of applying the old hit-and-flop criteria of Broadway to enterprises with very different objectives and entirely different problems. The sheer fact of the repertory theatre, of Lincoln Center's having come into existence, is a step forward. We must hope that the prolongation of its life, no matter under what auspices, will fulfill its serious artistic function.

If it is correct to speak of our theatre as having been "born" only forty-five years ago we must agree that compared to the long years which went into the making of the Elizabethan, the French neo-classic stages, the recently founded British National Theatre, our theatre is in its infancy. It is part of our immaturity to expect immediate consummation. The misfortune of our theatre history—due to the absence of a tradition—is its fragmentation. We always seem to be starting from scratch. But perhaps this after all is not the case: there may be a continuity which we don't readily perceive because in our juvenile impatience we are forever grumbling "Yes, but what have you done for me recently?"

Of course I am delighted that THE NATION *has reached its centenary, and I am happy to congratulate it and (even more) its readers. But I should not like to confine my pleasure to its mere longevity. It is a delight to read a journal which is so consistently literate on every page; and it is a special delight in a journal whose main purpose, after all, is not literary. That seems to me a true contribution to culture.*

—J. Bronowski

TV: THE 21″ BORE

ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

Mr. Aurthur has written more than a hundred original TV plays, a half-dozen films, two Broadway plays, short stories and a novel. For many reasons, some of which appear below, he is now concentrating on films.

EARLY IN 1950, on an icy winter's night, your average non-TV Viewer, me, hurried along Manhattan's East 57th Street. I was just a short sprint from my destination, the apartment of friend and painter Jimmy Ernst, and the thought of being deflected was inconceivable.

There was little traffic on this usually busy street, and I was literally the only pedestrian. It could have been the cold, but it wasn't. Older Viewers will grasp the significance of the fact that it was 8:25 P.M. on a Tuesday evening.

Turning into Third Avenue, I became suddenly aware of a brightly lighted store window, and in front of it, huddled together for warmth, a large knot of people. Never one to pass up a disaster or two midgets making love (for what else in that window could hold the rapt attention of two dozen people in 26°F?), I edged my way through the crowd for an unobstructed look.

Need I tell you? The store sold radios and those new-fangled television sets, and centered in the window was the newest-fangled of them all, a Louis Quinze-Georgian box with a ten-inch eye. And there, soundlessly, in full, glorious close-up, a man, dressed like a chicken, was dancing.

Never before having seen Milton Berle on television, I had, of course, heard of his phenomenal impact. I knew that from 8 to 9 P.M. every Tuesday night not only were the streets empty, but restaurants, clubs and movie houses as well. In 1950, television was exclusively an urban privilege with about ten million single-set homes clustered around the larger cities (now there are over 62 million homes equipped with heaven knows how many sets, and not a single region of the country out of reach), and of those ten million homes Milton commandeered 90 per cent every week. No one since has ever matched Berle, the closest being the night Lucy had her baby when *I Love Lucy* scored a single rating of about 75.

There were a lot more people addicted to dancing chickens, relatively speaking, in those days than now. Today a hit show is one with a rating of 30, and a smash is a special like the 1965 Academy Award Show, which Mr. Neilson reported had a rating in New York of 42.9. Against the Awards, the two other networks combined rated a mere 11.2, indicating that in 1965 almost *half* the potential audience in New York didn't even have their sets turned on! It is possible that mass boredom has gripped you Viewers, or does it mean that it is time to bring back Milton Berle?

Needless to say, the entire Yugoslav Army under the command of Joseph E. Levine could not have dragged me from that store window fifteen years ago. It was ten after nine when, frostbitten and in desperate need of brandy, I burst into the Ernst apartment on 58th Street with the stunning news that I had just witnessed a man, dressed like a chicken, dancing. No one cared. Bill Baziotes was talking quietly in a corner with Bob Motherwell; Peter Grippi whirled Inez Ferran around a Max Ernst totem pole to the tune of Jelly Roll Morton's *Dr. Jazz;* John Latouche was humming an entire ballet; and Jackson Pollock was in the center of a large group at the bar being hostile.

At the time I reasoned that no one responded to my news because in this corner of the art world people very often dressed like chickens, even when they weren't dancing. Much later it occurred to me, however, that of all those people, many of whom were to be immortalized by Harold Rosenberg as Abstract Expressionists (and who would have heard of them otherwise?), I was the only one to become rich and famous in television. Draw your own conclusions.

In 1950, television was very much in its Model T stage. The two coasts had not yet been linked by the coaxial cable; thus, a program could not be beamed live from New York to Los Angeles. Now, of course, we get pictures "live from the moon," and even as you read, Early Bird satellites whirl in synchronous orbit 22,000 miles per hour above the earth which can bring instantaneous pictures into your home from anywhere on the globe.

I was one who sat and thrilled in October, 1964, when from 1 to 3 A.M. I watched over NBC the program transmitted live from Tokyo at the opening ceremonies of the Olympic Games. This was truly a miracle. Certainly, man's hope for progress rests squarely on his ability to communicate—to inform and educate; and television now provides us with the ultimate. What man does with this great power is something else. Those who control television somehow always manage to tarnish their miracles, if not destroy them completely. Because it was only 10 P.M. on the West Coast, NBC chose not to interrupt their prime-time programming, and so Pacific Time Viewers saw their Olympic miracle on tape a couple of hours later. Video tape, though itself a minor miracle since 1955, is not quite the same thing as "live from Tokyo" via satellite for the first time in world history. The lesson here is never plan a giant step in the progress of man if it is necessary to interrupt a commercial.

Commercial television today is a medium of advertising, and that's all it is. They can say it's a lot of other things, and often do, in license applications or in public hearings, but They lie.

AGAIN BACK IN 1950, Hollywood was just a minor contributor to the art, with over 80 per cent of production originating live from New York. Because the enormous bonanza of network repeat showings and subsequent world-wide syndication was not even yet a dream, film was far too expensive a means of production. Today, the ratio is just about reversed, with over 80 per cent of programming produced on film in Hollywood.

In case anyone asks you—and you never know when someone will—the one reason that most television entertainment is on film from Hollywood, produced by the same people who for so many years produced so many bad movies, is not because it is better, not because it is easier, but because there are vast profits in film residuals. An hour film series in its fourth year brings a gross income of over $8 million to a network just in its first-run and network repeats, and subsequent profits in non-network syndication are inestimable.

To date, with the possible exception of functioning oil wells, no one has yet come up with a more certain profitmaker than television. In 1965, total advertising billing on the networks reached $1,610,000,000, and it is projected that this figure will better two-and-a-half billion by 1970. In 1964, CBS reported a *net* income of $49,655,739 on sales of $638,076,567—an increase over the previous year of over $7 million net.

The really incredible thing about the figures is that some of the biggest money-earning shows on television require the least effort to produce. Huntley and Brinkley, those two charming fellows who just sit there, will earn $27,300,000 for NBC in the season 1965-66, and the same network projects a weekly two-hour, prime-time feature film show (where they simply buy a product in a can, like soup) that will gross $44 million.

One could go on, but what's the point? The stunning fact in all this is that these fantastic profits have literally nothing to do with quality. Huntley and Brinkley can continue to bring us bad news, the feature pictures can be just awful, and the film series can be rehashes of rehashes, yet the millions will continue to roll in. Why?

Well, it's really very simple. Television, like other advertising media, charges on the basis of cost per thousand; i.e., the more people you reach with your message, the more you are charged for it. This simple fact accounts for the desperate dependency on ratings. In order to support the continually rising charges, the networks must deliver the largest possible audience. A minute commercial today costs the advertiser about $40,000 as opposed to around $10,000 fifteen years ago; and, as the potential audience grows, so will the cost of time.

In the dear dead days when television was a little more daring, when it would still experiment with new forms and new talents, it was a great deal less expensive. The Philco Playhouse, where I did my duty for some five years as writer, script editor, and ultimately producer, never cost more than $35,000 a show to produce. The sponsor, Philco, paid an additional charge of about $30,000 for time, in return for which there were three two-minute commercials and two "billboards" at the beginning and end of the show, all adding up to six minutes and twenty-five seconds. There was no half-hour station break.

Today, the average hour show will have six one-minute commercials at $40,000 each. The "billboards" will add another forty seconds, and at the

OH NO NOT WHEN I'M EATING!

half-hour the network and local stations will surround the station break with forty-five seconds of commercials (recently increased from thirty-five seconds) for additional income.

Yes, Viewers, there's gold in those airways (leased and licensed by law for "the public interest") as a certain former Texas janitor, now in more prominent surroundings, his broadcast holdings temporarily put away in trust, can easily attest.

Of course, that same Philco show today would cost about $75,000 a week to produce because of increased costs on every level, but that is still less than the average hour film show budgeted at $140,000 a week. Not that the film shows cost all that money to produce, but you have to figure things like 10 per cent to a "packaging" agent [a fellow who (1) knows someone in power at the network and can get him on the phone, or (2) a fellow who represents a star the American public can't live without, like Cara Williams or Paul Ford], furnishing network officials' apartments, limousines, suites at the Beverly Hills Hotel, etc. The show, or what you see on the screen, may actually cost $100,000. That's a lot of icing in there, Viewers, but then, you Viewers buy a lot of deodorants, cavity-preventing toothpaste, dandruff destroyers and supportive underthings.

AS BAD AS television is today, and it is generally pretty awful, I am not about to beat the old drum about how much better it used to be. It really didn't used to be that good, and if you think it was you are dealing from a jaded appetite. In the earlier days, the medium was controlled mostly by the advertisers and their agencies, and there was a terrible censorship of ideas, a dread fear of any controversy.

Very early in my television career, desperately casting about for a story to adapt (this was just before the advent of original television plays), I suggested the possibility of doing Kafka's *Metamorphosis* which, in my naïveté, I thought ideal for the small screen. I submitted my proposal to a leading producer, and in a subsequent meeting it was suggested to me that the story was a possibility—". . . But couldn't you have him change into a dog?" I could barely croak out a "Why?" and the producer said, "Well, you see, we go on the air here in New York at nine P.M., which means we're on the West Coast at six, and the Mountain States at seven. The thing is, a cockroach is very distasteful. You have to understand, on the West Coast people are eating. . . ."

"People Are Eating" television lasted a long time, until the networks took over control. Now they have abortions, hysterectomies and murder most vile and varied, and no one seems to care what you Viewers are doing at the time.

It must also be said that during the so-called Golden Age of television there existed the political blacklist, initiated and perpetuated by the advertisers, in which literally hundreds of actors and writers were banned from the airways. The basic morality of any kind of blacklist is debatable, no matter what the "crime," but even accepting the fact that an admitted Communist should not be permitted electronically into your living room, it was certain that of the hundreds punished all but a handful were completely free of any real political taint. I was once threatened with the loss of my livelihood by the Borden Company (which had a White List of "acceptable" artists) because I was accused (1) of once having been a sponsor of a meeting that supported Red China (not true—but then no one asked me), and (2) of having written a novel that got an excellent review in the *Daily Worker* (true—but the book had also gotten a better and bigger review in The Chicago *Tribune*).

Most victims of the blacklist, by the way, discovered themselves mysteriously out of work and never knew why. The fact that I found out in time and beat the rap was only because my friend and sometime employer, David Susskind, went to someone high enough in the agency and successfully fought my case. I was one of the few lucky ones.

AND SOME OF us survived, though no one is particularly proud of having worked through such an era, and it was finally the networks, by taking control, who broke the blacklist. Not that the networks deserve many bravery medals, but television has always been a seller's market; thus the networks are less susceptible to the kinds of pressures that make weak men weaker.

The fact that a recent ruling of the FCC intends to turn control of half the prime-time programming back into the hands of the advertisers in order to lessen the absolute power of the three networks brings no cheers from those who have been controlled by advertisers. Nothing in the past gives any indication that sponsors will select programs that are better or more experimental or more varied than the networks do now; indeed, all evidence is to the contrary. But perhaps the move has less to do with programming than it does with economics. Why should the networks alone get all those millions?

It is a matter of continual astonishment that there is such a furor about the "Wasteland" of television, that anyone actually expects it to be better than it is. Consider the simple fact that *twenty thousand* hours a year need to be filled on just the three networks, and who has the audacity to expect these hours to be filled with excellence? Television does an increasingly superb job in covering sports and news events, the realities of our society, and perhaps that's all it's really designed to do well. As for the entertainment side, as long as there are just three networks, as long as the powerful lobbies led by Congressmen with interests in existing television stations limit the number of outlets and prevent other systems like Pay-TV and Community Antennae-TV from coming into being, then the general level of entertainment will be gauged to the lowest popular taste. It is, after all, the business of the networks to make the most money possible, and to do this they must reach the widest audience possible. If most of you Viewers prefer *Peyton Place* to Shakespeare and the *Beverly Hillbillies* to Molière, and there is more than ample evidence that you do, then that is what you will get.

The thing one must always remember is that television is no different from any other medium of mass communication. Where is it better? On Broadway Jean Kerr succeeds; Brecht isn't produced. You don't see publishers throwing Irving Wallace or Herman Wouk out of their offices. The *Reader's Digest* sells just a few more copies than does THE NATION, and Fellini can make pictures as long as they don't cost more than $700,000.

Ah, *but*, you say. . . . *But* there is an off-Broadway where Brecht is produced and is acceptable; publishing isn't just limited to the best-selling Wallace and Wouk; THE NATION is on the newsstands; and Fellini *does* make pictures.

AND YOU WOULD be right. There *is* a difference between television and the other media in that television is the only one where *absolute* control is in the hands of only those who go for the biggest buck. This will change not by trying to raise the general level by some mystique whereby the public suddenly rejects *Peyton Place* for *Son of Godot*, nor will it change by handing the choice of programs back to sponsors. And it certainly won't change by vocal minorities like parent groups or education committees or even FCC chairmen crying for better product. It will only change when the monopolistic practices of the combined force of network and advertiser are broken, when Pay-TV or its equivalent allow independent producers to reach smaller audiences and still make a real profit.

It happened in films when the large studios were forced to divest themselves of their theatres. Until then an independent could not get his product booked, just as today an independent television producer finds it virtually impossible to book his product onto a network without network ownership or control. It also happened in publishing, when means were devised to distribute paperbacks wherever there are readers, and it became possible to make a profit on esoteric books by little known writers. It happened in the theatre when playwrights found audiences in small houses not controlled by the Shuberts or the City Investing Company, who book only potential hits into their houses.

The power structure in television will resist any attempt to widen the outlets by any means possible, from millions spent to swing an election in California that outlawed Pay-TV, to Congressional fiat, to FCC foot-shuffling. And why not? A dollar diverted is a dollar lost. A certain former Texas janitor would not be worth an estimated $14 million today if he had not legally been awarded a monopoly to control a large television market.

At present, what you Viewers see (or don't see) on television is controlled for all practical purposes by the three networks. Anyone with a new show idea, even if he has the money to produce a "pilot" sample himself, submits his idea to the network and proceeds only if he has a reasonable guarantee that the network will look upon the final product with favor. This favor is usually won by making the network a partner. There are, then, no more than a dozen men who ultimately decide what goes on the air, mainly because they control what is offered for sale.

A COUPLE OF years ago I spent a stunningly unsuccessful season in the employ of United Artists Television as a creator of new programs. UA is one of those companies that develop shows as so-called independents, but always eventually in partnership with the network. As a result, I had a few brief brushes with the network power structure as it exists today, and I'm a much poorer man for the experience.

James T. Aubrey, now a semi-retired millionaire, was then president of CBS, and he was something to behold if you happen, as I am, to be a student of the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie. When Big Jim walked into a room, you never saw so many highly paid people reduced to so many shambling wrecks. I mean, that man generated terror. He owned the joint, and he was *fierce!* Nothing went on the air over at CBS that Big Jim personally didn't approve. You had to check him on every line of the script, every piece of casting, every item on the set. He was the *boss!*

Among my various projects that year was a half-hour comedy written by a very gifted man named Harvey Orkin that I thought was one of the really funny pieces of our time. It was wild, yet it was sophisticated. Its protagonist was a New York lawyer who dealt with the legal profession from the standpoint of the Marx Brothers. It was submitted to CBS and was subsequently reported to me that "everyone" loved it, thought it as funny as I did. Did "everyone" include Big Jim? We would find out at a meeting.

Jim Aubrey looks something like Jack Kennedy out of Jimmy Stewart. He was graduated from Princeton *cum laude,* has lived and worked in big cities all his life. He is not a hick. He has an ingratiating smile and sits mostly with his feet up on his desk. At the meeting to discuss the Orkin project we were joined by five vice-presidents, all of whom had, before the meeting, told me the script was incredibly funny, that we had a real winner.

Since the meeting was only about the Orkin project, the hope was that at the end Jim would give us a go-ahead to make a pilot film. I was told to make my sales pitch. Not that it needed any selling; the script did that, but it was the way one did things in such meetings.

And so I pitched. Ignoring all the vice-presidents, knowing where the power was, I spoke directly to Big Jim. I told him how funny the script was, how Harvey Orkin was perhaps the most original comedy talent since Aristophanes and a lot more acceptable for the home screen, and how we had incredibly detailed plans for episodes that would keep America laughing for years to come. Jim listened carefully. He never stopped smiling.

I pitched for twenty minutes, and then there was no more to be said. When I fell silent, Jim said, "Finished?"

I nodded. Then he nodded, got to his feet and paced the room twice. As he did so, I took out a cigarette and three vice-presidents leaned forward to light it for me, indicating I was a smash. Jim was still smiling as he turned to me.

"I've got to tell you," he said, "nothing you said made any sense. *Not one thing*!"

There was absolute silence, like at my funeral just before the man gets up to give the eulogy.

"The script is terrible," Jim said. "There isn't one funny line in it. Not one joke, not a smile. I don't think either you or Orkin understand the first thing about comedy."

This from the man who put the *Beverly Hillbillies* on the air.

Jim went on: "What the hell makes you think that one person in the United States gives one goddam about some guy, some flip clod, who wisecracks his way through life, whose only real problem is what bar he bellies up to at night? Grass-roots humor—that's what the people like. And that's what they buy. Not this crap."

That was the beginning of what he said. There was a lot more, but it all added up to the death of me, Harvey Orkin and our project. Oh, I did put up a little struggle; I even, in desperation, turned to the vice-presidents who had helped light my cigarette. One said it was the worst script he'd ever read, the second said he personally had seen nothing at all funny in it, and the third indicated great surprise that a man with my track-record for taste would even come around with something like that.

Jim accepted this surprising support for his position with aplomb, then said in a very kindly way, "Don't look for comedy in the lives of guys like you and me. Nobody really gives a damn about what happens to us."

When Aubrey left CBS he took with him about two-and-a-half million dollars in stock options. I tell this story not because I like to kick a man when he's up, but because I've been proved right and Jim wrong. When Jim was fired, the story made front-page headlines in newspapers all across the country including *The New York Times,* so you Viewers out there *do* care what happens to guys like us. And a lot of people (but not me) *did* laugh.

It is strictly a coincidence that a year later I found myself wandering, alone, in a foreign country. It was a very cold Sunday night in late January as I walked down O'Connell Street in Dublin. Pubs were closed, movies sold out. Ahead of me, a lighted window, a crowd. Sure enough, pressing through the people I found myself peering through a thick glass at a 21″ screen. Telefis Eirean is very primitive and concerns itself mostly with earnest men who talk in Gaelic to convince people that *everyone* should talk in Gaelic. Not many people own television sets, and those who do are centered around the cities. There is only one channel.

This, however, was not the usual political panel show. A man, dressed like a chicken, was dancing. I swear it's true. Fifteen years later, almost to the day. The people standing around me were laughing, and when the man took off his chicken head he looked just like Brendan Behan.

Well, what were you expecting—Milton Berle?

THE NATION *has always inspired respect for its intellectual integrity. I look upon its praise as a most valued endorsement of an artist's effort, whether of the arts, of the theatre, or of the films.* —**Charles Chaplin**

NOTES ON THE NEW STYLE

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

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It's all anti these days: anti-literature, anti-art, anti-morality, anti-society, anti-ideology, anti-matter. Some people, mostly those with one foot in the past, are *for* something, but the young, and those who have jumped on the bandwagon of youth, are busy inventing new forms of rejection and secession. It's called cooling it or copping out—depending on whether you're in or out.

This is the new sensibility. Usually a new sensibility is a new literary style which reflects a new life style. At present, the life style is so strong that it has taken over the functions of art. Perhaps the new attitudes are too dramatic and uncompromising, or have not settled sufficiently to support works of literature, or perhaps the new writing still is not able to stand on its own. Anyway, new fiction has been itself part of the scene, which explains why it is so sprawling, and why it is so difficult to fit it into the old frames. Burroughs, Genêt, even Beckett, to some extent Mailer, do not have their niche in the history of the novel the way, for example, Faulkner, or Bellow, or Flannery O'Connor or Nathanael West do—a situation obviously confusing to those teachers and critics who would like to keep up with new beliefs by holding on to their old ones.

Some of the new fiction must then be seen as a break with the past. There was an earlier break with tradition that brought the literary exile back into the fold. Both these changes have been played down, however, because literary history, which takes to similarities more than differences, tends to flatten out the past. Even criticism, which should know better, has done the same thing, because the kind of criticism that goes in for theory and historical connections usually abhors discontinuity and has a weakness for traditions which have been academically certified. For some critics, to question the lines of tradition is as unthinkable as to question the idea of heredity or history. Hence the common version of what happened to the novel fails to explain why the figures of what might be called the Golden Era—Proust, Mann, Joyce, even Kafka, who falls outside most schemes—seemed to mark the end of a line.

These novelists, who dominated the early part of the century, were sustained by two beliefs: that society had a certain shape and direction; and that, though they were outside it, in some mysterious, often perverse, way they represented its ideals and its possibilities. They were in and out, but comfortably so, nestled in the tradition, going back to the Romantics, of an intellectual aristocracy that acted as both rebel and prophet. When Joyce made his famous pledge "to encounter . . . the reality of experience and to forge the uncreated conscience of my race," he was not so far out as he seemed at the time. Earwicker, after all, was Everyman. Nor was Mann way out when he created the artist-bourgeois hero, who had it both ways. Kafka, I think, broke out of this essentially aesthetic view of society, because he was impelled more by his own morbid experience and his own feelings than by the myths of belonging and not belonging. In his indifference to society and hence to conventional motivations, Kafka was closer to the current sensibility than some of his more explicitly *avant-garde* contemporaries. But even Kafka was not free of the bruised humanism behind the panoramic and allegorical fiction of Joyce, Mann and Proust. The *Waste Land* tradition in the novel seemed to require these big, suggestive themes, roaming through time and space, for only on such a scale could the agonies of the hero be blown up to represent man's fate.

As we know, this culture-hero has had a long literary career. He began as an English Romantic, as an angel who doubled as a devil. Nietzsche and Dostoevsky played up his morbid and diabolical side. He appeared in some movements as the alienated man. He turned up at one time or another as a symbolist, a dadaist, an exile. He was also a political rebel, sometimes a revolutionary. On the whole he was nourished on the idea that the forces making for a better society were to be found in society itself. Hence he opposed the values it practiced, not the values it professed.

IN THE FOLLOWING PERIOD, the novel came down to earth. It took its place in society, but without a theory of society, or of art. It lost its ambition. The novel became smaller, less symbolic, less self-conscious, more like the ordinary idea of ordinary experience. Not only was the tradition of the big brooding novel played out; more important was the fact there was no longer a main tradition. Instead, there were many little traditions that lost their power over new writing and broke down into vague conventions and influences. The novel took off in many directions. Thus we got genre novels, regional novels, novels of manners, exotic novels, academic novels. The shift could be seen in the early Hemingway and Faulkner, for whom the narrative was more important than the theme. But even more typical of the new era were figures like Kingsley Amis, Iris Murdoch, Katherine Anne Porter, Mary McCarthy, Bernard Malamud, Saul Bellow. They were all novelists of manners—social, moral, and sexual manners—all committed to a genre in which the writer stakes out his claim in a society that is taken for granted. They were not morbid, or apocalyptic, or angry. The cold war between the writer and his society was over.

The most representative novelist of the period is Saul Bellow, perhaps because he is one of the most gifted and self-conscious writers today. His first novel, *The Dangling Man,* which seems to have been forgotten because it falls outside the pattern of the later work, comes out of the tradition of the heroic anti-hero. In its scale and its conception, *The Dangling Man* reflected the new adjustments to more modest views of the world. But he was still a marginal man, an artist-intellectual set apart by his values and his anxieties. In fact, reviewers who did not believe in alienation were quite hostile to Bellow's novel, despite the fact that the dangling man had both feet on the ground.

Obviously, the young Bellow was if not an alienated man an alienated writer. But his later writing shows a steady de-alienation. *The Victim,* a novel about anti-Semitism, seems to be a transitional work, for the transformation of the Jew from the alienated man to the victim of injustice meant that the conflict was now situated in social conventions and institutions. But the two later, more expansive novels are more explicit. Augie March still had a little of the old freewheeling, self-assertive, and self-pitying quality of the dangling man. This could be a self-portrait, a mixture, as in most writers, of what Bellow feels and what he thinks he should feel. But Augie's drifting was no longer on the metaphysical edges of society; he was a wanderer on the inside, a borer-from-within. As Augie made his way into the experiences of the average man, with his charm, his wit, and the jauntiness of his sufferings, he grew into a picaresque hero. Augie became a Tom Jones of contemporary America: a little less roguish, a little more self-conscious, still an adventurer within his own time and country—an American.

THE OUTSIDER WAS now the insider. But it took more than ideology to make this reversal; it was accomplished, as it always is in fiction, by bringing what one saw together with what one looked at. It took a certain literary insight to connect the peculiar footloose, sharp-eyed quality of American life with the legendary traits of the alienated man; and no doubt much of Bellow's appeal comes from his domestication of the wanderer to fit in with the new sense of America.

Herzog completes the process of de-alienation, though the dangling man seems to be here again. But he returns through the back door, through sex, which makes him a case rather than a symbol. Like all the earlier heroes, Herzog sighs and sags, but this time he reaches the end of his rope and not the end of existence. He can't make it because he has lost his grip and because he has bad luck with his women. This is a story of maladjustment, not the allegory of a dropout. Clearly, Herzog has the inside track to understanding as well as to suffering, and if he has trouble—who hasn't? The end is ambiguous because Bellow recognizes that ambiguity is the most certain form of reality, at least in fiction. Still, one is left with the feeling that Herzog will probably make it.

And if he does, it is because he exemplifies the optimism, made more explicit in various essays and reviews, that Bellow apparently needs to overcome his doubts. Otherwise, you would get only the whining of the dangling man, who makes us feel sorry for him because he thinks he is smaller than his fate and larger than his lot. The letters Herzog writes to famous men and to the world at large provide the clue: they are nutty and absurd and full of the folklorish wisdom of people who have nothing to do with practical things, but they are the letters of someone who is always playing the game.

Bellow's fiction also shows a formal break with the earlier tradition. It is relaxed, discursive, almost like a throwback to the beginnings of the novel, when the plot hung on the meanderings and fortunes of the hero. Yet Bellow did not invent the style. It was in fact the prevailing one, though it naturally took a different form in such different temperaments as Mary McCarthy, who has an eye for cant and social immorality, or Bernard Malamud, whose civilized passions are those of a Jewish epicure, or Henry Miller, who confuses his dreams with his frustrations. Most of the novels of the period were worldly in tone as well as in theme and situated in a particular locale. In this respect, Mary McCarthy was perhaps most typical: her concern with the observable world fit right in with the breakup of the big novel, while her sophistication kept her away from naturalism.

BUT MAYBE MORE important than individual temperament was the national temperament. The new turn was largely American, and the reason, I think, was the native bias against monolithic traditions. It was much more American to believe in the present than in the past, and in geography rather than history. If there was a dominant myth it was that America existed in its constant rediscovery of itself. In the period after the war this anti-myth took the form of feeling that big ideas were played out, that the novelist now had the job simply of writing about the things he saw and felt.

The very diversity of American life made for a diversity of fiction. But a similar mood existed abroad and European writers were quite receptive to American influence. In England, where the native bent for empiricism and urbanity had usually kept the novel from becoming too inflated, a rash of easy-going, talky, comic novels by writers like Henry Green, Kingsley Amis, John Braine appeared after the war. And even more socially-minded writers, such as Doris Lessing, or Alan Sillitoe, were more concerned with recording than with generalizing their observations. In France, the national weakness for the rhetoric of ideas naturally persisted. But for the leading figures of the period, for Camus and Sartre, for example, the novel was mostly a comment on contemporary life.

After almost a century of philosophical speculation and literary experiment, the novel had come back to more homely subjects and the novelist no longer thought of himself as the moral conscience in exile.

NOTHING LASTS VERY LONG these days, and now the tide is all the other way. The new sensibility is a swing away from civilization, a kind of de-civilization, and not in the name of some higher civilization. The key figures are Burroughs and Genêt, supported, as any new style must be, by lesser writers like Selby, Rechy, and Blechman.

But the transition to the extremes of writing today was made by Norman Mailer, whose first novel was a documentary of his observations, and whose latest was a documentary of his dreams. It has been pointed out that Mailer reversed the usual development of novelists, transforming himself from a conventional and popular novelist to a dissident one. Only recently, however, has the extent to which Mailer has gone back on his past been recognized, and mostly by his critics, who have been ranting against the new immorality. The accusation is not original: it was made against Joyce and Lawrence, as it always has been made against any innovators in sex or morals. And the answer to such indictments, as Leavis said, is that the business of literature is to raise moral questions, not to answer them. If Lawrence broke the rules, it was because he was interested less in sexual conventions than in fulfillment. The same obviously can be said for Mailer. But what concerns us here is that Mailer, in stretching the limits of experience, has come close to the anti-world of Burroughs or Genêt. I say he has come close, because even in so wilful and self-indulgent a book as *An American Dream* Mailer shows he cannot give up the established liberal world with its old-fashioned concepts of power and justice and heterosexual love. Even in his sexual forays, the messianic Rojack, who is out to save women from civilization, is himself trapped in the traditional opposition between work and play, fulfillment and frustration.

In *An American Dream,* Mailer's inability to accept or reject all of society is resolved partly by psychosis, a common form of adjustment by people half-in, half-out. The explanation—that escaped most reviewers—for much of Rojack's inexplicable behavior lies in his failure to connect with what he expects of the other characters or what they expect of him. The murder itself, the odd behavior of the police, the foxy calculations of Rojack, all add up to a fantasy as consistent and illogical as psychosis.

But the psychotic character in the novel cannot be thought of simply as deranged. The use of psychosis is a means of creating a new system of motivation that would not work in ordinary life, but does in a novel. Such a self-contained system of motivation was used, for example, by Gide in *The Counterfeiters.* In fact, motives in fiction are never real motives, since an imagined character has no existence outside the story, and there is no "person" to which his actions can be related. For this reason, extreme behavior can be given a literary form resembling psychosis. In the past, this was done to make murderers or sex criminals plausible—for example, Stavrogin, Lafcadio or Merseult. Lately, however, dreams and dissociations that border on the psychotic have become a staple of the new sensibility.

Mailer's efforts to flagellate himself into more extreme positions showed up earlier in his essays, though one tended to think of them as shock-waves to neutralize the opposition and not to take them too seriously. "The White Negro," the articles on Kennedy and Goldwater and the self-advertisements all show Mailer constantly straining to get beyond the conventions even of advanced thinking into a cooler, more neutral state of being. In this kind of world, you do not solve things, you experience them; you step up your personal life while cutting down on your involvement with society. But unlike Burroughs, who doesn't know where he ends and the world begins, Mailer is still preoccupied with politics and social causes, that is, with the idea of humanity which lies behind any belief in change and improvement, even self-improvement. No matter how hard he tries, Mailer cannot attain the state of historical amnesia or total personal detachment required to make one's inner life entirely self-sufficient. But the fact that he can't make it gives him much of his strength as a novelist—at least as far as those who haven't gone overboard for the latest in dissociation are concerned.

The contrast between these two major figures, Bellow and Mailer, is quite suggestive. Bellow, who started out as a loner, a moral prowler, has reached the ripeness, the mellowness, the confidence of the established man of letters. Mailer, on the other hand, after an assured career, now acts like a young writer, cocky, nervous, and unpredictable. Bellow is admired as a novelist; Mailer has become, particularly for younger people, a messianic underground figure.

AS WRITERS KEEP OUTDOING each other in destroying the past, each new breakthrough trumps the last one. Compared with Genêt or Burroughs, Norman Mailer sounds almost normal. He is, it is true, a little perverse. But with the help of Norman O. Brown, and some reinterpreting of Freud, perversity can be assimilated to the idea of normality. What we have in Genêt and Burroughs is something else: it is not the extension of "normal" experience to include what used to be regarded as abnormal experience, but a different kind of life, out there, in which dope, and crime, and sexual experiment are taken for granted.

Genêt is by far the most gifted and interesting figure, and for this very reason no longer seems so exceptional or so extreme. As with most outstanding writers, his genius justifies his aberrations, and connects them with more traditional ones, particularly in the plays, where the madness of his associations is made natural and plausible. Still, the life represented by Genêt is not the life most of us live, certainly not the outer life and only in part the inner life. Nor is Genêt saying it is a better or a worse life; it is just his. I am not here concerned with judging Genêt or his values. But, I should say that what we call morality is a constantly shifting and unpredictable combination of old and new values. Nor is there any rule tying us to certain more conventional subjects and putting others beyond the pale. It must be said, too, because of the sudden boom in moralizing criticism, mainly on the part of aging critics, that it is sheer cant to pretend one's real or fantasy life is free of the things that are dismissed as too extreme or immoral.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that Genêt, like Burroughs, is writing about a life we associate with the underworld. And the question naturally arises how the underworld became the basis of the new sensibility, which, after all, is taken to be suggestive of contemporary life in general. The answer, I guess, is in the youth, the advanced youth, not all of it, obviously, just those forceful and flamboyant enough to impose their style on the period, particularly on its writing. But this can't be the whole story. The new sensibility can't be just the style of a new literary generation, saying no not only to the world as it is but also to the idea of changing it. Even the most extreme spokesmen must be reflecting more than their own boredom or their own brand of fun. They must be expressing, the way extreme literature has always expressed what a period means, the fact that we are all in some sense cool and disengaged today. Don't we all play with the notion that the very madness of the world is what holds it together?

The new sensibility gives a purity of form to this type of madness by fantasizing institutions out of existence. Neither in Burroughs, nor in Selby, nor in some of the other advanced novelists, are there any social or moral institutions, any psychological norms, by which people measure themselves and against which they rebel. In fact, there is no rebelling; only abstaining and resigning. Hence violence becomes personal, and, given a bent in this direction anyway, sexual. In Burroughs we actually get a kind of sexual cannibalism, that doubles as a homosexual and a social symbol. In this sort of free-for-all, the family naturally disappears, too. In fact, the only place I know where Marx's prediction of the breakdown of the family is actually fulfilled is in the novels of Burroughs and Genêt. Generally in the fluid world of the anti-world, in which there are no recognizable boundaries, all the people act like orphans, as well as drifters. As I recall, there are no sons or fathers in Burroughs, only spacemen on leave from reality. Hence all relations are incestuous and patricidal and all distinctions of age or authority tend to disappear. Selby's tough adolescents, too, though always in motion, do not seem to be coming from or going anywhere.

It is interesting to note that many eighteenth and nineteenth century heroes and heroines were real orphans; one thinks of Tom Jones, Becky Sharpe, and Jane Eyre. Their rootlessness, like that of the modern orphan, made for mobility. But this was a device used by the novelist to create characters who were not bound by the stability of society, while the symbolic orphans of today come out of a sense of instability.

I have talked mainly about the more established and the more dramatic of the new novelists, because they have set the tone of the new style. But, of course, there are many others, quite gifted, though less formed. (I have not discussed John Rechy, who is very much like Burroughs, but not so good.) One of the most accomplished is Selby, who creates an imaginary violence, mostly sexual, that is made to look real by means of a stylized naturalism. Perhaps the two most original talents are Pynchon, author of that remarkable novel *V*, and Susan Sontag, who is better known for her criticism than her fiction. Miss Sontag, I think, is the most intelligent of the new writers, and paradoxically, the most traditional, though she has been taken as a spokesman for the new style.

Some of the writers associated with the new sensibility have not been able to make a complete break. But in the more extreme figures de-civilization has gone a long way. Fiction, particularly, has gone so far one can't imagine what else could be coming. The old development of character, which takes for granted that it is possible to grow up, is out. We now have instant realization, and instant destruction. As in science fiction, characters will have to be invented instead of being created.

I have been trying to think what I really get out of reading THE NATION. *I think it's this: I cannot believe much of what I read in the papers. It is not even a question of whether they are venal or not, it is rather their accepted mode of presenting the news, a blank undigested recital of actions. These actions don't become facts, they don't take on the color of truth until they are put into some kind of perspective.* THE NATION *has been publishing long enough to have identified itself with one of the major traditions of this country, a liberalism that does not operate by fiat but one that has experienced enough trials to take into account all the actions and digest them and present them in the light of an honest concern for the public welfare. Thus, when I read* THE NATION *I think am getting something pretty close to the truth, give a little, take a little. This is a great satisfaction.*

—Allan Seager

HENRY JAMES and *THE NATION*

LEON EDEL

A Pulitzer Prize biographer of Henry James, Mr. Edel is Professor of English at New York University. He has written or edited more than 30 volumes and contributes frequently to the book review columns of THE NATION.

IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN that Henry James was one of the most consistent—and most prolific—contributors to THE NATION during its first fifteen years, those years when it came "to enjoy a fortune and achieve an authority and dignity" (as James later said) unknown to any other publication in the United States. James was twenty-two when he wrote his first book review for the very first issue of the weekly. Between 1865 and 1880 he contributed more than 200 essays, reviews, travel sketches, commentaries and theatrical and art criticisms; he was, in a word, a sort of critic-at-large for Godkin's publication, in New York, in Paris, London or Rome. He found time, in the midst of his writing of fiction, to go to a London Academy show and tell NATION readers about the pre-Raphaelites and Whistler; or to describe Paris after the Commune; or to take the readers on some of his vigorous walking tours in the Alps. On occasion he would even dig up a sporting event, say the college regatta at Worcester, or the Oxford-Cambridge boat race, viewed at dawn from a bridge over the Thames. For a very brief time he attempted parliamentary reporting, visiting Westminster loyally and discoursing on Disraeli and the grandiosities of Victoria or the vicissitudes of the "Afghan affair." But these excursions were short-lived. He was, first and foremost, a critic of the arts.

The prospectus of THE NATION had implied that literature was as much the weekly's concern as politics; and it had added that "sound and impartial criticism" would be published "in every case by writers having special qualifications for it." NATION readers might have wondered about the qualifications of a 22-year-old novice in letters like Henry James, who had printed one tale in *The Atlantic Monthly* and a few unsigned notices in *The North American Review* when Godkin invited him to write for the weekly. Those were the days, however, when criticism was anonymous; Godkin took responsibility for everything. The editor, moreover, had no doubts of the young man's talents or qualifications. He had been told by Charles Eliot Norton of his precocious literary gifts; and he had gone out of his way to call on the two Henry Jameses, father and son, in Ashburton Place, on the farther side of Beacon Hill, to enlist them as contributors. Volume 1 Number 1 of THE NATION contained a review by the senior Henry of Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* while the junior reviewed a Henry Kingsley novel. Young Henry James seems to have welcomed anonymity; his reputation was to be made in fiction, and he continued to write criticism "silently" for THE NATION, enjoying the freedom to comment as he wished, without having to watch his words. The unsigned article made for easy and for unselfconscious reviewing. Years after he was to boast that his early pieces were beyond recovery. But he had not reckoned with the persistence of modern bibliographers. There came a moment when THE NATION account books yielded their secrets: the names of the authors, what they had written and how much they had been paid.

Henry James's early reviews are recognizably youthful even though they pretend to be written by an older man; they have a certain edge and they are without compromise. He admonishes Kingsley to "forget in the first place, that he is an English gentleman, and remember that he is a novelist." With the high seriousness of his years, he chides Trollope as one who "just eludes being serious; unless it be the almost equal success with which he frequently escapes being really humorous." On the other hand he is quick to see George Eliot's "extensive human sympathy, that easy understanding of character at large, that familiarity with man from which a novelist draws his real inspiration." He discourses brilliantly on Dickens, on Flaubert, on Turgenev; his range is wide, and to list his reviews would be to list most of the important novelists and essayists writing on both sides of the Channel at the time—from Edmond de Goncourt to Hardy, Hugo to Zola, Mrs. Gaskell to Miss Braddon. He reviews Hawthorne's journals, Howells, Bayard Taylor, De Forest and Miss Alcott. As was always to be the case, he is a splendid critic of fiction and often a lame one of verse. His well-known lapses are his account of *Les Fleurs du mal*—"the effort of an essentially prosaic mind to lift itself, by prolonged muscular strain, into poetry" and his formidable assault, in Arnoldian accents, on Walt Whitman. He reprinted the Baudelaire, much revised, but he repudiated the Whitman. The recantation was emphatic—"nothing would induce me to reveal the whereabouts of my disgrace, which I can only recollect as deep and damning." The whereabouts were revealed as we know; and it was just as well for literary history. We can see the young man taking his false as well as true steps as a critic.

TO READ HIM in THE NATION'S pages is to see his growth. The sharp didactic tones cease altogether; a certain shrillness disappears. In the 1870s a humane critic emerges, wide in his interests, generous in his sympathies, singularly good-tempered; he is distinctly a man of his time, but like all gifted individuals he is also capable of rising above it. The critical writings become not merely a record of personal development; they reveal to us the standards of taste and discrimination which Godkin maintained in his columns; and the extent to which the THE NATION cherished cultural values at a time when the raw wounds of war were still healing. James constantly mentioned writers new to America; and for a number of years, after he took up residence abroad, he kept NATION readers informed of cultural currents abroad. Even when he misjudged the impressionists, he reported on them; and Americans reading the weekly were also well-informed about new plays to be seen in London and Paris. He did not confine himself to fiction in his reviews; he discusses the latest writings of Taine, Sainte-Beuve, Renan; and he treats the minor French critics, Schérer and Montégut. One can understand why Godkin gave Henry James so much freedom and all the space he needed. The editor had complained that American journalism was stodgy; and that American intellectuals "all want to write ponderous essays if they write at all." He found it difficult to get "men of education in America to handle any subject with a light touch." Henry James had the light touch; and he cultivated verbal felicity and charm. His prose of these earlier years had not acquired the mandarin qualities of his later time. It was fluid and explicit, epigrammatic, witty. It was criticism at its freest and most spontaneous; as James remarked, criticism for him was "an agreeable luxury—something like printed talk."

GOOD AS JAMES'S NATION reviews were, they were surpassed by his travel writings. He made himself into one of the foremost literary travelers of his time. This was the era when going abroad was still an adventure; and Americans remaining on their spreading continent liked to read of far-away places. James began by persuading Godkin to print sketches of certain American scenes—Newport, Saratoga, Lake George, Niagara Falls. These revealed him at once as an admirable observer of American manners. His

> The villas and cottages, the beautiful idle women the beautiful idle men, the brilliant pleasure-fraught days and evenings, impart, perhaps, to Newport life a faintly European expression, in so far as they suggest the somewhat alien presence of leisure—"fine old Leisure," as George Eliot calls it. Nothing, it seems to me, however, can take place in America without straightway seeming very American; and, after a week at Newport, you begin to fancy that, to live for amusement simply, beyond the noise of commerce or of care, is a distinctively national trait. Nowhere else in this country—nowhere, of course, within the range of our better civilization—does business seem so remote, so vague and unreal. Here a positive organic system of idleness or of active pleasure-taking has grown up and matured. If there is any poetry in the ignorance of trade and turmoil and the hard processes of fortune, Newport may claim her share of it. She knows—or at least appears to know—for the most part, nothing but results. Individuals here, of course, have private cares and burdens, to preserve the balance and the dignity of life; but these collective society conspires to forget. It is a singular fact that a society that does nothing is decidedly more picturesque, more interesting to the eye of sentiment, than a society which is hard at work.
>
> —*Henry James*, THE NATION, *1870*

studies of the older society at Newport, the only spot where a sense of leisure was cultivated in the busy America of his time, and of the *nouveau riche* society at Saratoga, constitute for us today classic documents of their era. James evokes the wide "piazzas" of the Saratoga hotels, the sauntering wives and daughters, and their hourly changes of finery—"a hundred rustling beauties whose rustle is their sole occupation." He listens to the conversation of the husbands, self-made men with their feet up on verandah rails, their cigars tilted at the same angle, "hard nuts, which have grown and ripened as they could." He cannot resist adding that he seemed "to hear the cracking of the shells." He observes in particular the children; they will figure in his tales of the middle period; and no modern writer discussing "permissive" parents could offer better testimony than James's pictures of youngsters roller-skating in hotel corridors and sprawling asleep and neglected late in the evening in big leather lobby chairs.

Having established himself as a literary traveler in America, James went abroad in the early 1870s, largely counting on his NATION earnings to support him in Paris or the Rome of Garibaldi. Godkin paid him $50 for each travel article; and his papers from these cities and from rural England "from our special correspondent" are as fresh and as readable today as they were when they first appeared. Assembled in 1875, they constituted James's first book, *Transatlantic Sketches,* and many years later they served him in his volumes of *English Hours* and *Italian Hours*. James was a comfortable, sentient, easy traveler; he sought to resolve his impressions into concrete pictures; he sought also to give his readers that tissue of image and tableau which he admired in his French models, Taine and Gautier. He speaks of himself in these papers as "an observant American" or as "our old friend the sentimental tourist." He is in fact more than a tourist: for he watches closely the finer differences in national manners, which will become the subject of his fictions. He divides his attention evenly between the works of nature and of man; he decidedly prefers the latter, the flow of life into art, the flow of art into life. He likes the picturesque, but it must be the "human picturesque." Americans busy with their tasks could travel vicariously with this "special correspondent" in THE NATION's pages. He has an eye for houses and for architecture; he is a sophisticated searcher-out of paintings hidden behind altars in dark churches; he wanders with a keen eye for flora and fauna in English country lanes, or evokes the little flowers springing out of ancient Roman ruins. The sense of Europe was brought by James with great success to Americans busy creating their cities and their industries—to those very families he had seen in Saratoga who were about to venture forth across the ocean, there to become the further subject of James's "international" tales.

THE WRITER of thirty, traveling about Europe, had one complaint. The NATION printers did not seem to be able to read his handwriting. When he wrote about the "blood-stained pavements" of Paris the words appeared as "blood-stained garments." When he ventured to describe certain "idle vistas and melancholy nooks" some typesetter, of apparently ecclesiastical bent, read this as "idle sisters and melancholy monks." "What do you think of this!" the author exploded to his brother William, in a letter filled with a record of typographical errors and a sense of outrage. The affront to his prose was remembered into old age, for in the last piece which he wrote for THE NATION, in 1915, a reminiscence of the paper's founding, he spoke of being "never criticized, never corrected, nor disapproved, postponed nor omitted, but just sweetly and profusely and plausibly misprinted."

There was one period, however, when he was able to read his own proofs, and when he could smell the printer's ink and the fresh paper in THE NATION's own editorial offices. Henry James came to New York in 1875 to try a calculated experiment: he wanted to see whether he could support himself by his pen in America. Without becoming a regular staff member of THE NATION, he had from Godkin a free hand with books, art shows and the theatre: he was, that winter, THE NATION's critic of the arts. He saw Madame Ristori and George Rignold in the old playhouses of Fifth Avenue; he visited a series of art exhibitions; and he reviewed books steadily. I have told the story of James's New York winter in the second volume of my life of the novelist; how he lived in shabby rooms at 111 East 25th Street near a Dutch grocery just off Second Avenue, within walking distance of Madison Square, then the heart of Manhattan. He used to take the elevated down to THE NATION at 5 Beekman Street to deliver his copy in person; there he fraternized with Godkin, the assistant editor, Arthur Sedgwick, and Wendell Phillips Garrison. There was a story that Godkin actually invited James to take a regular position with THE NATION; but he remained an uncommitted free lance. He worked extremely hard that winter; three and four articles a week appeared in THE NATION and he was writing also for *The Atlantic* and *The Galaxy* and seeing his first travel book and his first novel through the press. Sometimes the entire arts section of the weekly was the work of James. He was paid from $12 to $30 for each piece, depending on its length. He wrote in all 70 essays and reviews during that year and some 40 of these appeared in THE NATION. He reviewed almost anything that came to hand: biographies of New England worthies, accounts of Fourierist and Communist communities in America, religious memoirs, the journals of Greville and of Dr. Livingstone, Taine on Paris, Hare on Rome—his racing pen worked overtime. But at the winter's end he was exhausted, and he had found time to write only one short fiction. He could fare much better in Europe; one travel article could yield him as much as three or four reviews. In his diary he speaks of this Manhattan winter as "bright, cold, unremunerative, uninteresting." And at the end of that year he sailed to take up residence in Paris.

He did not stop writing for THE NATION, however. In 1877, when he was at work on his novel *The American,* he found time to do thirty-one articles in Paris and London; and in the year of *Daisy Miller*—when he became famous on both sides of the sea—he contributed twenty-five reviews. But now his fiction was in demand and after 1879 he ceased to write fugitive journalism. *The Portrait of a Lady* was in the making, and his connection with THE NATION ended just about the time that Godkin went to the New York *Post* and the weekly became affiliated with that newspaper. James had thus been associated with THE NATION during its first great period, when it attained a substantial circulation and was a journal of power and influence. Its influence on the arts is more difficult to appraise. But it is safe to say that the quality of its criticism, as exemplified above all in James's contributions, set a standard for the new generation of critics.

In his autobiographies, written late in life, Henry James incorporated a long passage evoking the time of his first dispatching of "copy" to THE NATION when he lived in Ashburton Place. He speaks of the "premonitory gusts of April"—the history-charged moments in the spring of 1865—the end of the long war at Appomattox, the discharge into civilian life of bronzed and seasoned soldiers, the assassination in Washington and the progress of Lincoln and his "mould-smashing mask" into legend. And with these moments he evokes another significant moment—that of Godkin's coming to see him, young and untrained as he was, and the founding of the magazine. Godkin had become "THE NATION incarnate" and James paid tribute to his "vivid ability," his "admirably aggressive and ironic editorial humor." It had a quality and authority new in American journalism.

They had remained fast friends to the end, as James's letters to Godkin, preserved at Harvard, attest. It had all been, James wrote in his article (for the 50th anniversary issue of THE NATION) "the most copious chapter of experience"—a chapter not only in his own life, but that of American journalism and of literature. Future historians are likely to say that it was a significant chapter also in American culture and civilization.

My heartiest congratulations on THE NATION'*s 100th birthday. The magazine has had a somewhat checkered history under its various owners and editors but it always has had something to say, and has filled a very useful role in American life. It is good that we have a magazine of its sort going so far back into our history. It is even better that it should have its present vigor and make its present contribution to the understanding and discussion of issues of great public importance. May it celebrate its second centennial under an economy of abundance in a world of peace, freedom and fraternity.*—**Norman Thomas**

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(Continued from page 53)

where the country could not keep out of the war." Unlike the *New Republic,* which was strongly in favor of our entrance into the conflict, Villard's Nation was pacifist at heart. It loyally supported the war effort, but stressed the importance of "a peace of justice and the remaking of the world into a sensible, decent whole." Early in 1918, it published the opinions of various university professors on the "secret treaties" which Villard's *Evening Post* had laid before American readers for the first time. (The treaties previously had been published by the Bolsheviks, who found them in the archives of the Czarist regime.) In his Nation comment Carl Becker said:

> . . . Unless the nations adopt radically different ideals of national welfare and radically different methods of attaining it, the next war will come in due course as surely as night comes with the setting of the sun.

Harold deWolf Fuller could not breathe the fresh air that Villard was now letting into The Nation's pages. On January 31, 1918, the journal announced the retirement of its fifth editor. Oswald Garrison Villard was now to direct the publication with Henry R. Mussey, lately of the Department of Economics of Columbia University, as managing editor.

A few months after this development, on July 6, 1918, the editorial separation of the weekly from the *Evening Post* (sold to Thomas Lamont, brother of Hammond Lamont, who had been The Nation's third editor) was announced. The weekly was again completely independent, as it had been until its merger with the *Evening Post* in 1881.

Villard was in some ways as conservatively respectable as any of his Harvard classmates. But More and Fuller saw him only as a dangerous radical. When Fuller and another *Evening Post*-Nation conservative, Fabian Franklin, started a magazine which was intended to combat the pernicious influence of Villard's weekly, More gave it cash and articles and his blessing. The Nation survived, and rapidly acquired under Villard an influence comparable in extent, if not in kind, to that of the journal under its first brilliant editor.

II

Issues and Men: 1865-1918

The "pre-modern" Nation, from 1865 to 1916, expressed opinions on the major political and social issues agitating the United States, as it did on cultural issues like the debate over realism and naturalism in the arts. This brief history can discuss only a few of these questions, but may recall something of the stir and pulsation of American life as they were felt and to some degree affected by The Nation's editors and contributors.

Godkin's weekly anticipated, in 1865, the end of autocracy everywhere. An editorial in the first number, "The Emperor and the Two Sons," noted sardonically the decision of the French police to permit, after first prohibiting, a popular subscription for a medal to be presented to Abraham Lincoln's widow. Louis Napoleon, said Godkin—who had observed politics in Paris three years before—feared understandably this public "offering of republicans to a republic." It was *Hamlet*-like "miching malecho" which had "esoteric as well as exoteric significancy." The French people wished to be shut of the noxious nephew of Napoleon the Great just as American Negroes were free of their repressive masters. The Nation proudly quoted Mazzini's recent declaration that the United States had done more for the cause of republicanism in four years than had been achieved in fifty by European discussion; and the weekly went on to declare that "republican propaganda" was "inseparable from a republican establishment." Godkin wanted to export this American revolution. American democrats, his journal clearly said, were spiritually at one with Mazzinis and Kossuths.

Godkin, like Mazzini, was not committed to Freedom as an absolute good. He shared the great Italian's conviction that men's duties were as important as their rights, that free men had an obligation to act with the whole community in mind. Thus his position on Reconstruction, overwhelmingly the most important American problem at the moment of The Nation's birth, was governed by this rational dream: the emancipated Negroes, educated with the assistance of the Federal government, would be integrated into a free labor system in an industrializing South. No man, said The Nation in its first number, has a natural right to vote; but every man, "born a member of the state, has a natural right to become a voter by the unhindered attainment of the qualifications prescribed." While this view and this language were too tame for Abolitionist Nation stockholders like Wendell Phillips and George Luther Stearns, The Nation feared—as they did—the perpetuation of the Southern "class" system through control of voting by the whites. During that summer of 1865, President Andrew Johnson seemed, to Godkin, bent on doing too much too soon with the formerly Confederate states. His lenient Reconstruction plan (it closely resembled Lincoln's) was rapidly bringing them back into the Union. Urging, in its first issue, "Some Reasons for Delay," The Nation cited reports that some Virginia planters had decided to pay their freedom laborers "starvation wages," that the Negroes' condition in the interior of North Carolina was "scarcely better than that of slaves," and that similar conditions obtained in South Carolina and West Tennessee. "And yet," The Nation observed,

> so far from being put on probation, subjected to restraints, and above all shorn of the power which has corrupted and seduced them, the Southern people find self-government forced upon them with such rapidity, that we shall to all appearances, have the Union restored by the first of August.

Proof should surely be demanded of the Southern states, said the journal, that freedmen would be able to vote on the same basis as whites. In no other way could these states' willingness "to become really one people with us" be proved.

Julia Ward Howe was meanwhile writing a poem called "The New Exodus" which appeared in The Nation's third number, and which ended:

So from your Southern Eden the flaming sword doth drive;
Your lesson is appointed, go, learn how workmen thrive;
Not sloth has fee of plenty, nor pride

> of stately crest,
> But thou of God beloved, O labor
> crowned with rest!

Wanting to know how the former Confederates were learning their appointed lesson, and whether they were preparing "to become really one people with us," Godkin had sent a young Harvard graduate, John R. Dennett, traveling through the South with orders to report objectively what he saw and heard. Dennett, whom Henry Holt later described as perhaps the wittiest man he ever knew, was until his early death in 1874 an uncommonly versatile lieutenant to Godkin. He wrote incisively on literature as well as politics, and he was prepared for the Southern assignment by a nine months' stay, during the war, on a South Carolina plantation. His anonymously published reports to THE NATION—the London *Spectator* reported rumors that they had been written by Carl Schurz—appeared weekly beginning on July 20, 1865, under the heading, *The South As It Is*. Charles Eliot Norton was to remember them as "remarkable," and they deserve to be republished. [*See page 153 for excerpts.*] Summing up his observation in April, 1866, after his long journey through the South, Dennett called hostility to emancipation there so great as to make Negro suffrage an inadequate means of protecting the fruits of Civil War victory. Negro voting

> would in my opinion, be powerful at the present time only when joined with . . . the military occupation of the South until she gives guaranties which cannot be revoked.

Such guarantees had not been required by President Johnson during the summer and fall of 1865. On the contrary, as the former Confederate states were taken back into the Union, they enacted Black Codes which, while conferring some civil rights on Negroes, kept them socially in a state of semi-servitude. THE NATION'S comment that the future of "four millions of emancipated bondsmen" was endangered by the Codes was less dramatic than the Chicago *Tribune*'s threat:

> We tell the men of Mississippi that the men of the North will convert the state of Mississippi into a frog-pond before they will allow any such laws to disgrace one foot of soil in which the bones of our soldiers sleep and over which the flag of freedom waves.

but it conveyed a similar view. In verses addressed "To the Thirty-Ninth Congress," and published in THE NATION for December 7, 1865, John Greenleaf Whittier declared, "We urge no conqueror's terms of shame," and exhorted the South:

> Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,
> But give the common law's redress
> To Labor's utter nakedness.
> Then shall the Union's mother-heart
> Her lost and wandering ones recall,
> Forgiving and restoring all:
> And Freedom break her marble
> trance
> Above the Capitolian dome,
> Stretch hands and bid ye welcome
> home!

But the mood of the two leading Congressional Radicals, Representative Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania and Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, was much harsher. On Christmas Day, Stevens delivered a speech urging that the former Confederate states be treated as conquered territories until the rest of the country decided it was safe to readmit them. Sumner, a few days earlier, had blisteringly attacked the President, calling his honesty into question. THE NATION deprecated these declarations. Not yet ready to give up on Johnson, despite strong misgivings about his Reconstruction policy, the journal chided Stevens for using intemperate language and defended the President against Sumner's attack (which was "in very bad taste") by suggesting that he might have information Sumner did not have.

It was just such calmness—or lukewarmness, from another viewpoint—in THE NATION's treatment of Reconstruction, that infuriated its Boston Abolitionist stockholders. Wendell Phillips, who was one of them, denounced the weekly—his powerful, musical voice stirring listeners at an Anti-Slavery Society meeting in Boston—

> How uncertain is its sound! How timid, vacillating, and non-committal is its policy! Where has Mr. Sumner a more heartless and unfair critic?

Whereupon William Lloyd Garrison came to THE NATION's defense. He had helped found the Anti-Slavery Society, had once called the United States Constitution an "agreement with Hell" because it tolerated slavery, had been mobbed in the stree by solid, respectable State Street financiers, and had just ended publication of his weekly *Liberator* upon ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment. In a letter to THE NATION signed "An Abolitionist," he argued that Phillips was given to vituperative utterance, citing his 1863 attack on Sumner for having "betrayed the Negro," and his assault upon Abraham Lincoln as the "slave-hound of Illinois." Eloquent as Phillips was, said Garrison, his criticisms were daily becoming less valuable and less valued

THE NATION had defended itself the previous week in an interesting article, probably written by Godkin The article declared that THE NATION was not the official successor to the old anti-slavery journals, nor was it the representative of any body or association. It was considering the condition of the Southern Negroes as a "national question," not as a "Negro question." It respected Wendel Phillips as an orator, but disapproved of his love of exaggeration and his conviction that he had the pure truth The article concluded:

> Those who like thick-and-thin laudation of great "standard bearers" and "symbols" can find plenty of newspapers to supply it. In THE NATION they will always look for it in vain.

While declaring and demonstrating intellectual independence, Godkin was clearly in basic sympathy with the Radical position on Reconstruction. When Stevens and Sumner began to take the play away from Johnson in this field early in 1866 THE NATION was on their side. A brie look at the journal's position on three major legislative measures reveals how radical it then was.

The Freedmen's Bureau Bill was an effort to counteract the Black Codes; it sought to enlarge the scope and extend indefinitely the life of the Freedmen's Bureau, an extremely important government agency whose work in the South on behalf of Negro education and employment THE NATION had regularly been reporting (Godkin had hoped, incidentally that his friend Frederick Law Olmsted would be chosen to direct it)

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The President's veto of the bill led The Nation to assert that he did not understand the significance of the Civil War: he saw it merely as the putting down of a rebellion, when in fact it had worked a social revolution which would be consolidated only when the Negroes were truly independent.

THE SAME DESIRE for full independence for the freedman actuated The Nation's support of the first Civil Rights Bill, another Stevens-Sumner thrust against the Black Codes. This bill declared the Negroes to be United States citizens having the same rights and subject to the same penalties as white persons. When Johnson vetoed it too, The Nation denounced his States-rights "mania," and called his veto message "one of the most discreditable state papers known to American history." It should be noted in passing that by this time —April, 1866—Godkin had lost respect for Johnson as a man. On Washington's Birthday, the President had charged in a speech to a serenading party in front of the White House that prominent members of Congress were encouraging his assassination. Johnson's opposition to the social revolution in the South was bad enough from Godkin's point of view, but this boorish accusation put him personally beyond the pale.

The President's veto of the Civil Rights Bill was overridden, and the greatly encouraged Congressional Radicals pressed on with a proposed Fourteenth Amendment. A draft of this measure, reported in January, 1866, had proposed a reduction in Congressional representation as punishment for states denying voting rights to the freedmen. (This provision was very similar to one finally approved and included in the Fourteenth Amendment—and never, to this day, acted upon). The Nation here disagreed with the Radical leadership, considering punishment a negative approach to the problem. The weekly suggested a simple prohibition of any exclusion from political rights on grounds of race or color. The Nation also parted company with the Radicals who wanted to include in the Fourteenth Amendment a provision requiring—in The Nation's language —"the consent of the Southern people to the disfranchisement of three-fourths of their own number as a condition of their readmission to the Union." Our salvation, said the journal,

> lies not in restricting privileges, but in extending them; not in erecting a class for our defence, but in breaking down all class distinctions; not in perpetuating hates, but in leaving no man a reason for feeling wronged.

The Congressional Committee of Fifteen did modify its original disfranchisement plan, and when the Congress finished its work for the session by approving the Fourteenth Amendment and continuing the Freedmen's Bureau for two years, The Nation was satisfied. In sum, then, the journal's position on Reconstruction in 1866 was clearly opposed to Andrew Johnson's, and close, with nuances of disagreement, to that of the Stevens-Sumner Radicals. Godkin stressed the importance of education for the freedmen, and of avoiding undue punishment of the Southern whites, while Stevens and Sumner wanted to confiscate slaveholders' property, partly to punish them, partly to give the Negroes more leverage in their struggle for full emancipation. This gap between The Nation and the Radicals was to become a fissure by 1869. Significantly, when in March, 1867, Congress decreed martial law for the South until certain conditions were met, The Nation impatiently remarked that excluding rebels from the polls was "the only thing to which most of the majority in Congress seem to give much attention." And, insisting on the importance of Negro education, the journal declared in July, 1867:

> Every time Wendell Phillips calls for forty acres of land and a nomination for the Vice-Presidency for every black head of a house, a ton of schoolbooks, besides periodicals, ought to be ordered and dispatched.

To The Nation's regret, Senator Sumner's attempt to insure the maintenance in each Southern state of common schools, open to all on a non-discriminatory basis, failed to win Congressional approval. And Godkin began to shake his head over reports from the South, undoubtedly magnified, about the incompetence and corruptness of Negro legislators. But The Nation had not yet given up on Congressional Reconstruction: in November, 1867, it was calling "participation in the government" by the freedmen the proper medicine for their "weakness" of being misled by demagogues "on their first entrance into political life." Early in 1868, The Nation was still Radical enough to react to Andrew Johnson's removal of Radical Secretary of War Stanton, in apparent violation of the Tenure of Office Act, by going along with the "impeachers." Godkin had been condemning impeachment of Johnson since General Ben Butler (one of Godkin's *bêtes noires*) first urged it in 1866; now, however, The Nation was willing to have the President deposed "as an incorrigible dunce." But the weekly did not take the position of Horace Greeley's New York *Tribune* that no Republican Senator could vote for Johnson's acquittal "without making himself infamous." When Johnson actually was acquitted, despite the fact that Ulysses S. Grant had called on Senators at their homes to persuade them to vote for conviction, Godkin praised the handful of Republicans—Ross, Trumbull, Fessenden, *et al*—who had made the verdict possible.

ONE OF THE MOST striking ceremonies of the impeachment trial had been the procession each day from

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the House of Representatives to the Senate chamber, with the gravely ill Radical leader, Thaddeus Stevens, carried by two strong men. Stevens, whose humor was a counterpoise to his Jacobinism, once asked them, "Who will carry me, boys, when you are dead and gone?" But Stevens died a few months later, in August, 1868, and with his going went much of the Radicals' *élan*. Sumner, who eulogized Stevens as a "hero statesman," was too top-lofty to be an effective leader; Stevens, club-footed but athletic, had also been down-to-earth. Reconstruction might have taken a somewhat different course if Stevens had lived longer, but during the summer of his death, military rule of the South was coming to an end. Former Confederate states were restored to Congressional representation—seven came back in June—and soon the formal nature of their return was underscored: twenty-five Negro members of the Georgia legislature were expelled by Conservatives who claimed they were ineligible to sit there; race riots broke out in South Carolina, Virginia, Arkansas and Georgia; General Nathan Bedford Forrest, who had gotten there "fustest with the mostest" during the war, and also founded the Ku Klux Klan, claimed a Klan membership of 40,000. THE NATION decried all this, but said that little could be done except elect General Grant President. Godkin was depressed over the failure of Radical Reconstruction to insure an effective educational system in the South; it can be seen in retrospect that the scant government support given to the Freedmen's Bureau, and the tragic decline of that agency into a political machine, were responsible for much of the subsequent evil. The establishment, under Freedmen's Bureau auspices, of Howard University and Fisk University, and of many schools, indicates what might have been accomplished, given sufficient will and courage at the top.

By February, 1869, the discouraged NATION was taking a State-rights position on the Georgia mess. Against the decision of the United States Senate Judiciary Committee that the Conservative Georgia legislature was illegal, Godkin's journal defended that legislature's right to judge of the qualifications of its own members. Reformation of the South, said THE NATION, could come about only through education and the growth of industry. THE NATION was to become markedly "conservative" during the seventies. Godkin shared with other reformers of the period—James Russell Lowell, Thomas Wentworth Higginson—a fear that could verge on hysteria, of the unwashed and illiterate. By 1870, THE NATION was plumping for peaceful co-existence with moderate Southern whites. In 1875, sickened by corruption under Grant (Henry Adams was later to remark that the course of political evolution from Washington to Grant was alone enough to disprove Darwin), Godkin observed that the impeachment articles against Johnson in 1868 "have a very comic air." He imagined a speech which Johnson, now a Senator from Tennessee, might fairly deliver to the Radicals; he would point to the failure of their own Reconstruction plan, and remind them that his own had been devised by Abraham Lincoln, and was one "an honest and a patriotic man might very well have supported." Writing in the mid eighteen-seventies to Charles Eliot Norton, James Russell Lowell commented on the "shameful" condition of things in the South, and announced himself ready "for a movement now to emancipate the whites." Jason Compton's snarl, in Faulkner's *Sound and the Fury*, about freeing his family from the "niggers," is only a degree more bigoted than that utterance of a former Abolitionist. Yet Lowell's view was paralleled in a NATION article of 1880 called "The White Side of the Southern Question." With Reconstruction at an end,

the article said, the Republican Party should send leading speakers to campaign in the South as "formal recognition that there is such a thing at the South as a white question." The whites, THE NATION continued, were more energetic and able, as well as more numerous, in the South than the Negroes, and upon them the political future of the region depended.

It is depressing to find, upon turning NATION pages of the eighties and nineties, that the generous spirit of 1865 was moribund. This journal which had been deeply concerned to see the last shackles removed from the freedmen's limbs and minds, now spoke somewhat complacently, when it spoke at all, about Negroes. A piece which appeared in August, 1886, is characteristic: called "The 'Poor Negro'," its aim is to discredit as hypocritical Republican objections to President Cleveland's nomination of a Negro as Registrar of Deeds for Washington, D.C. While the objecting Republicans, said THE NATION, pretended to be opposed to the appointment because the man did not live in the District of Columbia, their real reason was that he was a Democratic Negro: Republicans did not want, by confirming the nomination, to encourage Negroes to vote the Democratic ticket. THE NATION praised Cleveland's readiness to appoint a Negro as "remarkable evidence of the decay of prejudice," and predicted that Republican opposition would hasten the day when Negroes would divide between the two parties "precisely as white men do." Grover Cleveland, while an estimable man in many ways, was to say publicly in

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1903 (when lynchings of Negroes were not uncommon in the South):

> . . . let us try to be tolerant and considerate of the feelings and even the prejudice or radical instinct of our white fellow-countrymen of the South who, in the solution of the Negro problem must, amid their own surroundings, bear the heat of the day and stagger under the weight of the white man's burden.

In view of this fact, The Nation of 1886 seemed willing to settle for very little "progress" for colored men.

IN 1893, GODKIN DID speak severely in The Nation of "Southern Lynching." He surmised that the number of sexual crimes by Negroes had been exaggerated, asserted that an official enumeration of these crimes was needed, and insisted that the Southern whites' notion

> that women cannot, like men, live under the law and trust to the law for their safety, honor and welfare is another relic of barbarism of which the South must rid itself.

But this plea for the prevention of cruelty to Negroes is undercut by The Nation's sympathy for the moderate Southern whites who maintained that ignorant Negroes were foisted on them as legislators and administrators during the bad days of Reconstruction. Thus, The Nation quoted without comment the Philadelphia *Bulletin*'s statement in 1895 about the plan of a political convention in South Carolina to disfranchise Negroes:

> It is difficult to find an argument against either the Mississippi or the South Carolina plan of disfranchisement, however much we may detest the race prejudice which has partly inspired it.

What was at best lukewarm advocacy of humane treatment for the Negro, and at worst a callous legalism which left him to the mercies of white men sick with race hatred, was found, in the eighties and nineties, not only in the New York Nation. The liberal enthusiasm of 1865-1866 had simply petered out in the United States. The fear of socialism and anarchism and of foreigners pouring into our cities with their un-Anglo-Saxon attitudes and languages, gripped many people who had once been Radical with Greeley's *Tribune* or at least reformist with *The Atlantic Monthly*. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* from 1881 to 1890, wrote in 1892 a poem called "Unguarded Gates" which is in effect a "one hundred per cent American" answer to the famous Emma Lazarus sonnet; Aldrich took a very dim view of the huddled masses:

> Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
> And through them there presses a wild motley throng—
> Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
> Featureless figures of the Hoang-ho,
> Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,
> Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
> These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,—
> Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
> In street and alley what strange tongues are loud,
> Accents of menace alien to our air,
> Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!

Godkin, himself the object of attack by American nativists (sometimes as an "Irishman," sometimes as an "Englishman"), was no xenophobe. But he regarded all ignorant masses as dangerous, and one consequence of his fear was Nation support in 1896 for poll taxes and literacy tests in Mississippi. "If honestly enforced," said the journal, "nobody who believes that some guards should be put around the ballot-box can object to them." Many Negroes during this period, under the able but extremely conciliatory leadership of Booker T. Washington, who emphasized the "dignity in tilling a field" and the need for colored people to begin "at the bottom of life"—and not to "permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities,"—acquiesced in their own virtual disfranchisement. But around the turn of the century, new Negro leaders began to throw a searchlight on the degrading circumstances in which supposedly "free" men were existing. In a sermon preached in 1899 in Washington, D. C., the Reverend Francis J. Grimke spoke of what was actually involved in certain cases of Negro "rape":

> I observe that of the cases actually reported, of some of them at least, it is known and well known, that relations of intimacy had previously existed between the parties and that the cry of rape was raised only after they were discovered. That was true of the Negro who was burnt at Texarkana. A careful investigation disclosed the fact that he had been living with this woman more than a year.

In 1901, Monroe Trotter and George Forbes founded in Boston the bitterly satirical *Guardian* to attack Booker T. Washington's "Tuskegee Machine." W. E. B. Du Bois, who took his Harvard doctorate in 1895, the year of Washington's famous accommodating speech at Atlanta, published eight years later the lyrically militant *Souls of Black Folk* (which was highly praised in a Nation review), and became a leader of the Negro-intellectual Niagara Movement, which first met at Niagara Falls in the summer of 1905. (Gunnar Myrdal notes that it convened "on Canadian soil, since they met discrimination in the Buffalo hotel at which reservations had been made for the conference.") While the "radical" Niagara movement did not attract many Negroes, it did help bring about the founding of the predominantly white-led National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, with which the Niagara movement merged. The call for the NAACP, issued on the one hundredth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, was written by Oswald Garrison Villard, who had already begun contributing to The Nation, and who was to become the journal's owner and editor in 1918.

IT WAS IN THIS new atmosphere of Negro and white liberal protest that The Nation, emerging at the turn of the twentieth century from its Rip Van Winkle sleep, began again to speak of Negroes with some humane urgency. A Carl Schurz essay in the muckraking *McClure's Magazine* led The Nation to recall Schurz's 1865 report to President Andrew Johnson on conditions in the South; Schurz had warned of the danger of the "re-enslavement" of the freedmen. Unhappily, The Nation observed, precisely such a policy had been carried out by the Southern whites. Rollo Ogden, a prolific contributor to The Nation since the early eighteen-eighties, was finally awaking to the

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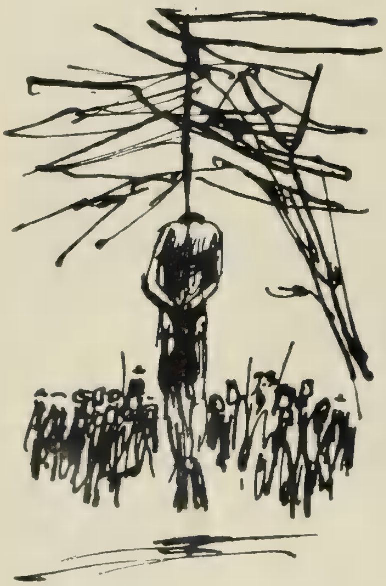
everyday nightmares of Southern life: on the unearthing in certain Alabama counties of a system of Negro peonage he remarked that this is what had come of heeding the Southern "let us alone" plea. The whole country, said Ogden, had a duty to change this frightful situation.

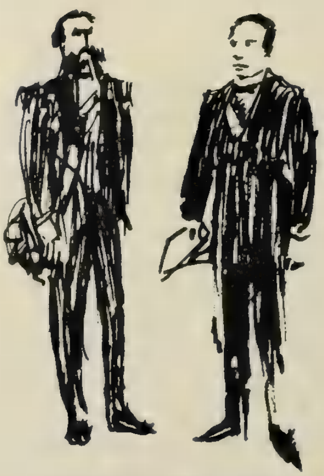
In addition to the writings of Du Bois, the publication of the *Guardian* (widely read by Negroes), and the general stir of protest in America, criticism from abroad was having its effect in the United States. In August, 1903, The Nation referred to protests from Italy, Austria and China against the lynching ferocities, and called its readers' attention to an important statement by President Theodore Roosevelt: the prevalence of lynching in this country, he had declared, disabled us from speaking up "in the old way" against wrongs and cruelties in other lands. The Nation, consistently anti-imperialist since 1865, welcomed this utterance by the strenuously imperialist Roosevelt, and pointed out that American cruelties against the Filipinos since 1898 had encouraged outbreaks against colored men in the United States. The same cruelties, as well as what The Nation regarded as American cupidity and hypocrisy in such places as Hawaii, Cuba and Puerto Rico, helped to turn the journal's attention around the turn of the century to the Negroes' plight in the United States.



Foreign Policy

Here it will be helpful to look closely at The Nation's attitudes toward United States foreign policy during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries: significantly, it was during these periods when the weekly was most aware of this country's role in international affairs that it was most alert to the Negroes' situation at home.

Earlier in this history, reference was made to Godkin's attack, in The Nation's first number, on the autocratic regime of Napoleon III. Godkin disapproved no less of the French ruler's attempt to establish an empire in Mexico, under the Austrian Maximilian, than he did of Napoleon's denial of freedom to the French people. In 1861, Maximilian had landed in Mexico accompanied by French troops under Marshal Bazaine. He was welcomed by Santa Ana, of "Alamo" fame, and his conservative followers, but was strongly resisted by the popular Liberal, Benito Juarez. Abraham Lincoln remarked wisely in an interview with a Philadelphia lawyer in 1864 that Maximilian's empire was a "pasteboard concern" that would "soon tumble to pieces" without our wasting "a man or a dollar." Nevertheless, Lincoln's successor, Andrew Johnson, quickly moved an army under General Phil Sheridan to the Rio Grande. United States action in the name of the Monroe Doctrine was called for at mass meetings and in newspapers throughout this country, and for a time it looked as though we would become heavily involved in Mexico. Godkin's Liberal views made him sympathetic to the Mexican Liberal Juarez, who was fighting against Maximilian, but the editor's opposition to "manifest destiny" led him to fear the consequences of American intervention. He was keenly aware of the private interests that would have greeted with delight United States "protection" of Mexico; what one writer on The Nation's foreign policy describes as Godkin's "vacillation" here was probably the manifestation of a "Liberal's" dilemma: what do you do if you can aid a foreign leader whose cause you favor, only by engaging in war—which you abhor? Allowing for the enormous differences in the stakes, and in the persons involved (Maximilian was no Hitler), Godkin's problem was like that of Oswald Garrison Villard, in the nineteen-thirties. He abominated the European dictators, but could not approve a war against them.



Maximilian and Juarez

If The Nation between 1865, when it began commenting on the Mexican affair, and 1867, when Maximilian was killed, emphasized sometimes the desirability of the Austrian's being "forced" out of Mexico, and sometimes the importance of our not being drawn into a military adventure, it need not be assumed that Godkin was confused or wildly inconsistent. The Nation spoke on one occasion of the need for "dexterity" in handling the situation, and an unwontedly belligerent article of March 1, 1866, boasting of American ironclads' ability to seize and hold Mexican harbors against French ships, may have been a psychological chess move responding to an ambiguous speech by Napoleon III a few weeks earlier. Certainly the tenor of The Nation's other comments on Mexican matters was not warlike. An article of November 29, 1866, noting that the French would soon be departing from Mexico, declared that it was not Juarez—who had been accused by a Mexican politician, Ortega, of ruling unlawfully—that The Nation had been defending, but rather the principle he represented: that every country knows its own business best, and is entitled to manage it, whether well or ill. Godkin called President Johnson's attention to the

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pressing problems needing attention here in the United States; the country was already suffering, said The Nation, from an inordinate increase of "frontier life." The reference to American "frontier life" calls to mind a letter John Stuart Mill wrote to Godkin in May, 1865; acknowledging receipt of a copy of the *North American Review* containing Godkin's piece, "Aristocratic Opinions of Democracy," Mill said of the article,

> I consider it a very important contribution to the philosophy of the subject—a correction from one point of view of what was excessive in Tocqueville's theory of democracy as my review of him was from another. You have fully made out that the peculiar character of society in the Western States, the mental type formed by the position and habits of the pioneers, is, at least in part, accountable for many American phenomena which have been ascribed to democracy. This is a most consoling belief, since it refers the unfavorable side of American social existence . . . to causes naturally declining, rather than to one which tends to increase.

These comments tend to bear out the conclusion drawn by at least one recent American historian that Godkin anticipated Frederick Jackson Turner's thesis about the significance of the frontier in American history. But it was Turner's thesis with a reverse twist, since Godkin deprecated the frontier influence. He and The Nation opposed the Seward purchase of Alaska because of fear of the expansion of an under-civilized United States; opposed the Grant administration's proposed annexation of Santo Domingo; opposed jingo pressures in the eighteen-seventies to liberate Cuba from Spain—and Canada from England. (Godkin did favor "amalgamation," given Canadian approval, of Canada and the United States). In 1895 Godkin broke temporarily with President Grover Cleveland, whom he had warmly admired, over United States intervention in the Venezuelan boundary dispute with England. And The Nation is well-known to American historians for its denunciation of end-of-the-century United States imperialism in Hawaii, Cuba, the Philippines and Puerto Rico.

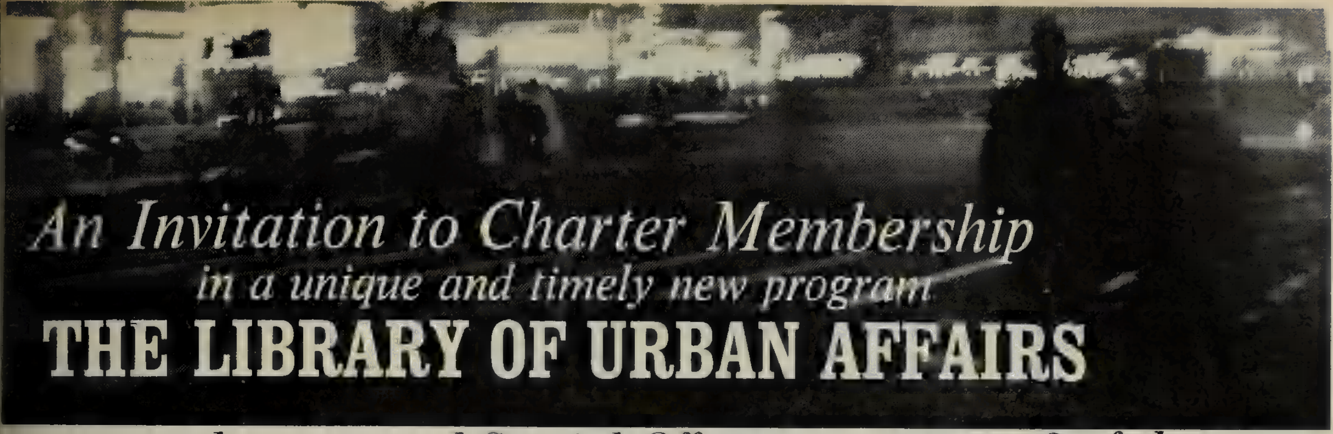
The Nation's break with Cleveland in 1895 was dramatic. Since 1884 when Godkin helped lead the "Mugwump" bolt by Republicans from the GOP Presidential candidate, James G. Blaine, The Nation had loyally supported Cleveland. The magazine's position on the 1895 dispute over the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela was sympathetic to Great Britain. If Lord Salisbury, the British foreign minister who was unwilling to submit the dispute to arbitration, were to hand the British subjects over to Venezuela, he would be transferring them against their will to the "rule of a semi-barbarous and unsettled government." Cleveland saw things differently. When he received Salisbury's notes denying that the Monroe Doctrine was involved in the Venezuelan matter, Cleveland felt "mad clear through" and stayed up all night writing a very tough speech, which he sent to Congress on December 17, 1895. The speech announced the American Government's intention to determine unilaterally the boundary line, and to fight if necessary to maintain that line. Godkin wrote to Norton that he was "thunderstruck" and described the week following Cleveland's message as "the most anxious I have known in my career." Godkin had come to admire Cleveland more than any other man in American public life. Now the President had joined the Jingoes, had—like the last non-conformist in Ionesco's play—become a rhinoceros along with the others. Somebody has observed that it is marriage not politics which makes strange bedfellows, but it is hard to imagine a stranger wedding than the one between Godkin and Henry George after December 17. George, exponent of the Single Tax on land, was miles apart, in his ecoomic and social thinking, from the laissez-faire Godkin. But in The Nation of January 2, 1896, George is highly praised for organizing an anti-war demonstration at Cooper Union. The New York *Tribune,* The Nation angrily remarked, had given "mendacious reports" of the meeting magnifying the number of hecklers, but the occasion had been a success. George had made "a powerful and effective speech in the interest of peace and common sense."

Interestingly enough, Joseph Pulitzer's New York *World,* which was to play a notorious role two year later in feeding the flames of Jingo passion over the sinking of the *Main* at Havana, exerted a calming influence in the Venezuela crisis. On December 21, 1895, the *World* declared "There is no menace in the boundary line, it is not our frontier it is none of our business." And according to Thomas A. Bailey, an historian of American diplomacy, the answers to Pulitzer's cables to prominent Englishmen like the Prince o Wales and William E. Gladstone, were "uniformly conciliatory and expressive of warm friendship for America," and had a "steadying effect on public opinion." The dispute over the Venezuela line was at last amicably settled in October, 1899, essentially along the lines of earlier British proposals to Venezuela.

While The Nation was disenchanted with Cleveland's stand on the Venezuelan matter, it could continue to applaud him for opposing Manifest Destiny in the Pacific Cleveland's White House predecessor, Benjamin Harrison, had at the end of his term sweetened the lives o many Hawaiian sugar cane planters by rushing an Hawaiian annexation treaty to the Senate. The Senate, however, had failed to approve it by the time Cleveland again became President; and Cleveland shared the view *Harper's Weekly* earlier expressed:

> "Shall we take Hawaii in, sirs?" that's the question of the day.
> Would the speedy annexation of that dusky country pay?
> Would the revenues from sugar and from smuggled opium
> Counteract the heavy burdens that with them are sure to come?

But the American minister to Hawaii had been busy on behalf of annexation. On February 1, 1893, he had proclaimed Hawaii a protectorate, hoisting the American flag, and exulting to the State Department, "the Hawaiian pear is now fully ripe . . ." Only pluck was now needed, from the point of view of American expansionists, but a month later a special commissioner sent by President Cleveland to investigate the situation ordered the flag hauled down. The Commissioner, James H. Blount, proceeded to turn out a report which was a damning indictment of the whites' uprising that had overthrown Ha-



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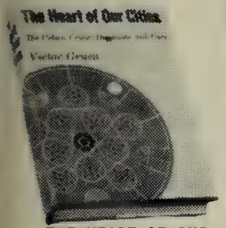

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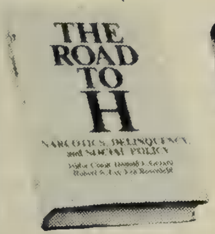

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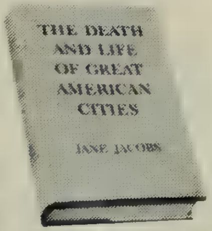

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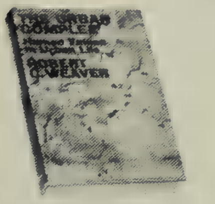

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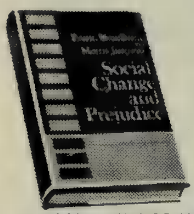

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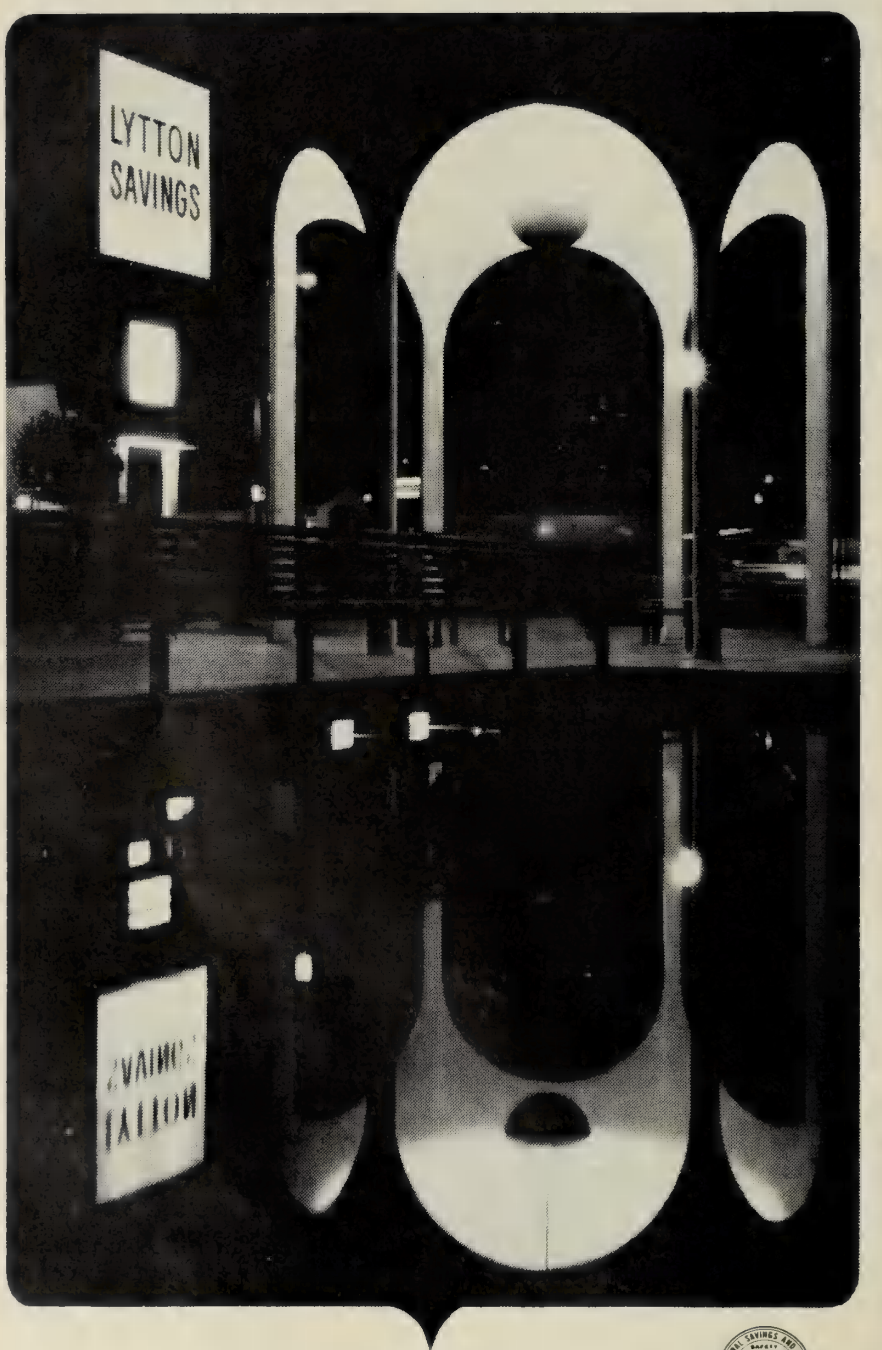

WHERE INTEREST IS COMPOUNDED DAILY
AND NIGHTLY

INSURED

waii's Queen Liliuokalani, and whi
put a temporary damper on annex
tion talk in the United States. Edwa
P. Mitchell, for many years editor-
chief of the New York *Sun,* used
hear Godkin refer scornfully to t
pro-annexationist Hawaiian whites
the "sons of missionaries." The ej
thet symbolizes Godkin's view
American expansionism as mora
repulsive. In the fall of 1897, wh
the Hawaiian government vigorous
propagandized in the United States
favor of annexation, THE NATION irc
ically linked some news from Loui
ana to the Hawaii affair. Noting t
indifference of the Northern Repu
lican press, which was heavily pr
annexationist, to plans to disfra
chise the Louisiana Negroes, Go
kin's journal observed that Haw
already had a non-voting popul
tion. The same people who did n
care about what happened to Neg
suffrage in Louisiana or Georgia
Mississippi could easily grant Ha
waiian whites the right to "suppre
the suffrage of a lower race." Short
thereafter, THE NATION report
South Carolina's virtual disfranchis
ment of its Negro population throu
one of the clauses in its new Constit
tion, and predicted wholesale ignorin
of this by Republicans, who would
course support disfranchisement
Hawaii.

BY THE END OF the nineteenth ce
tury, Godkin had completely lost h
once-bright dream of the Unit
States as a Promised Land. Wh
"sealed the fate of the American r
public," as he wrote to a friend
1898, was our war with Spain. Th
immediate cause of this "splendid li
tle war," as Secretary of State Ha
referred to it (without tongue
cheek) was the mysterious explosio
of the American battleship *Maine*
Havana harbor. The captain of th
Maine, aware that American publ
opinion, already hostile to Spanis
rule in Cuba and recently inflamed b
by the Hearst papers' publication
an indiscreet private letter by th
Spanish minister in Washington (h
had called President McKinle
"weak and a bidder for the admir
tion of the crowd"), immediate
urged that judgment be suspende

pending an official investigation, as to responsibility for the explosion. But Pulitzer's New York *World* published a cartoon captioned "The Only Atonement—Free Cuba," showing Uncle Sam drawing his sword to liberate that shackled island; and Hearst's New York *Journal* screamed: "THE WARSHIP MAINE WAS SPLIT IN TWO BY AN ENEMY'S SECRET INFERNAL MACHINE; THE WHOLE COUNTRY THRILLS WITH WAR FEVER." Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt, of whom one of his associates later remarked that he was "about six," wrote, "I would give anything if President McKinley would order the fleet to Havana tomorrow. . . . The *Maine* was sunk by an act of dirty treachery on the part of the Spaniards." Godkin, who on becoming editor of THE NATION in 1865, had hoped to help raise the standard of newspaper reporting, now commented in "The Week" on some newspapers' "gross misrepresentation of the facts," their "deliberate invention of tales calculated to excite the public," their "wanton recklessness in the construction of headlines." Attempting to counteract this sensationalist influence, the small-circulation NATION pointed out that at the funeral of the *Maine* sailors, the Spanish authorities as well as the people of Havana escorted the procession to the cemetery, where the bodies were buried in ground presented to the United States as a gift. But the American public, further intoxicated by speeches in Congress—among them Senator Proctor's of Vermont on Spanish concentration camps—plunged toward war. On March 17, 1898, THE NATION—in an article probably written by Godkin, who was later to seek out in Paris the author of the book here discussed—cited Gustave Le Bon's study, *The Crowd*, in order to throw light on the war hysteria. The people clamoring for war with Spain did indeed constitute, said THE NATION, a

> body of persons animated by the same thoughts and desires, for reasons they cannot formulate, which as individuals they would probably largely ridicule or repudiate.

About ten days later, this analysis was strikingly confirmed by the public's response to the American Court

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of Inquiry report. The report found the *Maine* to have been blown up by a submarine mine, but made no attempt to fix responsibility. A responsible American diplomatic historian has observed that even if the investigators were correct in declaring the explosion to be external,

> it is unthinkable that the Spanish government, which was desperately trying to avert war with the United States, deliberately destroyed the vessel.

But immediately it was widely assumed here that Spaniards had deliberately blown up the ship. "Remember the *Maine*!" became a roar, and the amiable McKinley was from then on a chip on a tidal wave. The Nation's, and a few other publications', small voice of reason insisting that no evidence of Spanish treachery had been found, could not compete with that modern imitation of the voice of God: the sensationalist press. And such a responsible newspaper as Adolph Ochs's *New York Times* unfortunately made the restraint it advised seem dull in comparison with the vertigo of war. In one of the best short stories of the period, "Editha," William Dean Howells captured the mood of factitious virility in which the country sent its youth abroad on a "heroic" mission. The central character lucidly analyzes his own "conversion" to the cause:

> Why, I believe I was the first convert to the war in that crowd tonight! I never thought I should like to kill a man; but now, I shouldn't care; and the smokeless powder lets you see the man drop that you kill. It's all for the country! What a thing it is to have a country that *can't* be wrong, but if it is, is right anyway!

If The Nation was deeply depressed by our Cuban adventure, it was profoundly ashamed—along with Mark Twain and William James—of our treatment of the Filipinos. Our Assistant Secretary of the Navy at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War was Theodore Roosevelt, who knew, as President McKinley did not, just where the Philippines were, and cabled orders to Admiral Dewey to prepare to attack the Spanish fleet there. Gridley fired when ready, the United States cooperated with the Filipino patriot leader, Aguinaldo, in taking the islands from the Spaniards, and then American forces took the Philippines from the Filipinos. The official argument used to defend this procedure—that the mass of the natives desired American rule—was refuted by The Nation:

> Whenever a small force of Americans undertakes an expedition, the woods and hills become alive with enemies.

Not bands of Filipino "robbers," The Nation continued, were using terrorist tactics; rather,

> The American troops have done the terrorizing. Their conduct in some actions has been so ferocious, and their revenge in many cases so terrible, as to make them dreaded and hated. The natives submit to the Americans because they are afraid of them . . . .

30,000 Filipinos, the magazine estimated, had been killed by our forces.

Anti-Imperialist Leagues, originating in Boston, began to spring up in American cities. One of the most eloquent answers to Rudyard Kipling's exhortation to Americans to take up the white man's burden was given by a colored soldier in one of the regiments sent to suppress Aguinaldo's Filipino rebels: "Dis hyar white man's burden ain't all it's cracked up to be." Mark Twain, who had shared the view of many Americans that the war with Spain was a war to liberate the Cubans, could not stomach what was happening in the Philippines. He smashed icons in a Swiftian piece called "To the Person Sitting in Darkness":

> Would it not be prudent to get our Civilization tools together and see how much stock is left on hand in the way of Glass Beads and Theology, and Maxim Guns and Hymn Books, and Trade Gin and Torches, of Progress and Enlightenment (patent adjustable ones, good to fire villages with, upon occasion), and balance the books and arrive at the profit and loss, so that we may intelligently decide whether to continue the business or sell out the property and start a new Civilization scheme on the proceeds?

William James's declaration that we had "destroyed in Luzon the one sa-

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cred thing in the world, the spontaneous budding of a nation's life," was echoed by THE NATION, which noted, early in 1903, the indications by Governor William Howard Taft of the Philippines that the islands were in a "shocking condition." The journal pressed, and kept pressing, for a specific promise of independence to the Philippines. In January, 1907, for example, asserting that the American people were sick of colonial possessions, the journal called for a statement by the government "that the Filipinos shall have their independence at a fixed time." But it was not until 1912 that one of our major political parties—the Democratic—specifically pledged eventual independence for the archipelago. Woodrow Wilson took the pledge seriously enough to try hard for legislation that would grant independence within a few years, and at a definite time; however, as THE NATION disappointedly reported on May 4, 1916, this measure was defeated in the House of Representatives, which passed instead the original Jones Bill, giving more home rule to the Philippines, and vaguely promising independence some day. THE NATION praised Manuel Quezon, formerly Aguinaldo's companion-in-arms against the Spaniards, then against the Americans, and now leader of the Philippine independence movement, for acceptance of limited autonomy as a promising step. Quezon's view, which he had stated publicly to the Filipinos, should strengthen, said THE NATION, "the willingness of Americans to deal fairly with the Filipinos it represents." Contrasted with the approach of THE NATION to this whole matter was that of the newly founded weekly, *The New Republic*. In February, 1916, while a promise to the Philippines of independence in four years was still a live option in Congress, *The New Republic* asserted that the Democratic Senators weren't talking about the real motive inspiring them: they were willing to promise independence because they knew that the American navy could not defend the Philippines in a war with Japan. Whatever the mix of cynicism and idealism on Capitol Hill in 1916, the archipelago had to wait another thirty years for independence.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY said that he had arrived through divine guidance at his decision to demand the Philippines of Spain at the peace conference in 1898. It is not known whether McKinley believed his demand for the cession of Puerto Rico to have been similarly inspired. The Puerto Ricans accepted the change of suzerainty much more peaceably than did the Filipinos, but in August, 1900, THE NATION called attention to a leading article in a Puerto Rican newspaper which explained "why we abstained from joining in the celebration" of the anniversary of union with the United States. In the first place, said the article, Puerto Ricans participated less in the government of their own island under United States rule than they had under Spanish rule. Previously, three senators and sixteen representatives had been elected by Puerto Ricans to the Spanish legislature; now, there was one voteless Puerto Rican delegate in Washington. In the second place Puerto Rico had always had a revenue surplus, but

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was now facing a deficit amounting to a million dollars. Finally, said the article in the *Diario de Puerto Rico,* Puerto Ricans now suffered many disabilities that had not been known under Spanish rule; particularly humiliating was the fact that the inhabitants of the island were not citizens of the United States or of any other sovereign power. "We have been granted nothing of what we were promised," concluded the bitter article, "and our condition is that of a slave adscript to a conquered soil."

Early in 1901, THE NATION reported that a delegation of Puerto Ricans had protested to President McKinley against what they alleged to be an ill-considered and oppressive tax law. McKinley having replied that he could do nothing about the law, THE NATION observed, with tongue deep in cheek:

> Nothing can be wrong. The American flag is over the island, which is being benevolently assimilated.

United States policy toward Puerto Rico gradually became less paternalistic, more democratic. In September, 1915, THE NATION noted with approval the passage in the island of a new homestead law opening 150,000 acres of old Spanish crown lands to the people. But a few months later, the weekly criticized the indifference of the American public to affairs in Puerto Rico, and noted that the new platform of the moderate Unionist Party had, while disavowing the independence movement, insisted on the importance of citizenship for Puerto Ricans. This request, said THE NATION,—consistent with its position since the beginning of the century—had been too long unheeded. At last, in 1917, the Jones Act effectively heeded it, in addition to giving the island a greater measure of self-government. How much THE NATION had to do with these developments it is impossible to know in precise terms. However, one student of the life and mind of Woodrow Wilson, during whose administration United States policy towards both Puerto Rico and the Philippines was liberalized, had pointed to the magazine as an important general influence on the young Wilson's thinking. And Oswald Garrison Villard, who was a warm supporter in the columns of the *Evening Post* and THE NATION of Wilson's 1912 Presidential candidacy, was what the French call a *caution de gauche* to the President for some time after his election. Incidentally, one of the most dramatic chapters in the history of the journal is that of Villard's break with Wilson—over the Treaty of Versailles. But this will be discussed later. Until the end of the first World War, the anti-imperialistic, pacifistically inclined Villard was, with declining ardor, a Wilson supporter.

One reason for THE NATION's enthusiasm about Wilson in the early

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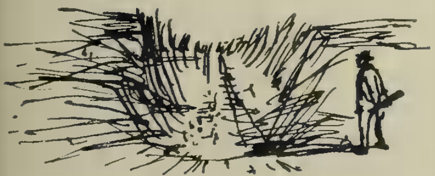
1900s was that he seemed gratifyingly unlike Theodore Roosevelt. Back in 1896, a NATION review of Roosevelt's *Winning of the West* (Vol. 4) criticized the writer's "impetuosity and recklessness of assertion," while recognizing Roosevelt's virtues as an historian. Roosevelt as President inspired more bitter comments than these in the pages of the weekly. "The Panama Dishonor" was THE NATION's description, in November, 1903, of the United States-inspired revolution in the Isthmus against Colombia. Citing assurances by successive American Secretaries of State—Seward, Fisk, Evarts and Bayard—that Colombian sovereignty would be respected in every way—the journal declared that Roosevelt's intervention was rough compared with the practices of the buccaneers who had sailed the Spanish Main. Roosevelt's one controlling desire, asserted another NATION article, was to "get that ditch"—the Panama Canal—whose construction by the United States the Colombian Senate had refused to authorize on United States terms. (France had made what Colombia considered a better proposal for the building of the canal.) Immediately after the artificial Panamanian revolution, Roosevelt recognized the republic of Panama, and negotiated a treaty paying Panama the sum Colombia had rejected, in return for the grant of a ten-mile wide zone. "An Honorable Way Out" of this big stick situation was suggested in THE NATION at the end of December, 1903: since Colombia, as well as Panama and the United States, really wanted a canal, the people of Panama should again be merged in the sovereignty of Colombia, and Colombia should then validate all the acts of independent Panama, including ratification of the treaty. Under this NATION plan, Colombia would have been obliged to accept the United States terms she had originally rejected, but the Roosevelt who later boasted, "I took the



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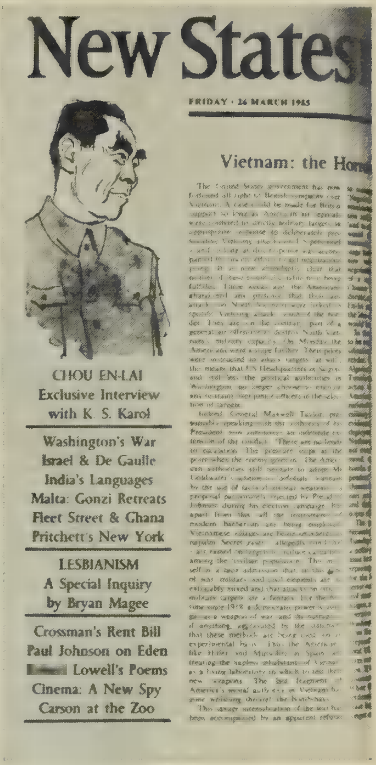

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Canal Zone" was in no mood for any compromise at all.

It has been mentioned that Henry George, the American advocate of the "Single Tax" whose writing strongly influenced the Fabian Socialists in England, was congratulated by THE NATION for his opposition to President Grover Cleveland's policy in the Venezuelan border crisis. The paradox of the economically laissez-faire NATION joining hands with economic "radicals," because both the magazine and the radicals were opposed to colonialism, was illustrated on other occasions around the turn of the century. For example, in 1896 THE NATION noted that the Socialists in Germany had been directing their attacks more and more upon militarism, "which they characterize as the systematic fleecing of the workingman in the interest of a soldier class." The magazine observed:

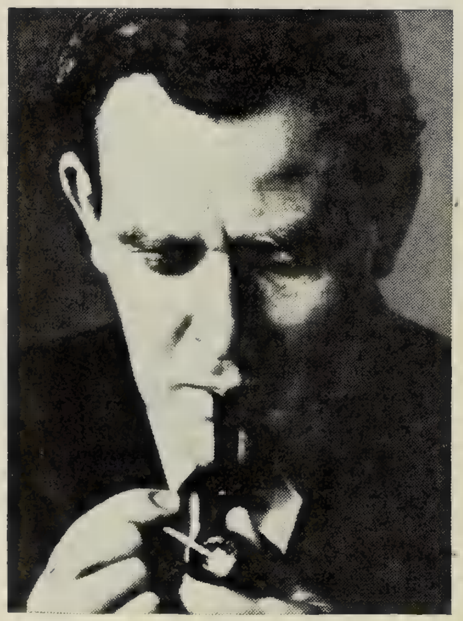
> They are about right. . . . it is hardly too much to say that international socialism is at present about the most promising influence that is making for the disarmament of Europe.

It cannot be stressed too strongly that the journal which thus praised "international socialism" was anti-Marxist and laissez-faire. During the muckraking years at the beginning of the twentieth century, the journal was to remain a most cautious critic, and always from a nineteenth century Liberal standpoint, of the "trusts." But to the extent that "my enemy's enemy is my friend," THE NATION of that era was a friend of the anti-militaristic Socialists. There is another point to be made here. Oswald Garrison Villard, who while never a Socialist was far more sympathetic to socialism than were men like Godkin, Garrison and Lamont, became a more and more important influence on NATION policy during the early years of the twentieth century. Only when Villard actually took over the weekly in 1918 did the magazine become "radical" (though not socialistic) during his editorship, but there was a distinct difference between the tone of Villard's articles on social questions during the early nineteen-hundreds, and the tone of pieces by the more staid Rollo Ogden and Fabian Franklin.

Railroads and Laissez Faire

Ogden and Franklin were on matters social and economic the legitimate sons of E. L. Godkin. When THE NATION got under way in 1865, Godkin was—while chiefly concerned with Reconstruction—worried about the growth of monopolies in the United States. The "invisible hand" that Adam Smith had seen as reconciling private interest and public good appeared to be inert. In September, 1865, a NATION editorial commenting on the "shocking slaughters" that had taken place recently on the railroads (there had just been a terrible collision on the Long Island road), asserted that corporations in the United States had acquired

> a degree of power and exemption from control to which they have nowhere else been as yet able to attain. Such concentrations of wealth and power in the hands of a few persons not sovereign, have not been witnessed in modern times since the overthrow of the feudal barons.



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A few weeks later THE NATION called for national regulation of the railroads, pointing to the enormous power of railroad corporations in various states:

> What power commands at Trenton? Is it not the Camden and Amboy? What at Harrisburg? Is it not the Pennsylvania Central? What at Albany? Is it not the New York Central?

Significantly, just as Charles Sumner in the Senate referred to one of these railroads as a "usurpation with all the pretensions of state rights, hardly less flagrant or pernicious than those which have ripened in bloody rebellion," THE NATION too linked the principle of freedom of transportation to the principle of freedom for the Negroes:

> One thread runs through all the proposed amendments of the Constitution—equality of states and citizens. We invoke the same principle in demanding the overthrow of railroad monopolies, for which no amendment is needed. . . .

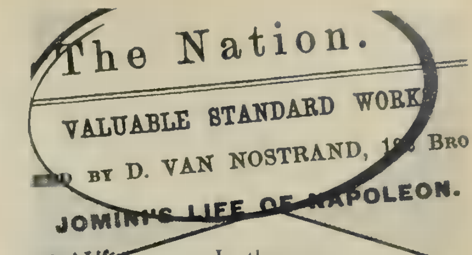
While supporting a "Bill to Facilitate Communication Among the States" (which, when it became law in 1866, slightly inhibited the states' power to grant monopolistic privileges), THE NATION was also proposing "to make safety pay" on the railroads by attaching a pecuniary penalty to every injury. Such a penalty the railroad companies would regard "as a loss to be avoided, like other losses, by the general good management of their work." Congress did not adopt the proposal, but THE NATION kept up a steady barrage from 1865 to 1868 against the railroad monopolies' disregard of the public safety and convenience. "A passenger is treated," said one NATION writer, "as a parcel of freight"; the individual was helpless, but it "might do some good to form a Railroad Company Prosecution Society." In 1868 the machinations of such robber barons as Drew, Fiske, Gould and Vanderbilt—which the magazine circumstantially described—led the weekly to shift its focus to the financing and management of the railroads. Since Godkin's journal was soon to take a dim view of regulation by the national government of anything at all, it is interesting to see what THE NATION was saying about the railroads in 1868. Their construction was frequently made possible, the weekly pointed out, through the sale of mortgage bonds which put the railways in debt for much more than they were actually worth. As long as a road did not earn more than enough to pay expenses and interest on the mortgage bonds, no dividends could be paid on the stock. In order to pay such dividends, many railroad managers gave in to the temptation to cut down on expenditures for the upkeep of their roads. This practice resulted in deterioration of the roads, and more money would have to be borrowed by the companies to keep them from being ruined. Eventually, the roads found it impossible to borrow money, accidents became more common, income was no longer sufficient to pay expenses and interest on the mortgage bonds.

> Then the mortgage is foreclosed, the property sold at auction; if fortunate, the road sells at its full value, the amount of the mortgage is fully realized, and the millions of stock held by the unsuspecting public are swept away and vanish into thin air.

While many well-managed roads existed, excessive adherence in the United States to the policy of laissez faire "argued the inevitability of greater government control of the railroads." J. N. Pomeroy, an expert on constitutional law, argued some weeks later in THE NATION that Congress had the right to regulate interstate railway commerce. The cases he cited as precedents—such as Gibbons *v.* Ogden, in which John Marshall had handed down the decision, concerned water transportation, but Pomeroy was plumping for an elastic interpretation of the Constitution, for a recognition of its

> faculty of adaptation to the changes in the forms of conducting the activities of life, and to the progress in the material arts.

Interestingly, and consistently enough, THE NATION took during its early years a similarly pragmatic view of the Constitution in treating the Reconstruction issue. Thus, without saying that the Reconstruction Act of March 2, 1867—engineered chiefly by Thaddeus Stevens—*was* constitutional, the journal attacked President Johnson's veto-denial of its constitutionality by asking where *he* had got the power to impose the abolition of slavery on the Southern states. And just as the magazine gradually came to interpret the Constitution strictly in order to prevent what it regarded as a corrupt Grant regime from intervening in the South, so it gradually shifted to a strict view of what the "commerce clause" of the Constitution permitted in the way of railroad regulation. Compare Pomeroy's 1868 article, with its emphasis on the Constitution's "faculty of adaptation" with one that appeared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in The Nation six years later. In January, 1874, a committee of the House of Representatives reported that Congress's power to "regulate commerce" among the states included the power to fix freight charges. The Nation protested in these terms:

> To "regulate commerce" is such a vague general term that it is absolutely necessary to go back to the time of its introduction to know what its design was, and if there is anything clear in the world it is that in the year 1787 no one in the world supposed it to have anything to do with freight rates charged by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy or the New York Central, but that what the framers did was to enable the Congress to prevent the states from controlling their commercial relations with each other.

What had happened between 1868 and 1874? Grant's woeful presidency, and the Granger movement in the West.

There is a story that when Ulysses S. Grant was a boy, an itinerant phrenologist predicted—as a practical joke on the Grant family—that Ulysses would become President of the United States. (Ulysses, to his credit, is reported to have been terrified at the prospect). The joking phrenologist proved to be a better prophet than the Nation writer who in May, 1868, declared:

> Grant's election will afford the best chance that has ever been offered of a reform in the civil service . . . . Grant is not a regular politician. He will be the first President the country has had for a long day on whom old party doctrines, as to 'spoils' and 'claims' will have no influence. . . . He has shown . . . . in his administration of the army, that he knows a good man when he sees him. . . .

THE NATION, OF COURSE, was not alone in looking to Grant as a political savior. He shone, in Republicans' eyes, by comparison with Andrew Johnson who had just missed being expelled from the White House. *Harper's Weekly* not only supported Grant warmly in 1868, but four years later declared with a straight face that his administration had been, on the whole, satisfactory. Godkin, on the other hand, decided not more than a year after Grant's accession to the Presidency that he was knuckling under dangerously to the "spoilsmen" in the Republican Party; the appointment of the notorious General Sickles as American minister to Spain, taken together with Grant's refusal to stand behind Secretary of the Interior Jacob D. Cox, whose scalp was demanded by certain Republican politicians, disgusted the journal's editor. Cox had committed the unpardonable sin of effecting civil service reform in his own department, of making appointments under a merit system rather than under the going spoils system. When Grant permitted him to resign—Cox had evidently decided to do so in order to spare Grant embarrassment—The Nation spoke of the "wreck of General Grant's fame." A year later, in December, 1871, the journal pointed to the "numerous and heavy frauds and defalcations" that had marred Grant's administration, and in the spring of 1872 Godkin was one of many disenchanted Republicans who met at a "Liberal Republican" nominating convention in Cincinnati. What men like Godkin and Carl Schurz and Lyman Trumbull and Edward Atkinson wanted to do was to nominate for President a man committed to civil service reform and free trade. They had in mind the distinguished Charles Francis Adams, son of John Quincy Adams. To their sick amazement, the popular choice of the convention proved to be Horace Greeley, who had crusaded in his New York *Tribune* for a protective tariff, and whose interest in civil service reform was undetectable. Finding Greeley's nomination to be the country's "greatest disappointment since the first battle of Bull Run," and seeing no way out of what he described to Schurz as "the wretched mess," Godkin held his nose and gave Grant The Nation's endorsement for a second term. In the midst of the electoral campaign, the New York *Sun* published letters revealing the Credit Mobilier swindle: a group of stockholders of the Union Pacific Railroad had organized a construction company to build the road, made generous contracts with themselves that depleted large Congressional grants to the Union Pacific, and in order to forestall any Congressional investigation had placed Credit Mobilier stock "where it will produce the most good to us," as one of the letters said. Among those whose reputations were smirched by this scandal was Grant's Vice-President, Schuyler Colfax.

An important Nation editorial inspired by the Credit Mobilier affair demanded that the national government

> let trade, and commerce, and manufacturers, and steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs alone. It cannot touch them without breeding corruption.

Thus in reaction against the corruption of the Grant administration, The Nation adopted during the early eighteen-seventies a more extreme laissez-faire policy than it had ever advocated. There is a striking contrast between the 1873 editorial quoted above, and one published in 1868 which noted approvingly proposals in Congress to place all insurance companies in the United States under control of the government, to provide for the management of all telegraph lines by the Post Office Department, and to look into the condition of railroads in all parts of the country. Specifically, the last-mentioned proposal, made in the House of Representatives, instructed a House committee to consider the constitutionality of a law to regulate railroads so as to secure the safety of passengers, uniform and equitable charges for freight and the transportation of property, and proper connection between roads for the transportation of passengers and freight.

PROPOSALS VERY much like those for regulation of the railroads which The Nation had approved in the eighteen-sixties were being made, successfully, in several mid-Western states in the early eighteen-seventies. But they were now being made by farmers organized as the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, and Godkin found them to be dangerously "confiscatory." In 1873 the Grangers announced their intention of obtaining, both at Washington and in state legislatures, measures to control and limit "the rates and charges of existing lines of transportation." The magazine asked the Grangers to consider the "facts" of the situation, which were—briefly—that cheap transportation could be permanently secured

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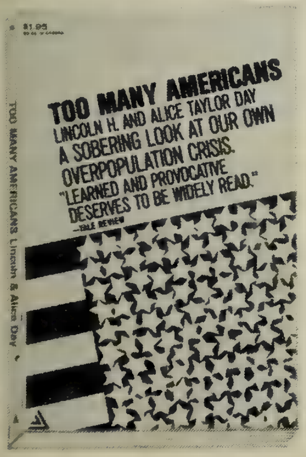
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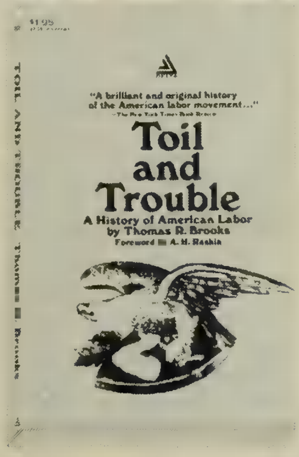
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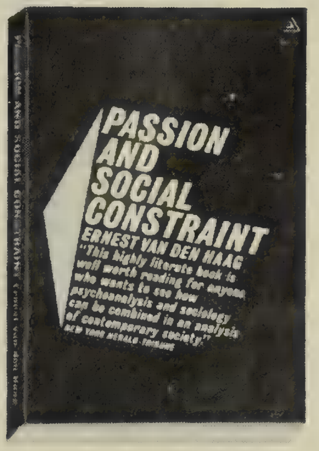
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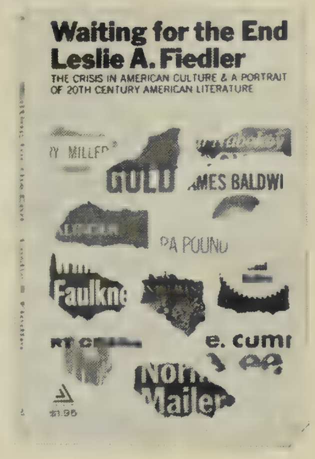
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only through good management, that the best management was that not of government but of experienced railroad men, and that if high protective tariff on the supplies the railroads used were removed, transportation prices would immediately be lowered. THE NATION had not come to see railroad men as saints, but it observed:

> When we hear of their having corrupted a legislature, or bought a judge, the blame lies not so much with them as with those who provide cheap and nasty legislators and judges.

Hammering on the theme of the need for tariff reductions, William Graham Sumner—the hard-boiled social Darwinist professor of social science at Yale—asked in THE NATION:

> Are not the high charges for transportation due to the enhanced cost of every ounce of iron, every stick of timber, every piece of metal, every yard of cloth, which has gone into the construction of railroads for the last ten years?

From the moment of its birth, the magazine had been a free trade journal, but it had not in the eighteen-sixties presented tariff reduction as the only solution to the problem of high transportation charges. In its comments on Granger measures, such as the Potter Law in Wisconsin, THE NATION was self-righteous and abusive. Solon J. Buck, in his history of the Granger movement, observes that NATION articles and brief paragraph editorials

> are largely responsible for the long prevalent idea of the Granger movement as a dishonest attempt of the Western farmers to confiscate railroad property by securing control of the legislatures and the courts.

BUT THE MOOD of the Supreme Court was not that of THE NATION, or of such other Wicked Witches of the East as the New York *Evening Post* and Samuel Bowles's *Springfield Republican*. In the "Granger cases," the Court affirmed the right of states to fix maximum rates for passengers, and for the transportation and storage of commodities. This important decision helped clear the way for the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887. Interestingly enough, many railroad leaders became resigned during the late eighteen-seventies to some form of national regulation. One railroad executive expressed the view that "the public *will* regulate us to some extent," and that perhaps a national board of commissioners would do less harm to the railroads than would "State politicians." THE NATION, once Grant was out of office, became a shade less unfriendly to the idea of national regulation; the Hepburn Committee's 1879 investigation of charges of freight discrimination in New York was commended by the journal, which observed that despite justifiable popular mistrust of government supervision of corporations, "some effective regulation is imperatively needed." But regulation of what kind? The magazine was hazy about this. When President Garfield's Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom, supported a bill that was pressed by the Anti-Monopoly League to limit railroad profits to a fixed percentage of capital investment, and give excess profits to the public through rate reductions or increases in service, THE NATION cried: communism! Such a "railroad usury law" was based on the "sentimental theory" ("sentimental" was a favorite NATION epithet in the Godkin days) that business men "will work just as well for the public as they will for themselves." Charles Francis Adams, Jr., who made these comments, had been chairman from 1872 to 1879 of the Massachusetts Board of Railroad Commissioners, and was currently chairman of the government board of directors of the Union Pacific Railroad. This prominent railway expert's opposition to a measure supported by the moderate William Windom indicates how strong the resistance was, among "solid" citizens, to really effective legislation. In actual fact, only legislation bringing the newly created trusts, particularly the Standard Oil Company, under close national supervision, along with the railroads, could have been effective in the 1880s.

When, a short time after the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act in 1887, several railroad rate cases were brought before the Interstate Commerce Commission, THE NATION cited Commodore Vanderbilt's remark that there was only one man in the world he feared: the manager of the Standard Oil Company. The real defendant in these rate cases, said the journal, was that company, which was able to dictate rates for the shipment of its products. Horace White, THE NATION's financial expert, argued that the Interstate Commerce Act's prohibition of "pooling"—whereby earnings from freight had been distributed among several railroads—had deprived the roads of a weapon against the "terrorism" of the trusts. With pooling outlawed, the Standard Oil Company could more easily play one railroad against another through threats of withdrawal of Standard's business. White approved of the suggestion, in the first report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, that Congress enact further legislation to deal with the problem of shippers' pressure upon the railroads. But he insisted that the aim of any laws must be to preserve for the country the benefits of railroad competition. The same basically laissez-faire position, more relevant to conditions in America before the Civil War than it was in the 1880s, had been set forth in THE NATION by the man who had bought it and the New York *Evening Post* in 1881—Henry Villard. Himself a railroad builder who had pushed the Union Pacific to completion as a transatlantic road in 1883, lost control of it when it went into bankruptcy, then returned to it as a director in 1886, Villard was proud of the editorial independence of his papers. He apparently contributed only two articles after buying them—both, published in 1887, concerned the Interstate Commerce Act. Declaring that he was not opposed to some federal supervision of common carriers, Villard denounced this law as

> nothing less than an attempt to substitute for the established business organism, so to speak, of the country, a piece of State socialism at variance with the real interests of the people and with the national character.

Thus in the new age of consolidators—Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan—men like Henry Villard and Godkin and Horace White kept urging the importance of competition in large-scale enterprises. Less realistic than the consolidators, on one hand, and the Socialists, on the other, the laissez-faire Nation and its cultivated readers still wished that business could be conducted in a marketplace regulated by the law of supply and demand. In this Manchesterian utopia, there would be no protective tariffs or corporate monopolies or labor unions, and prices and wages would find their proper level. Realizing that in fact some regulation of large-scale enterprises was necessary, the journal's writers feared the effects upon "free enterprise" of the very laws designed to curb the trusts.

If during the eighteen-eighties and eighteen-nineties The Nation made no particular effort to secure legislation to regulate the trusts, the weekly was no more traditionally laissez-faire than the solid, Democratic Grover Cleveland. Cleveland came to realize, during his first administration (1885-1889) that the gap between the affluent and the poor was growing dangerously. Just after his defeat by Benjamin Harrison in the election of 1888, he declared in a speech:

> The gulf between employers and the employed is constantly widening, and classes are rapidly forming, one comprising the very rich and powerful, while in another are found the toiling poor. . . . As we view the achievements of aggregated capital, we discover the existence of trusts, combinations, and monopolies, while the citizen is struggling far in the rear or is trampled to death beneath the iron heel. Corporations, which should be the carefully restrained creatures of the law and the servants of the people, are fast becoming the people's masters.

While this language reminds one both of the Populist Party platform of 1892, with its reference to "the two great classes—tramps and millionaires," and of a novel Jack London was to write, *The Iron Heel*, Cleveland actually had nothing more to propose than downward tariff revision. The Nation was for this too, and saw Cleveland as a hero in the strife. But the Republicans, in control of Congress under Harrison, revised the tariffs not downward but upward, and even after Cleveland returned to the Presidency in 1893 Democratic protectionists joined Republicans to prevent radical reduction of duties. Some reduction there was in the Wilson-Gorman tariff of

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1894, but Cleveland found this mere tokenism, and allowed the law to be passed without his signature. As passed, it provided for an income tax of two per cent on incomes over $4,000, to make up for the lowered tariff rates. THE NATION, unhappy along with Cleveland over the small downward revision of duties, was also sharp in its criticism of the income tax provision of the law. Rollo Ogden denounced it as "class legislation," and warned that the two per cent tax could much too easily be increased to five, or ten—or fifty per cent.

Labor

The same laissez-faire liberalism which led THE NATION to oppose an income tax in 1894, caused it to be harshly unsympathetic to the nascent labor movement. From THE NATION's point of view, labor unions were, like the Standard Oil Company, combinations in restraint of trade; but whereas the weekly was unwilling to urge, as a remedy for undue corporate power, anything more than a lower tariff, it condoned —from the late seventies to the early years of the twentieth century—the use of force against striking laborers. It was the great strike of 1877 on the Baltimore and Ohio and on the Pennsylvania Railroad which inspired Godkin's first notable denunciation of labor "demagogy." This strike occurred against the general background of the 1873-79 depression, the most severe depression in American history until the 1930s, and was sparked by a general 10 per cent wage cut. A significant aspect of the work stoppage was that rail service was disrupted from Baltimore to St. Louis: discontented workers, it now appeared, could have an effect on the national economy and comfort. THE NATION, sternly denying that the general wage reduction was a just grievance, reprimanded the workmen who

> give ear to current demagogical platitudes regarding the oppressions of the poor and the injustice of the rich.

"Manifesting the acute uneasiness" that these labor disturbances—there were three days of rioting and looting in Pittsburgh during the summer of 1877—inspired among those comfortably situated, THE NATION declared:

> The kindest thing which can be done for the great multitudes of untaught men who have been received on these shores, and are daily arriving, and who are torn perhaps even more here than in Europe by wild desires and wilder dreams, is to show them promptly that society as here organized, on individual thought and action, is impregnable, and can be no more shaken than the order of nature.

THE NATION, and the majority of articulate Americans, spoke of "individualism" when laborers organized, and placed the blame for all criminal acts squarely on the "individual conscience"; but before their eyes the whole economy was being reshaped by large combinations, and sociologists were beginning to study the shaping of the individual by his environment. The organization of working men into such a society as the Knights of Labor, which grew remarkably after the 1877 railroad strike; the entrance of labor into politics—(the Greenback Labor Party got over a million votes in the 1878 Congressional elections); and the development of Marxian socialism in the United States, as evidenced by the formation of the Socialist Labor Party—all of these movements were aspects of a trend toward collective action. Thus, while THE NATION comment of May, 1878, that

> we are witnessing, at this moment, the spread of a movement among working-men . . . for the avowed object of despoiling the owners of accumulated property in some way . . .

was a typical response of respectable, well-educated men, it was irrelevant to the deep realities of social transformation.

During the eighteen-eighties the most significant mark of this transformation in the labor movement was the growing insistence on a national eight-hour day. The organization that was to become the American Federation of Labor, superseding with its pragmatic program the vaguely oriented Knights of Labor, called for strikes and demonstrations for an eight-hour day throughout the United States, beginning on May 1, 1886. Work stoppages and protest meetings did occur in many cities, and in this highly charged atmosphere there took place the tragic Haymarket affair. In angry reaction to the killing by policemen of four strikers at the McCormick Harvester Company, a meeting was called by labor and anarchist leaders at Haymarket Square in Chicago. Police tried to disperse the crowd, and somebody, whose identity has never been established, threw a bomb; seven policemen were killed, and sixty-seven were injured. In what has been called "one of the most injudicious trials in the record of American juridical history," seven men were condemned to death and one man was sentenced to prison for having incited the person who threw the bomb. All of the men condemned were anarchists, and the Knights of Labor—who had virtually nothing to do with any of the May demonstrations, but who symbolized "anarchy" in the public mind, were widely blamed. THE NATION spoke of the "anarchist disease," and asserted that at the "center and core of every strike" were well-heeled people who read weekly "three or four Socialist newspapers." The country, said the journal, was going through a "mental craze" for radical labor legislation, as if something like the philosopher's stone were about to be discovered. But THE NATION of the 1880s had little more to offer as a cure for the "disease" than a change of attitude on the part of the "great corporations." They should do more, said the journal, to

> infuse into their dealings with their employees something better than the spirit of contract or patronage merely. In other words, they should do something to make their men feel that the Union is not a necessity to them.

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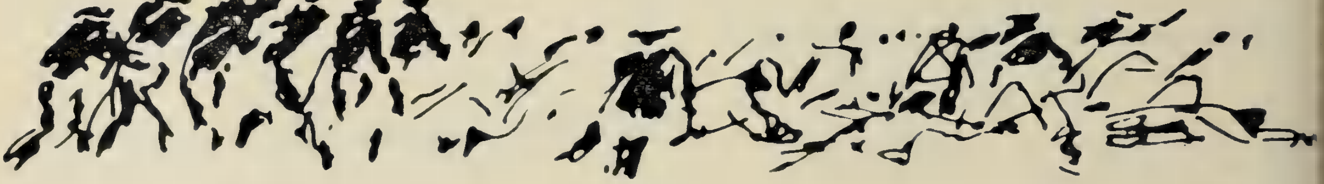
This advice sounds like the resolution once introduced into the French legislature, calling on all rascals immediately to leave France. More significant than any NATION exhortations to businessmen to act nobly was a paragraph that appeared in the journal in July, 1890. No change, it said, had been so marked within the history of THE NATION (that is, since 1865) as the transfer to wealthy men of the political and social influence formerly shared, if not absorbed, by men of literary, oratorical or professional distinction. This comment suggests a reason for Godkin's inability, despite his brilliance, to offer adequate solutions for the social problems of the eighties and nineties. Godkin conceived of the laissez-faire system as one in which the businessman's desire for profits would be tempered by his awareness of values higher than monetary ones. But with the businessman himself become a paragon in the land, what was there to restrain him? Surely not government intervention.



THE NATION'S FRUSTRATED sense that both labor unions and business corporations were acting against the public interest was indicated in an editorial inspired by the Homestead trouble of July, 1892. The management of the Homestead, Pennsylvania plant of the Carnegie Steel Company had hired Pinkerton men to break a strike, the strikers had fought back with guns and dynamite, there had been deaths and injuries on both sides, and the governor of the state had sent the whole National Guard contingent to Homestead. THE NATION observed that the workers had in this case obtained considerable sympathy from the "classes socially above them," and proceeded to explain why. It was not, certainly, because of any justice in the workers' claim to ownership of the mills, or because their conduct had been legally or morally defensible. It was rather, said THE NATION, that the country was at last awakening to the abuses of the protective tariff. Businesses such as the Carnegie Steel Company had long been claiming that their workers benefited from tariff protection; at Homestead, however, management had demonstrated its lack of interest in the workers' welfare, had brutally announced it would discharge whom it pleased, and pay what wages it pleased. In one of the harshest denunciations that Godkin's NATION ever made of a business corporation, this editorial declared that the company's "plea for American laborers"

> was a mean and contemptible pretence, designed simply to enable them to enrich themselves by utilizing the credulous patriotism of the American people.

It did not take long for THE NATION to shift its emphasis, during that 1892 summer of labor trouble, to those "organizations of dubious character," the trade unions, which were trying to gain advantages for their members "at the expense of outside laborers." Clearly, however, THE NATION's editors were dismayed by the "mere anarchy"—in Yeats's sense, not the limited political one—that had been "loos'd upon the world." The closing years of the nineteenth century were the darkest that THE NATION had seen, the darkest that it was to see until the second World War. Abroad, it found that the United States was joining Britain, Germany and Russia as a colonial power; at home "protected" trusts and monopolistic labor unions seemed to be grabbing as much for themselves as they could.

It is notable that each time t "radical" William Jennings Bry was the Democratic Presidential ca didate—in 1896, 1900 and 1908- THE NATION turned away from t Democratic Party which it had beg supporting in 1884. Grover Clev land was THE NATION's kind Democrat, and so was Judge Alt B. Parker, a low-tariff man who r against Theodore Roosevelt in 19 But Bryan, particularly in 189 seemed to THE NATION and ot "respectable" Eastern journals, dangerous demagogue. His advoca of the free coinage of silver—whi THE NATION considered immoral and his standing (if not actually ru ning) on a platform endorsing the come tax principle, condemning t use of the injunction in labor disput and promising "stricter control" trusts and railroads, evoked a frenzi response in the weekly's edito pages. The journal referred to t "mad proceedings" of the Democra nominating convention, and was i patient for the stamping out of "inc diary doctrines" in the November el tion. THE NATION's attitude Bryan's defeat in 1896 was the sa as that expressed by the New Y *Tribune*:

> There are some movements so ba some causes so depraved, that neit victory can justify them nor def entitle them to commiseration. T wicked rattle-pated boy, posing vapid vanity and mouthing rott ness, was not the real leader of t league of Hell. He was only a pup in the blood-imbued hands of Altg the anarchist and Debs the rev tionist. . . .

THE NATION sighed with relief in November 5, 1896 issue that country had been saved from changing the Constitution and Supreme Court for the "decrees" men like Governor Altgeld, Debs and Bryan. Bryan himself, said THE NATION, had probably inspired more error than any man in public life who had not actually committed murder. But a generation later, Morison and Commager were to call Bryan, in their history, "the common denominator of the American people of his generation." Surely the evils which he and Altgeld and Debs denounced were real. During each year of the 1890s, one man out of every 50 working in the mines in Pennsylvania was injured; one of every 400 was killed. In the year 1893, one of every ten operating railroad employes was injured in some way; one of 115 was killed. In many states, the only limitation on child labor was the requirement—often loosely enforced—of school attendance. The fundamental Populist protest, represented by the Bryan candidacy of 896, was well conveyed by Vachel Lindsay:

> There were real lines drawn:
> Not the silver and the gold,
> But Nebraska's cry went eastward
> against the dour and old,
> The mean and cold.

For THE NATION and the New York *Tribune*, Bryan's defeat meant the avoidance of catastrophe; for Vachel Lindsay, sixteen years old in 1896, it was

> Defeat of my boyhood, defeat of my
> dream.

By 1900, the dominant political issue was imperialism, and THE NATION, contemptuous of McKinley, supported him only because Bryan was the alternative. By 1904 THE NATION was back in the Democratic camp because Parker, "sound" on economic issues (he had been Cleveland's law partner), was running against the jingoistic Theodore Roosevelt. Bryanism had receded in the Democratic Party, but to THE NATION Roosevelt was almost

> . . . . the young dude cowboy,
> Who hated Bryan, then aped his
> way. . . .

Roosevelt, the pragmatic politician, deriding as "muckrakers" such writers as Ida Tarbell, who published her "History of the Standard Oil Company" in *McClure's*, and Ray Stannard Baker, who focused on the railroads in the same magazine, and Thomas Lawson, whose "Frenzied Finance" in *Everybody's* was a study of the copper trust, still looked at the muck that they raked up. THE NATION could not help looking, wished it weren't there, and viewed with apprehension the plans for doing something about it. The Roosevelt victory over Parker in 1904 brought to Washington what Rollo Ogden described two years later in THE NATION as "The Muck-rake Congress." It had been characterized, said Ogden, by a series of "exposures" and by much shouting and threatening—all this was the very essence of muckraking. But Ogden conceded that

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without the muckraking legislators there would have been no railway bill—the Hepburn Act of 1906 made rate regulation possible for the first time in United States history—and no meat inspection law. Ogden might also have noted that without Upton Sinclair's novel, *The Jungle*, describing the grim conditions in Chicago stockyards, the meat inspection law would probably not have been passed in 1906. As for the Hepburn Act, THE NATION had not been especially enthusiastic about the measure while it was being debated in Congress during the winter and spring of 1906. Conceding that some government rate supervision was necessary, the journal stressed the importance of the principle of judicial review: the railroads, THE NATION argued, should have the right to fight in the courts what they deemed unfair rate prescriptions by the Interstate Commerce Commission. When passed, the Hepburn Act included a provision for judicial review, but the act as a whole was condemned as altogether inadequate by such a progressive as Senator LaFollette because the Interstate Commerce Commission was not empowered to evaluate railroad properties and the cost of service. Only on the basis of such evaluation, LaFollette contended, could "reasonable" rates be determined. THE NATION, "utterly unsympathetic to" men like LaFollette, was still insisting in 1906 on the overriding importance of one economic measure: downward tariff revision. At one point in the debate on the Hepburn Act, the weekly accused Roosevelt of giving up chances for tariff revision in order to get railway rate supervision. "A birthright," said THE NATION, "has thus again been sold for a mess of pottage." Thus laissez faire, the policy of letting business alone, was the journal's fundamental position even in the era of the super-trust, the age of J. P. Morgan.

THE LET-ALONE policy, however, was still not to be applied to labor unions. On this point, most respectable men, including most federal judges, held the views expressed by THE NATION. In a decision that grew out of the Danbury Hatters' strike of 1902, the union's attempts to secure a nationwide boycott of Loewe hats was declared a violation of the Sherman Act, which outlawed combinations in restraint of interstate trade. In another case, involving a St. Louis stove company, the A. F. of L. was forbidden by a federal court injunction to carry out a boycott; for defying the injunction, Gompers and other officials of the A. F. of L. were declared in contempt of court and sentenced to prison. When in 1908 Gompers (whose sentence, like that of the other officials, was never carried out) denounced the courts' interpretations of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act as denying to organized labor the right of existence, THE NATION complacently remarked:

> The only change recently made is to decide, as the Supreme Court has at last done, that boycotting is illegal under the Sherman Act, as it always has been illegal at common law.

THE NATION went on to condemn organized labor for crying out when the same "even-handed justice" was applied to its "ruinous acts" as was applied to illicit action by such a trust as Standard Oil. But the weekly, which had rejoiced over President Grover Cleveland's smashing of "anarchy" in the 1894 Pullman strike, and which had denounced the Mine Workers Union during the anthracite coal strike of 1903, was, like most of the press, less than fair to labor. Putting its emphasis heavily on violence and intimidation of scabs by the unions, THE NATION sadly failed to see what drove the unions to desperate acts. John Mitchell, leader of the anthracite mine workers, charged in his book, *Organized Labor* (1903), that much of even the very low wages

> was never paid in cash to the mineworkers. There were in vogue many systems for cheating the men. . . . The size of the ton increased, so that 2,900 and even 3,190 pounds came to be considered a ton, while the price remained at the same level . . .

This is just the kind of point that T NATION was later to make again ar again, after it was taken over in 191 by Oswald Garrison Villard. Villar as early as 1905, published an artic —"The Growth of Socialism"— THE NATION which conflicted shar ly with the opinions of Wendell Phi lips Garrison, then editor of the weel ly, and of writers like Rollo Ogde and Fabian Franklin. Commentir on the development of socialis among the American masses (1905 the syndicalist Industrial Wor ers of the World, a far more radic organization than the A. F. of I was formed), Villard said that tl Socialists had been "confirmed in the error" by the shamelessness

> with which managers of public-se vice corporations have debauched tl commonwealth. Our bold speculato in street railways and in gas and ele tric lighting have laid heavy and dir hands on governors and legislato mayors and aldermen.

Then, referring specifically to the i vestigation in New York City of t practices of the Consolidated G Company, Villard spoke of a mono oly's manufacturing gas at thirty fifty cents a thousand feet and selli it for a dollar, and juggling with t pressure "in order still further swindle the consumer." No one c be surprised, said Villard, if "men their haste seize the weapon of m nicipal ownership." The directors the Consolidated Gas Company, "n such frothy demagogues as Euge V. Debs," were the real leaders the crusade for socialism. This la guage, used by Villard in 1905, i minds one somewhat of Bismarc and it is interesting to note that V lard's German-born father admir Bismarck and was his house gu during a visit to Germany. Bismar had stolen the German Socialis thunder through what Harold La well would call "rejection by part incorporation" of their program. V lard, who unlike Bismarck was cynic, gradually became warmly sy pathetic to the moderate Socialist

Crossword Puzzle

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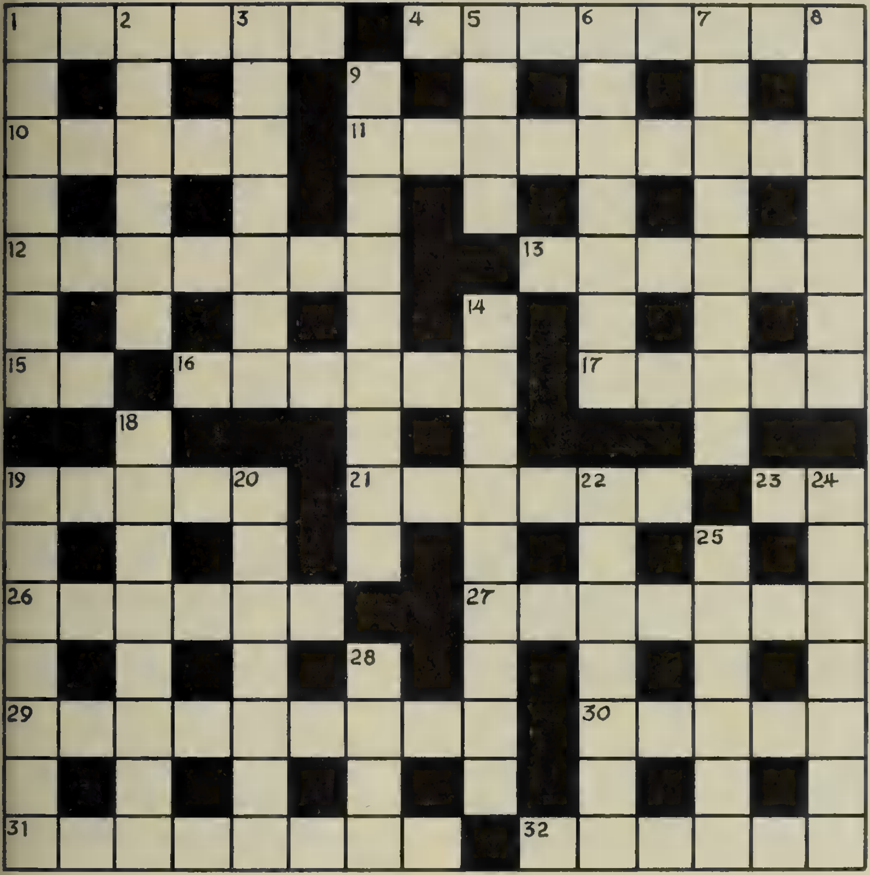

ACROSS:

1 Countryman's chief of center (6)
4 Sang to me of the end of the world (8)
10 Symbolic flyer with arms, olive-bearing (5)
11 Of pap and Russia—even Steven agreed (4, 5)
12 Nearly 600 rodents: an extreme case (7)
13 Penetrate FPA's midriff (6)
15 Brief state of Independence (2)
16 "Y" girls gruesomely upset (6)
17 "Honey Fitz" to J.F.K. (5)
19 Can't give more than this, can I? (2, 3)
21 Take a flyer in America, Russia—or Greece (6)
23 Heard the news? Dad's back! (2)
26 Accept—you're a rat if you don't! (6)
27 Label lumber, Filipino type (7)
29 Get the wind up—worse if you're 30 (9)
30 Lost a seat (2, 3)
31 Old Hundred scattered in their seats, no doubt (8)
32 It's in the UN that I hear you challenge (1, 5)

DOWN:

1 Let the Benedictine go—a good sound from the hills of America (7)
2 Somewhat tattered sleeve of a noble lord (6)
3 That each one may be one: a reason for 19 (7)
5 We do to live, and, I hear, use for death (4)
6 Hi-fi fan may flip for this (7)
7 Dam burst in Oct. (8)
8 No diller, no dollar; a thinker he (7)
9 In which chap spies moon travellers (5, 4)
14 Sandy site for royal houses (9)
18 A digestion like this needed for C-rations (4, 4)
19 Bound in like lions, they say—for 1 down? (7)
20 Sinister Red? (7)
22 President (generally) indicates Govt. aid (7)
24 Call an insect for ceremonial event (7)
25 '67 folly from Russia—a fine state! (6)
28 Takes two to make one (4)

(Answers on page 335)

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A kind of prelude to the definitive 1918 change in The Nation occurred some seven years earlier, around 1911. At this time, Paul Elmer More, the Sanskrit scholar and "new humanist," was editor of the weekly, but Villard as managing editor of the *Evening Post* was beginning to put his own stamp not only on the *Post* but on The Nation, which reprinted much *Post* material. Villard noted in his autobiography, *Fighting Years,* that The Nation and the *Evening Post* had supported Woodrow Wilson in "his fight to democratize Princeton undergraduate life." In March, 1910, when the two men met during an ocean voyage from Bermuda to the United States, Villard promised Wilson full support if he should decide to run for the governorship of New Jersey. Wilson had been an avid reader of Godkin's Nation, and his liberalism in 1910 seemed to be of Godkin vintage. But Villard was also more of a Godkinite in those days than he was to be in 1920, and he was impressed by Wilson as a man. According to Villard, the *Evening Post* exercised considerable influence on Wilson after he became governor of New Jersey because it was the only newspaper he read.

Surprised and gratified by Wilson's vigorous treatment of New Jersey bosses and New Jersey problems, Villard joined a widespread movement in the press to boom him for the Presidency. A Villard article, "Governor Wilson's Candidacy," in the August 17, 1911, Nation, praised Wilson for his frankness in attacking the "money power" in a speech at Harrisburg. But Fabian Franklin of the *Evening Post,* much less favorably impressed by Wilson, published a piece criticizing the New Jersey governor for attacking President Taft's policy on trusts without offering a clear alternative. Was Wilson for letting the trusts alone? Franklin asked. Or was he for a "root-and-branch plan" of destruction? The difference in tone between these two articles illustrates the tension that was to be felt at 20 Vesey Street (to which the *Evening Post* and The Nation had moved in 1908) during the next few years. Conservatives like Franklin, Paul Elmer More, and Stanley Went could not abide Villard's "radicalism."

Villard kept on pushing Wilson's Presidential candidacy. A letter printed in the December 3, 1911, Nation reported the results of a straw ballot election at Oberlin College: Wilson was an easy leader with 261 votes, LaFollette came next with 82, Taft was third with 60 and Roosevelt fourth with 17. Villard, who had just published a biography of John Brown, must have been encouraged by this endorsement of the Virginia-born Wilson at an institution so closely associated with the Abolitionist movement. According to Wilson's biographer, Arthur S. Link, Villard was at this time "unquestionably the leading white champion of Negro rights in the United States," and became Wilson's "chief adviser on the race question in the summer of 1912." Villard and W. E. B. DuBois, editor of the NAACP magazine *The Crisis*, were disappointed by Wilson's failure to commit himself to a desegregation policy in government bureaus. But Villard hoped for progress on this score with Wilson in the White House.

On some other issues, Wilson's accession to the Presidency brought immediate progress. One of these issues was the tariff. The Nation had been disappointed by Taft's acceptance of the high Payne-Aldrich tariff of 1909, and looked forward to a change under Wilson. It came with the Underwood tariff of 1913. While not a free trade measure, it provided for the kind of revision which The Nation had been urging since 1865.

If the United States Congress had at last come around to The Nation's tariff views, the journal had by 1913 come to accept a measure that the country as a whole clearly wanted: the progressive income tax. Rollo Ogden's objection, back in 1894, to such a tax had been that it was confiscatory. In 1913, while regretting that the burden was not more widely distributed (only 425,000 persons, the weekly estimated, would pay an income tax), The Nation found it a reasonable way to make up the deficiency in Federal revenue caused by tariff reductions.

To a conservative like Paul Elmer More, The Nation seemed to be changing markedly. But while the journal's attitude toward organized labor altered to the extent that the unions were not brutally denounced as they once had been, the magazine was by no means pro-labor. It was not, for example, particularly happy about the Adamson Act of 1916, which established an eight-hour day on all interstate railways. And, significantly, the *Evening Post*'s and The Nation's support of Wilson rather than Hughes in 1916 was based partly on the belief that Wilson would be in a better position to "handle" the demands of labor than would be the candidate of the "party of capital."

Villard, unlike his editors, had by 1916 become disenchanted with Wilson, chiefly because of the President's adoption of a military preparedness policy. His article in a July, 1916, Nation called "The President and Foreign Affairs" stated bluntly that the President didn't know enough about them. If Wilson had ever settled down to six months in Germany he would be in a far better position to deal with the German leaders Villard also thought it a pity that the President had not spent some time in Latin America. Clearly, although The Nation had been only mildly critical of United States intervention in Haiti and Santo Domingo (the weekly objected to naval censorship of the press), Villard was distressed by what seemed to him a continuation of Taft's dollar diplomacy. In September, 1916, with the *Evening Post* and Nation declaring for Wilson, Villard decided to vote Prohibitionist. This split between Villard and the members of his own staff wa

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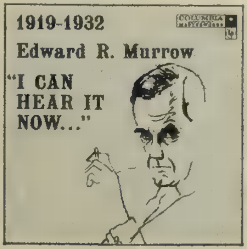

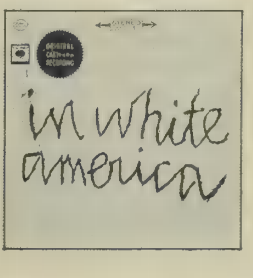

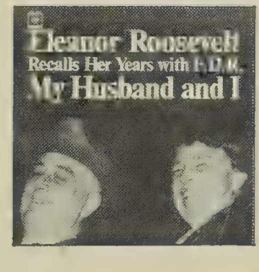

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symptomatic of the general unrest at the offices of the daily and the weekly.

After the United States entry into the World War, the fissure widened. Rollo Ogden, managing editor of the *Evening Post*, was unreserved in his support of the Allied cause, while Villard was primarily interested in the rapid negotiation of a just peace. Before Villard took over the editorship of The Nation in January, 1918, the editorial situation became even more anomalous; Ogden was opposed to Villard's publication in the *Evening Post* of the secret treaties which had been released by the Bolshevik government of Russia. But Villard published them anyway, and at the same time took over from Harold de Wolf Fuller the editorship of The Nation. Beginning with the issue of January 31, 1918, Villard himself could determine Nation policy.

III
Literature and Ideas: 1865-1918

When Emile Zola was a young Romantic poet living in Paris, he reproached his friend Paul Cézanne for painting pictures that were "denuded of poetry." "I have never been able to make anything of this 'realism'," said Zola in 1860. While he was soon to become converted to realism, his early idealistic prejudices were those of most European and American critics throughout the nineteenth century. A book which helped to change Zola's mind about realism, *Madame Bovary*, was put on trial in France for immorality. Balzac's notion that the novel "should paint a possible better world" was in effect the nineteenth-century consensus on the role of all the arts.

William Dean Howells, the nineteenth-century American novelist most closely associated with the reaction in this country against "ideality" in fiction, was a rigorous censor of his own "realism." His own children read his stories, he wrote to John Hay in 1882, and therefore he could not describe "palpitating divans." Since Howells' American contemporaries (there were more daring realist-rebels in Europe) felt the same inhibitions, the most inflammatory love scene in American fiction of 1882 may have been that of the leave-taking of a girl and her suitor in Howells' *A Modern Instance*:

> At the door he bent down his head and kissed her. "Good night, dear—friend."
>
> "Good night," she panted; and after the door had closed upon him, she stooped and kissed the knob on which his hand had rested.

In 1892, an American weekly, the *Independent*, warned that *The Princess of Cleves,* the French seventeenth-century classic, should not be put in the hands of American girls. The same journal found *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* dangerous to the moral fibre of young readers, even though Hardy was "no Tolstoi, picturing lechery to the last particular, no Zola reveling in filth."

The 1903-1904 report of the New England Watch and Ward Society contains a piquant item that will serve to complete this brief sketch of the cultural milieu in which The Nation was an intellectual force. "One of the most interesting and important cases we have ever had," said the report, "was that of a weekly newspaper in the Syrian language published in Boston." Informed that a certain number of this paper "contained obscenities," the Watch and Ward Society arranged for their rendering into English by a Harvard professor, then presented the translation to a judge,

> who granted a warrant upon which the editor and publisher was arrested, and 682 copies of the newspaper were seized, 210 being of the objectionable issue.

Such nineteenth-century Nation reviewers as Henry James, Eliot Norton, T. S. Perry and John R. Dennett were not chiefly concerned with the morals of children, young girls, and Syrians living in Boston, but in an intelligent way their criticism of literature reflected the "idealistic" prejudices of the age. When the editc
of The Nation announced in the
1865 prospectus their intention
promote a higher standard of cri
cism, they meant primarily that t
weekly would not "puff," freely a
vertise books—as most newspape
and magazines then did—but revie
them disinterestedly. The Nation i
tended to propagate, in Matthe
Arnold's terms, the best that w
known and thought in the world-
intended to apply idealistic standar
with fine discrimination. A review,
The Nation's first issue, of Arnol
Essays in Criticism, noted the a
thor's "truly noble purpose":
"share with his fellows the pleasu
of a higher and richer intellect
life." Such terms as "noble," "hig
er," "ideal" and "poetic" recur
The Nation's criticism througho
the 1865-1918 period, even if the
is a subtle shift during the early ye
of the twentieth century to a "N
Humanist" concern with "restrain
control of impulse, the "inner checl

The Nation quite rapidly beca
known as an organ of intellig
criticism. William Dean Howells, n
vously awaiting the weekly's p
nouncement on one of his own wor
wrote to Henry James in 1869: "H
rible, isn't it, to have only one cri
for 40,000,000 of people?" Char
Dudley Warner, who with M
Twain wrote *The Gilded Age*, cal
The Nation the "weekly Day
Judgment"; and it is suggestive
the impression The Nation quic
created in 1865 that the New Y
Tribune could describe it as bei
"mainly devoted" to literature, wh
it treated with "impartiality a
scholarship." There were also so
sharply unfavorable reactions. Tl
in 1885, a disciple of Walt Whitma
named William D. O'Connor refer
to The Nation as "that icicle in
caves of darkness, dripping its c
drip."

Whitman had certainly recei
the cold drip treatment from He
James in a November, 1865, revi
of *Drum-Taps,* a volume of poems

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spired by the Civil War. The review, which James in his later years was ashamed of, accused Whitman of egotism, mindlessness and vulgarity. The "democratic, liberty-loving, American populace," wrote James, was a "great civilizer," and had not sustained a monstrous war in order to "put up with spurious poetry afterwards." Here was, in Philip Rahv's terms, the "paleface" condemning the "redskin" who could write a line like

> Hungering, hungering, hungering, for
> primal energies and Nature's
> dauntlessness.

E. L. Godkin was to say in a NATION essay that the progress of mankind from barbarism to civilization could be seen in the difference between a wigwam and a lady's parlor. Henry James, reading Whitman in 1865, apparently smelled smoke rising from a savage camp. The elderly James, who read Whitman's poetry aloud to Edith Wharton, doubtless wished that there had been more fire—even if less refinement—in his own life.

THE EARLY NATION was consistently hostile to Whitman's poetry—as well as to that of Baudelaire and Swinburne. James called Baudelaire "unwholesome," declaring that in *Les Fleurs du mal,*

> there must be stinking corpses and starving prostitutes and empty laudanum bottles in order that the poet shall be effectively inspired.

Swinburne, along with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, THE NATION considered a member of the "neo-pagan school of writers in England"; these poets were admittedly skillful in a technical sense, but they were morbidly preoccupied with sex.

Tennyson, on the other hand, was a poet the NATION critics liked. His tribute to Virgil—"Thou that seest Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind"—points to what THE NATION sought in the arts. Arthur Hugh Clough, whose "Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth," Winston Churchill stirringly quoted in a World War II speech, was also considered an admirable poet. His verses were "healthier" than those of Matthew Arnold. And William Morris, upon publishing *The Earthly Paradise,* was called a "supremely healthy writer" who "moves, melts and delights." THE NATION's use of "healthy" to describe writers it liked may remind us of Mary Petty's *New Yorker* cartoon bearing the caption, "You're a very sick poet"; it is possible, however, that critics a hundred years from now will be unsympathetic to twentieth-century praise of alienated writing.

The novelist most admired by the NATION of the sixties, seventies and early eighties was Ivan Turgenev, whose works became known in the United States by the roundabout route of English translations of French translations from the Russian. Turgenev was, said T. S. Perry, a "poetic" realist, successful in the novelist's highest labor—the conception and delineation of character—and successful too in suggesting truths rather then insisting ponderously upon them. In short, whereas an Anthony Trollope was excessively, "photographically" realistic, Turgenev achieved the Aristotelian aim of "verisimilitude." The only objection THE NATION lodged against Turgenev was that he was too "melancholy." Consistent with the journal's predilection for poetically realistic fiction (as in Björnstjerne Björnson's charming *Arne*) was its admiration of a spiritualized rendering of nature in art. Thus, the weekly's art critic gave the following advice to a young painter:

> He must look within for his inducement to work, and must find it . . . in the feeling which he probably has, that there is a higher and nobler beauty in nature than he has painted or drawn as yet.

There is a parallel between the early NATION's taste in the arts and its position on the most urgent intellectual problem of the middle and late nineteenth century—the relationship between Darwinism and religion. Such contributors to THE NATION as John Fiske and Asa Gray certainly accepted and propounded the Darwinian theory of evolution, but they did not accept the materialism of Tyndall and T. H. Huxley. Nature, the journal asserted, was transformed through the process of natural selection, but the process itself was spiritual in nature; as THE NATION put it in 1876:

> . . . . we doubt very much whether any one has ever listened in a candid and dispassionate frame of mind to the evolutionists' history of the globe without finding that it had deepened for him the mystery of the universe, and magnified the Power which stands behind it.

THE NATION's theistic Darwinism was a *via media* between materialism and dogmatic theology, just as its advocacy of poetic realism in the arts was a "middle" position between naturalism on the one hand and romantic idealism on the other.

To THE NATION's dismay, naturalism became an increasingly popular mode in fiction during the eighteen-seventies and eighties. The journal's attitude toward the "experimental" novels of Zola and his school was like that of Tennyson in "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After":

> Authors—essayist, atheist, novelist, realist, rhymester, play your part,
> Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of Art.
>
> . . . .
>
> Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism,—
> Forward, forward, ay and backward, downward too into the abysm.

Zola's influential novel, *L'Assommoir,* was reviewed in the NATION by Auguste Laugel, a young Frenchman whom Godkin had engaged in 1865 to send him letters on French politics, society and literature. To Laugel, *L'Assommoir* was a "revolting" story, which he had "quit"

> as I should have gone out of a dissecting room; and I have breathed the fresh air of one of Lamartine's "Meditations."

Laugel was a good nineteenth-century Liberal, and he wondered whether Zola was a "friend of the people, or an enemy of republican in-

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stitutions." What would become of a generation fed upon a literature whose sole object was to photograph life and vice? To THE NATION and other genteel critics, it was not at all clear that Zola considered the novel —as he emphasized in an 1892 interview—an extremely high "means of expression" which he had chosen as

> the form in which to present to the world what I wish to say on the social, scientific, and psychological problems that occupy the minds of thinking men. . . .

(Zola also had the humility to observe, "It is true that I sometimes ask myself if this is the *rôle* of the novel after all.") Just a few years earlier, a NATION critic had spoken of the pernicious effect of fiction like Zola's on the reader's morale: naturalistic novels, in short, were unhealthy. The one point on which THE NATION could agree with Zola was the Dreyfus case and anti-Semitism; THE NATION denounced the Jew-baiting of Edouard Drumont in the eighties, and in 1898 Godkin published a piece called "Voltaire and Dreyfus," in which he praised both Voltaire's courage in defense of oppressed innocence, and his persistent efforts to show French lawyers that their lack of legal rules of evidence was the root of judicial inequity. Although these efforts had not really been successful, the Dreyfus case was still a great tribute to Voltaire: "Without him we should probably not have had even the *intellectuels*" that is, Zola and the others who came to Dreyfus' defense.

In reviewing fiction that had a social purpose—like Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*—THE NATION was inclined to take a tolerant view so long as the writing was not "vulgar." Thus without agreeing with Bellamy's conception of the good industrial society, the NATION critic commended the author's original treatment of the theme of utopia, and observed that writing of a better world is "one of the good offices of romance." Even in its treatment of a non-fictional work like Henry George's *Progress and Poverty,* whose point of view THE NATION clearly opposed, the weekly displayed respect for George's moral purpose. And while THE NATION'S laissez-faire individualism prevented it from proposing effective curbs on the ruthlessness of a Carnegie, the journal's review of his *Triumphant Democracy* called him an unmitigated philistine. Although NATION writers in the nineteenth century believed little could be done to mitigate the ferocity of the business world, they sought in books, both fictional and non-fictional, a high ideal.

It is significant in this connection that NATION reviews of such respectable authors as George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, William Dean Howells and Henry James often pointed to their "un-poetic" treatment of material. They tended too much toward "analysis," "dissection," the use of the "scalpel." Sainte-Beuve had said in a discussion of Flaubert that novelists were becoming anatomists; THE NATION agreed, and while it found *Madame Bovary* a powerfully "moral" work, and "Un Coeur Simple" comparable to Turgenev's fiction ("and to say that is to give it the highest praise") the weekly kept looking wistfully backward to George Sand and Hawthorne.

Henry James respected Hawthorne, and greatly admired George Sand and Balzac. Ironically, however, THE NATION often found James's early fiction over-analytical. (Thomas Wentworth Higginson's remark that THE NATION "never spares its own contributors" is strikingly applicable to James's case).

Curiously, the very fiction that James was writing when he denounced Whitman's lack of refinement was found by the NATION to have an "enveloping atmosphere of . . . voluptuousness." Although James Russell Lowell found several years later that James had "tone" and "self-restraint," the NATION'S tendency was to consider him interesting but "painful." It was a pity that he had completely abandoned the "realm of romance," with its heroes and its dramas. A review in 1886 of James's *Bostonians* and Howells' *Indian Summer* sums up pretty well the weekly's attitude toward their early fiction. On the one hand, their novels would enable "our descendants" to "reconstruct the society of which we form a part"; on the other hand, Howells unfortunately avoided drama and deep feeling, and James's analyses impeded the progress of the narrative.

LATER HENRY JAMES—*The Ambassadors, The Wings of the Dove, The Golden Bowl*—THE NATION reviewed with puzzlement and qualified admiration. Like Henry's brother William THE NATION found itself wishing for something clear, in the novelist's earlier manner. Annie R. M. Logan, reviewing those three difficult books, had all she could do to make out what was going on in them And she indicated that when she did "make out" the stories, she found them shocking enough to deserve to be told obliquely. In 1910, on the occasion of Mark Twain's death, F. J Mather, Jr., published a NATION piece called "Two Frontiersmen,' contrasting Twain and James. James he said, could be considered a frontiersman of the inner life as Twain was out of the outer life. In a NATION article written after James's death in 1916, Stuart Pratt Sherman indicated that while the novelist would always have a small group of ardent admirers, his "aesthetic idealism" "sins against the diversity, the thick rotundity, the integrity of life." Simeon Strunsky took a similar position, comparing James unfavorably with both Tolstoy and the "solid" Howells. It was as typical of "the age" for the "pre-modern" NATION to prefer Howells to James as it is for most critics nowadays to find James's subtle probing more "relevant" than Howells' direct representation.

AN INTERESTING LETTER to THE NATION early in 1890 indicates both the weekly's admiration for Tolstoy and the reservations it had about some of his work. Isabel F. Hapgood, author of the letter, had been asked person

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ally by Tolstoy to translate his *Kreutzer Sonata*. She was an admirer of Tolstoy as a man and as a writer, and had tried to get American publishers to bring out both *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* in 1881, five years before American readers were "treated to the mangled versions of those works, through the French." But she had failed, one Boston publisher having objected: "No one in Russia knows how to write except Turgeneff, and he is far above the heads of Bostonians." Miss Hapgood had declined to translate the *Kreutzer Sonata*, on the grounds that this anatomy of a marriage was "too frank and not decent." However quaint her decision may seem to present readers, it was quite consistent with the attitudes of most literate Americans of her day. One of the defects found in Nathan Haskell Dole's translations of Tolstoy into English was that certain passages had simply been omitted: Dole acted as censor as well as translator. According to NATION critics, however, Dole was also incompetent. Thus Mrs. C. B. Martin lamented in a review, "It makes the heart bleed to see the havoc that is made with beautiful things." Fortunately, Tolstoy's works were "great enough to rise superior to misrepresentation"; comparing Turgenev's admirable *Smoke* and Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, Mrs. Martin found that whereas Turgenev's people and events were distinctively Russion, Tolstoy conveyed the universal through the particular:

> No one will ever pause to inquire Anna Karenina's nationality; she will be accepted unquestioningly, in her weakness and remorse, as a world type . . .

Tolstoy, of course, underwent a religious conversion, repudiating his "worldly" works, and in 1898 the NATION's French correspondent, Auguste Laugel, used Tolstoy's *What is Art* as a stick with which to beat the Decadents and Symbolists. Tolstoy had described his "stupor" at an exhibit of "modern" art, where among other astonishing things he had seen a face painted entirely blue. The Russian writer also criticized, to Laugel's satisfaction, Richard Wagner's merging of the genres of music and poetry: to Tolstoy, this was a "counterfeit" of true art. Laugel wished that Tolstoy had been harder on another Symbolist, Stephane Mallarmé, but noted with quiet glee that *What is Art* was considered blasphemous by the modernists.

LAUGEL'S POINT OF VIEW was essentially that of other NATION writers toward the Symbolists, whom Yeats described as in reaction against both the rationalism of the eighteenth century and the materialism of the nineteenth century. The Symbolist movement had come to perfection, said Yeats, in Wagner, in the English Pre-Raphaelites, in such French writers as Mallarmé and Maeterlinck. Yeats, himself a part of the movement, believed it to be the only one "that is saying new things." But what Edmund Wilson has described as the Symbolists' attempt, through "a complicated association of ideas represented by a medley of metaphors—to communicate unique personal feeling," did not suit THE NATION's taste for general human truth. When Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who had helped arrange for the posthumous publication of Emily Dickinson's poetry, wrote about her poems in THE NATION, he noted primarily such "realistic" details as her references to American birds. Today, Emily Dickinson is seen as more like the Symbolist Mallarmé (her "certain slant of light . . . that oppresses like the heft of cathedral tunes" is hardly "representational") than like such a romantic realist as John Greenleaf Whittier. But Higginson would have been startled by the comparison to Mallarmé. He was capable, however, of praising Verlaine for bringing "a new element of melody into French verse," even if like Swinburne he dealt more than was necessary with the "nauseous." While the translator of Verlaine, Miss Gertrude Hall, had not caught the "Dantesque directness" of "Colloque sentimental," she had still "rescued the best of this soiled man of genius from the worst."

THIS WAS ABOUT the farthest reach of NATION sympathy for the Symbolists. During the decade of the nineties, such American counterparts or imitators of the English *Yellow Book* as *Mlle. New York, The Chap-Book*, and *The Philistine* (which took a smack in its first number at "ponderous Howells") added spice to magazine journalism by publishing Symbolist and Decadent poetry, fiction, and art. But THE NATION found such "coming" writers as Huysmans and Gabriele D'Annunzio "unclean". Many present-day readers have a similar reaction, but what is most significant about THE NATION's treatment of literature is the lack of sympathy for works not in the Balzac-Turgenev-Tolstoy tradition of lucidity and rationality. In his introduction to *Diana of the Crossways*, Arthur Symons praised George Meredith as a Symbolist not interested in "the narration of the little, colourless facts of modern English society"; the NATION critics did not advocate such narration, but regarded the "little, colourless facts" as a starting point for a good novelist.

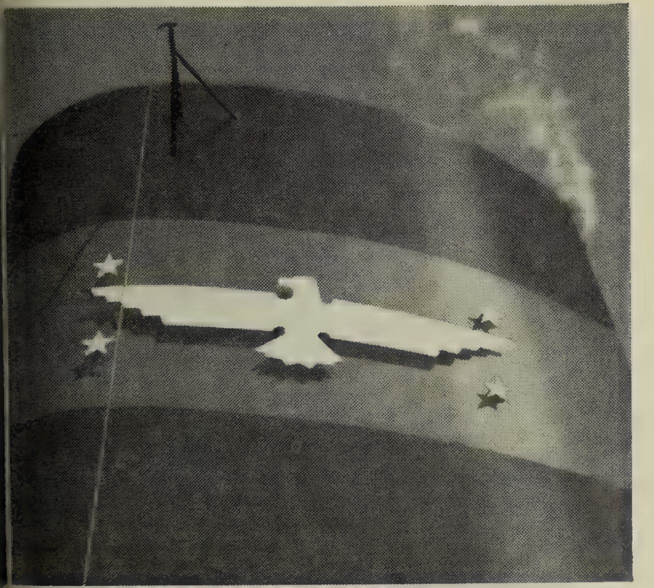
During the early years of the twentieth century, when Paul Elmer More began to contribute to THE NATION, and particularly after he became editor in 1909, the weekly became a voice of the "New Humanism." More and Irving Babbitt were the two most prominent members of this "school," but Frank Jewett Mather, who wrote chiefly on art for THE NATION, and O. W. Firkins (who reviewed poetry) and Stuart Pratt Sherman (who wrote on literature and cultural matters) also belonged to it. These critics emphasized the need, both in literature and in life, for ethical control, an "inner check" of natural impulse. According to the New Humanists, Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the Romantic movement had exalted the individual at the expense of the community, had apotheosized impulse at the expense eason. Naturalism in literature—work of Zola and his followers—but Romanticism on all fours, such a philosophic movement as ;sonism as well as such social ements as anarchism and syndi- m were equally expressions of modern lawlessness. While The ion of the late nineteenth century been relatively friendly to Rous- (the philosopher-mathematician rles Sanders Peirce had observed Nation discussion of him that iment played an important role in , The Nation of the early twenti- century denounced him and all vorks. When More reviewed Hol- k Jackson's book, *The Eighteen- ties*, he argued that the whole dent movement, of which Oscar le, John Davidson, Ernest Dow- and Francis Thompson were a was a product of the assertion of rights of "personality."

> ersonality was to assert itself in the irection of an unlimited and unquestioned expansiveness, in the claim of the individual to be purely and intensely himself, in the free pursuit of those emotions and sensations which are at the root of division among mankind; while denying those rights of man, in the classical sense, which mean the subordination of the individualizing desires to the commonalty of the law of reason.

More went on to say that the main literary source of this perversion at present was undoubtedly the group of "powerful Russian writers, with their congeners in Scandinavia and the other Northern countries. . . ." Among the writers he condemned was Tolstoy—his humanitarianism More found as repellent as Nietzsche's "Superman" doctrine—and Strindberg. But the book on which More concentrated his fire was Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*:

> Somehow we are to be lifted up by sympathizing with a madman worshipping humanity in the person of a girl of the street.

Not many contemporary writers were wholeheartedly praised by The Nation during the years when More was a dominant editorial influence. The weekly's reviewers (men like H. W. Boynton, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., H. I. Brock) did, however, admire the work of both Joseph Conrad and Willa Cather. Both were essentially "conservative" in their emphasis on the individual's character, and on his moral response to his world. H. W. Boynton contrasted Conrad in a 1914 essay with a "group of brilliant irresponsibles"—Shaw, Chesterton, Arnold Bennett—whose attitude was, "Amuse the brutes." In Conrad's works it was the "hapless struggle of man with the universe which lifts his imagination . . . clear of the mere unpleasantness of pathos, fairly to the plane of tragedy." Willa Cather, Boynton praised in an interesting article called "Realism and Recent American Fiction," which resumed what various Nation critics—Stuart Pratt Sherman, Mather, Warner Fite



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and Harold de Wolf Fuller, had been saying on the subject: all of them had agreed that true realism "interprets, creates, transforms raw fact into something more pregnant"; realism employs facts not to document life, but to embody it. This was the realism of Willa Cather, whose "artist"-novel, *The Song of the Lark,* Boynton contrasted in another NATION review with Dreiser's *The Genius.* While Dreiser's book tells us, said Boynton, about Eugene Witla's brilliant mind, Witla is actually an extremely dull fellow, whose morals are less distressing then his manners. In *The Genius* was to be found "romantic welter" (not the "sincere realism" of *Sister Carrie* and *Jennie Gerhardt,* books which—somewhat surprisingly—THE NATION favorably reviewed), whereas *The Song of the Lark* was "finished work," uncluttered by details, in short a "noble" novel.

Consistent with this praise of Cather and Conrad was Frank Jewett Mather's approbation of Cézanne's art. An impressive selection of oils and water-colors by Cézanne was exhibited early in 1910 in New York, and Mather contrasted his work with that of the luminists, who seek "the effects that occur only once." (We may recall THE NATION's objections to the literary Symbolists, partly on the same grounds). Cézanne

> seeks what is eternally true of every scene . . . its skeletal organism, the underlying geometry that makes it of a certain size and mass and depth.

Mather's two-part review of the famous 1913 Armory Show was quite unsympathetic to the un-Cézanne-like tendencies of Picasso and Picabia; the review failed to refer specifically to Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase;* but Mather was generally unimpressed by this new art. Here was the "welter" which Boynton found in Dreiser's *The Genius,* and which other NATION writers found in the 1912 industrial strike at Lawrence, Massachusetts.

FEW WERE THE examples of "restrained" classic art to which NATION critics could point with New Humanist pride. Robert Frost's *North of Boston* displayed an "inner check," said O. W. Firkins, but Frost had taken the wrong road in *Mountain Interval.* Stoddard Dewey, now French correspondent for THE NATION, wrote appreciative articles about the poetry of Emile Verhaeren—perhaps, said Dewey, the greatest French poet since Hugo and Charles Péguy. It is notable that both Péguy and Verhaeren were, in an important sense, "moralists"—in contrast to Amy Lowell, John Gould Fletcher, and other "Imagists," to whose poetry the pre-1918 NATION was cool.

AS FOR THE "NEW" novel, James Joyce's "free use of privy-language" in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* distressed Boynton, who conceded that the book exhibited an "ingrowing and indeterminate idealism." Harold de Wolf Fuller, reviewing Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* in 1913, found "charm and pathos" in Mrs. Morel's struggle to maintain the ideals which she had had before marriage, and condemned Paul's affairs as "the indulgence of an egotist, whose egotism has no large transforming power." The modern novel, in short, seemed well off the classical trolley.

The "quantification of impulse" which the pre-1918 NATION habitually deplored in contemporary literature and art, was in part a consequence of the "new psychology" associated with Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung. THE NATION's opinion of these newfangled ideas was clearly expressed in an article headed "Psychology as Pseudo-Science," which reviewed Freud's *Wit and its Relation to the Unconscious* and Jung's *Analytical Psychology:*

> This sort of thing serves well enough for those who are content with metaphors as explanations . . . but when it is paraded as a respectable description of the rarer values in experience, reducing those experiences to the forms of quantities and energies, it cannot be too plainly labelled as nonsense.

THE NATION's temper, from 1 to 1918, was certainly not mod The weekly's predispositions similar to those of such contemp ries as *The Atlantic Monthly* and old *Dial.* Nineteenth-century A ican intellectuals were inclinec have "refined" tastes and in comments on both art and pol tended to emphasize the import of individual character. But Fr Proust, Joyce and Faulkner in our time made it as diff for most of us to think in quite t terms, as Carnegie and Rockef and Morgan made it for "indivi character" to play a really effe role in social and economic lif was chiefly to the problem of th terrelationship between the indivi and a complex society that NA criticism, both literary and poli began to address itself in 1918.

IV

Renaissance and Reform: 1918-1

One of A. J. Liebling's piece the wayward press referred to the-one-hand-this-on-the-other-h that" writing. Oswald Garrison lard received in 1925 a letter Ellery Sedgwick, conservative e of *The Atlantic Monthly,* that c be described in Liebling's te Sedgwick thanked Villard for a ing to write an article "which we cussed so briefly at the Cent then went on:

> I heard from an unpreju source the other day that THE NA was doing better than ever. In of my violent disagreement wit more fantastic phases of your and industrial creed, I will say it is incomparably the best w paper in the country.

Villard himself was of contr tion all compact. Like his mo who in 1914 led the Women's F Parade down Fifth Avenue to U Square, and his abolitionist gr father, William Lloyd Garrison, lard opposed war and fought social reforms. He helped to f both the National Association fo Advancement of Colored People e American Civil Liberties Union. n the other hand, Villard was a entleman entrepreneur: son of a ailroad builder, Henry Villard, he et fellow graduates of Harvard at ubs like the Century and the Uni- ersity, he respected "good families" espite his experience of intense big- try among them, and he somewhat uixotically sought the advertising of ig business in an effort to make a nancial success of THE NATION, hose political "radicalism" made it bnoxious to the business community.

The conflict in Villard between atrician and social reformer is well lustrated by THE NATION's printing August 1920, while he was on oliday, an editorial headed "Take very Empty House!" The editorial as written by William MacDonald, hom Villard had persuaded to leave history professorship at Brown to ecome a NATION editor, and read in art as follows:

> The Tenement House Commissioner of New York City, Mr. Frank Mann, was quoted some two weeks ago as saying that the shortage of residence apartments in the city aggregated 40,000. Mayor Hylan was reported to have said that the figure was too low and should be nearer 100,000; while Mr. Edward P. Doyle, secretary of the Mayor's Housing Conference Committee, put the shortage at 160,000. . . .
>
> Everybody knows not only that there is no building, but why there is no building. High prices of land, labor, and material in the cities have made it impossible to build at a profit unless the owner can be assured of a high rental; and rentals, thanks in part to scarcity, in part to the high cost of building, and in part to atrocious profiteering by landlords, have about reached the limit of human endurance. . . .
>
> All this spells calamity. A population without homes means not only inconvenience; it means sickness and exposure and suffering for men, women and children; and it may mean death. Without greater forbearance and self-restraint than a houseless population has ever yet exhibited, it also means riot, disorder, and crime. What is the government doing about it? Nothing whatever as yet that can have any appreciable effect for many months to come. . . . Meantime, the country is short a million houses or apartments, and the day of crisis is at hand.
>
> There is one thing that should be done at once in every large city in which the housing problem is acute. That is to take possession of every unoccupied house, or building, or apartment that is fit or that can be made fit for human habitation, and make it available for the people who need homes. There are hundreds of houses in every large city that are unoccupied. Some of them have been unoccupied for years, as their boarded doors and windows testify. Some are the superfluous houses of the superfluous rich; some are the town houses of well-to-do owners who pass all of the year in the country or abroad. There are stores and shops and lofts which are vacant, in which families could be housed. In a crisis such as now confronts us, no man has a moral right to close the doors of a building which he does not use; and if he will not rent at a fair rate, the municipal government should not hesitate to take possession, fix a fair rental, and let the people in.

Villard later wrote that THE NATION's blast "bowled me over when I saw it." This comment, however, appears in a footnote to a passage in his autobiography which reads:

> . . . We of THE NATION set ourselves to printing as able and informative a journal as possible, without regarding the question of cost. I am proud of these fighting issues, whatever their errors.

Since MacDonald's proposal, if adopted, would have cost him a house, Villard's reaction is extremely tolerant. He was clearly too much the patrician ever to become the "Bolshevik" his enemies labelled him, but he was sufficiently concerned about human suffering to employ the kind of man who could write, "Take Every Empty House!"

An article in the *Outlook and Independent* in March, 1929, discussed Villard in terms of "conflicting heredities." Villard was to take issue with this thesis, but there probably is truth in it. From the abstinent, antislavery grandfather, William Lloyd Garrison, Villard did perhaps "inherit" his puritan reformism; from Henry Villard, his Bavarian-born father who had become a star Civil War reporter, and later a president of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and who enjoyed a glass of wine, he may have

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derived his gusto and his interest in business affairs. His businessman "blood" thus made him pay Nation contributors (who generally considered it an honor to be published in the journal) a cent a word, while his "reformer" blood made him print articles about economic exploitation in the Pennsylvania coal fields.

Fanny Garrison Villard, his mother, attended the first gymnastic class for girls in Boston. One day in 1863, her brother introduced Henry Villard to her at the gym and although the young war reporter was not a teetotaler like her father, she married him a few years later. She did, however, ask her son never to drink alcoholic beverages, and easily obtained his pledge of abstinence. The fact of division in his father's house on this question may largely explain The Nation's editorial attitude toward Al Smith's wetness during the 1928 Presidential campaign. Villard wrote then:

> One may regret with all one's heart, as does the writer of these lines, that being in an exalted position, he cannot set an example of abstinence to the millions whose State he governs, but at least one knows where he stands.

This was not the attitude of those dogmatic reformers who—as William Allen White said of their role in Kansas—first took away men's slaves, then took away their liquor. Editors who worked under Villard, like Lewis Gannett, Joseph Wood Krutch, Freda Kirchwey and Ernest Gruening, attest in conversation and written reminiscences to Villard's admirable respect for opinions and attitudes different from his own. Krutch notes in *More Lives Than One* that the Nation staff "almost without exception represented the very tendencies which made him uneasy," and that Villard "allowed us to treat his opinions with sometimes ribald disrespect." At a Nation luncheon for two members of the British Labor Party, D. H. Lawrence—who, Krutch remarks, probably had been invited "at the insistence of one of us younger staff members"—replied to an earnest question of Villard's with a comment that doubtless proved more shocking than "Take Every Empty House!" Villard's question "And now, Mr. Lawrence, won't you tell us what you think we should do to save the world?" was answered, "I thought, Mr. Villard, you understood that I hoped it would go to pieces as rapidly and as completely as possible."

Villard wanted light, not Lawrence's dark gods, but it is interesting to note that when The Nation established in 1921 a board of honorific "Contributing Editors," the "reactionary" Nietzschean H. L. Mencken was invited (by Carl Van Doren) to join it, and—to his own bewilderment—did. Listed with him as Contributing Editors were Anatole France (Lewis Gannett got permission to use his name), J. A. Hobson (the British "institutional" economist), Robert Herrick (a friend of Ernest Gruening), and the German Professor Friedrich William Forster, who had in his own country publicly opposed World War I. Hobson and France were politically much closer to Norman Thomas, who in 1921 became a Nation associate editor, than they were to Mencken, or for that matter to Albert Jay Nock, the ultra-individualist who had been with The Nation in 1918-1919, and who was in 1935 to publish a book entitled *Our Enemy, the State*. This line-up is brilliant, certainly, but puzzling to anyone with a rigorously logical mind. "Liberalism" in the twenties, however, had an iconoclastically libertarian connotation; and a shock of recognition passed among men and women who, however much they disagreed as to positive political programs, shared a dislike of the abuse of power, and of what they saw as stupid and hypocritical censorship. The ambience during the twenties is beautifully evoked in a letter written by Lewis Gannett:

> . . . my nine years there were the richest experience of my life. It was an exciting staff to work with; a part of it may have been that we all appreciated one another. We felt we were working at the hub of the universe, and there was an element of truth in it. The top writers of the day, some of the leading political figures, a strange group of business-men friends of OGV—passed through the office; and every June the best editors of the best college magazines streamed in, hoping for jobs. We felt we were battling the world, an uphill struggle, but we had no sense of hopeless doom.

> . . . In England and Germany (and, to the extent that I have ever been heard of at all, in France and Italy) I am regarded as a highly typical American — in truth, as almost the archetype of the American. And it is the fact that here at home I am often denounced as the worst American unhung. The paradox is only apparent. The explanation of it lies in this: that to most Europeans the United States is still regarded naively as the land of liberty *par excellence*, whereas to most Americans the thing itself has long ceased to have any significance, and to large numbers of them, indeed, it has of late taken on an extreme obnoxiousness. I know of no civilized country, indeed, in which liberty is less esteemed than it is in the United States today; certainly there is none in which more persistent efforts are made to limit it and put it down. I am thus, to Americans, a bad American, but to Europeans, still unaware of the practical effects of the Wilson idealism and the Roosevelt saloon-bouncer ethic, I seem to be an eloquent spokesman of the true American tradition. It is a joke, but the joke is not on me.
> — H. L. Mencken, *The Nation*, 1923

It should be added that if Villard paid his staff low wages, he was notably generous in sending Nation editors on tours of inspection abroad. Thus Gannett took a trip in 1926 to China, then across Turkestan to Russia and western Europe. Krutch, two years later, was sent to tour the theatre in the major European capitals, and particularly in Moscow, where he obtained an interview with isenstein. Both editors sent back ticles to THE NATION about their ips, but Krutch remarks that "general education was the chief purpose" f the expeditions.

One more conflict in Villard derves to be mentioned. At the age of elve he wrote a letter from Berlin, here his father was recuperating om an illness, in which he emphazed that at the school he was atnding, "we don't use guns." The rd "guns" was underlined three nes. Here was his pacifism, in germ. t Villard, like his father, became expert on military matters: his st contribution to THE NATION in 94, dealt with the military contation of Spaniards and Moors in rthern Africa; he did research tord a Master's degree at Harvard the first American Secretary of ar, Henry Knox; and during the -World War I years he conducted column on army matters in the w York *Evening Post* which disayed knowledge

> so sound and so comprehensive, that general officers of reputation respected his dicta and solicited his conclusions.

meron Rogers, who made this mment in his *Outlook and Indendent* article, added that if Villard d not become a journalist, he would obably have been an eminently cessful soldier. In his own autobiraphy, *Fighting Years*, Villard rerks that it was not until the Amerin conquest of Cuba and the Philines,

> with its needless waste of life and, in the archipelago, shocking cruelties, that I arrived at my anti-war position. I liked soldiering in peacetime so much that it was a clear case of reason triumphing over sentiment and inborn liking.

Was it only a coincidence that the father of the girl he married in 1902 had been a captain in the Confederate army?

By 1915 Villard's pacifism was so widely known that Henry Ford, hoping to "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas," invited him to sail to Europe on the "peace ship." Seeing the bizarre aspect of Ford's scheme, Villard refused to be associated with it. However, because Villard had attended the press conference at which Ford announced his plan, Villard was linked to it in the public mind. He later felt that the whole "Oscar II" enterprise had helped discredit the pacifist cause during World War I.

Post-World War I

Villard, we have noted, had been ardently pro-Wilson during the 1912 Presidential campaign. Though disappointed by Wilson's failure, as President, to end race segregation in the federal government, and by his interventions in Latin America, Villard retained influence within the administration as late as 1915. Speaking to Joe Tumulty, Wilson's private secretary, just after the sinking of the Lusitania, Villard asserted that a country might be "too proud to fight," that there were better ways of settling international disputes than by mass killing. The phrase, "too proud to fight," immediately found its way into a Presidential speech. But in a NATION article published after Wilson's death in 1924, Villard asserted that the President had not maintained a vigorous defense of American neutrality. A powerful State Department note to Great Britain protesting against the seizure of our ships on the high seas had—Villard declared—been emasculated beyond recognition in the White House. And five months after the successful culmination of his 1916

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"he-kept-us-out-of-war" campaign, (Villard, incidentally, voted for the Prohibition Party candidate) Wilson asked Congress for a war declaration. The evening before he made that speech, the President had told Frank Cobb of the New York *World* that "the spirit of ruthless brutality" would now enter the "fibre of our national life." What Wilson thus accepted as an ugly necessity, Villard could never really accept. Some weeks before the declaration of war, he had warned in THE NATION that free speech and a free press would be the first casualties. Josephus Daniels, Wilson's Secretary of the Navy, notes in his Cabinet Diary for Saturday, March 17, 1917, that Villard had called to talk about a pending Censorship Bill:

> He said that if the bill were passed he might go to jail. I replied: In some circles your being put in jail would be a very popular act.

These were the circles whose members asked Villard's little daughter if she were ashamed of her disloyal, "pro-German" father. Actually, in the same spirit in which other pacifistic Americans joined the ambulance corps, Villard wanted to enter some non-military government service; he declined Herbert Hoover's invitation to join the Food Administration only because he found the *Evening Post's* financial position too precarious to allow him to leave New York.

In the summer of 1918, once THE NATION was completely independent of the *Evening Post*, the weekly began to hit hard at manifestations of the "spirit of ruthless brutality." A teacher in Iowa, it reported, had been "painted yellow by a mob" on suspicion of being disloyal; a woman from Benton, Illinois, had been ridden on a rail by a mob of Liberty Leaguers for alleged pro-Germanism; a member of the executive committee of the I.W.W. had been hanged in Montana by a masked mob. Even a "pro-War" radical, one of Ohio's leading citizens, had been kidnapped and horsewhipped. An ugly legal treble accompanied the mob-violent bass of this wild music. Summarizing what was done by trial judges and appellate United States courts during the war, Professor Zechariah Chafee has written:

> It became criminal to advocate heavier taxation instead of bond issues, to state that conscription was unconstitutional though the Supreme Court had not yet held it valid, to say that the sinking of merchant ships was legal, to urge that a referendum should have preceded our declaration of war, to say that war was contrary to the teachings of Christ.

Many conscientious objectors were subjected to humiliation, and some were actually tortured. The NATION reported in its issue of December 7, 1918, that at one barracks, conscientious objectors had been made to stand during the first week with their hands crossed at their breasts, and during the second week made to hang by their wrists. Among those so treated was Evan Thomas, Norman Thomas' brother. Officially admitting that these things had been done, Secretary of War Baker put an end to them during the first week of December.

The war shackled minds as well as bodies. Virtually every paper of socialist or anarchist persuasion was banned from the mails; *The World Tomorrow*, edited by Norman Thomas, and published by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, was stopped. In September, 1918, an issue of THE NATION, which had not previously been harassed, was excluded from the mails by order of Postmaster-General Burleson. His excuse was an article in that issue, "The One Thing Needful," criticizing the dispatch by the government of Samuel Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, on a mission to French and English labor organizations. The article protested that what was needed was not to "sell" the war to labor abroad, but to learn its opinions: "Why not let European labor speak freely for itself?" Woodrow Wilson strongly condemned Burleson's action at a Cabinet meeting on September 17, and the ban was lifted the f lowing day. At the same time, *T World Tomorrow* was issued order permitting it to continue. T *New Republic* for September noted that no part of the suppress number of THE NATION contain criticism of government policy

> that would compare in freedom a vigor with the criticisms of the Llo George government and its polic published by the English *Nati* Why is it that the British governme after four years of the most dang ous responsibility, still observes a t eration of criticism which seems d gerous to us?

Little attention was paid by the N York press to Burleson's arbitrary a but the New York *Herald* seized t opportunity to advertise its o patriotism:

> "Damn the NEW YORK HE ALD!" says the Kaiser, in order the HERALD seized and suppress The HERALD is a 100 per c American newspaper. To hell w the Kaiser!

Villard knew that against the "w madness" on the home front, not ev the most vorpal sword was an a quate defense. But he had hopes t the "peace without victory" so no desiderated by Wilson in a speech January 22, 1917, would prev that madness from enveloping world again. His definitive, bit disenchantment with Wilson was result of what he saw as the Pre dent's complete surrender of ideals embodied in the Fourt Points. These points, first set forth Wilson in January, 1918, were tended both to induce the Cen Powers to sue for peace, and to c vince people everywhere in the w that the war was indeed being fou by the Allies to save democra They included a demand for dip macy in the public view—"o covenants openly arrived at"; a d laration that the "treatment accor Russia by her sister nations in months to come will be the acid of their good will"; and a call for establishment of a league of nati give "mutual guarantees of political l territorial integrity to great and all states alike." Yet a few months er, American troops joined troops the Allied powers in landing at ious points in Russia and Siberia, ensibly to prevent the Germans m seizing Allied stores. The NA- ON indignantly asserted that no

> high-sounding protestations of disinterestedness on the part of the United States and the Allies . . . can hide the fact that the democracy for which the world is to be made safe, along with the right of national self-determination . . . . are now to be offered to the Russian people with the backing of military force.

few days after the signing of the nistice, a NATION editorial, "Choose This Day," declared that Wilson, o had yielded to the "inexcusable, ndering invasion of Russia," had w to decide between fighting the perialists and yielding to them and king to the level of a Roosevelt or Taft.

While these NATION criticisms of lson are sharp, Villard clung ough the winter and early spring 1919 to the hope of a just peace Versailles. Following the President Europe in December, 1918, he was pressed by the tremendous acclaim the enunciator of the Fourteen ints. Italian peasants, Villard ca- d to THE NATION, "to-day burn ndles before his picture." From ris, in January, Lewis Gannett re- rted the making over of all the front ges of the city's papers in honor of lson's arrival. Gannett, however, d done more than glance at the nt pages; he noted *Figaro*'s edito- l "interpretation" of the Fourteen ints which held that they were not n commandments," and refused to ablish "a premature likeness be- een Moses and Wilson." This was o Clemenceau's line: the bitter ench premier was to tell Henry ickham Steed, editor of the London *mes,* that Wilson "thinks himself first man for two thousand years o has known anything about peace earth."

READERS OF THE February 22 NATION learned from Villard that the League of Nations was turning out in practice to be essentially an association of five governments:

> The world situation demands far-reaching readjustments; the peace conference offers us instead certain anachronous political and military devices, calling them a league of nations.

The same issue of THE NATION carried William MacDonald's report of an interview in which Senator Borah of Idaho had declared himself utterly opposed to any kind of international agreement which involved any sort of surrender of sovereignty on the part of the United States. "Our presence in Russia," Borah had said, "is a fine example of our undertaking to police Europe." Borah's objections to American entry into the League were distinctly more "isolationist" than Villard's, but one sees taking shape early in 1919 the political alliance among persons of divergent views—Henry Cabot Lodge, Borah, LaFollette, Villard—against the treaty Woodrow Wilson was to bring home.

As late as April 26, Villard—although by now persuaded that the great powers were simply making decisions at Versailles to suit themselves—had relatively kind words for Wilson: he was

> the only one of the Big Four who has really desired to create a better world.

But when the treaty was published in May, THE NATION printed an editorial by William MacDonald, "The Madness at Versailles," that remains a classic of vituperation. It began with restraint:

> It was not to be hoped that there would be a generous peace. The wickednesses of the German armies were too obvious, the bad faith of the German Imperial Government had been too clearly demonstrated to admit of any settlement which did not impose heavy penalties and exact specific and ample guaranties.

But MacDonald went on to call the peace just concluded one of "undisguised vengeance," repudiating

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> every generous word that Mr. Wilson has ever uttered regarding Germany, flies in the face of accepted principles of law and economics, and makes the very name of democracy a reproach.

Documenting his charge that the treaty was an "international crime," MacDonald pointed to the overwhelming burden of reparations imposed on a Germany deprived of the territories whose wealth might have helped to pay them. He also asserted that the envisioned disarmament of Germany was "wholly negatived, so far as moral value is concerned," by the absence of any provision for the disarmament of the Allies and their associates. Of the five Great Powers, two were at the mercy of the other three (France, England and the United States), and these could enforce their will upon all the countries in the League of Nations. The discriminatory tariffs, whose reform Wilson had urged in the Fourteen Points, remained. And Wilson, said MacDonald, stood discredited and condemned, and—"strange transformation"—supported by the staunch and voluble champions of the established economic order. But MacDonald did not despair:

> Versailles has forced men into two camps, the radicals and the reactionaries. Heaven grant that the revolution may be peaceful, and that it may destroy only to rebuild!

A few months later, in *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* (which Harold Laski reviewed in THE NATION) John Maynard Keynes said many of the same things. He too believed that Wilson, after leading men everywhere to hope for a "peace without victory," had settled for a peace that contained the seeds of another war. Attempting to explain what happened at Versailles, Morison and Commager point primarily to "the menace of Bolshevism that hung over Paris like a dark cloud":

> At one point Hungary went Bolshevik, rumors that Germany and Italy were slipping kept coming in, the entire bourgeois-capitalist world was terrified! Any peace was better than prolonging the uncertainty, and if America deserted the Allies would not Bolshevism reap the profit?

One need not accept Villard's view of Wilson as a "criminal," or Dos Passos' brilliant, biased picture of "Meester Veelson" in *1919*, to understand the feelings of those who thought they had once stood with him high on a mountain, and seen spread out before them a fertile land of vines and fig-trees and ploughshares—and not a sword in sight.

In the United States after the war, "Reds" replaced "Huns" as the primary objects of public disapproval. There were violent anarchists in the United States in 1919, and during that year the Communist Party and the Communist Labor Party were formed. But there was also Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist leader who was dismayed when he heard of Bolshevik cruelties in Russia, and whose philosophy of life was expressed in a speech to the judge who sentenced him to jail for his public condemnation of the war:

> Your Honor, years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one whit better than the meanest on earth. I said then, and I say now, that while there is a lower class I am in it, while there is a criminal class I am of it, and while there is a soul in prison I am not free.

Thus Debs paraphrased Jesus.

TO VILLARD AND THE NATION, th
imprisonment of Debs was anoth
symbol of Woodrow Wilson's fal
Villard, in an obituary essay, was t
write on Wilson in 1924, that he ha
come into American political life "a
if in response to prayer," and d
manded an end to the "exploitati
of the people by legal and politic
means." He had said that "the ma
ters of the government of the Unite
States are the combined capitalis
and manufacturers of the Unit
States." Yet a few years after he ha
used this language the House of Mo
gan was his close ally, and Debs wa
in jail. To what extent, one wonder
was the warmth of THE NATION
sympathy for labor during the strik
that swept the country during 191
related to Villard's disenchantme
with the man who had once pro
claimed a New Freedom? Villar
was at the end of the war distinct
more conservative on economic ma
ters than were NATION editors lik
Mussey and MacDonald; and it
easier to imagine him deriving emo
tional satisfaction from his editor
treatment of (for example) the Sea
tle general strike, than it is to believ
he read their articles with intellectu
approval.

The Seattle general strike of Fe
ruary, 1919, occurred within the ge
eral context of post-armistice lab
discontent. Howe and Coser no
that during that year there we
strikes by 25 per cent of the worki
class, and "long, hard, and bloo
clashes between the unions and
variety of strikebreaking agencie
The Seattle strike differed in at lea
two respects from other strikes, su
as those in steel and coal. It was
general strike (and was label
"Bolshevik" partly because of thi
and it was conducted without v
lence. In a recent study, Robert
Friedheim has pointed out that t
Seattle branch of the American Fe
eration of Labor was at the time
the strike notably more radical th
the national leadership. The lo

A. F. of L. dominated the strike, in which all Seattle labor, including the membership of the I. W. W., participated. Friedheim also emphasizes hat Seattle labor, in adopting the general strike strategy, which had been employed in Europe but not

Readers of *The Nation* do not need to be reminded that for a half century it has opposed socialistic dogma as energetically as it could; and it will continue to oppose it. But in the present premises it is concerned with preserving to every law-abiding citizen and organization the right to present for public consideration his ideas, no matter how erroneous they may appear. The democracy that cannot preserve that right for its minorities cannot live. It is the men who are denying that right, and not the Socialists or I. W. W.'s, who are the most dangerous enemies of the social order to-day.

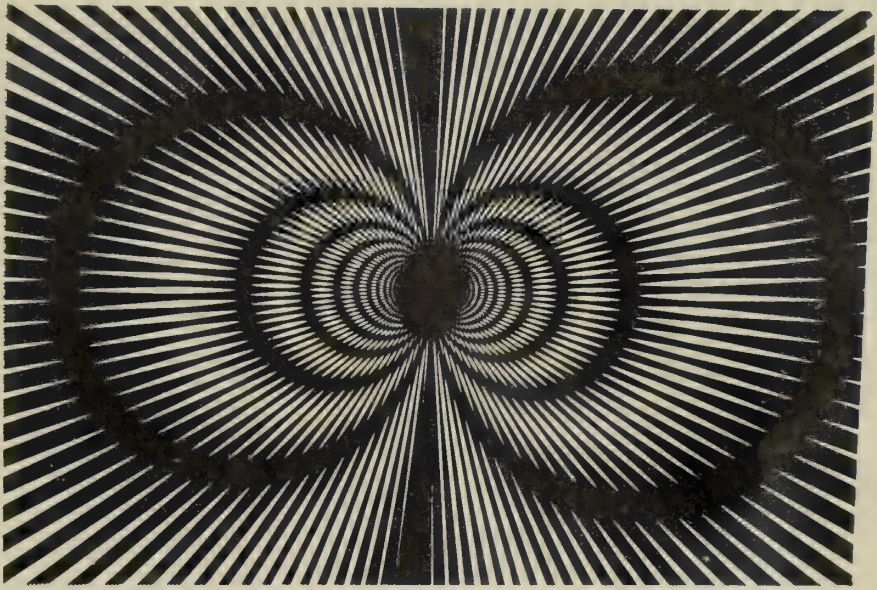
For we live indeed in perilous times. Privilege in Russia and Germany has dissolved, and in Great Britain is on the brink of dissolution. The people have lost faith in their rulers and leaders. Let not our privileged classes imagine that the United States is immune. Signs multiply that precisely the same unrest is working here. Deny men the right to discuss their grievances and to redress them through changes in the law, and you develop the temper recently expressed by one of the Socialist leaders:

> I, for one, have severed all relations with the enemy. I have stopped signing petitions or other instruments of a pleading nature. I will endorse demands only. It is time that we came out in the open. . . . We must isolate ourselves — fight alone. This is the method by which we will be able to demand — not beg — our rights.

We adjure the holders of privilege and power solemnly to consider whither their present course of repression leads. Perhaps it is not even yet too late.

— Editorial, *The Nation*, 1919

Every shade of opinion in the New York Journal-American



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previously in the United States, did not have revolutionary aims. In fact, it appears to have had no clear goals at all. For the overwhelming majority of the strikers it was, Friedheim declares, a vehicle through which they could "let off steam":

> Seattle workers saw hostile forces or outright enemies in every direction—the United States government and its troops, its agent Charles Piez, Ole Hanson's city hall regime, obdurate shipyard owners, the threatening Seattle employers and their open-shop movement, the hostile middle class of the community.

According to Friedheim, it was largely the role of a mysterious Russian, Leon Green, and an inflammatory editorial by Anna Louise Strong, and the general sympathy of union labor to the Bolshevik regime in Russia (in which attitude they were joined by most American "liberals" in 1918-19) which resulted in the red-tagging of a strike that proceeded from bitter free-floating discontent rather than from a design to establish a soviet government.

Discussing the strike in a long NATION piece in March, 1919, Associate Editor William MacDonald emphasized the role played by the strike committee as the real governing body in Seattle for five days:

> When the question of milk for the sick persons and babies arose, the strike committee saw to it that a necessary supply was delivered. When hospitals asked to have their laundry work done as usual, the strike committee authorized a laundry it deemed best suited to continuing operations. . . .

This does not sound revolutionary; MacDonald observed, however, that organized labor's unqualified claim to declare a general strike, implied a theory of social and industrial organization absolutely incompatible with the theory implied by the city and state's claim that such a strike could be put down by force. And MacDonald went on to declare that a successful general strike, as distinguished from the one that had taken place in Seattle, would in fact be political and economic revolution. MacDonald (unlike both Samuel Gompers of the A. F. of L., and Oswald Garrison Villard) frankly looked forward to such an eventuality. The reader of this MacDonald piece could easily conclude that THE NATION favored revolution by general strike. He would be wrong, for THE NATION's casually pluralistic policy under Villard led to the printing of articles by MacDonald or Nock or young Raymond Swing, which did not necessarily reflect the "editorial" opinions of the journal. Thus in the same issue in which the MacDonald piece on the Seattle strike appeared, there was published an article by Raymond Swing on "The Catholic View of Reconstruction." This was devoted to a description of an economic program set forth by four bishops who were members of the National Catholic War Council. The program emphasized such reforms as the abolition of child labor, the enactment by State legislatures of legal minimum wage laws, and—until wages had reached a higher level—the provision of social insurance against illness, old age, and unemployment. But the program presupposed the continuation of the capitalist system of private ownership, and stressed not the sharing of wealth but the creation of it. Swing himself indicated that he favored an economic system in which cooperative enterprise, endorsed by the bishops, was extensive, in which management was in the hands of engineers, in which the state absorbed "excess gains." The tone of Raymond Swing's article is much more "Fabian," much more moderately "Lib-Lab" than is that of MacDonald's. Henry Nevinson, editor of the London *Nation*, once described the New York NATION as "a conservatively liberal paper." Villard liked this definition, and in his correspondence with prospective financial contributors to the weekly he used to stress the similarity between the modern NATION and that of Godkin. But one difference between the two should be stressed: Godkin did not publish, except in the correspondence columns of the journal, opinions sharply at variance with his own. Arthur G. Sedgwick, a prolific contributor to Godkin's NATION, remarked that the ideas governing the conduct of the paper were essentially those of the editor, and that even the style, "by a constan influence and association," became "more and more his." If Villard had been a man less divided against himself, his journal's views would be much easier to define than are those of THE NATION from 1918 to 1933 but it is difficult to believe that a more consistent NATION would have been equally interesting.

DESPITE THE PROBLEM of definition it would be possible to describe the NATION's general orientation in 1919 as follows: dedication to the defense of civil liberties; commitment to wha it regarded as social justice—notably to government regulation of monopolies and to the support of labor's righ to organize and bargain collectively determination both to oppose American entry into the League of Nations, and to press for world-wide disarmament and free trade. These were to remain key NATION themes during Villard's editorship. If we add that the journal strongly supported non-violent movements for independence on the part of countries like Ireland and India, and that it strongly opposed American intervention in Haiti, Santo Domingo and Nicaragua we have a fairly good notion of wha the journal saw as major issues, and of the spirit in which it approached them.

THE NATION'S CONCERN with civil liberties after World War I was focused particularly on persons accused on Red Radicalism, and—notably in the Sacco-Vanzetti case—on persons accused of crime largely because of their radical associations During the World War, the American Union Against Militarism, of which Lillian Wald was chairman, and whose membership included Villard Jane Addams, Crystal and Max Eastman, John Haynes Holmes, and Rabb

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On behalf of the Officers and 800,000 members of our Union, may we express sincere good wishes to the *NATION* on the occasion of its 100th Anniversary. A century is a long time to fight for the causes of right thinking and social justice and we congratulate today's editors, and those who have gone before, on all the good they have accomplished in a hundred years.

May the year 2065 find the *NATION* at the same stand, still writing courageously and with intellectual vigor, about the subjects which matter to our Nation and its people.

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Stephen Wise, established a civil liberties committee with Roger Baldwin as director. When the American Union Against Militarism disbanded because of differences of opinion in its ranks about the war, the civil liberties committee reorganized under Baldwin as an independent National Civil Liberties Bureau. Thus for the first time in American history there was an organization corresponding to the French League for the Defense of the Rights of Man. When Baldwin was released in 1919 from the jail where he had been serving a sentence as a conscientious objector, Norman Thomas threw a party for him at his home on East 17th Street in New York. Over ice cream and cake, a group of radicals and liberals (Villard among them) talked over plans to transform the Civil Liberties Bureau into an American Civil Liberties Union. Commenting in February, 1920, on the reasons for the establishment of the ACLU, The Nation referred to Attorney General Palmer's "deportation delirium," and to the need to preserve the rights of free speech and peaceable assembly "in industrial conflicts." While the old Civil Liberties Bureau had been primarily engaged in defending the rights of allegedly "pro-German" pacifists, the chief function of the American Civil Liberties Union would be to protect the rights of laborers. (It should be noted that in the course of its history, the ACLU has actively defended the rights of persons of all shades of political opinion, from the extreme left to the extreme right.)

Lucille Milner, a well-to-do Southerner who for twenty-five years was secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union, notes in her *Education of an American Liberal* the diversity of political and economic thinking among those who came together in this organization:

> . . . . men and women as far apart as Harvard law professor Felix Frankfurter and William Z. Foster, radical leader of the steel strike; Helen Keller, Joan of Arc of the blind and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, of the I. W. W.

The New York State Lusk Committee, which had investigated "radical" propaganda, and considered ways and means of keeping it from the schools, took a dark view of the American Civil Liberties Union. Thus in an index at the end of the second volume of its report, Felix Frankfurter was identified as "of Harvard and the Civil Liberties Union," while Laurence Todd was listed because of his "correspondence with Roger Baldwin." In the same tendentious index, Charles A. Beard was said to have withdrawn from the Columbia Faculty "because of radicalism," and Jane Addams was identified as having been praised in George Sylvester Viereck's magazine. Albert de Silver, a fundamentally conservative lawyer who was Vice-Chairman of the ACLU, discussed the Lusk-Stevenson report at length in the July 13, 1921, issue of The Nation. He emphasized the report's failure to distinguish among various shades of radicalism, and found highly significant the Lusk Committee's conclusion that the activity of several unions in the garment industry constituted "the real danger to American government and the structure of American society and its institutions." De Silver noted that those unions—the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the ILGWU, the Amalgamated Textile Workers,—had

> not only brought order and reasonably tolerable conditions out of the chaotic and sweated industry, but have increased its production standards as well.

Perhaps the most extraordinary charges in the four volumes of the report, said de Silver, were those devoted to the spread of socialism in educated circles. The report displayed an incapacity to understand

> the intellectual position of a well-informed and liberal-minded person. If one believes in international understanding one must in some sly way be trying to promote international revolution. If one opposed the American entry into the war one doubtless had German gold dangling in one's pockets, if only it could be proved. . . .

A few weeks earlier, *The New Republic* had observed in an article headed, "By Stevenson Out of Lusk," that the report

> presents a discussion which, if not entirely authoritative in regard to the conditions with which it deals, will certainly remain the classic record of the state of mind in which as a matter of history those conditions were reflected.

That "state of mind" was also reflected by the Justice Department raid of June 21, 1919, on the socialist Rand School in New York. The New York *World* said that the raid was "chiefly on ordinary rights of free speech, and is thus calculated to produce quite as much Bolshevism as it suppressed." In tragi-comic form the psychopathic fear of radicalism was manifested during a trial of Communists at Boston in 1920; writing in *The American Mercury* in January, 1924, Harry Elmer Barnes declared that

> the government expert on radicalism unwittingly branded a section read from "The New Freedom" as good Communist doctrine and just cause for the deportation of the author.

The saddest and most shameful exemplification of the "state of mind" to which *The New Republic* referred was the treatment accorded two Italian-born anarchists, Sacco and Vanzetti, who were accused and convicted of having murdered a paymaster and guard at South Braintree, Massachusetts, on April 15, 1920, and who were executed on August, 1927. In November, 1950, the New Bedford *Standard-Times* published a report based on an interview with the seven surviving members of the Sacco-Vanzetti jury; each of the jurors, according to the report, had declared that the verdict of guilty was a just verdict, that the trial judge was eminently fair, and that the "so-called radicalism of the defendents played absolutely no part in the verdict." Yet thirty years to the day after the execution of the two men, a letter published in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and signed by men who now held widely divergent views, quoted one of Vanzetti's final letters from the death cell:

> What I wish more than all else in this last hour of agony is that our case and our fate be understood in their real being and serve as a tremendous lesson to the forces of freedom so that our suffering and death will not have been in vain.

The signers of the letter were Roger N. Baldwin, Gardner Jackson, Aldino Feliciani, John R. Chamberlain, Howard Lindsay, Eugene V. Rostow, Arthur M. Schlesinger, John Dos Passos, Eugene Lyons, Norman Thomas and Gerald W. Johnson. They pointed out that Gutzon Borglum had cast that sentence of Vanzetti's on his large bas-relief of the two men, and that a standing offer of the sculpture had been made

> to the Governor of Massachusetts and the Mayor of Boston by a committee of prominent citizens which included Albert Einstein, CIO President Philip Murray and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In September, 1921, after the conviction of the two anarchists for the South Braintree murders, THE NATION published "Sacco-Vanzetti—a Reasonable Doubt," a long article which noted that both men had been carrying loaded revolvers at the time of their arrest, that both had lied about various matters, including their movements on the night of the arrest, and that both had evaded the draft in 1917. The article also noted that shortly before their arrest, an anarchist named Salsedo, who had been apprehended in New York and for whose defense they were collecting funds, had suddenly died. (John Dos Passos, in a pamphlet called "Facing the Chair," published in 1927 in an effort to save the men's lives, described Salsedo as "the anarchist printer whose body was found smashed on the pavement of Park Row under the windows of the New York offices of the Department of Justice, where he and his friend Elia had been held without warrant for eight weeks of the third degree.") Fearing a government raid after Salsedo's death, Sacco and Vanzetti were at the time of their arrest on their way to warn anarchist friends to hide literature that might make trouble for them. THE NATION article, after reviewing trial testimony favorable to Sacco and Vanzetti, cited the opinion of three Boston newspapermen, that the "guilty" verdict was not justified.

UNDER MASSACHUSETTS law, motions for a new trial had to be made to the trial judge himself. But the partisans of Sacco and Vanzetti were sure that the judge, Webster Thayer, was prejudiced. When, in October, 1924, Thayer denied all motions by the defense, THE NATION observed that the probability of his having been biased at the trial was now greatly strengthened. After Sacco and Vanzetti were sentenced to death in the spring of 1927, THE NATION cited six affidavits that pointed to prejudice on Thayer's part. The highly respected Frank P. Sibley of the *Boston Globe* had described Thayer's gossip with reporters in these terms:

> During the early stages of the trial when the talesmen were being examined and during one of the walks from the Dedham Inn to the Court House, Judge Thayer proceeded to discuss Attorney Moore, one of the lawyers representing the defendant, Sacco. This subject seemed to excite him considerably and, among other remarks he exclaimed: "I'll show them that no long-haired anarchist from California can run this court!" During the progress of the trial he frequently referred to the counsel for the defense as "those damn fools." On several occasions he said: "Just wait until you hear my charge."

Time magazine, which regularly published its comments on the Sacco-Vanzetti case under the heading, "Radicals," observed on April 18, 1927, that when Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested the United States was "on a rabid radical hunt"; *Time* also noted that the jury had been asked by the prosecution to do its duty "as did our boys in France," and called this an effective plea in view of the

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THE
NATION

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1965

fact that Sacco and Vanzetti were pacifists as well as radicals. On April 25, *Time* reported without editorial comment the assertion by Liberals that the foreman of the jury had said before the trial to a friend who believed Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent: "Damn them, they ought to hang anyway."

ON MAY 3, 1927, the condemned men petitioned Governor Fuller of Massachusetts for clemency, and in its issue of May 4, THE NATION addressed a letter to the Governor, declaring that millions all over the world would "see another Dreyfus case in the plight of Sacco and Vanzetti." The letter also noted that while courts of appeal in New York and other states could rule on new facts, or alleged facts offered by convicted persons, the Massachusetts Supreme Court could not do this; it was thus prevented from studying the 1925 confession to the Braintree murders by a prisoner named Madeiros. As the Sacco-Vanzetti case stood, said THE NATION letter, the men might be executed on the basis of evidence that had come before only one judge.

Through a petition printed in its May 18 issue, THE NATION put pressure on Governor Fuller to appoint a committee to revise the evidence submitted at the 1921 trial. Signatures poured in from universities all over the country: the Naval Academy, Harvard, Brown, Michigan, the University of Iowa, and Clark University were among those represented. On June 1, Fuller did appoint an advisory committee, composed of President Lowell of Harvard, President Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and a judge named Robert Grant. Partisans of Sacco and Vanzetti now saw a chance that the men might be saved. As THE NATION went to press on August 3, Fuller was writing his decision, and the weekly declared that it would be heard around the world as surely as the shot at Concord. In its next number, dated August 17, the journal bitterly assailed the Governor, whose denial of clemency revealed his complete inability to "rise above the setting in which great wealth had placed him." John Dos Passos, along with Gardner Jackson, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Heywood Broun, tried desperately to obtain a stay of execution. An eleventh hour telegram to President Coolidge was signed by Villard, David Starr Jordan, Alexander Meiklejohn, Arthur Garfield Hays, Ida Tarbell, Carl Van Doren, John F. Hylan and others. No answer came. Captain Alfred Dreyfus, ill and old in France, issued a moderately phrased appeal: "When doubt exists, it is fighting providence to commit the irreparable."

IN ITS LAST ISSUE before the execution, THE NATION pleaded for "A Decent Respect to the Opinions of Mankind," and cited the conservative London *Times* declaration that whether the condemned men were guilty or not, "the prolonged suffering which they have undergone during seven years under the sentence of death makes them fit objects for pity." THE NATION's editorial took note of the general sympathy for the condemned men throughout Europe:

> Why should not Governor Fuller pay "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" and commute or pardon these men? . . . We are aware, of course, of the ignorant and thoughtless multitudes of well-to-do citizens all around us who are saying "Let those damned foreigners pay attention to their own affairs. We can take care of our criminals and will be thankful if the press of Europe will kindly mind its own business." Unfortunately for those who speak thus appeals for justice refuse to stay within the boundaries of any one nation . . .
>
> Americans should be the last to protest against foreign opinions upon a domestic affair. What country was it that sent a warship to bring to this country Louis Kossuth, the man who was trying to overthrow the government of his native land by force of arms? What country was it that welcomed Garibaldi? If it be declared that these are not similar cases because those were political revolutionists, in what country was there a tremendous outpouring of public opinion in the Dreyfus case? Was not the

American press united in demanding a new trial for Dreyfus? Then there is an American citizen who still lives in the city of Washington, John Hays Hammond. He was legally condemned to death for his efforts to overthrow the government of the Transvaal. Was it not an outpouring of American, English and Continental sentiment which made possible the release from prison of this reprehensible American who set out to make private war upon a friendly country?—he, by the way, was one of the first to congratulate Governor Fuller on his decision against Sacco and Vanzetti! We could pile up cases, but these will suffice. The truth is that no nation is strong enough or righteous enough to defy an aroused international public sentiment.

After the execution, Villard's editorial "Massachusetts the Murderer," solemnly warned that the international relations of the United States, and its moral standing throughout the world, would be profoundly affected for a decade to come. In September, THE NATION printed a copy of a letter written to Lucien Price of Boston by Romain Rolland, who had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1915. Sacco and Vanzetti, said Rolland,

> take their places in the pantheon of the martyrs of the civilized world. There, for centuries, one will still speak of Sacco and Vanzetti as one speaks still of Jean Calas. But Sacco and Vanzetti have not found in America their Voltaire!

The separation of the United States by oceans from Europe and Asia, while fortunate for the country in its early life, had led Americans to be relatively unconcerned about the impact abroad of domestic events. Communists outside the country as well as within it exploited the Sacco-Vanzetti case, as they have exploited every social crime and folly committed in the United States. Mussolini, ironically enough, in view of his treatment of left-wing opponents, was also able to capitalize on the execution of two Italian workers. THE NATION had stressed since the days of Godkin the interrelationship of domestic and international affairs. Villard's journal maintained tradition, frequently calling attention to the fact that violations of civil liberties at home undercut our reputation overseas. Thus, in April, 1919, Robert L. Duffus wrote in THE NATION that the United States had gone to the Peace Conference with two exceptions to the rule of political democracy which Woodrow Wilson wanted universally applied:

> These are her exclusion of the Negroes of the South and the Oriental population of the West from the rights of citizenship, the first by a tacit toleration by the Federal Government of the unconstitutional acts of State Governments, the second by direct Federal legislation.

In order to give Negroes at least a minimum of physical security, THE NATION pressed hard for federal antilynching legislation; in one of its 1922 editorials supporting the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill, the journal declared that brutalities like those that had recently occurred in several Southern states would be impossible "in any of the European countries or smaller Caribbean nations toward which we assume such a lofty attitude." The point is important: it is not simply racial violence for which the United States is criticized abroad (where violence, if less frequently racial, is also done) but the contrast between these savage acts and our complacent preachments to others.

Perhaps the most notable NATION comment on federal discrimination against Orientals came from Villard in 1924. Coolidge had just signed the "abominable" National Origins Act, one of whose provisions—directed specifically at the Japanese—excluded from the United States all aliens ineligible to become citizens. Villard asserted that Grover Cleveland (one of his heroes) would have vetoed the bill with a message to stir the country; this Act

> strikes a deadly blow at the peace of the Pacific, imperils many of the gains of the Washington Conference, insults needlessly a proud, high-spirited people, and provides the excuse for a league of yellow people against the whites. The natural step now would be the withdrawal of every American missionary from China and Japan.

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may yet become
fit habitations
for man

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Villard's reference to the Washington Conference of 1921-22 points to one of THE NATION's major concerns. A French man of letters, Alain, spoke for Villard's generation of humane liberals when he said, *"La droit vit d'imposer, la gauche vit de convaincre."* Such statesmen of the nineteen-twenties as Ramsay MacDonald, Gustav Stresemann, and Aristide Briand shared the conviction that another war must be avoided, that international differences must be settled through rational discussion. Since irrational aggressiveness plays a large part in human life, and since rational discussion cannot solve all the problems that lead men to make war, it is easy to scoff at the notion of "outlawing" war which Villard and many other pacifists embraced. But the pacifist can reply to all scoffers that they consent in their "realism" to live in a hell of which the flames will eventually consume us all. Refusing to fight under any circumstances, the pacifist risks watching his family killed as he stands by, but he could be described as an individual too highly developed to adapt to the conditions under which savages must live.

Villard was not actually a thoroughgoing pacifist. He had bought Liberty bonds after the United States entered the war, and THE NATION certainly had not counselled non-resistance to the Central Powers. But he firmly believed that the United States should not have become involved in the first place, and at the 1919 peace conference he thought he saw at work the same villainous secret diplomacy that he believed responsible for the outbreak of the conflict in 1914. Michael Wreszin in his *Oswald Garrison Villard: Pacifist at War,* cites a letter to Villard from Francis Nielson (a generous financial supporter of THE NATION) charging that the system of secret diplomacy had caused not only the war but the

> numbing and blinding of the wit and understanding of men whose intellect should have been sharpened by the terrific events which have brought ruin to Europe.

In August, 1919, THE NATION published an article by A. A. Berle, one of nine members of the secretariat of the American Peace Commission who had resigned in protest against the betrayal of American ideals by the Versailles treaty. Disarmament, said Berle, and the future ordering of public and private life on the theory that peace would endure, had been perhaps the greatest hope of the warring peoples. But by surrendering his own principles, Wilson had "pointed the world back to the path of terror and tears."

The belief that acceptance of the Treaty of Versailles by the United States Senate would help to bring on another war led Villard's liberal internationalist NATION to support the "all-out" Senate opponents of ratification: liberal isolationists like Borah and LaFollette, and a militaristic internationalist like Henry Cabot Lodge. After the definitive defeat of the treaty in March, 1920, THE NATION called for a new conference to bring about a genuine, democratic League of Nations. But Borah, in a Senate speech back in December, 1918, had expressed the feelings of many Americans after the war:

> Are we to have our security determined by the fifty-seven varieties of nations in Europe? [Is] their judgment better and wiser than the judgment of a homogeneous people imbued with a love of peace and a love of country?

Villard did not like Borah's isolationist side, but there was another side, which made the Idaho Senator call for a disarmament conference with Britain and Japan. Great Britain, whose alliance with Japan had created bad feeling in the United States (THE NATION had discussed the danger of a British-American war) actually proposed the conference, and it met at Washington late in 1921. THE NATION's response to the agreements reached there was mixed. Villard was strongly in favor of the "outlawry" of war, a plan proposed by a Chicago lawyer named S. O. Levinson. Instead of deciding to outlaw war and establish a code of international law, the great powers conferring at Washington agreed to cut down their construction of battleships. Four of the powers—France, Great Britain, Japan and the United States—signed a loose collective security agreement. THE NATION was not much impressed by the promised diminution of battleships, whose military effectiveness it questioned. But at least this seemed an advance in the right direction. As for the Four Power Treaty of collective security, THE NATION was distressed that it might involve us in the use of military force; peace depends, said the journal after the Senate had ratified the treaty,

> upon the abolition of the grievances of exploited races and classes and the substitution of cooperation among peoples for imperialist rivalries or imperialist alliances at the expense of the weak.

This was to be THE NATION's basic position throughout the Villard period, although there was backing and filling on specific points such as the question of the United States' joining the World Court. The World Court seemed to its advocates an important step toward that codification of international law which Villard and other pacifists wanted. Villard had difficulty deciding where he stood on this issue, and as late as February, 1926, THE NATION admitted receiving many queries as to its position. The journal proceeded in "once-and-for-all" language to say that it was

> in favor of a World Court with obligatory jurisdiction in legal question, but depending only upon its moral authority for the bringing of disputants into court and for the enforcements of its decrees. We desire a court absolutely separated from the League of Nations, controlled as it is by a group of three or four powerful countries.

The United States should seek to "outlaw war," said THE NATION, and not join any court that would contemplate the creating of war in given contingencies. Shortly before the journal thus defined its editorial posi-ion, it had published a series of three rticles by its Washington corre-pondent, William Hard, who warned gainst United States entrance into he World Court. One of his arguments was that the United States had o "Locarno" agreement forbidding s to make war on any of the Caribean countries "which so often hear he tread of our marines." Walter Lippmann, sharply disagreeing with Hard, sent THE NATION a reply pubished on January 26—which oberved that two million Americans ad taken part in a war on European oil, and that nothing we had done in he Caribbean

> ever drew us into such a frightful mess as did somebody else's sins in the Balkans.

THE NATION's position was that noody's sins should have drawn us into he World War: war was, quite simly, wrong. Villard opposed collecive security, which implied willingess to go to war, not only in the wenties but in the days of Hitler. When the Nazis began to march, Villard could only say that the Allies' ailure to disarm after the World War ad helped bring on the disaster. During the twenties he had no symathy for the French insistence on he need for protection against a reurgent Germany; when France inaded the Ruhr in 1923 THE NATION harged that the French were acting ike Prussians. In November, 1932, it ejected Premier Edouard Herriot's lan to create an international army nder the control of the League of Nations as "another bold attempt on he part of France to extend its poitical control over continental Euope." And a few weeks later THE NATION declared that no agreement igned by the United States at the disrmament conference meeting in Geeva should "in any way obligate us o be ready to guarantee France's afety."

UNITED STATES POLICY in the Caribean, to which Hard had referred in is articles on the World Court, was een by Villard's NATION as putting in doubt the value of the 1928 Kellogg-Briand pact:

> For the enlightenment of readers of THE NATION who fear that Mr. Kellogg's outlawry of war may interfere with Mr. Coolidge's own friendly little war with Sandino in Nicaragua, we hasten to extend the assurance on no less authority than Mr. Kellogg himself that there is no cause for worry.

Hard had already pointed out that we had simply ignored a decision of the Central American Court of Justice that our 1916 treaty with Nicaragua violated the rights of Costa Rica and Salvador; no American President, said Hard, would ever take any important question of ours to the World Court.

United States occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo was also held by the journal to be in violation of another country's rights. Early in 1922 Villard sent Ernest Gruening (who was to become head, in 1934, of the United States Department of the Interior's division of territories and island possessions) to Hispaniola for an on-the-spot investigation. Gruening reported in THE NATION that there were three political groups in Haiti: the first saw the American occupation "for what it was": a wholly selfish assault on the liberties of a friendly, independent state; the second group wanted the occupation to end, but also desired unselfish American assistance; the third group, to which the "puppet government" of Haiti belonged, was willing to connive with the Occupation. Haitian laborers were paid twenty cents a day, but the population as a whole—with the exception of the intellectuals—was docile. Haiti had agreed, as the Dominican Republic (under an honorable president) had not, to a treaty establishing a virtual American protectorate. Gruening suggested that a bill which had been introduced in the United States Senate, calling for "withdrawal and abrogation of the treaty," showed us the way out of a discreditable affair. Later in 1922 THE NATION charged that the editor of the Haitian newspaper *Nou-*

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velliste had been imprisoned by the occupation for "protesting against the impending $40,000,000 loan which is to rivet Haiti's shackles in perpetuity."

AMERICAN INTERVENTION IN Hispaniola, begun by President Theodore Roosevelt with the intention of paying off Haitian and Dominican debts to European countries, and deepened by Woodrow Wilson's landing of Marines in order to forestall German or French seizure of the island, was a manifestation of both "big stick" and "dollar" diplomacy. Philander C. Knox, President Taft's Secretary of State, quite openly advocated American intervention in Central America for the benefit of American businessmen. And while during the nineteen twenties, according to John Edwin Fagg in *Latin America, a General History*, the United States built public works in Haiti, established pure water supplies, created hundreds of clinics and hospitals, built schools, taught farmers scientific methods—all of this (Fagg notes) was offset by the accompanying population boom. And Fagg deplores, as did The Nation articles during the twenties, the segregationist practices of the American military.

Norman Thomas, who in 1921 had become a Nation editor, wrote to Villard on May 5, 1922, of the success of a Haitian mass meeting in Carnegie Hall. Senator Borah, at his own suggestion, had spoken, and Thomas thought that Villard could "take a lot of pride in the fact that The Nation, single-handed, created whatever of right understanding there is of this matter." Thomas added that he was proud to be connected with The Nation, and "proud of what Ernest [Gruening] with Lewis' [Gannett's] help, did in pushing the meeting."

A few weeks later, Thomas wrote to Villard about another issue with which The Nation became concerned during the early nineteen-twenties: the Irish nationalist movement. Thomas' description of an editorial he had just written indicates the journal's point of view: pro-Irish, but pacifist. Early in 1920, William MacDonald had sent The Nation a series of articles from Ireland, one of which observed that he was able to travel freely there largely because of the journal's reputation "as the staunch friend of Irish freedom." In another piece, MacDonald described the two wings of the nationalist Sinn Fein—a pacifist wing and one that was willing to use violence. MacDonald also described a secret organization called the "Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood," that might be responsible for the prevailing lawlessness. Subsequent Nation reports confirmed MacDonald's impression that Sinn Fein had in fact become the government of southern Ireland, but that the organization was seriously split. In 1922 the extreme advocates of independence refused to accept the Irish Free State, whose establishment was the result of negotiations between Eamon de Valera and British Prime Minister Lloyd George.

The Nation's condemnation of the ensuing violence occurred against the background of participation by Norman Thomas and other public figures like Jane Addams and Senator George W. Norris in the so-called "Villard Commission" on conditions in Ireland. The 1921 report of the Commission had strongly denounced British policy—and the 1922 outbreaks by Irish nationalists were embarrassing to the Commission members. Norman Thomas, in the letter to Villard mentioned earlier, said that while nothing in Ireland had been as black a disgrace as the pogroms "of Protestant and British antecedent," there was no excuse for the Irish leaders' defence of militarism. Some Nation readers objected, as Thomas knew they would, to its criticism of the nationalists—one letter called the journal "Tory"—but The Nation insisted in a September, 1922 editorial that the Irish nationalists should adopt the methods of Gandhi.

THESE METHODS were not, however widely adopted in the Western worl during the turbulent twenties an thirties. In 1928 and 1929 there wer bloody clashes between Arabs an Jews in the British mandate of Palestine; during the riot of August, 1929 more than one hundred people wer killed, and The Nation castigate the Arabs for their intolerance toward the "carefully regulated Jewis immigration" into the mandate. Bu in discussing Palestine, the journa criticized chiefly the British, wh "appear to have promised Palestine which they did not yet possess, successively to the Arabs, the French an the Jews." Instead of relying on th Balfour Declaration, the Jews shoul "work out a method of dealing directly with the Arabs."

Many of The Nation's reader were Jewish, and some of them objected in letters to the weekly agains what they considered its tendency t condone Arab attacks on the Jews The magazine replied in an editoria of January 8, 1930, which made fou points: 1) the association of Zionism with British imperial interests wa very unfortunate; 2) under existin conditions Jews could not expect, an ought not to ask for, the politica domination of Palestine; 3) the Jew ought to be protected against Ara attacks; 4) the permanent structur of Zion must be built on a foundatio of mutual understanding betwee Jews and Arabs. Supporting the position of Dr. Judah Magnes, The Nation said:

> . . . . the only way for those wh have been wronged in Palestine is th way, not of vengeance, but of forgiveness and reconciliation.

To this, one reader of The Natio replied, "Through your devotion t the ideal of pacifism, you have become blinded to the actual facts o the Palestine situation."

In one of the "Issues and Men columns he continued to contribut to The Nation after giving up editorial control of the journal in 1933, Villard praised Soviet Russia for establishing Biro-Bidjan as a Jewish Au nomous Region. Ludwig Lewisohn vho in the early twenties had been he Nation's drama critic) hotly re-ied that the Jews did not want to a lost tribe, "babbling dialectic aterialism in Yiddish." Villard iould use his influential voice, he id, to persuade the British colonial fice to renounce its "niggardly imigration policy that has already oduced a labor shortage in Palesne."

illard's compliment to Russia on iro-Bidjan was consistent with his nerally sympathetic attitude toward e Soviet "experiment." The Nation essed all through the twenties for nited States recognition of the Soviet nion, and after Roosevelt's election in 1932 the weekly hoped that his attitude toward Russia would be "more liberal than that of Herbert Hoover." Villard, however, was more troubled than Louis Fischer, the journal's chief writer on Russia, by the Soviets' "liquidation" of their opponents. Villard's 1929 series of articles, "Russia from a Car Window," was generally appreciative in tone, but in the last article he declared that the Soviet rulers had "blundered" in using violence and terror; they "cannot, I believe, have the sympathy of liberals the world over as long as they pursue this policy." Fischer, who some years later contributed an essay to *The God That Failed,* was in the twenties so much impressed by the economic accomplishments of Soviet Russia that he acquiesced in what he later found to be a horror. Soviet justice, he wrote in 1931 on the occasion of a Moscow trial, "is actuated almost entirely by motives of expediency and pragmatism and not at all by motives of revenge." In view of the pathological aspects of much Western "anti-Bolshevism" during the twenties, Fischer's attitude, and that of other Nation writers like Mussey and MacDonald, is understandable insofar as it was a defense reaction. (Fischer later wrote, "I liked the Soviets because they were an experiment in the interest of the downtrodden majority, because they destroyed the privileges of the powerful few, because they were weak, and because the world's conservatives and reactionaries opposed them.") But insofar as it implied a belief that justice was "nothing but" the pragmatically determined will of a regime, it sanctioned the framing of Dreyfus and the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

> A civilization is whole and complete. The Jewish village in the valley of Jizreel, the Jewish cooperative colony under the shadow of Mount Hermon, the Jewish merchants of Tel-Aviv and Jerusalem, the young men and women who are building roads and draining marshes — these are, after all, the material of the new Jewish culture. These people, working in a world of their own, from clean and unspoiled beginnings, are apt to produce that now forgotten value — the purely Jewish culture. In all other countries, in all other colonies, the Jew comes to add and to adapt. He is nowhere free to be himself; he must be that which an established civilization will permit him to be. With the best will in the world a nation welcoming the Jew cannot remove the tacit pressure and demand of its civilization and culture on the individuality of the Jew. But in Palestine the Jew can, for the first time since his dispersion, enter again into direct relation with his foundations. No one there stands between him and the first principles of life. He is back on the soil in every sense of the word: it would perhaps be better to say that he is back on the earth.
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> — Chaim Weizmann, *The Nation,* 1924

Domestic Issues

On the evening of March 13, 1928, The Nation held a dinner to celebrate its tenth anniversary under the editorship of Oswald Garrison Villard. Roger N. Baldwin, James Weldon Johnson, Florence Kelley, Heywood Broun, and Freda Kirchwey gave short

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It has remained for the American Museum of Natural History in New York City to publish to the world the latest and most heinous Bolshevik atrocity. Beside the Museum's stuffed specimen of the European bison a placard proclaims: "Described by Caesar, hunted by Charlemagne, and exterminated by the Bolsheviki." The full story of cruelty and hate is further elaborated by an explanation that the European bison had gradually become reduced in numbers, until at the beginning of the World War there remained only a herd in Lithuania, protected by imperial edict, and a few in the Caucasus Mountains. "During the World War of 1914–1918," says the Museum's historian, "the Lithuanian and Caucasian herds are reported to have been exterminated, partly for food and partly for the sake of killing animals that had been protected by royalty." Curiously enough, the history of the American bison runs counter to this. Our "buffalo" hit it off well enough with our Reds, surviving readily until 100 per cent Americanism arrived on the prairies with gunpowder, a desire for furs, and the doctrine that to kill game for food was sordid while to destroy it for fun was sport. But this man Lenin had better watch his step from now on. He was only annoyed when the chancelleries of Europe took after him, but if our societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals get going, they won't stop until they have chased the chief Sovieteer down the Nevski Prospekt, thrown a net over his head, and packed him off to the Bide-a-Wee Home. Our humane societies, in defense of the European bison, will yet have those Bolsheviki buffaloed.

— Editorial, *The Nation*, 1921

talks. Then Villard, introduced by John Haynes Holmes as the "Happy Warrior," made a speech emphasizing the disappearance of the press as a profession, and a rushing trend toward monopoly. In order to show why a journal like THE NATION was greatly needed, he said:

> . . . . at the NATION dinner in Philadelphia on Wednesday night last, Congressman La Guardia got up and told that almost unbelievable and moving and soul-rending story of the conditions which he had witnessed with his own eyes in the Pennsylvania coal fields, of the suffering of one hundred thousand American citizens, of the starving children. . . . And when he wound up his statement of the findings of the facts of the United States Coal Commission of five years ago, that there could be no way out if the ownership of the mines was not taken over by the Government of the United States; although he said that in the presence of five reporters, not one word of that speech appeared in the press of Philadelphia the next day.

THE NATION's circulation had never been large, and while it zoomed from about 9,000 when Villard took it over in 1918 to above 40,000 by the end of 1919, the weekly could never compete in this domain with the *Saturday Evening Post*. But it had subscribers abroad and in every part of the United States—almost as many in the Middle West as in the North Atlantic states—and it made an impression on people's minds. Frank P. Walsh, a liberal lawyer, contributed an article on the railroads to THE NATION when its circulation was down to 27,000; at the same time, he published a similar piece in his syndicated Hearst newspaper column. The Hearst article he never heard anything about, but he was kept busy answering the telephone on the day that THE NATION appeared. He observed: "People who counted, editors, assorted reformers, and lobbyists pro or con read THE NATION and reacted to it. They had to keep up."

ALONG WITH THE *New Republic*, *The Survey*, and *The Dial* (which in 1918 transformed itself from a Chicago-based journal of the arts to a magazine of opinion published in New York) Villard's NATION dealt with precisely such issues as the one discussed by Fiorello H. LaGuardia at that Philadelphia dinner. Concerned from 1918 on with the chronic crisis in the coal industry, the magazine in April, 1922, criticized the mine operators for making a strike inevitable by refusing, in open repudiation of a contract, to confer with the miners on a new wage scale. The journal contrasted the government's refusal to intervene on the side of labor with its energetic intervention on behalf of the mine operators during the strike of 1919. The coal operators' breach of their contract was also denounced by *The Survey* which cited an important body of facts gathered by the Division of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation. From 1890 to 1921, the bituminous mines had been idle an average of ninety working days a year; in eleven years, the loss of working time, and thus of miners' wages, had averaged over one hundred days—more than a third of the working year.

While *The New Republic* cautiously proposed an elaborate policy of regulation of the coal industry, it noted that the "immaculately and consistently" conservative Philadelphia *Public Ledger* had regarded at least with complacency a widespread demand for nationalization. THE NATION, pointing to the dangers of government bureaucracy, inefficiency, and despotism (Villard's NATION was, after Palmer and under Harding, understandably fearful of what "nationalization" might mean) spoke favorably of a plan set forth in a pamphlet of District Number 2 of the Miners Union. In essence, the plan provided for government control of the mines, which would be clearly separated from the administration of them. The administrators would be experts, not politicians.

All this did not during the conservative 1920s produce any political effect, but it was the kind of thinking that animated much of Roosevelt's New Deal program.

The general mood of Americans during the decade that followed the Armistice was symbolized by a comment in the maiden issue of *Time*, dated March 3, 1923. Warren G. Harding, said the weekly news magane, was not a "superman" like heodore Roosevelt or Wilson, but he as "important and successful as the mbodiment of the American idea of umility exalted by homely virtues nto the highest eminence." He was the actuality of the schoolboy no-on that anybody has a chance to be resident."

That was the trouble. When the eapot Dome scandal broke, THE ATION observed in a piece called A Business Administration," that e were getting a delightful picture f what a business government really as. The NATION comment that

> wherever business touches government, as it has touched it in every Republican and most Democratic administrations, corruption is inevitable

reminiscent of what Godkin had id at the time of the Credit Mobilier velations, except that the laissez-ire Godkin had emphasized the orruption of business by govern-ent.

MERICANS WERE EVIDENTLY not uch interested in the giving away f their natural resources to the oil terests—despite the excellent re-orts by Paul Y. Anderson in the St. ouis *Post-Dispatch* and THE NA-ION. THE NATION was looking into n unclear crystal ball when it predicted that the Coolidge candidacy was now impossible. Coolidge knew when to choose to run. La Follette, whom THE NATION warmly supported for President in 1924 (Ernest Gruening, who had been an editor from 1920 to 1923, directed La Follette's publicity during the campaign), made a strong third party showing, but his Progressive movement faded after his death in 1925. Villard had lamented La Follette's inability to see the necessity of free trade, but had applauded his clear condemnation of the Ku Klux Klan (which the Democratic convention had been unable to condemn) and his anti-monopoly, pro-conservation economic policy. It is significant of one of the problems of American liberalism that LaFollette did not oppose the harshly nativist immigration bill of 1924. The intellectuals of THE NATION and *The New Republic* were not in tune with many of their Mid-West "constituents" who exhibited along with their progressivism a certain know-nothingism.

SEVERAL HISTORIANS of the twenties have remarked that Americans were much more interested in automobiles than in politics. On a hot day, one could take a spin to the country, and there be cool with Coolidge. The Presidential candidacy of Norman Thomas in 1928 must have seemed irrelevant to almost everybody but people who engaged in thinking. Even Villard could not bring himself to support his friend. THE NATION had tried in a modest way to start a boom for Senator Norris, who had fought to keep Henry Ford from obtaining Muscle Shoals, but when this came to nothing Villard began giving lots of space in THE NATION to articles about Al Smith. "A Final Word" from Norman Thomas, in the form of a letter in the November 7 NATION, made the point that while the weekly's political position was "adequately covered by the Socialist platform," THE NATION had still refused to announce for him. Caught between Thomas, whose program he support-

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Coolidge

ed but whose "Socialist" label he shied away from, and Smith, who was wet but liberal and who had a chance to win, Villard finally voted in agony for Smith. He may have been decided in part by a Nation poll of its subscribers, who gave Smith 6,872 votes, and Thomas 2,830. That Hoover ran third with 2,784 indicates both that liberals were more favorable to him than they were later to be, and that many readers of The Nation were less radical than the not-quite-consistent journal gave the impression of being.

ON OCTOBER 23, 1929, The Nation (of which Henry Mussey was again, after ten years, managing editor, and of which Arthur Warner, Paul Blanshard and Dorothy Van Doren were associate editors) began publishing a series by Stuart Chase called "Prosperity. Believe It or Not." Chase sought to distinguish between various indices of prosperity, and emphasized that in human terms the United States was not nearly as well off as it was in business terms. To a measuring of prosperity in terms of commercial profits, Chase preferred a qualitative standard: the extent to which people enjoyed the life more abundant, combining security and leisure with a flourishing of the creative arts.

Thomas, Hoover and Smith

Consistent with the view Chase expressed just before the crash was the one expressed by Lewis Mumford two years after it came. Contributing to a Nation series whose title, "If I Were a Dictator," was emblematic of the crisis atmosphere of the times, Mumford combined the aim of providing for the material needs of the populace with a libertarian and richly aesthetic point of view. In describing his utopia, he said:

> Though the words over the door of our state are discipline, corporate responsibility and socialization, once we step over the threshold we will write Emerson's word: whim.

If Albert Jay Nock had contributed to this series, he might have quoted his beloved Rabelais: *"Fay ce que vouldras."* Despite the differences between Mumford and the strongly individualist Nock, both were using libertarian language. An important difference between the pre-Depression and the post-Depression Nation was that libertarianism and "diversity" were on the whole most central to Villard's journal, while economic security and the fight against right-wing totalitarianism were the dominant themes of the weekly under editors like Kirchwey, Lerner and Bendiner. The difference was less between human beings than between the ages (the word is not too strong) in which they edited The Nation.

When Villard began in the late twenties to think of retiring as editor-in-chief, he hoped that Lewis Gannett would succeed him. But Gannett, now with the New York *Herald-Tribune,* declined. Villard thought of Dorothy Thompson (then married to Sinclair Lewis, who had frequently contributed to The Nation), but that plan didn't work out either. Finally, he turned over the management of the weekly to a board of editors, all of whom had previously served on The Nation: Freda Kirchwey, Joseph Wood Krutch, Henry Hazlitt, and Ernest Gruening. Villard was to continue to write a weekly column, in which he would be free to say whatever he wished. This arrangement produced a "drama" during the late thirties which will be discussed later.

> The American official and executive group does not desire the comfort and convenience of the American individual. And what is more, we have one of the clumsiest systems of communication between individuals, and unorganized groups of individuals, that exists in any allegedly representative government. Apart from our tendency to put up with anything, and our instilled duty to be humorous instead of taking action, the normal American has no idea whatsoever as to how he should or can deal with any executive infamy. That, I take it, is part of the price we pay for having our national capital tucked away in a corner. The English who do most things badly are at least able to get at their rulers. Someone takes little Whiff or old Jiblet out on a golf-links and wrings his figurative neck; someone knows so-and-so and the matter gets a few moments' attention. Anything causing inconvenience to ten or twenty thousand literate people can be got on the floor of the House of Commons in, I should say, forty-eight hours. In the United States this could only happen if the issue affected some very large organized business.
>
> — Ezra Pound, *The Nation*, 1927

One of the very last pieces that Villard wrote as editor of The Nation, in the fall of 1932, dealt with the choice between Hoover and Roosevelt as one between the kettle and the pot. Under Hoover, troops had been used to move the bonus army out of Anacostia Flats, and the great power companies were becoming more and more powerful. But Roosevelt seemed to have nothing but buoyancy of spirit to combat master evils.

Villard at last threw his support to Norman Thomas, and planned after the election to push a non-Socialist third party movement. Under its new editors, THE NATION was to find that Roosevelt had incorporated the ideas of LaFollette and Thomas and Veblen and Keynes so skillfully the country was not much interested in anything dissenters offered. Partly because Villard had fought so hard for causes during his "fighting years," the causes became part of a main stream, and Villard was left rather dry on the left bank.

V

Literature and Ideas, 1918-1933

An "International Magazine of Arts and Letters" called *Broom* began publication in Rome in 1921. Matthew Josephson explains, in *Life Among the Surrealists,* that the name of the periodical was taken from a passage in *Moby-Dick:* "What of it, if some old hunks of a Sea-captain orders me to get a broom and sweep down the decks? . . ." Melville's Ishmael goes on to ask, "Who ain't a slave?" but he is only slightly daunted, and there is a jaunty freedom in his voice. Some American artists and intellectuals, with little money in their purses, actually ishmaeled it around Europe during the post-World War years. But wherever they were, they tended to "make it new" in poetry, painting, music, criticism. The anarchy of modern art said more to them than did Arnoldian culture (which Ezra Pound spelled "Kulchur.")

Josephson, who had studied at Columbia College before going off to Europe, recalls that in 1919 Raymond Weaver—then a young instructor—had almost been fired by Nicholas Murray Bütler for speaking with extreme enthusiasm in class about the works of Oscar Wilde. A

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petition circulated by Josephson and signed by some of the senior students had helped save Weaver's job. It was also during 1919 that Weaver, whose pioneer biography of Melville was to help revive the author of *Moby-Dick,* published an article in THE NATION on the Melville centenary. If Oscar Wilde had at least been whispered about by people who professed to be shocked when his name was spoken out loud, Melville had simply been ignored during the late 19th and early 20th century. Critics on the pre-Villard NATION, like More and Babbitt and Mather, had said little about American writers anyway, although Willa Cather passed muster. Now came Weaver and said that *Moby-Dick* "reads like a great opium dream," that the conversations in it remind one of Dekker, Webster, Massinger, and Fletcher, and that if one will forget logic and common sense,

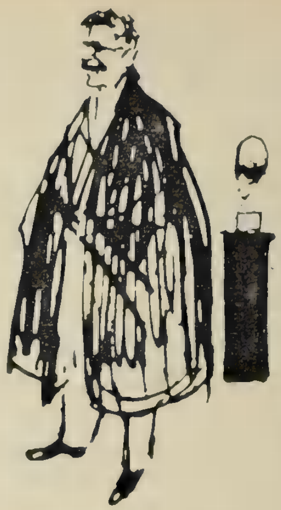
> and "abandon himself"—as Dr. Johnson would contemptuously have said—to this work of Melville's, he will acknowledge the presence of an amazing masterpiece.

In this great book Weaver found both the comic and the "satanic" spirit.

Weaver's reasons for praising *Moby-Dick* make one think of T. S. Eliot's criticism. Eliot admired the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists to whose work Weaver compared *Moby-Dick,* and he found in Baudelaire's poems a satanic quality, a belief in "damnation," which made it possible to think of Dante when reading him. Tastes in criticism had changed since Henry James wrote in THE NATION that Baudelaire's flowers of evil were not evil at all but disgusting. In the 1920s, the writers and painters who were dreamers or "fools of God" or who exhibited Nietzschean energy, seemed "relevant," as saner artists did not. Whitman at last came into his own among American critics. Percy H. Boynton, in an appreciative 1919 NATION essay, recalled a description by genteel Barrett Wendell of Whitman's "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry": hexameters "trying to bubble through sewage." That was in *A Literary History of America,* published in 1900. But, said Boynton, Whitman had influenced poets like Moody, Masters, John Gould Fletcher, and Untermeyer; and Wytter Bynner had written:

> Somebody called Walt Whitman
> Dead!
> He is alive instead,
> Alive as I am. When I lift my head,
> His head is lifted.

Not all American critics were, or suddenly became, *avant-garde* at the end of World War I. T. S. Eliot was part modernist, part classicist: he praised passionate and "experimental" writing, but insisted, in "Tradition and the Individual Talent," on "impersonality" as a virtue of great art. Irving Babbitt, in *Rousseau and Romanticism* (1919) and *Democracy and Leadership* (1924), attributed modern unrestraint in literature and society to the exaltation of "nature" at the expense of civilized "standards." This New Humanist view was to be expressed in some NATION articles during the twenties, but it was clearly a minority position at 20 Vesey Street as it had not been in the days of Paul Elmer More's editorship. Stuart Pratt Sherman, whose articles in More's NATION, and whose course in Matthew Arnold at the University of Illinois, had won him a reputation as an able member of the New Humanist school, was by 1918 shifting toward a middle ground between the Party of Culture and the Party of Nature. A clear indication that the "new" NATION was sympathetic to the modernism so harshly denounced by Babbitt and More was the tone of E. Preston Dargan's article, "The Range of French Romanticism," late in 1918. Dargan observed that romanticism was, with classicism and realism, one of the three great manifestations of the French genius in literature; each of these manifestations was "relatively excellent." One can hear Babbitt snorting.


Stieglitz

Another sign of the cultural weather at THE NATION was Jacob Zeitlin's review of Waldo Frank's 1919 volume, *Our America.* Zeitlin called attention to Alfred Stieglitz's 1904 opening in New York of a studio where he gave Americans their first taste of modern European art: Matisse, Picasso, Braque, *et al.* (These were the painters whose work Frank Jewett Mather in the old NATION had found repugnant.) In Stieglitz's studio at 291 Fifth Avenue, said Zeitlin, "beauty in all its forms found true votaries, and from here its gospel was disseminated." Waldo Frank, said Zeitlin, was the "rapturous press agent" of the new movement in the arts, while Leo Ornstein, James Oppenheim, Randolph Bourne, and H. L. Mencken had led the revolt against convention on various fronts: music, poetry, the discussion of ideas, and literary criticism. Most of these men, incidentally, in addition to Van Wyck Brooks, Robert Frost, John Dos Passos, Amy Lowell, John Reed, and Vachel Lindsay, had been associated with *The Seven Arts,* a "little magazine" devoted to pacifism and to free expression, whose life (November 1916-October 1917) was as brief as its pages were alive.

An appropriate title for an essay descriptive of what American artists and intellectuals were doing during and after the first World War would be "From One Village to Another."

o Greenwich Village (or the Left ank) they went from their homes in llinois or Ohio or Idaho. Carl Van oren, literary critic of THE NATION etween 1919 and 1922 (and him-elf a Mid-Westerner who moved to ew York), discussed the "revolt" rom the first of these villages in one f his articles. The language Van oren used to describe the *Spoon iver Anthology,* from which he said e newest style in American fiction ated, is significant: Masters had dis-layed "a greedy gusto for life, a ide imaginative experience, tumul-uous uprushes of emotion and ex-ression, an acute if undisciplined in-lligence, great masses of the verita-le stuff of existence." (Irving Bab-itt, who once referred contemptu-usly to Mencken's "gustos and dis-ustos" would not have enjoyed Van oren's prose.) Sinclair Lewis' *Main treet* also exhibited "gusto" as well s photographic accuracy and excel-nt mimicry. Zona Gale, Edith harton, and F. Scott Fitzgerald ere other "bright barbarians," said an Doren, who had revolted against e village. Their books—*Miss Lulu ett, The Age of Innocence, This ide of Paradise,* indicated that tradi-ons which once governed, no longer eld. It is notable that when, in a ATION series on "Contemporary ovelists," Van Doren spoke of Wil-am Allen White he praised his "bubbling energy," and that he found enry Blake Fuller's "deficiency in assion" compensated by his "free, enetrating intelligence." The atmos-here of this literary criticism is open" like that of William James's ragmatism. The comment made in a 929 number of THE NATION by Scott uchanan—who was of a different hilosophic school—that John Dewey ad "infected the eternal verities ith time," is strikingly evocative of e new élan in literature and ought.

No works of art more clearly sym-olized the "modern" point of view in both aesthetic and philosophic rms) than Joyce's *Ulysses* and T. S. liot's *Waste Land,* both published in 1922. Of *Ulysses,* Gilbert Seldes said in THE NATION that it was the culmination of the novel as created by Flaubert and Henry James, and probably indicated the turn the novel would take into a new form. The work was a gigantic "travesty," which burlesqued the Odyssey as the Greek satyr-play had burlesqued the tragic cycle to which it was appended. Joyce had written an "epic of defeat,"

> in which there is not a scamped page nor a moment of weakness, in which whole chapters are monuments to the power and the glory of the creative intelligence over the chaos of uncreated things, and a triumph of devotion, to my mind one of the most significant and beautiful of our time.

In the late fall of 1922 Seldes reviewed *The Waste Land,* which he found to be the "complement" of *Ulysses.* Eliot's poem gave "some indication of the inner life of such a poet" as Joyce had created in the outward-turning Stephen Dedalus.

At about the same time that Joyce and Eliot were gliding in the stream of consciousness, Proust was writing his *roman fleuve.* Reviewing the first

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six volumes of *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu* in THE NATION, Ellen Fitzgerald commented that memory had never before been so clearly demonstrated to be the mother of the Muses. Proust "analyzes every analysis," she said, then analyzes again and yet again. Her remark that he had employed Henry James's ideal of saturation, of squeezing the subject, is particularly interesting in view of the fact that James had been a puzzle to critics in his own day. During the late 19th and early 20th century THE NATION regarded him as a "painful" and difficult writer, but after his death in 1916, more and more Jacobites came to light candles at his altar.

Certainly there are striking differences among the authors praised by THE NATION during the post-war years: Sinclair Lewis, Proust, and Eugene O'Neill (whose plays both Ludwig Lewisohn and his successor as a NATION drama critic, Joseph Wood Krutch, admired) exhibited different kinds of sensibility. But each of them was in his own way coming to grips with the problems of that chaotic modern life which More and Babbitt denounced. "The world with the lid off," was More's characterization of the 1914-1918 slaughter, and that is how he regarded most of the new art. He wanted to put the lid back on, while the serious writers and artists tried to transmute the ugly reality they saw into beauty. For some of them, artistic beauty—and truth—was the only stable thing that remained in the world.

André Gide was perhaps the twentieth century writer who most troublingly evoked the instability of life. Although Clifton Fadiman's 1925 review of *The Counterfeiters* emphasized the aesthetic aspects and "emotional impact" of this "pure novel," Gerald Sykes was in a 1931 NATION piece to see Gide primarily as a critic, a moralist. Gide's admirers, said Sykes,

> feel that his peculiar distinction lies in his way of emphasizing the moral content of literature, which comes from his well-known fascination with the problem of good and, especially, evil.

Paul Claudel's effort to convert Gide to Catholicism, as revealed in their correspondence, is in itself a criticism of Gide's work from a very different point of view. What modernist critics applauded as an "honest" attempt on the part of Gide—and Thomas Mann—to confront evil, more traditionalist critics deprecated as an unhealthy preoccupation with it.

THERE WAS NATION criticism during the Villard period (incidentally, Villard's own literary tastes were quite "old-fashioned," and conflicted with his editors' advanced views even more than his "conservative" political liberalism clashed with their more radical orientation) which tended to be neither "New Humanist" as in the journal's days of More, nor "psychologico-sociological," as Edmund Wilson described the stance of Joseph Wood Krutch. A critic like More and a critic like Krutch (or Lewisohn, or Carl Van Doren) had this much in common: they both related literature directly to life. Allen Tate, however, was one of the so-called "new" critics who were concerned above all with the structure and texture of a work of art. Even if saturated in history—many of the New Critics were also the conservative Southern agrarians who in 1930 published *I'll Take My Stand*—they focused their attention on what others might call the "ae thetic aspects" of the work, and wh they regarded as the very essence it. Consider Tate's NATION review Dos Passos' *Manhattan Transfer.* contained a great deal of "excelle prose," and was something new: ' breathless movie scenario." On tl other hand,

> . . . . since Mr. Dos Passos h limited his sensibility to the dilige registration of appearance and h not proposed an aesthetic proble you will find that none is solved.

Whereas most other critics during t 1920s talked about the plot a theme of fictional works, Tate habit ally stressed technique and tone. liked Hemingway's "pointillistic" *our time,* but found in *The Sun Al Rises* a falling into sentimentalit For Tate, what an author said w the way he said it.

While THE NATION remain chiefly a journal of criticism duri the Villard years, it also published great deal of poetry, more than ever had before. Among the po whose work appeared in the week were Padraic Colum, Edna St. Vi cent Millay, E. A. Robinson, Babe Deutsch, Robert Frost, Allen Ta Hart Crane, James Rorty, Archiba MacLeish, and Robert Graves. Ma Van Doren, literary editor of T NATION from 1924 to 1928 (as brother, Carl Van Doren, had be from 1919 to 1922) recalls in *Autobiography* Villard's objections some of the poems he chose to pri they were "difficult" or they we "not hopeful." Although "the Bos was a warm-hearted libertarian politics, his bourgeois realism son times got on Van Doren's nerves. one occasion, the literary edi shouted back, "Mr. Villard, you do know a god-damned thing about etry!"

DURING THE MIDDLE twenties T NATION briefly experimented w the publication of fiction, and fo longer period there was an ann NATION poetry contest. This was w in 1925 by Eli Siegel with a Wh man-like poem called "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana." Prizes always make many people unhappy, but this one produced a flurry of letters disputing the jury's decision —and another flurry defending it.

Among other special initiatives taken during the Villard period was a "These United States" series, for which Ernest Gruening was responsible; he asked authors like Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, H. L. Mencken and Robert Herrick to write about their native states. The essays they contributed to THE NATION later appeared in a two-volume book. A second important series, published in 1924, was called "New Morals for Old" (the title must have sent a shiver up Villard's spine). Bertrand Russell contributed an essay in which he referred to a study of the ethical valuations of American college students: it seemed that they considered Sabbath-breaking more wicked than lying, and extra-conjugal sexual relations more wicked than murder. Optimistically, Russell declared that moral precepts, "like everything else," could be improved.

That they could stand improving, the 1925 "monkey trial" in Dayton, Tennessee, also seemed to indicate. Joseph Wood Krutch, who had grown up in Tennessee, went down to report on the trial for THE NATION. The moral failure he found there was chiefly that of the educated people who did not wish to make sacrifices in order to withstand public pressure. "There is scarcely one [native son]," wrote Krutch,

> who has the courage to stand up for what he thinks and knows instead of flying quickly to cover lest he might have to sacrifice to his convictions some political advantage or some material gains. . . .

The year in which the Tennessee high school teacher was tried for teaching Darwin's theory was also an *annus mirabilis* in American literature: *Arrowsmith, An American Tragedy, The Great Gatsby* and *Manhattan Transfer* all appeared in 1925. And all of them depicted an America in which the bigotry and cowardice Russell and Krutch had noted were widespread. In *Arrowsmith,* Krutch found that Lewis had surpassed *Babbitt* and *Main Street:*

> He has described once more . . . . the difficulties which beset the idealist, but he has also qualified his thesis by saying, in effect, that these difficulties are not absolutely insurmountable, and this means, in a word, that he has chosen a more important hero than he has ever chosen before.

Carl Van Vechten spoke of Jay Gatsby's "passionate idealism," which rendered his rather cheap personality "pathetically appealing," and in reviewing *An American Tragedy,* Krutch noted that Dreiser's story implied the "failure of the most pretentiously moralistic nation of the world to live in the main by any law but the law of the jungle." Thus each of these reviews pointed to a sharp conflict between ideals and realities in American life, a conflict which Krutch spoke of as "tragic." His own use of Dreiser's term is interesting in view of the fact that a few years later he was saying in *The Modern Temper* (1929) that tragedy was impossible in the mechanistic modern world.

One of the few hopeful events of 1929 was the opening of the Museum

I believe that the substitution of a scientific for a religious technique in the production of virtue may prove to be of enormous importance. Moralists hitherto have been extraordinarily unsuccessful in producing the type of character that they said they desired. The growth of psychology and biochemistry is likely to give us in the not too distant future a far greater power of molding character than mankind has ever hitherto possessed. Like the power over inanimate nature, this new power over human nature may be used either for good or for evil. I do not profess to know in which way it will be used, but if it is used for evil, our scientific civilization will not long survive.

— Bertrand Russell, *The Nation*, 1931

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of Modern Art, which Lloyd Goodrich discussed in an excellent NATION piece. The foundation of the Museum, he observed, "marks the final apotheosis of modernism and its acceptance by respectable society." And in something of the enlightened nationalistic spirit of Emerson's "American Scholar" address, Goodrich called upon Americans to become aware of the art of their own country. He praised the directors of the new museum for planning to alternate between exhibitions of American and foreign art, and emphasized that the public, while familiar with even second-rate works from France, knew little of modern German, English, Italian, Spanish, Belgian, Dutch, Russian, or Mexican art.

Then the Depression came. The first two volumes of John Dos Passos' *U. S. A.* were published in 1930 and 1932, and Henry Hazlitt—who became literary editor of THE NATION in 1930—said in his review of the second volume, which he preferred to *The 42nd Parallel:*

> If we compare Dos Passos with other of our leading novelists, we find no one who is his superior in range of awareness of American life.

More conservative politically than other members of THE NATION staff (although he favored Norman Thomas in 1932), Hazlitt was an able literary critic. He strongly attacked dogmatic Communist literary criticism, but saw the truth that was in Dos Passos' bitter, brilliant, radical *1919.*

William Faulkner's *Light in August,* published in 1932, was as depressing in its own way as any of Dos Passos' fiction. But Dorothy Van Doren, reviewing it in THE NATION, found in the love affair between Joe Christmas—who is, or thinks he is, part-Negro—and the white Joanna Burden, "humility, contempt, pride, remorse, and ecstasy." It would be possible to discuss *Light in August* much more in terms of its "social" theme than the reviewer did: but her sensitive, humane response to Faulkner's characterization and style and tone represents the central tendency of NATION criticism during the 1918-1933 period—the years before the 20th century went completely insane.

VI

Kafkaesque: 1933-55

THE POOR OF SANTO DOMINGO cried out to American Marines in the spring of 1965: "Tenemos hambre!" ("We are hungry!") The streets of American cities did not ring with such cries in 1932, but the wretched inhabitants of "Hoover Valley," an abandoned reservoir in Central Park, New York, fed on stale bread. In 1933, at least twenty-nine people in New York City alone died of starvation. Hunger weakened others, and hastened their deaths. There was no mass voter desertion of the Republican and Democratic parties in the 1932 election. But the depression did induce many people who later became safely liberal or conservative to vote for the Socialist Thomas or the Communist Foster.

In December, 1932, a magazine called *Common Sense* was launched by a group of intellectuals who declared that "a system based on competition for profit can no longer serve the general welfare," and who called for a constitutional convention "to adapt the principles of the American Revolution of 1776 to modern needs." Founded chiefly through the efforts of Alfred M. Bingham, who at Yale Law School four years earlier had been head of a Hoover for President organization, *Common Sense* listed among its contributors Stuart Chase, John Dos Passos, A. J. Muste, V. F. Calverton, John T. Flynn, James Rorty, and George Soule. Their hopes for a complete renovation of the American political system were more radical than those of Oswald Garrison Villard, but in 1932 Villard saw Hoover and Roosevelt as kettle and pot, and wanted to help build a new political party. THE NATION's muckraking reporter, Paul Y. Anderson, was more optimistic than O. G. V. about a Roosevelt administration, but his sobriquet for the Democratic candidate—"Friendly Frank"—was only a shade more complimentary than the *Common Sense* description of the President-elect: the "laughing boy from Hyde Park."

The new editors of THE NATION as of January, 1933—Freda Kirchwey, Joseph Wood Krutch, Henry Hazlitt (who was to leave before the end of the year) and Ernest Gruening (who in 1934 would resign to become editor of the New York *Evening Post*) foresaw no dramatic change under Roosevelt. In THE NATION of January 4, there was an article by John Dewey in which the philosopher of instrumentalism spoke of the newly founded League for Independent Political Action. Turning the other cheek to Thomas's smack in THE NATION of December 14 that the L. I. P. A. held "an intellectualized version of a watered-down socialism," Dewey reported that the League was calling for a conference of all progressive and radical groups in 1933. The League, said Dewey, wanted to avoid "slurs" on the middle class, and opposed the "defeatist" view that no effective political action was possible until most of the population had sunk into the "proletariat."

Two months later, Roosevelt's dynamic inaugural address and his rapid-fire legislative attack on the country's major problems quieted talk of a new party. The money changers, Roosevelt assured the country in his March 4 inaugural speech, had fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilization:

> We may now restore that temple to the ancient truths. The measure of the restoration lies in the extent to which we apply social values more noble than mere monetary profit.

"The Faith of Roosevelt" was the title of THE NATION editorial that greeted this address. The President's words "had something of the challenge, the symbolism, and the simplicity of the trumpet blast." The editorial underlined particularly Roosevelt's assertion that our "greatest primary task" was to put people to work. There seemed implicit in his words an understanding that "the anged times demanded a new tech- que and a basically new approach the problems of society.”

HE PREVIOUS ISSUE of THE NATION d expressed general approval of e new Cabinet. The appointment Tom Walsh as Attorney-General as particularly gratifying to the urnal, which ten years earlier had plauded his role in exposing the eapot Dome give-away. (When alsh died suddenly, just after being pointed, THE NATION indicated at his replacement, the brilliant wyer Homer Cummings, could nev- fill his shoes.) Harold Ickes was, the journal's opinion, a superb oice for the Interior Department, d the selection of Frances Perkins Secretary of Labor was “a cause profound jubilation.” Oswald arrison Villard, who years before d marched in a feminist parade, lightedly emphasized in his new ssues and Men” column the first-oman-in-the-Cabinet aspect of the pointment. He declared that no atter what the future held in store the Roosevelt administration, he ould always be grateful for this act. he editors of THE NATION did not ult and rejoice over the rest of the abinet. While they had “the highest spect” for the new Secretary of tate, Cordell Hull, they were un- ppy about the selection of the con- rvative William H. Woodin as Sec- tary of the Treasury, and of Dan- l C. Roper—who had been repre- nting Cuban sugar interests in ashington—as Secretary of Com- erce. Still, the journal declared,

> it is the general spirit of the Cabinet which counts, and since it will be dominated by Mr. Roosevelt, we cannot but feel that, as a whole, it will be progressive and forward-looking and able to grapple intelligently with the crisis which confronts the country.

> For eighteen months unemployment has been spreading poverty and acute suffering through industrial and agricultural areas alike. No one yet knows when the present economic disaster will be brought to an end. The illusory prosperity and feverish optimism which marked preceding years have given way to fearful economic insecurity and to widespread despair. These eighteen months have revealed the hypocrisy of the President's pledge of cooperation toward the attainment of economic security. The Administration's efforts to attain economic security have consisted of attempts to minimize the seriousness of the depression, of bold assurances that steps which would restore prosperity were about to be taken, and of a woefully unsuccessful program to stimulate private or local agencies to undertake tasks which the Administration was determined to shirk.
>
> — Senator Robert M. La Follette,
> *The Nation*, 1931

The post-1918 NATION was not in e habit of praising a new adminis- ation. The weekly had vigorously pported only one recent Presiden- al candidate: La Follette, in 1924 -and he had run third. But Roose- elt now seemed to have much more an an ingratiating smile. In its issue March 22, THE NATION commend- d him for courage in insisting upon the continuance of the Senate inquiry into banking practices, “the very inquiry which, according to fearful conservatives, is supposed to have weakened confidence before the bank holiday.” Ferdinand Pecora, the counsel of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, was to be highly praised in THE NATION “Honor Roll” for 1933 for his exposure of “scandalous malpractices in the world of finance.” In the course of these hearings, Charles Mitchell (who was later indicted), A. H. Wiggin, Clarence Dillon, Winthrop Aldrich, Thomas Lamont, George and Richard Whitney all took the stand. The most dramatic moments of the inquiry were those of the confrontation between Pecora and the younger J. P. Morgan. “Unperturbed by the lordly apparition,” writes Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in *The Coming of the New Deal,*

> Pecora ($255 a month) consulted his notes and pursued his inquiries. One afternoon he asked whether Morgan had paid any income tax in 1930. The room, alive a moment before with a hum of whispers, grew

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> abruptly silent. Reporters near Morgan seemed to hear his heavy gold watch ticking the seconds away. After a pause, Morgan replied, "I cannot remember."

The Roosevelt administration apparently "meant business" in an un-Coolidge-like sense.

THROUGHOUT THE "One Hundred Days" from March to June, 1933, THE NATION was friendly to the President's program, but pressed for a more radical attack on the depression. Norman Thomas' March 22 NATION article, "A Socialist Program for Banking," expressed what was essentially the journal's point of view: since banking risks were now being assumed by the government, the government should acquire ownership of the banks. In the same article, Thomas called for some degree of inflation (or "reflation") in order to attack unemployment through public works and maintenance allowances. Some weeks later, Paul Y. Anderson commented that Roosevelt's hesitation to "prime the pump" through a large federal works program had thus far been the most discouraging aspect of his administration. "Put People to Work!" cried THE NATION on May 17, charging that except for the employment given to 250,000 men in the forestry camps, and in various trades through the recent legalization of beer, "the Roosevelt program has to date included no serious effort to strike at the root of our trouble." Along with an insistence on the urgent need for an extensive housing program, the demand for an all-out campaign to put people to work was a persistent NATION theme during Roosevelt's first four years.

> Now that the crisis has yielded slightly to emergency measures, it is imperative that the new Administration should go to the bottom of the whole complex disaster and lay enduring foundations for a new financial and economic system. And it would be well for President Roosevelt to press to the full the unique strategic advantage given him by the magnitude of the disaster.
>
> The dramatic closing of every bank in the United States has emphasized the primarily financial nature of the greatest failure in American history. The catastrophe—whose end is not yet—may justly be ascribed to the assumption of control of the nation's life by the money power. Just before assuming the Presidency, Woodrow Wilson warned the American people that the "money monopoly" dominated the country, that it controlled our entire system of credit, that all our activities were in the hands of a few men who "by very reason of their own limitations, chill and check and destroy genuine economic freedom." Twenty years ago Louis D. Brandeis wrote even more prophetically, "We must break the money trust or it will break us."
>
> We have not broken it and it has broken us. . . .
>
> —Editorial Review, *The Nation*, 1933

Ernest Gruening, who was to accept an important post in the Department of the Interior, had higher hopes for Roosevelt in 1933 than did some of his NATION colleagues. But his NATION review of Roosevelt's collected campaign addresses, *Looking Forward,* indicated that it was only under the "most rigorous interpretation" of the President's conceptions and implied pledges that "the old idea of America as a land of greater promise and greater opportunity than any other nation on earth may still be achieved." Gruening was not concerned only with the fulfillment of the promise of economic equality: could that equality be achieved, he asked, without the loss of civil liberty? Gruening believed that it could be, but he was pointing to a real danger. Among the early supporters of the New Deal were Father Coughlin and Huey Long. Both of these demagogues, as Raymond Gram Swing later pointed out in several NATION articles, had great mass appeal. Most of the planks in Father Coughlin's platform, Swing noted, were taken directly from the Farmer-Labor Party program, and Huey Long had a fairly impressive record of popular social accomplishments as governor of Louisiana. Yet Coughlin's program of "social justice" included no reference to civ liberties, and Huey Long's contemp for the parliamentary process was a great as Mussolini's. It also seems pe tinent to recall that Lincoln Steffer expressed in his *Autobiography* a much admiration for Mussolini as fc Lenin, and that Vincent Sheear while revolted by the hysteria an criminality of the Fascists, could ca fascism "a kind of rehearsal in tim for the truly 'total' state, an introduc tion to the design into which the fu ture must probably fall." That a ma of Sheean's intelligence and sensibi ity could say this in the early thirtie was a notable sign of the times.

> Romance, friends and brothers, is not dead. We still live in the land of opportunity and Something May Turn Up tomorrow. Witness the story of Charles Kane. Mr. Kane, once a resident of Worcester, Massachusetts, had been out of a job for ten weeks; he was walking from New York to Poughkeepsie, looking for work on the way; just south of Hartsdale he stubbed his toe. Being impelled by this to look toewards, he saw a leather valise at his feet; the valise happened to contain $13,000 worth of jewelry belonging to a rich lady of Greenwich, Connecticut, who subsequently rewarded Mr. Kane with $1,000. This story, which appeared in the New York *Times*, will doubtless be copied by every newspaper in the country. It will set the revolution back several years; it will be a blow to the Communists and Socialists; and if Mr. Hoover were politically astute he would immediately seize upon it for campaign material. For every member of the near-unemployed who can still buy a newspaper and who will therefore read the story will say, "There, but for the merest turn of the wheel of chance, walked I. My chance may come tomorrow. I shall not yet despair, and while I am about it I may as well vote the Republican ticket."
>
> — Editorial, *The Nation*, 1932

THE POSSIBILITY OF a New Deal tur to the Fascist right was raised b

THE NATION—and other liberals—chiefly in discussions of the National Industrial Recovery Act. Although Paul Y. Anderson saw this law as part of a general administration program that had come "as if in answer to the liberals' prayer," an article in the same August, 1933, issue of the journal was not sanguine about the "voluntary" aspect of the NRA:

> A patriotic appeal may be effective as long as the emergency is acute and business is worried, but an industrial system cannot run on patriotism. . . .

If industry refused to cooperate voluntarily in the establishment of equitable codes, then the government would have to resort to force—and this would be the beginning of fascism. But there was a way to avoid the dilemma: the government should "take over and operate for the benefit of the people the steel and coal and other great industries." Oswald Garrison Villard expressed the same fear of fascism that the editors did. In September, 1933, he wrote:

> . . . . if NRA fails, and the emergency compels, we may yet see Franklin Roosevelt go to the Fascist right as easily as to the radical left.

Villard had already been deeply disappointed by the failure of the London Economic Conference during the summer of 1933; a failure which he had blamed on our high tariff economic nationalism, as well as on that of the other participating countries.

THE NATION's basic attitude toward the NRA, and indeed toward the New Deal in its first phase, was indicated early in 1934: after seven months of existence, the NRA had preserved or increased the total earnings of various low-paid workers, but had proved unable to spread work so as to absorb more than a fraction of the unemployed. This situation was unlikely to improve

> so long as our recovery program is designed, as now, to save capitalism rather than to eliminate the profit system as a method of conducting industry.

Consistent with this advocacy of a Socialist approach to the economic crisis was THE NATION's support of a bill introduced by Senator Frazier of North Dakota to set up a $120,000,000 federal marketing corporation for the purchase and sale of farm products, and for the regulation of the price spread between producers and consumers. THE NATION observed that while the AAA was continuing to plan for the control of farm production, the Frazier proposal—supported by consumer groups and by Norman Thomas—placed emphasis on the improvement of distribution.

A letter written to THE NATION just five years later—in May, 1939—is interesting in light of the journal's socialist orientation on domestic problems. The letter came from a Beacon Hill Bostonian in reply to a NATION request for a subscription. Declining to subscribe, the writer said that while he thought the journal "quite sound on the vast majority of public issues which you discuss," he felt that the magazine had lately become "rather provincial in its outlook. . . . Your writers write largely from the New York point of view . . . and that must necessarily hurt your influence greatly beyond the city limits." He cited, as an example of provincialism, a NATION article called "Vermont Prefers Floods," which had referred to a quarrel between Senator Aiken and the War Department over methods of flood control. Many Vermonters, said the letter-writer, agreed with Aiken's view that the issue was "simply and solely the insistence of the federal government that it can take from us what it chooses, without any regard at all for our wishes or our rights." Freda Kirchwey, then editor-in-chief of THE NATION, replied that while the title of the offending article was intended to be satirical, the article did fail to take account of the independence and pride of Vermonters. This exchange of letters brings an important problem into focus: can effective government planning be reconciled with an unselfish local autonomy? Can we have both socialism and Vermont?

A partial answer to the question was provided by the Tennessee Valley Authority, of which THE NATION frequently spoke as the one unqualified success of the New Deal. David Lilienthal, for many years a director of the agency, noted in *TVA: Democracy on the March* (1944) that beyond the right of eminent domain,

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

TVA planning for the development of the region was in no significant particular enforceable by law. Lilienthal observed that although this lack of power to enforce plans had disturbed many students of the enterprise,

> we have continued to rely wholly upon . . . the ways of contract, persuasion, incentives, encouragement, methods based on the people's confidence in TVA's comprehension, its good faith, and the quality of its technical leadership. I feel strongly that the admitted limitations of voluntary methods, distressing and tragic as their consequences sometimes are, do not invalidate the wisdom of a *minimum of coercion* in carrying out plans for resource development. For coercion is insatiable. . . .

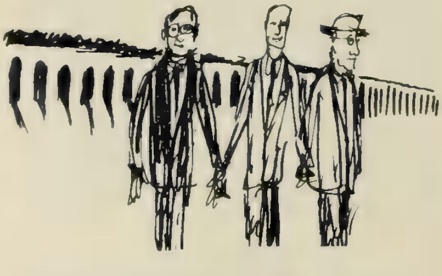
A NATION article in October, 1934, by Raymond Gram Swing (who had just joined the weekly's editorial staff), indicated that TVA, instead of constituting a "big government" threat to the individual or to the region, had set the people free. Swing's article was pitched to the completion of the deal by which the Knoxville district was to receive cheap electricity from the Tennessee Valley Authority. Knoxville thus

> throws off the embarrassing clutches of the utility company which has made the sale of electricity the pretense for dipping into its customers' pockets for unearned funds. The city will now own its own distribution system, and pay for it out of rates far below what it ever paid before. And the whole region can rejoice over a voluntary reduction in recent months of power rates by private utility companies amounting to $16,000,000 a year.

Swing was, in effect, describing the realization of the dream of Progressives like Senator George W. Norris (who had fought hard for public power during the Coolidge and Hoover years) and the late Senator Robert M. LaFollette. There were tensions, of course, within the TVA: Lilienthal's "grass-roots approach" was not that of Arthur Morgan, who had been influenced by Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* and who favored strong centralized control, nor of Harcourt Morgan, who was friendly to the private power interests.

THE NATION also had its tensions, although they were not exactly comparable to those of the TVA. At Vesey Street, there was an increasingly sharp divergence between the views of Oswald Garrison Villard and those of Freda Kirchway and other members of the editorial board. While a definitive split did not occur until June, 1940 (when it was occasioned by intense disagreement over foreign policy), a *brouhaha* broke out over Roosevelt's Supreme Court reorganization plan in 1937. It should first be mentioned that in 1935 Villard had sold THE NATION to The Nation Fund, Inc., a foundation established by Maurice Wertheim, a philanthropic banker. Villard continued, however, to contribute his weekly column, "Issues and Men." Since 1933 there had been several masthead changes, and during the spring of 1937 the editorial lineup was as follows: Editors—Freda Kirchwey, Joseph Wood Krutch, Max Lerner; Associate Editors—Margaret Marshall, Maxwell Stewart; Editorial Associates—Heywood Broun, Alvin Johnson, Oswald Garrison Villard.

WHILE THE NATION had been sharply critical of Roosevelt for what it regarded as his failure to make an all-out attack on the depression, the journal was even more perturbed by the Supreme Court's right-wing assault on the New Deal. In January, 1937, THE NATION set forth its position with regard to the Court, which had virtually invalidated the National Industrial Recovery Act in 1935, and the Agricultural Adjustment Act in 1936. The most important point in THE NATION's plan for dealing with the situation was one it had previously advanced: a Constitutional amendment should be set in motion, giving Congress clear power over the regulation of agriculture, labor and finance. But when the President, shortly after referring in his Second Inaugural Address to "one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished," suddenly proposed that Congress authorize the President to enlarge the membership of the Supreme Court, THE NATION backed him. An editorial, "Purging the Supreme Court," called Roosevelt's attack on "government by senility" a "brilliant tour de force," and asserted that while his plan was not the best one, it



TVA: Lilienthal and the Morgans

> does not change the relation of the Court to Congress. There can be no question of its constitutionality. It neither seeks to curb the court nor (despite the current impression) pack it, for if the judges retire there is no increase in numbers. Rather it purges the court by removing the infirm, and therefore (by a rough and imperfect logic) the least fit.

The "senility" of judges was not really the issue, but THE NATION was right about the constitutionality of the Roosevelt plan. Villard, however, strongly disagreed with the editors' position. Turning his attention from Haiti and Santo Domingo, which he had been discussing in "Issues and Men," to the Supreme Court fight, he asked, "What is the Nation Coming to?" He also desired a reform of the Supreme Court, but by amendment of the Constitution, as THE NATION (he pointed out) had been suggesting for some time. A couple of weeks later, Maurice Wertheim, who had respected the editorial independence of the weekly, published in it an open letter recording "my own persona dissent from your editorial policy on the President's Supreme Court program." Wertheim continued:

> THE NATION has lost itself in unjudicial partisanship at a moment when I, for one, should like to see it come out, like Senator Wheeler Oswald Garrison Villard, and many other liberals, and say to the President, "Enough of this camouflage enough of these attempts to discredit your adversaries as "defeated lawyers"; we like your objectives, but we don't like your methods. You can now attain your objectives with no sacrifice of American principles if you will not be stubborn. And if tha be treason, make the most of it.

Whereupon Heywood Broun, who

ad had his own page in THE NATION
nce 1935, erupted:

> I do not know whether I will come again to this pasture. I'm getting a little sick of THE NATION's policy of fair play, and everybody must be heard whether or not he has anything to say. This isn't an amateur tennis-match. It's a fight, and the well-being of masses of men and women depends upon the result. . . . Even an open mind needs to pull down the window at certain times or it becomes less a mind than a cave of the winds.

Two months later, in the issue of
ne 12, Wertheim announced the
le of THE NATION to Freda Kirch-
ey. The difference of opinion on
e Supreme Court question was typ-
al, he indicated, of the divergencies
etween the editors and himself. Edi-
rial and financial control of the
urnal, said Wertheim, should be
mbined. And so for the second
me since 1935 THE NATION changed
ands. But Heywood Broun was not
peased. *Time* magazine for Sep-
mber 20 reported that the "twin
eystones" of the United States lib-
al weekly press, *The New Republic*
d THE NATION, had just been
aken by a small editorial crisis.
eywood Broun had switched from
HE NATION to *The New Republic,*
d the first news Freda Kirchwey
ad had of the move was when *The*
ew Republic sent copy for an ex-
ange advertisement in THE NATION
nnouncing the acquisition of Broun.
reda Kirchwey's "good-natured epi-
ph" (as *Time* called it) in THE NA-
ION had pointed out that the editors
d Broun saw eye to eye on the
urt proposal, and that

> we differed from him only in believing that it merited debate and that the opposition had a right to be heard. . . . We wish him well, but . . . we suspect that the spirit of fair play may search him out and plague him in the pages of *The New Republic* as well.

The policies of THE NATION and
he New Republic were sufficiently
milar to lead many people to won-
er why the two weeklies did not
erge. Replying in July, 1938, to a
tter which raised that question,
reda Kirchwey first pointed to the
niority of THE NATION, then ob-
erved that *The New Republic* was heavily subsidized whereas "we are practically self-supporting." Furthermore,

> The two magazines do differ a good deal in their views, particularly on the subject of collective security. Neither publication cares to lose its identity.

Villard had always taken pride in the fact that THE NATION struggled to make a financial go of it—with infusions of aid from him and fellow-stockholders in the enterprise. *The New Republic* lived a more carefree financial life. Subsidized at its birth by Willard Straight, it continued to receive generous support from his widow after his death in 1918. The tone of *The New Republic* was different from that of THE NATION: while the Villard-Wertheim-Kirchwey weekly fought vigorously for causes—a writer in another magazine once referred to its "old insurgent spirit . . . its ability, even when clearly wrong, to make men think"—*The New Republic* was cerebral and cool. THE NATION, especially during the thirties, gave the impression of carrying the fight into Union Square and Jersey City; *The New Republic* seemed to be making intelligent, progressive comments on the struggle from a fifth-floor office.

Freda Kirchwey's comment on differences between the two journals on the subject of collective security points to a paradox: THE NATION, pacifist under Villard, became interventionist in response to the Nazi-Fascist threat of the 1930s; *The New Republic,* strongly pro-Wilson and in favor of our entrance into the first World War, was disillusioned by the Treaty of Versailles, and became and remained pacifist until Hitler's 1940 *Blitzkrieg.* Thus, each of the two liberal weeklies occupied the previous foreign policy position of the other during the years immediately preceding World War II.

SHORTLY AFTER VILLARD took over THE NATION in 1918, he established an International Relations Section, which was to present, fortnightly, "current thoughts on economic and political problems abroad for the purpose of focusing the attention of thinking America upon the factors essential to winning the war and es-

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tablishing an enduring peace." Villard organized an "Advisory Council" for the I.R.S., composed of such prominent persons as James Harvey Robinson, Gilbert Murray, André-Louis Chevrillon of Paris, and the American Winston Churchill. When Freda Kirchwey, a young Barnard graduate, applied to the Nation for a position in August, 1918 (she had been working for the New York *Sunday Tribune*), she wrote that she had heard of an opening with the International Relations Section. She landed a job, and was put to work clipping foreign exchanges. The section, which was first published on October 5, 1918, proved a financial burden, eventually dwindled to a page, and finally disappeared in 1932. But interesting documents and background articles on international affairs appeared in it, and Freda Kirchwey's experience proved useful to her. Although she was to have a variety of responsibilities at The Nation under Villard—she became successively associate editor, managing editor and, briefly, literary editor—her chief interest was in foreign affairs. In the late 1930s it was she, along with Maxwell Stewart, Max Lerner and Robert Bendiner, who moved The Nation away from pacifism to support of collective security. Villard, while detesting Hitler, could not forget the "madness at Versailles," which became a kind of obsession with him. During the period of the *Anschluss* and the Munich Pact and the invasion of Poland and the *Blitzkrieg* he was horrified but isolationist in his "Issues and Men" column, while The Nation editors became more and more "engaged". Their relationship with Villard was comparable to that which developed between the editors of *L'Express* and François Mauriac after De Gaulle became President of the Fifth Republic. Mauriac's "Bloc-Notes" on the last page of the French weekly presented De Gaulle as a providential figure, while the editorials of Françoise Giroud and Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber denounced the General as an autocrat. There were some readers of *L'Express*—as there had been of The Nation—who relished the "debate" as democratic, and there were others who objected that a journal of opinion should speak with one editorial voice. Mauriac eventually left *L'Express* for *Le Figaro Littéraire;* Villard finally quit The Nation (to which he had first contributed in 1894) and joined the America First Committee.

Villard's valedictory in the June 29, 1940 Nation was both angry and sad; it said, in part:

> . . . . I regret . . . that my retirement has been precipitated . . . by the editors' abandonment of The Nation's steadfast opposition to all preparation for war, to universal military service, to a great navy, and to all war, for this in my judgment has been the chief glory of its great and honorable past. . . . My own making over of The Nation when I became editor in 1918 pained many of its devoted readers. Yet I can truthfully claim that under my guidance it held to the fundamental principles of the founders and was conducted in their spirit, in fullest support of their correct conception of what the liberal world should be.

JUST AS VILLARD here invoked the spirit of his uncle, Wendell Phillips Garrison, and of E. L. Godkin, first editor of The Nation (although Villard knew that his own "liberalism" was not exactly theirs), Freda Kirchwey in her 1949 obituary essay on Villard spoke of a Nation "continuity of which some of my colleagues may be less aware." The spirit of a journal, she asserted,

> is something apart from its specific beliefs, even if he would have disputed it. . . . This spirit has remained to inspire new crusades on new issues. . . .

This is true, but the specific character of Kirchwey's Nation was different from that of Villard's and of Godkin's. Villard was a pacifistic moralist whose opposition to imperialism and whose belief in free trade bespoke a wish for an ultimate federation of the world. Godkin's denunciation of colonial ventures and his advocacy of a low tariff had been based on utilitarian "good sense." By the 1930s, the worlds of Godkin and Villard seemed remote to Freda Kirchwey and most of her Nation colleagues. The Japanese militarists, Mussolini's Fascists, and Hitler's National Socialists were contemptuous of both "good sense" and morality. Their basic law was that war is the health of the state. To a moralist lik Villard, their brutal pragmatism wa uncomfortably paralleled in Frankli D. Roosevelt's treatment of our u traconservative Supreme Court. Vi lard's moralism enabled him to b consistent in his denunciations—h wrote of the "legal murders" by Stali of his opponents—whereas the prag matic liberals sought, often in ar guish, to discriminate among brutal ties of state that had to be tolerate and those for which there was n possible excuse. Thus, while Fred Kirchwey was right in speaking of persistent Nation crusading spiri she and Villard lived in different un verses of discourse.

During the early 1930s, both Vi lard and his editors saw fascism a the greatest immediate threat to civi ization. Villard's denunciation of th Treaty of Versailles, and his condem nation of the French occupation (the Ruhr in 1923, did not blind hi to the growing menace of Hitler's Na tional Socialists. It is true that whe Hitler gained absolute power i March, 1933, The Nation harke back to Woodrow Wilson's failure

> The world safe for democracy? . . those in control of [Germany's] de tiny represent, in part at least, th most odious forms of big-busine and large-landowner control as the existed during the regime of th Kaiser, but are committed to un versal military service, rearmamen and every one of the forms of mil tarism against which Mr. Wilsc called all Americans to fight.

It is also apparent that The Natio had many pro-German readers, wh had come to the weekly during th years of Villard's editorship. Early i January, 1934, The Nation com mented in these terms on a recent de velopment in Germany:

> From time to time The Nation ha been taken to task by its readers b cause of what they consider its i temperate condemnation of the Na government in Germany. Neverth less, it cannot help viewing with th utmost concern the new German la for the sterilization of the unfit. one could imagine a committee (entirely unbiased and equally com petent scientists to decide which (their fellow-human beings should b deprived of the ability to propaga their kind, one might conceivab endorse the proposition. Nothing th the Nazis have done so far inspir

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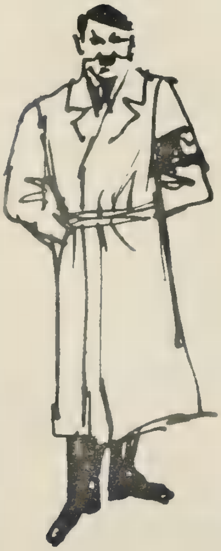
HARRY BRIDGES	J. R. ROBERTSON	LOUIS GOLDBLATT
President	Vice President	Secretary-Treasurer

the hope that they are either competent or unprejudiced.

That was comparatively mild criticism, but The Nation had also published Ludwig Lewisohn's article on the May 10, 1933 burning in Berlin of about 20,000 "un-German" books. (William L. Shirer notes in *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* that the works of Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Albert Einstein, Erich Maria Remarque, Jack London, H. G. Wells, Freud, Proust, Zola and Gide were consumed in the bonfire. Paul Joseph Goebbels—Doctor of Philosophy—proclaimed: "The soul of the German people can again express itself. These flames not only illuminate the final end of an old era; they also light up the new.") Lewisohn observed that the Nazi crackdown on dangerous ideas had led to the banning of performances of Schiller's *Don Carlos,* a play whose whole point was exemplified in the cry to the Spanish king: "Sire, give us liberty of thought."

Richard Neuberger, the future United States Senator from Oregon, who in 1933 was beginning a journalistic career, published in the October 4 Nation a long article on Hitler's "New Germany." And at the beginning of 1934, The Nation's Honor Roll for the previous year included Calvin B. Hoover and Edgar Ansel Mowrer, authors respectively of *Germany Enters the Third Reich* and *Germany Sets the Clock Back;* Arthur Garfield Hays, the New York attorney who had attempted to secure just treatment for the defendants in the Reichstag fire trial; and Alvin S. Johnson of the New School for Social Research, who had brought ousted German professors to the United States and established them as the staff of a University in Exile.



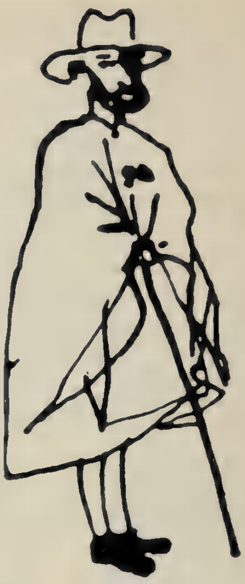
Villard, hoping against hope even after the Nazi blood purge of June 30, 1934, wrote in the August 1 Nation that he did not believe the German people would in the long run stand for the likes of Hitler. But the Nazis had now consolidated a regime against which the animadversions of humane men had virtually no effect. The failure of the League of Nations to take effective action against Japan after its Manchurian aggression, and the League's inability to enforce economic sanctions against Italy during Mussolini's war on Ethiopia, greatly encouraged Hitler. The Nazi dictator was certainly aware that many people in England, France and the United States felt as Villard did in an article about the League and the Italian aggression against Ethiopia:

> . . . . I feel that the nations involved are more than justified if they attempt now, even at the risk of war, to find a substitute for it in the economic boycott, in measures short of war provided they go into the undertaking with the determination that they will refuse to be drawn into actual hostilities even in the face of overt attack.

In other words: apply economic sanctions against Mussolini, but don't fight back if he then makes war on you. Did "the nations involved" include the United States? Villard equivocated here; The Nation's editors, on the other hand, did clearly refer to American responsibility in an editorial of January 1, 1936. Blaming the United States as well as Britain and France for not acting collectively to stop Italy, The Nation said:

> The coming weeks will test not only the League's ability to maintain the principles of collective action in the face of heavy pecuniary losses for each of the member nations, but also America's sincerity in declaring that it desires to avert war.

This was an "advanced" position, for the Neutrality Act had been passed in 1935, and was to be amended in February, 1936, to prohibit the granting of loans to belligerents. The mood of Congress was much more like Villard's than like that of The Nation's editorial board.



THE NAZIS' MOVE IN March, 1936, to remilitarize the Rhineland, in contravention of the Locarno Pact, was met by The Nation with another plea for the imposition of sanctions against Mussolini: this would seem "the surest way" to discourage Hitler from launching his widely heralded drive toward the Soviet Ukraine. Even the United States, said the journal, would probably throw its influence behind a League that took its obligations seriously. Here again the editors were advocating a much more vigorous policy than was Villard, who published in The Nation of April 1 an obfuscatory article in which he said:

> I hear it said, it is easy to criticize, but what would you do. Fortunately, I am not compelled to decide. But I do know this, that the time has come for the League and the former Allies to act with great vigor, with the same daring and aggressiveness with which Hitler has acted. They can at least match his flagrant defiance of the public opinion of the world by some plain truths as to just how far they will permit him to go before, in self-defense, they decide to put on sanctions, to send Germany to Coventry.

That is, the League might eventually have to say to Hitler, in Justice Shal-ow's words, "Well, the truth is, . . . ou live in great infamy."

It could be replied in defense of illard that if moral force and eco-omic sanctions had been steadily pplied by the League of Nations itler would never have begun his ilitary adventure. But in 1936 the orld was faced with a *fait accompli,* nd Hitler was poised for his drive to he East. The Nazi dictator was not imply a Father Coughlin—against hose anti-Semitism, incidentally, Vil-ard spoke out vigorously and well.

F THE CONTRADICTIONS of Oswald arrison Villard, who wanted to re-ist evil but not beyond a certain oint, were evident in his reactions o the Fascist menace, the ethical di-emma of the pragmatic liberals was anifest in their own equivocations n the Moscow trials. The liberals nd radicals of THE NATION and oth-r journals who more or less excused he travesty of judicial process during he mid-thirties had become sym-athetic to Soviet Russia in the first lace because of the apparently hu-ane promise of the Bolshevik Revo-ution. The cruelties of the Revolu-ion and the Civil War seemed com-arable to those of the French Revo-ution, which had not been a pleasant arty. Then, during the twenties, ith "reaction" rampant in the United tates, the Soviet Union seemed to any people the marching wing of he Progressive movement. Hitler's ise to power, and the thuggery of his rown-shirts, made the Communist all for a united front sound like an lementary counsel of survival. Many ro-Soviet Americans took the posi-ion, with regard to the Soviets' denial of civil liberties, that Roger Baldwin did in an exchange of letters with Joseph Wood Krutch. Krutch, a member of the NATION board of editors, joined the American Civil Liberties Union, but declared in a note accompanying his membership dues that he "would be happier if I were convinced that the majority of members really believed in civil liberties as such. I wonder if Roger Baldwin does?" Elmer Rice, to whom Krutch's note was addressed, turned it over to Baldwin, who a few days later replied that he did "believe in applying without discrimination the right to carry on any propaganda whatever without interference, regardless of the political or economic philosophy involved." He went on to say that his economic views were "left," and that he could therefore support the Soviet dictatorship, "which tolerates no civil liberties." While he opposed dictatorship in principle,

> the Soviet Union has already achieved economic liberties far greater than exist elsewhere in the world. In the long run the only ground on which liberty can be securely based is economic.

In another letter, replying to Krutch's response that "free criticism is the only thing which could possibly prevent any dictatorship or bureaucracy from becoming completely corrupt," Baldwin said that he could tolerate the terrorism and highly concentrated political power of the Soviet regime "only as preferable to the concentration of power in capitalist countries." THE NATION, in January, 1938, publishing Krutch's correspondence with Rice and Baldwin, described the letters as "an interesting, if casual, commentary on a problem of immediate importance in a period of social unrest." Krutch thought the matter much more significant. In *More Lives Than One* (1962), the autobiography in which he reprinted the correspondence, the former editor and drama critic of THE NATION indicated that he thought some of his NATION colleagues as well as Roger Baldwin had accepted "double standards, and also double talk." Krutch noted too that in December, 1961, Baldwin had written:

> Both events and experience long ago brought me to reject the views I expressed in these letters in 1934. They were the product in part of fears aroused by the rise of the Nazis, in part by the Marxist notions of working class forces as the base for greater freedom, and wishful thinking about the Russian revolution and the Soviet dictatorship.

THE NATION's comments on the trials in 1936 of Kamenev, Zinoviev and other members of an alleged conspiracy satisfied neither libertarians like Krutch nor *The New Masses.* When the trials began in August, Max Lerner pointed to an apparent contradiction between the new Soviet

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constitution, which Louis Fischer had described as inaugurating "a new era in Soviet civil liberties," and the "impression one gets of the implacable pursuit of the Trotskyites by the Stalin government." But on second thought, the editorial indicated, the contradiction was resolved: as far as economic security in Russia was concerned, the Constitution represented an accomplished fact; in the domain of civil liberties, however, the Constitution represented the goal toward which Soviet life was moving.

The tone of a Nation editorial of October 10, 1936, was quite different. "Strange trials," it called the proceedings in which sixteen men "repeated, confirmed, and seemed to revel in confessions of guilt." Like all the important political events preceding it, said the editorial, this one had been conducted in a manner foreign to democratic ideals of justice. The pretrial conduct of the government-controlled press had been particularly shocking. Trotsky, who had been accused at the trial of conspiring with the German Gestapo to bring about the assassination of Stalin and the overthrow of the regime, "was entitled to his day in court." The journal noted that partisans of Trotsky were trying to bring a court action in Norway, where he was now living, to defend him.

The New Masses concluded that The Nation was either plain dumb or a tool of the Trotskyites. Trotsky, it happens, had been reproached by the chief of the Norwegian Passport Office for contributing an article to The Nation about the "revolutionary" situation in France. In protesting against this reproach, Trotsky characterized The Nation as a "bourgeois-democratic" journal. This seems closer to the truth than *The New Masses* description.

ON JULY 17, 1936, SHORTLY after the capitulation of Ethiopia to Mussolini, Franco launched his "crusade" against the Spanish republic. The policy of Britain, France and the United States during the Spanish Civil War was to be defined in such terms as "neutrality," "embargo" and "nonintervention." Thus, the defense of the Republic against a Franco heavily aided by men and materiel from Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, was left to Loyalists supported to some extent by Stalin, and helped by volunteers from various countries, many of whom crawled into Spain on their hands and knees. Within the Loyalist ranks, there was a bitter conflict between those who advocated a "Popular Front" with the Stalinists—Russia being the only great foreign power that was aiding the Government—and those who were in varying degrees hostile to the Stalinists. The anarchists and the Trotskyite P. O. U. M. party were violently opposed to the Popular Front, and the Socialist Party was split. A report from Spain by Henry Buckley that The Nation published early in October, 1936, described "Spain's War Cabinet" as including three right-wing Socialists—Prieto, Negrín and García—who stood much closer to the Republicans than to the Communists; three left-wing Socialists—Caballero (the popular Premier), del Vayo, and Galarza; and two Communists—Uribe and Hernandez. The Anarchists, said Buckley, were the only important group omitted, and he reported talk that they had not been able to agree among themselves on a representative. Buckley's further observation that this was a war government, not one designed to carry on a social revolution, is significant. Throughout the Civil War, the Stalinists in Spain were to pursue a relatively "conservative" social policy in order to solidify the Popular Front, while many of their left-wing opponents were to demand extensive social reforms.

The Nation received most of its Spanish Civil War reports from Louis Fischer, who had come to deplore Soviet domestic policy, but who still approved of Soviet foreign policy. Russia's help to the Loyalists, he later wrote, "was in sharp contrast with the stupid, scandalous pro-Franco behavior of the democracies." But the author added, in *The God That Failed,* that ultimately "the heads of the Loyalist government were convinced, on the basis of substantiated facts, that almost all the important military and civilian Soviet citizens who served so well in Spain were executed or exiled on their return home."

> On December 27 one of the planes of my squadron was brought down in the Teruel region—behind our lines. It had fallen very high, at about 2,000 meters above sea level, and snow covered the mountains. In this region there are very few villages; it was only after several hours that the peasants arrived and began constructing stretchers for the wounded and a coffin for the dead.
>
> When all was ready, the descent began. There were no roads, only mule paths. The old peasant women, who in this region almost all have sons in the militia, had decided to accompany the wounded But it was not only the peasant women. The entire populace followed behind us, coming single file down the narrow mountain path. At each one of the villages through which we passed the people were waiting; and each village, when the wounded had passed by, was emptied of its inhabitants. When we reached the first large settlement in the valley, there too the people stood waiting before the low walls of the Spanish town. They gazed in silence at the first wounded—those wounded in the legs; they were used to such things. But when those who had been wounded in the face were carried past—men with flat bandages where their noses should have been, their leather tunics still covered with coagulated blood—then the women and children began to cry. I raised my eyes; the file of peasants extended now from the heights of the mountain to its base—and it was the grandest image of fraternity I have ever encountered: those abandoned villages, that entire people following men wounded for their sake, men whom they had never seen before, descending like a procession out of ancient times, while their sobs, mounting in the great silence of the gorge, made a sound like the roar of an underground river.
>
> —André Malraux, *The Nation*, 1937

Anita Brenner, an American inte lectual who early in the 1930s h abandoned the Communist Party pos

on, took issue in a letter to THE
ATION (July 3, 1937) with the jour-
al's account of an uprising in Cata-
nia. Asserting that Fischer, on
hose information THE NATION had
lied, had apparently derived his
ory from the Communist press, she
rongly attacked his statement that
e Anarchists and the P. O. U. M.
ad sabotaged the war, and that they
anted to collectivize small property.
he also quoted a *Pravda* statement
f December 17, 1936, that a purging
f Trotskyites and Anarcho-Syndical-
t elements had begun in Catalonia.
he described the political situation
n the anti-Franco side in terms of a
onflict between a Republican-right
ing-Socialist-Communist coalition
nd a group consisting of left-wing
ocialists, Anarcho-Syndicalists, and
. O. U. M. (It may be observed here
hat Largo Caballero, a left-wing So-
ialist, had recently been replaced as
remier by Juan Negrín, a moderate
ocialist who was willing to cooperate
ith the Communists, and that Del
ayo—although a "left-wing Social-
st"—also favored cooperation with
hem, and served in the Negrín cabi-
et as Foreign Minister.) Clearly sid-
ng with the latter group, Anita Bren-
er declared that nothing less than
he Spanish revolution itself hung in
he balance.

HE NATION SHOWED ITS traditional
espect for opinions different from its
wn by publishing sharp criticism
uch as this; the journal's "Popular
ront" point of view, however, re-
ained unchanged. A November 13,
937, article by Maxwell Stewart be-
an by conceding that the recent
ussian executions, political trials
members of the "Trotskyite Center"
were tried in January, 1937), and
mass arrests had shocked the outside
world; but Stewart then declared that
while it was difficult to believe that all
he persons convicted had been guil-
y, foreigners had always tended to
underestimate the depth of hatred
that the former bourgeoisie had for
the Soviets. Other countries too, said
Stewart, had experienced difficulty in
closing the gap between theory and
practice in the sphere of individual
rights. Clearly, the sympathetic attitude of THE NATION and many American liberals toward the Communists in Spain was an aspect of this Popular Front atmosphere. (When Ellery Sedgwick, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, returned from Europe to sing Franco's praises, few pro-Loyalist liberals were inclined to engage in debate on the relative merits of the Anarchists, the P. O. U. M., and the Communists.) One of the clearest symbolic expressions of American liberal sentiment during the Spanish Civil War was the generous response to THE NATION's appeal for contributions to send an ambulance to the Loyalist forces. On July 30, 1938, the journal announced that the fund had been over-subscribed and that the ambulance was on its way to Spain.

THE NATION also tried to secure military aid for the Loyalists through a repeal of the Embargo Act and a revision of the Neutrality Act as applied to Spain. But if THE NATION was in 1938 emphasizing more and more the need for collective security with teeth in it against Franco, Hitler and Mussolini, the American public was clearly not ready to renounce isolation. Neither were the governments or the people of Britain and France: in September, 1938 (having effected his *Anschluss* with Austria the previous March), Hitler obtained the Sudetenland at a conference to which neither Czechoslovakia nor Russia, which had offered aid to the Czechs under the terms of a 1935 treaty, was invited. THE NATION declared that Czechoslovakia was "the new Spain."

SINCE THE EARLIEST months of the Nazi regime, THE NATION had been urging the liberalization of American immigration laws to admit refugees from Nazi persecution. After the Nuremberg decrees of 1935 deprived the German Jews of civil rights, the journal commented very frequently on the sinister implications of the Nazis' "racial" policy. An article published in October, 1937, for example, declared bluntly that for the Jews of Germany the choice was between emigration and death. As the Nazis began to extend their domain beyond the borders of Germany, the problem of refugees became even more urgent. Yet Henry Pratt Fairchild, who was a liberal on issues other than immigration, wrote to the

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editors of The Nation on October 26, 1938—after both the *Anschluss* and the Munich pact—to ask for an explanation of the following comment in the October 22 issue:

> Surely a nation of 130 million could absorb two or three times this number [23,500] without economic disaster.

What, asked Fairchild, did The Nation mean by "absorb?"

> Do you mean to add a certain number of refugees to the ten or twelve million American residents already unemployed or on relief rolls? If so, why not say so plainly?

The Nation replied to Fairchild, in a letter dated November 2, that of course even a "reasonable number of refugees" admitted to the United States would experience problems in finding jobs.

> A certain proportion, it is true, might find its way to the relief rolls. But the cost of supporting a few thousand refugees from persecution ought not to overwhelm us even in a time of economic distress: at least . . . we are able as a nation to carry this burden better than most of the other countries into which the refugees have been moving. This does not mean that an effort should not be made to find places of refuge where economic opportunities would be greater and the pressure of unemployment less.

This letter set forth an agonizing problem in clear terms. Certainly it is a human responsibility either to relieve suffering directly or to make "an effort . . . to find places of refuge" for persecuted people. Yet in spite of the consequences of the failure of the United States and European countries to admit more than a small number of refugees, the Fairchild attitude persists. It is exemplified by the McCarran-Walter Act of 1952, and it has been steadily combated by The Nation.

> Adolph Hitler has been in complete control of the Reich only since March 5, but in this short time he has created a new Germany—a Germany in which freedom and democracy dare not even ask to live. His uniformed followers terrorize the few citizens who have the courage to protest against persecution and repression and thousands of others whose only fault is that they belong to a race or follow a calling which is displeasing to the dictator and his party. The police stand by, indifferent or powerless, while members of the Hitler storm-battalions vent their rage against Jews or Communists or liberals. . . . Jews are subject not only to physical violence; many thousands face a more cruel fate through loss of their right to follow certain trades and professions. A strong movement is on foot to bar Jewish lawyers from the courts; Jewish professors are driven from their classrooms; Jewish actors are prevented from appearing; famous Jewish conductors are refused a hearing. Before this terror large numbers of Germans are fleeing across the borders into Austria, Poland, and Switzerland, but only those of independent means and moderate views are sure of escape. Communists are turned back and Jews find no welcome in the countries to the east. . . .
>
> Editorial, *The Nation*, 1933

Freda Kirchwey, who since January, 1936, had shared the editorship of The Nation with Max Lerner, became editor-in-chief with the issue of September 24, 1938. Lerner, the successor of Raymond Gram Swing on The Nation's editorial board, had been responsible for the front of the book—the editorial paragraphs and unsigned editorial articles; Freda Kirchwey had edited the signed articles in the middle of the magazine; and Joseph Wood Krutch, together with Margaret Marshall, had edited the literature and art section. In a foreword to *It is Later Than You Think*, a book he published shortly after leaving The Nation, Lerner declared:

> The great political task of our generation is the task of giving economic content to democracy and of keeping power in a collectivism from becoming tyrannical. . . . If there is any passion in this book, it is the passion for making democracy militant enough and collectivism democratic enough to survive.

Most of The Nation editors in 1938 would probably have used similar words to describe their political co
mitment. Robert Bendiner, who
came managing editor in Janua
1938, observed in a letter discussin
possible Nation piece on the Social
Party, that "The Nation has
years been closer to the Sociali
than to any other single group." C
tainly the journal's domestic progr
had been similar to that of Norm
Thomas; Thomas, however, was
vocating during the late thirties
isolationist foreign policy, and dri
ing (like Villard) into an uncomfo
able alliance with America Firste
The Nation, on the other hand,
came increasingly insistent af
Munich on the need for a stro
stand by the western democracies a
Russia against the emboldened Naz
But England, France and the Unit
States were still chiefly concerned
avoid war, and in August, 193
Molotov—who several months e
lier had taken the place of Maxi
Litvinov, apostle of collective sec
ity, as Soviet Foreign Minister-
signed the Non-Aggression Pact wi
Ribbentrop. The subsequent invasi
of Poland by the Nazis—and th
sharing of the spoils with the Sovi
—followed by the Russian invasi
of Finland, inspired Robert Bendi
to write a mordant "Glossary
1940," which was published in t
February 10 (Seventy-Fifth An
versary) issue of The Nation. E
plaining "Imperialism," Bendi
said:

> Nothing that statesmen do lifts th
> to quite the same evangelical pit
> as the well-planned plundering
> some lesser state. The legions of
> Caesars came, saw, and conque
> in the name of the Pax Roma
> Britain and France manfully took
> the white man's burden of filchi
> half the world's wealth from help
> natives. We "civilized 'em with
> Krag" in the Philippines and "bur
> ed 'em off" in the name of go
> roads and hygiene in Haiti and Sa
> Domingo. Mussolini set Ethiopia
> fire and hanged its leaders so tha
> could share in the grandeur that
> Rome's. The Mikado's troops mas
> cred several million Chinese stric
> out of "friendship." And the R
> Army has been dropping therm
> bombs from Helsinki to Petsamo
> way of what *Pravda* calls "frater
> assistance to the Finnish peopl
> Until recently the Germans presen
> a refreshing contrast. With no mo

> reputation to defend, they were artlessly predatory. *Deutschland über Alles,* Aryan supremacy, divine right to rule, even *Lebensraum,* were all the honest language of the jungle. . . . Now all that is changed. . . . Henceforth when Göring's aces bomb open cities, when SS men shoot Czech students and flog Polish Jews, they will have only one thought in mind: the building of a Socialist Europe.

endiner also took note of the Soiets' denunciation of the Finns as semi-Fascists."

> The understanding Soviets admit that the Nazis do have droll customs, but it would be the grossest folly . . . to deal with them forcefully. . . . But these Finns with their cooperatives and their elected governments. Semi-Fascists, that's what they are, and fire and sword aren't good enough for them. There ought to be a League Against War and Semi-Fascism. Probably there will be.

mbrose Bierce was not more skillilly ironic in his *Devil's Dictionary.*

HE NATION DID NOT neglect doiestic matters during this period. he journal's "Honor Roll" for 1939 raised Steinbeck for dramatizing, in *he Grapes of Wrath,* and Carey Mcilliams for documenting, in *Factoes in the Field,* the desperate plight the migratory farm worker in Caliornia. The Roll also included both judge of the Federal District Court Baltimore, for his decision requirg the payment of the same wages to egro teachers as to white, and the AACP attorneys who had argued e case. During the summer of 1940, nathan Daniels, editor of the liberal aleigh *News and Observer* began ntributing a column to THE NATION lled "A Native at Large." His first iece began:

> In Chapel Hill, which is a North Carolina village as well as the University of North Carolina's town, Paul Green and Richard Wright work at one table dramatizing Wright's *Native Son* for production by Orson Welles this fall. . . . Green is a Southerner of white, Southern-farmer stock. Wright wrote his grim Chicago story to show the effects on a Negro of the social and economic problems confronting his race. Green, rejecting Hollywood, has remained in his South, where among white men and Negroes those problems begin.

During the grim summer of 1940, after Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France had fallen to the Nazis, THE NATION published a series of articles by Max Lerner under the heading, "The War as Revolution." Lerner cited Rauschning's term, "the revolution of nihilism," to describe the Nazis' organization of destructive forces, and then tried to explain the significance of the movement. One of the conclusions Lerner drew was that the nation-state had failed as an economic unit. He predicted that after the war, small nations

> will become economic satellites of large and powerful empires, or will have to combine with other small nations, not into a diplomatic bloc, but into a working economic and administrative community.

Lerner was saying that, in effect, Hitler's "New Order" constituted a hideous version of the continental or even hemispheric economies that the future was bound to bring.

Another point made by Lerner, that the most important war going on was the one "between the Fascist and the democrat in every one of us," is interesting in the light of a discussion in THE NATION'S pages between Freda Kirchwey and one of the associate editors, Maxwell Stewart. Kirchwey, who was obviously expressing the view held by nearly everyone in THE NATION offices, asserted that the United States had no satisfactory alternative to universal military service. We had to face the possibility that Britain (then standing alone against the Nazis) might be defeated, and Kirchwey asserted there were fewer dangers of reactionary control in a conscript army than in a professional one. Maxwell Stewart's argument that we needed no large army, and that universal military service would create a dangerous mentality, was apparently based largely on memories of World War I. Freda Kirchwey, aware of the memories, declared in her article that "the Left . . . must make the struggle against Hitler an honest fight for the faith it lives by." Some weeks later, with the passage of the Selective Training and Service Act, the United States adopted, as it never had before, peace-time conscription. To Oswald Garrison Villard, this meant the use of Fascist

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methods to fight fascism. To the editors of The Nation in 1940, it seemed the only way, however dangerous to "the democrat in every one of us," to save our democracy from madmen.

One of the points most persistently made in The Nation after the fall of France in June, 1940, was that the United States should officially recognize De Gaulle's Free French movement, and end all diplomatic connections with the Vichy regime. In one of many articles criticizing our recognition policy, Freda Kirchwey wrote in September, 1941, that if the Nazi order were established in France the responsibility would rest largely on our shoulders. We had refused to extend any sort of public recognition to De Gaulle "even as the head of the Free French forces fighting Hitler." On the contrary, we were arranging to send oil to Madagascar, one of Vichy's colonial outposts.

Louis Fischer, who had become completely disenchanted with Stalin's regime after its pact with the Nazis, called in strong moral terms in April, 1942, for a severance of our relations with Vichy: "America must have a clean record toward France. It must not be recorded that we helped Laval sell out France to Hitler." The journal bitterly criticized the State Department for the decision to cooperate with Admiral Darlan rather than with the Free French during the invasion of North Africa; and Freda Kirchwey declared that with few exceptions—she named Edward R. Murrow, Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson—American liberals had shamefully adopted the view "that military expediency and political wisdom are identical." In January, 1945, a few months after the United States had finally recognized De Gaulle's government, The Nation published an article by Jules Moch, a member of De Gaulle's Cabinet. Moch declared that the State Department's misunderstanding of French psychology had proved costly during the war. The Department

> placed its money on Darlan and Giraud, and lost; it bet against De Gaulle and lost again. It believed that there would be a split between France and the Committees of National Liberation set up in London and Algiers; it was wrong. It rectified its position finally by giving up the idea of establishing an AMG in France which would have been catastrophic for Franco-American friendship, and recognizing De Gaulle's provisional government.

At a dinner in February, 1944, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of her association with The Nation, Freda Kirchwey declared that the journal would work for a "New Deal for the world" that was "more far-reaching and consistent than our own faltering New Deal." The Nation had supported Roosevelt for a third term, and was to support him for a fourth, but the specific proposals Freda Kirchwey made at this dinner indicated how great a gap there was between the weekly and the President. In the domain of foreign policy, Freda Kirchwey urged that the United States break off relations with Fascist Spain, and do everything possible to favor the reestablishment of the Spanish Republic: only in this way, she maintained, could Spain be brought into the Allied coalition. She called for American support for free people's movements in every occupied country; for open doors to every refugee able to escape from Europe; for united support by the Allies for the development of a Jewish national homeland in Palestine; and for the development of closer relations between the United States and those Latin American countries which had free governments. In the area of domestic policy, she urged government planning for expanded production and full employment after the war, as well as for large-scale housing projects, and public power and farm projects. She also called for the passage of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill to extend Social Security benefits and to guarantee adequate medical care to all. Other items on her domestic program were: full representation of labor in all government departments and agencies; the abolition of "such obviously Fascist devices" as the Dies, Kerr, and Smith committees; the elimination of every form of legal discrimination, political or economic, against any racial or religious group, and the initiation of a deliberate program of education throughout the United States designed to overcome prejudice.

This program indicated the gener direction of Nation policy during tl postwar years, but the atmosphe of the cold war, and the expend tures for it during the late forties ar the fifties, prevented, even if it ha otherwise been possible, the fulfil ment of the domestic portion of tl program; and while the establishme of the state of Israel answered the ca for a Jewish national homeland, tl United States made no particul effort to do any of the other thin which The Nation's editor ha recommended.

At the end of the war, Th Nation vigorously supported tl United Nations, but declared, tv months after the bombing of Hir shima and Nagasaki, that the atom bomb had made imperative the esta lishment of a world government. order for this to happen, "psych logical disarmament between tl United States and Russia" was nece sary. The United States, said Th Nation, was "rightly apprehensi about the increasing intransigence Russia when any issue affecting Ea ern Europe is raised," but we ou selves had vast plans for milita bases in the Pacific. The only ro to peace was an agreement wherel each side "would have to recogni that only through the sacrifice particular and unilateral schemes security can a genuine system mutual trust be achieved."

Since the early 1940s J. Alvar Del Vayo, former Foreign Minist of the Spanish republic, had edit a "Political War Section" of t weekly. After the war, he becan European editor, then foreign edit and also became the subject of inten controversy at The Nation a among Nation readers. Del Va was a left-wing Socialist who duri the Civil War had fallen out w members of the Spanish Social Party over the question of coope tion with the Communists. In book, *The Last Optimist* (1950) I Vayo said:

> I have never made any secret of sympathies for the Russian Revo tion; . . . in the Socialist party have advocated unity of action w the Communists against Fascist reactionary attempts to seize pow

Del Vayo was not completely uncritical of the Communists in his NATION articles; discussing the European Socialists in December, 1946, he said that they must find a way to work with the Communists "without being swallowed up or dominated by them," and that the "French masses dislike many aspects of Soviet foreign policy." But, just as American "cold warriors" during the late forties and early fifties exhibited a strong tendency to blame all of the world's ills on the Communists abroad or in the United States, so Del Vayo was inclined to hold American foreign policy chiefly responsible for threats to world peace. Certainly the "hawks" have played a dangerous role in the United States since the end of World War II; Walter Lippmann recently recalled in his syndicated newspaper column that back in the late 1940s

> when the cold war had begun, when Stalin was at his worst, I was invited to lunch in the Pentagon with a high official. The object of the lunch was to persuade me to write articles in favor of launching a preventive war against the Soviet Union.

Lippmann then observed that he did not write the articles,

> but the luncheon made a profound impression on me, particularly in the years which have followed during which the Soviet Union has emerged from Stalinism.

One may safely guess that there were few advocates of preventive war among readers of THE NATION. But many reasonable readers, who were far from taking what E. L. Godkin called the "pugilistic view" of international relations, found Del Vayo too much inclined to give the Russians the benefit of every doubt. His was not the only NATION voice on foreign affairs, and the Eighty-Fifth Anniversary issue of the journal, dated December 16, 1950, contained twenty-five articles expressing diverse views on the subject, "Peace with Russia: Can it be Negotiated?" H. Stuart Hughes's essay accepted the necessity of the "containment" policy, but declared that containment of Russia did not exclude the possibility of negotiation:

> A sensible foreign policy can be based on the recognition that Communists—on both sides of the iron curtain—have real and pressing reasons for being what they are.

Hans Morgenthau, Isaac Deutscher, R. H. S. Crossman, and Claude Bourdet were among the contributors to this symposium, which raised a question that was widely considered taboo in the America of 1950. Neither the Korean war nor the special "anti-communism" of Senator Joe McCarthy made the time propitious for talk of peace.

IN THE MONTH of February, 1951, Clement Greenberg, who had been regular art critic for THE NATION between 1943 and 1949, sent to *The New Leader,* a Socialist weekly, a letter which he had addressed to THE NATION, and which Freda Kirchwey had refused to publish. The letter, published by *The New Leader* in its issue of March 19, charged that Del Vayo's column was conducted in such a way as to parallel the Soviet propaganda line and that THE NATION was, in effect, "committed" to the service of the Soviet government. THE NATION immediately instituted a libel suit, as it had warned *The New Leader* it would if the Greenberg letter were published, against both Greenberg and *The New Leader.* In its issue of March 31, THE NATION stated that it had not published the Greenberg letter because the statements it contained were clearly false and defamatory; a periodical has a public as well as a private duty, said THE NATION, not to spread untrue and malicious statements.

In September, 1955, the suit was finally settled without cost to any party, on the following basis: THE NATION publicly stated that the Greenberg letter had "contained improper charges and allegations beyond the area of legitimate discussion and dissemination"; *The New Leader* publicly said that it had not intended to commit an act of defamation, but "according to their conception of free journalistic discussion, to express their vigorous objection to the contents of the Del Vayo column in THE NATION."

Del Vayo remained Foreign Editor of THE NATION until 1955, when he retired from that position and became European correspondent of the week-

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ly. At present, THE NATION's European correspondent is Alexander Werth, who has been contributing regularly to the journal for many years.

There was disagreement among NATION readers as to whether or not the journal should have published and replied to the Greenberg letter. But on another controversial issue the journal had widespread public support. In July, 1948, THE NATION was banned in the public schools of New York City; this move followed the publication in 1947 and 1948 of articles by Paul Blanshard that sharply criticized various policies of the Roman Catholic Church. Among those who opposed the ban there were people who objected on various grounds to what Blanshard had said or to the way in which he had said it, but who insisted that the basic issue was the right of freedom of inquiry. Archibald MacLeish became chairman of an Ad Hoc Committee to Fight the Ban, whose members included Henry Seidel Canby, Lewis Gannett, Christopher LaFarge, Herbert H. Lehman, G. Bromley Oxnam, Eleanor Roosevelt, and J. Raymond Walsh. Organizations that joined in the fight included the American Civil Liberties Union, the Authors League, the Teachers' Union, and the Teachers' Guild. While the efforts of an impressive segment of the American intellectual and cultural community were not quickly crowned with success, the ban was finally lifted—in January, 1963.

IN ADDITION TO pressing for an end to the cold war, and supporting the United Nations against international chaos, THE NATION has given particular attention since 1945 to the problems of civil liberties, civil rights, and automation. The weekly praised Truman in 1948 for his civil rights stand (it had praised him in 1947 for his veto of the Taft-Hartley Labor Law), but opposed his loyalty program—which it later looked upon as pre-McCarthyism. THE NATION endorsed no Presidential candidate in 1948; Freda Kirchwey observed in a January editorial that if Henry Wallace were to make a strong run he would probably send a reactionary Republican to the White House and throw several good progressives out of Congress. She also noted that labor was not supporting Wallace, and that a third-party movement would fall into the hands of the Communists, "whose decisions are controlled by interests unrelated to the needs and desires of Henry Wallace's 'common man'. . . ."

In June, 1950, a few months after McCarthy had launched his attack on the State Department, the editor of THE NATION wrote of "The McCarthy Blight":

> Perhaps Senator McCarthy is teaching us a necessary lesson. As a people we have been innocent long enough, regarding as fantastic the notion that we, like Germans or Russians or Argentines, could be governed by the power of slander and denunciation. Today, the informer, having been used too freely by the law and so given audience and respectability, is turning on the law, his unproved charges spread on the record countered only by the denials even from high officials of the government itself.

THE NATION endorsed Stevenson for President in 1952, expressing confidence in his essential democracy and liberalism, but also voicing concern over what it considered his exaggeration of the danger of communism in America. Eisenhower, of whom THE NATION was to have a better opinion in the late fifties, was strongly criticized for his endorsement of Senators McCarthy and Jenner.

Early in December, 1952, THE NATION published an editorial called "Anti-Semitism and Power Politics," in which it commented both on the purge of former leaders of the Czech Communist Party, and on the sentencing to death of the convicted spies, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg:

> The Rosenbergs were found guilty of espionage, not treason, and the offense was committed at a time when Russia was an ally in World War II. Even in treason cases the death penalty has been imposed only twice by our civilian courts; it has never been imposed in espionage cases. The Rosenbergs are entitled to mercy as individuals. . . . But none of these considerations justifies in any way the attempt of the Communist Party to exploit the issue of anti-Semitism in the Rosenberg trial while remaining silent about its use as an instrument of Soviet policy at Prague. For such tactics we have only contempt. The "Great Zionist Conspiracy" unveil at Prague will not find many take in this country, unless it be amo the more gullible followers of Gera L. K. Smith. . . .

In 1954, the Supreme Court su plied what Carey McWilliams calle a "fine antidote to the blight of M Carthyism and kindred fevers"—t decision outlawing segregation American public education. Wi pride and humor, McWilliams d clared:

> The decision was especially welcon at this time since it enabled us an our friends abroad for the first tin in some years to be equally and s multaneously enthusiastic about a important announcement from Wasl ington.

But THE NATION found in Apri 1956, that the civil rights progra presented to the Congress by Eise hower was less comprehensive tha the one Truman had recommende in February, 1948.

While continuing throughout th late fifties and early sixties to su port the drive for civil rights in a parts of the country, THE NATION h also attempted to come to grips wit the complex problem of automatio An article in April, 1955, suggeste a shorter work week, rather than guaranteed annual wage, as a dire answer to automation. In 1958, th British scientist Bronowski, lookin forward to the year 2000, predicte that all the repetitive tasks of industr would be taken over by machines. "W simply waste our time," he said, " we oppose this change; it is as inev table as the year 2000 itself—an just as neutral."

The facts are neutral; the value that are to govern them, as Bronows was indicating, will be determined b men. THE NATION attempted, durin the post-war years, to point us towar future that will be a time for men nd not, in Malraux's words, "a time contempt."

VII

Literature and Ideas: 1933-1955

HE NATION SAID AFTER Thorstein eblen's death in August, 1929, that en schoolboys now knew about onspicuous consumption" and the her ideas set forth in *The Theory of e Leisure Class.* The St. Louis soalites who in the winter of 1931 ayed at being poor by holding a overty ball" probably did not innd to illustrate Veblen's thesis. But eir party, of which THE NATION ve a brief account, must have conituted for many thinking people one ore sign of social rot. Some of these eople had even been able to agree ith Michael Gold's attack on Thornton Wilder's fiction: "Where are the cotton mills, and the murder of Ella May and her songs? Where are the child slaves of the beet fields? Where are the stockbroker suicides, the labor racketeers or the passion and death of the coal miners?" *The New Republic,* which in October, 1930, published this denunciation by the editor of *The New Masses,* received so many letters about it that after several months it called off the controversy "on account of darkness." Henry Hazlitt's counterattack on Gold in the November 26, 1930, NATION declared:

> Hardly have we emerged from a wave of humanist criticism, which rated a work of fiction low or high in direct relation to the amount of will-to-refrain exhibited by its hero, than we are hit by a wave of Communist criticism, which hoots or hails a work of art in proportion as it seems to oppose, ignore, or support the opinions of a German economist who died in 1883.

Hazlitt asserted that Gold's proletarian literary standard would collapse the reputations of Goethe, Shakespeare, Racine, Sophocles, Aeschylus and Homer.

A year and a half later, Edmund Wilson wrote in *The New Republic* that the Gold-Wilder case marked the eruption of the Marxist issue out of radical literary circles into the field of general criticism. "It has now become plain," he said, "that the economic crisis is to be accompanied by a literary one."

The nostalgia of the American business community for the "never-never land" of pure laissez faire is doubly ironic. In the first place, the business community sought, as long as it could, to bend political power to its ends, violating every principle of free enterprise. The tariff policy of the Republican Party is certainly not in harmony with the principles of laissez faire; nor were such devices as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which, originally conceived in the Hoover era, was designed to bail out some of the weakest units of American business. Protests rose against the use of political power in economic life when the masses began to use it to broaden their economic opportunities, to check the centralization of economic power, and to assure basic economic security. The American business community tried desperately to prove the truth of the Marxist theory that political power is always the slave of the dominant economic power. The theory was refuted through the discovery by the common people that their political power could be used to redress economic imbalances.

—Reinhold Niebuhr,
The Nation, 1950

DURING THE 1930s, the terms of intellectual discussion tended to be "commitment" rather than—as in the 1920s—"criticism," "order" rather than "freedom," "group" or "collective" rather than "individual." Few intellectuals joined the Communist Party, but many felt obliged to define their relation to it. Granville Hicks charged in *The New Masses* in 1937 that some four years previously the book-review section of THE NATION had seceded from the rest of the magazine, and had remained in rebellion. THE NATION said in reply that it was not divided, and it called "unjustified" Hicks's charge "that we have deliberately selected anti-Communist reviewers" for books dealing with Communist policy or with Soviet Rus-

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sia. “We have tried,” said The Nation,

> to avoid obviously partisan reviewers, and this means that we have deliberately chosen non-Communists to review such books. What earthly end could be gained by inviting “a party spokesman,” as Mr. Hicks proposes, to review books on communism or allied subjects? . . . “Spokesmen” are not critics. . . . The fact is, the area of free criticism is narrowing around our feet. Those who do not write as spokesmen for the Communist line too often reveal themselves as spokesmen for some other—opposition partisans fully as biased, and therefore fully as untrustworthy, as critics. But there are writers who still remain outside the intellectual trade barriers that surround the various totalitarian camps, and in dealing with controversial books we shall do our best to choose our reviewers from among them.

While there was no “secession” by The Nation’s book-review section, it is true that Joseph Wood Krutch, Dorothy Van Doren—who was an associate editor of the weekly until 1936—and Margaret Marshall were less committed to radical social reform than were the editors of the front of the magazine—Freda Kirchwey, Maxwell Stewart, Arthur Warner and, in the late thirties, Max Lerner. The general orientation of The Nation’s literary criticism was humanistic (not “new” humanistic), in the sense that books and plays were discussed in the light of human, rather than “class” or “state” or purely aesthetic interests.

Nation articles on art also reflected this point of view. Walter Pach, discussing in August, 1933, a Museum of Modern Art exhibition that began with pictures painted after the death of Delacroix, linked individual talent to a tradition:

> To see the glorious works of Cézanne and Renoir, Redon and Dégas, is to be convinced that there is no break with the genius of the earlier time. . . . One continues with the three splendid canvases by Seurat, and again one feels that the complete range of paintings from a profound constructive plan at the start to exquisite control of nuances at the finish, remains open to modern man.

In the next number of The Nation, Suzanne LaFollette criticized what she regarded as the unintelligently nationalistic policy of a group called “the Advance American Art Commission.” Part of its policy, she said, seemed to be the announcing of its “regret” when a foreign artist was engaged to decorate an American building. Among the artists the Commission most regrets, said Suzanne LaFollette,

> are the two foremost modern fresco painters, Rivera and Orozco (whose American ancestry, by the way, goes back far beyond that of any member of the Commission).

Good artists know, she observed, that it is much more important that art shall be good than that it shall be national.

While Pach wrote in praise of what the Marxists tended to consider “bourgeois” tradition, and Suzanne LaFollette deprecated an unwise nationalism in art that she compared to the nationalistic movement in industry and commerce, Joseph Wood Krutch wrote with discrimination about sociological plays. In October, 1932, he praised both John Howard Lawson’s *Success Story*—it was “something to put one’s teeth into”—and the new Group Theatre for producing it. A few months later, however, he was sharply critical of Elmer Rice’s *We, the People*. Krutch began his review by saying that those who consider art a weapon need styles as revolutionary as their intentions, “and they have not developed them.” *We, the People,* while engaging our sympathies and concern for the problems of a group of individuals, did not carry the process of typification far enough “to make them pure symbols.” If the drama of social forces was to deal effectively with them, “it must do it so clearly that the human beings involved will seem to us more than merely rather colorless individuals.”

Clifford Odets, Krutch found in 1934, had succeeded in developing a form appropriate to his art-is-a-weapon belief. In *Waiting for Lefty,* the talented author of *Awake and Sing* had written a “soapbox” drama that was an effective equivalent of soapbox oratory. Krutch clearly was not swept away by Odets’ message, but admired this young playwright who had “the full courage of his conviction.”

The Nation published left-wi reviewers as well as traditional h manistic ones. Clifton Fadiman, coı paring Hemingway to Byron in January, 1933 piece, found a “ne of fatality” in both writers. This ne was “a kind of splendid, often ve beautiful, disease of the imaginati noticeable during periods of soc decay.” Taken together with Fa man’s characterization of Hemin way as “the frontiersman of the loi heart and biceps,” this observati reminds one of Malraux’s dictu about men who were both active a pessimistic: they tended to becor Fascists. Fadiman did not make a prediction about Hemingway’s po tics, but stressed the disparity b tween the beauty of his style and t morbid aspect of his subject matt

William Troy approached Hemin way from a different angle in a view of *Winner Take Nothing*. Wh criticizing Hemingway’s increasi

> The one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Horatio Alger has passed uncelebrated in these columns. Apparently it passed equally unnoticed in a good many others, for the Children’s Aid Society was moved by the general lack of excitement to investigate the state of Alger’s fame in the ranks of the youngest generation, and has come to the conclusion that the man who was once by far the most popular writer for boys in America has fallen very low indeed. . . . Putting aside the nice ethical questions involved in the effort to evaluate the exact degree of moral beauty to be discovered in the general injunction “Be good so you can get rich,” it is to be observed that all Alger’s insistence upon the duty of thrift did not prevent him from being extremely improvident or from dying poor, and we are inclined to believe that the effect of his work could be pretty accurately measured by its effect upon him. If detective novels and gangster movies do the youth of the land no more harm than the Alger books did their fathers good, then the youngest generation is safe.
>
> — Editorial, *The Nation*, 1932

fondness for morbid subjects and abnormal characters—he "is in danger of becoming as *fin de siècle* as his contemporary, William Faulkner"—Troy found him "preeminently the type of pure artist, concentrated on experience and on its disciplined expression in literature."

Just as The Nation offered its readers both Fadiman and Troy on Hemingway, so it presented both Edward Dahlberg's violent attack (in an unfavorable review of Caldwell's *God's Little Acre*) on John Dos Passos, and Lionel Trilling's vigorous retort. Dahlberg referred to the "meretriciously naive vernacular" of *1919,* to the "blear-eyed camera eye," and a "sprawling, perforated narrative, dappled and dimpled with girlish Joycisms, which is as competent as the unheightened journalese of *Dodsworth,* one of Sinclair Lewis' worst novels." Trilling objected to Dahlberg's "summary execution of most of his fellow-writers of proletarian literature," and also accused Dahlberg of quoting as Dos Passos' own opinion a passage from the Modern Library introduction to *Three Soldiers* that Dos Passos had clearly intended to be an "ironical description of the discreditable artistic philosophy of thoughtless, second-rate novelists."

Still another comment on Dos Passos and *1919* (The Nation, incidentally, had put the book on its Honor Roll for 1932), was Charles Yale Harrison's article, "Proletarian Literature Sans-Culottes," which pointed out that *1919* had been criticized by Communists both in Russia and the United States because "this astonishingly original novel failed to end on a note of class struggle."

Jacob Zeitlin's article celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of Montaigne's birth was by implication an attack on Communist ethical standards. Montaigne, said Zeitlin, had placed the principle that would enable men to give some order and meaning to their lives in "the conscience of the individual." The French essayist had held that beauty, not usefulness, was the criterion of a good action.

There is a kind of cousinship between this humanism and the "new" humanism of Babbitt and More. But the modern Nation's literary editors had a lively appreciation of bread, wine and sex, and their style was relaxed as well as controlled. An editorial in December, 1933, welcomed the legalizing of both liquor and Joyce's *Ulysses,* and noted that copies of *Ulysses,* carried on the hip, "gave young collegians a kind of prestige comparable to that achieved by a pocket flask." The Nation regretted only that it had not been possible for Federal Judge Woolsey to expose a legal fiction: whether or not *Ulysses* stirred the sex impulses was not, said the journal, the real issue. "At least half the recognized diversions of mankind" were intended to stir those impulses to a greater or less extent; if the law were to attempt to interfere with such diversions, "it would be necessary . . . to raid the very dances sponsored by the Young Women's Christian Association."

Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* was barred from the United States by the legal fiction to which The Nation referred. It was, however, bootlegged by American tourists who picked it up in Paris and who, once they docked in New York, could go to see *Tobacco Road.* Krutch, reviewing the play (whose long run was a sign of shifting public taste: *Abie's Irish Rose* had been the hit of the twenties) said that the mood dominating Caldwell's writing was that of "a grotesque and horrible humor." How had Caldwell been able to make his repulsive material funny? Krutch decided that the characters in *Tobacco Road* were so nearly subhuman that their actions were almost without human meaning; thus one could feel detached from them, and laugh. Krutch was troubled by the "ambiguity" of Caldwell's point of view, but took a "keen professional interest" in Caldwell's talent.

> Until something else more urgent arises to draw people together and as long as the little fellow can pay his dues, the professional organizers will continue to lead Elks and Redmen and Veiled Prophets and Mystic Shriners and Legionnaires and their wives and little ones in brainless antics, decked in fatuous costumes, behind really excellent marching bands (that's one thing we do well) from convention city to convention city across the country. And steadily the American passion for a smooth-running machine, if nothing else, will tend to eliminate troublesome ideas, outstanding personalities, and dissenters who ask awkward questions about how and in what direction the parade is being led.
>
> —John Dos Passos, *The Nation,* 1936

Marxist critics had difficulty sharing the grotesque laughter of Caldwell, which seemed to negate the possibility of "changing life." Louis-Ferdinand Céline's *Journey to the End of the Night* also presented a problem to Marxists. Haakon Chevalier, reviewing the book in The Nation, was greatly impressed by

> the extraordinary imagery, the inexhaustible flood of metaphor by which everything that it touches is recreated. With this goes a language more personal, rich, pungent, and brutal than anything that has come out of France, possibly, since the sixteenth century.

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But Chevalier was "a little appalled" to find that Céline got no farther than a mere statement of the intolerable wretchedness of the masses:

> The most despairing thing about this book is the author's complete lack of political orientation. It seems as if he himself had been, like his hero, morally crushed.

Different in tone was Lionel Abel's discussion of Malraux's fiction. Abel commented that the novels of Lawrence, Proust, Joyce and Mann were negations of the reality of the individual, and that the Marxists see in these works "nothing but the decay of the bourgeois world." Malraux's proletarian heroes, however, were highly individualized: Malraux's individualism consisted in "weaving into oneself the mechanical actions of a mass man with the necessity to remain distinct and know oneself as such." Able then observed:

> If this were an impossible ideal—and Malraux has shown us men realizing it—we might expropriate the expropriators and make of society a lyric of equilibrium without anyone ever attending to the felicity of being a man.

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This interesting review reflects not dogmatic optimism, but a hope that the proletarian revolution would not simply substitute mass men for selfish individual egos. Thus Abel's intellectual position was somewhere between that of Chevalier and that of Krutch. Chevalier, who could feel the power of a pessimistic book, found pessimism itself a fault. Krutch, doubtful that "singing tomorrows" would ever come, was able to laugh at and somewhat uneasily admire a virtually hopeless play.

IN JANUARY, 1935, a NATION editorial called "For Art's Sake?" stated a proposition that probably would not have surprised most careful readers of NATION criticism. To attempt to choose, said the editorial, between art for propaganda and art for art's sake was to create a completely unreal dilemma:

> The question is not whether art should exist for humanity, but what it is that art can do for that humanity to which it so obviously belongs.

Krutch had given an answer to that question in *Was Europe a Success?* Art was

> essentially a form of rationalized and extended Contemplation, designed primarily to render more vivid and assimilable those experiences which are capable of being enjoyed for their own sakes.

"Disinterestedness" was necessary for the rendering of such experiences.

As if in response to Krutch, R. P. Blackmur's NATION review of *It Can't Happen Here* questioned the value of disinterestedness in a time of crisis. Sinclair Lewis' book, he conceded, was a weapon of intellect rather than a novel; there was "nowhere in it the ultimate persuasiveness of language as an art," but there was much "vehemently presented fact which at the ripe time does as well." *It Can't Happen Here* held a lesson for American liberals: in a comparatively stable society the liberal could "afford to be disinterested and is most valuable so," but in a disintegrating society he must act. Blackmur was not defending "art as propaganda"; he was saying that Lewis' book, while hardly art, was excellent propaganda, and that in 1935 (the time of Hitler, Huey Long, Coughlin) liberals had better pay attention to it.

Max Lerner's review, in 1936, of *The Big Money*, somewhat resembled Blackmur's piece. The important difference was that Lerner considered Dos Passos an excellent artist as well as a social analyst. But it was primarily Dos Passos as "the Veblen of American fiction," and Dos Passos' "belief in American life" that interested Lerner. One of the "Camera Eye" passages, said Lerner, "contains affirmation as well as irony":

> I go home after a drink and a hot meal . . . and ponder the course of history and what leverage might pry the owners loose from power and bring back (I too Walt Whitman) our story book democracy.

To Lerner, Dos Passos' art was not "disinterested" and "contemplative" but partisan and activist. Blackmur had called *It Can't Happen Here* a lesson for American liberals. Lerner was saying something like this abou *The Big Money.*

William Troy proceeded fron what could be called the "opposite" point of view in his discussion o Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!* Troy indicated that he did not share Faulkner's "vision of existence" but saic that "to reject the vision is not necessarily to reject the book." (It is unlikely that Blackmur and Lerner, i they had rejected the "visions" of—respectively—Lewis and Dos Passos would have bothered to write th reviews discussed above.) *Absalom Absalom!* said Troy, "possesses th awful impressiveness that comes fron exhausting any attitude or vision however wrong and one-sided, of it last measure of intensity."

THE GREAT IMPRESSION that Fran Kafka's works have made upon botl European and American intellectual is probably due to the fusion o "rightness" and intensity in his vision William Phillips, reviewing *The Tria* (1937) in THE NATION shortly befor becoming editor of *The Partisan Review* in its anti-Stalinist phase, said o Kafka:

> . . . . It is a tribute to his power that already admirers of his wor

> are using his discoveries to identify certain situations and entanglements in their own environment as typically Kafkian.

t is notable that Kafka, who died in 924, was to seem increasingly releant during the years that followed he English translation of *Der Prozess.* George Bernanos' *Diary of a ountry Priest,* which had more in ommon with Kafka's fiction than vith contemporary naturalistic works, vas reviewed by Justin O'Brien at the nd of 1937. O'Brien compared Beranos to Dostoevski, observing that he priest who was the unheroic hero f the *Diary*—and of all of Bernanos' vorks—had "the same complexity, he same sudden illuminations, and he same naïveté of soul" as Dosoevski's characters.

The atmosphere of the works of ernanos and Kafka was to seem nore "real" to most serious post-Vorld War II novelists than the atnosphere of *The Grapes of Wrath* 1939). But Louis Kronenberger, at he end of a review in which he had listinguished between what was trong (the "superb tract" was "thorughly animated fiction") and what vas weak (Steinbeck was "still selfndulgent, still undisciplined") in the iovel, observed:

> . . . . one does not take leave of a book like this in a captious spirit. One salutes it as a fiery document of protest and compassion, as a story that had to be told, as a book that must be read. It is, I think, one of those books —there are not very many—which really do some good.

ronenberger, like Blackmur in his eview of *It Can't Happen Here,* was nore impressed by the immediate iuman importance of the book he vas discussing than with its artistic imitations. He probably would not iave bet on the prospects for *The rapes of Wrath* under the aspect of ternity, but he evidently thought hat this moving book about displaced harecroppers might inspire some acion on their behalf.

N ATTEMPTING TO SUM up THE NATION'S approach to literature during he 1930s, we may say this: the cenral tendency was to treat books "disnterestedly," to judge them in terms of their success in fusing form and ontent. Another tendency was to value books chiefly—although not solely—insofar as they constituted effective social weapons. The critics who adopted the second approach had become somewhat impatient with "traditional" humanistic standards because those standards did not seem to take account of social changes and upheavals. A book that was unsatisfactory in terms of traditional criteria might help (so many of these critics believed) to bring about salutary social change.

During and after World War II, European and American literature reflected increasingly the preoccupations of men and women who found themselves in a "Kafkian" world. Traditional standards of behavior somehow seemed inapplicable, yet other standards appeared to be worse. Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* (1941) and George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949) illustrated these feelings. Louis Salomon, reviewing Koestler's novel in the NATION, said:

> . . . the most amazing thing about the book . . . is the austere economy with which Mr. Koestler has compressed one of the most crucial dilemmas of totalitarian political philosophy into a compact, meaty novel . . . presenting at once a vividly conceived personal tragedy and an ideological conflict of the first magnitude.

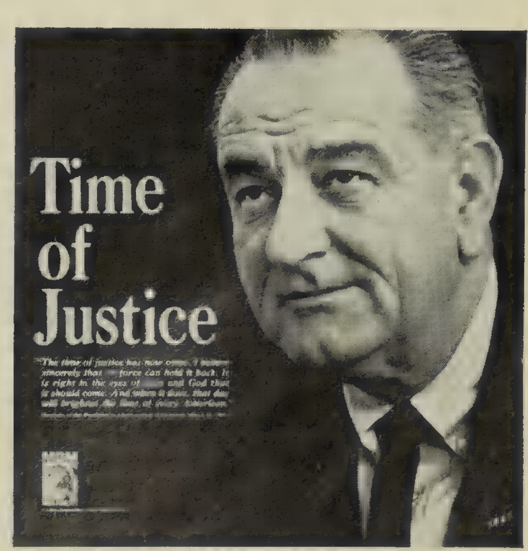
Diana Trilling found Orwell's apocalyptic vision brilliant, but was disturbed by the book's "implacable tone and the enormous pressure it exerts upon the readers." She would not ask for "quietism as the method of combating the passions which are destroying modern life," but she wished there were

> more of what E. M. Forster calls the "relaxed will" in at least those of us who, like Mr. Orwell, are so acutely aware of the threats of power.

Salomon's and Diana Trilling's reviews exemplify a widespread tendency among critics during the forties and after. They became chiefly concerned about the brutal uses to which power could be put, and about a queer change that seemed to have taken place in the quality of life. Louis Kronenberger wrote an essay after the war in which he, like Diana Trilling, contrasted the "relaxed" will

"The Time of Justice

. . . has now come. I believe sincerely that no force can hold it back. It is right in the eyes of man and God that it should come. And when it does, that day will brighten the lives of every American." *Words for our time . . . for all time. President Johnson's message delivered to a joint session of Congress on March 15th is now available on*



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with the excessive modern intensity, and Clifton Fadiman commented on a general "decline of attention" to the printed word. An anxious intensity combined with distractedness seemed to be the public mood: it was not one which favored either traditional humanism or the social criticism of the thirties.

Lionel Trilling, who in the thirties had been chiefly a "social" critic of literature, became primarily a "moral" one; his NATION review of Richard Wright's autobiographical *Black Boy* (1945) observed that the sociological aspect of this "remarkably fine book" was

> the field—I will not say *merely* the field—for a notable exercise of the author's moral and intellectual power.

Wright had not made himself simply a "sufferer," an object. He was a subject, "the same kind of person as his reader, as complex, as free."

Trilling's language, the context of his reference to "subject," and "object," point to his interest in existentialism. Joseph Wood Krutch, on the other hand, began his December, 1946 review of Sartre's play, *The Flies*, by saying, "Of existentialism I knew only what I read in the papers—including THE NATION." He went on to say that so far as he could see, existentialism

> neatly combines the disadvantages of religious faith with those of nihilistic atheism. It seems, in other words, to assert moral responsibility while at the same time insisting that virtue has no reward, and it thus enables M. Sartre to revive the ancient proclamation, "There is no God and I am his prophet."

Krutch noted the difference between the reaction of an American audience, which considered the play a *tour de force*, and that of a Parisian one to which *The Flies* "obviously means something." To Krutch, existentialism was essentially "a state of nerves." He continued to admire O'Neill's plays, and in a review of *The Iceman Cometh*, said that what set O'Neill apart from other playwrights was "a depth of passionate sincerity, an intensity of emotional conviction, almost monumentally impressive."

Diana Trilling, who had found Orwell too intense, praised Sartre's "relaxed command of language" in *The Age of Reason*, and found it "a document in an extraordinarily interesting moral research." But she was worried about the implications of Sartre's philosophy: might not the existentialist "choose the State . . . might not the final act of freedom be the free choice to give up all purely personal freedom?" The questions remind one of those raised by Lionel Trilling in *The Middle of the Journey*.

Diana Trilling admired and liked *The Victim*, partly because Saul Bellow had challenged the clichés of "progressive thought" in this novel about the ambiguous relationships between a Jew and an anti-Semite. Essentially, what both Lionel and Diana Trilling were looking for in literature was a kind of moral virility combined with disinterestedness.

Like many other critics who during the 1930s had placed a high value on "commitment," they now found
"independence" more importa
Rolfe Humphries' NATION revi
praising Ezra Pound's *Pisan Can*
declared that they were "beautifu
written," and with humorous but
liberate independence, he commente
"Whatever idiocies he may have ba
bled into the Fascist radios . . .
Ez, in my opinion, has never been
traitor to the republic of letters. . .

A lecture on philosophy provokes a riot, with hundreds crowding in and thousands turned away. Books on philosophical problems preaching no cheap creed and offering no panacea but, on the contrary, so difficult as to require actual thinking sell like detective stories. Plays in which the action is a matter of words, not of plot, and which offer a dialogue of reflections and ideas run for months and are attended by enthusiastic crowds. Analyses of the situation of man in the world, of the fundaments of human relationship, of Being and the Void not only give rise to a new literary movement but also figure as possible guides for a fresh political orientation. Philosophers become newspapermen, playwrights, novelists. They are not members of university faculties but "bohemians" who stay at hotels and live in the cafe—leading a public life to the point of renouncing privacy. And not even success, or so it seems, can turn them into respectable bores. . . . The name of the new movement is "Existentialism" . . .

—Hannah Arendt, *The Nation*, 1946

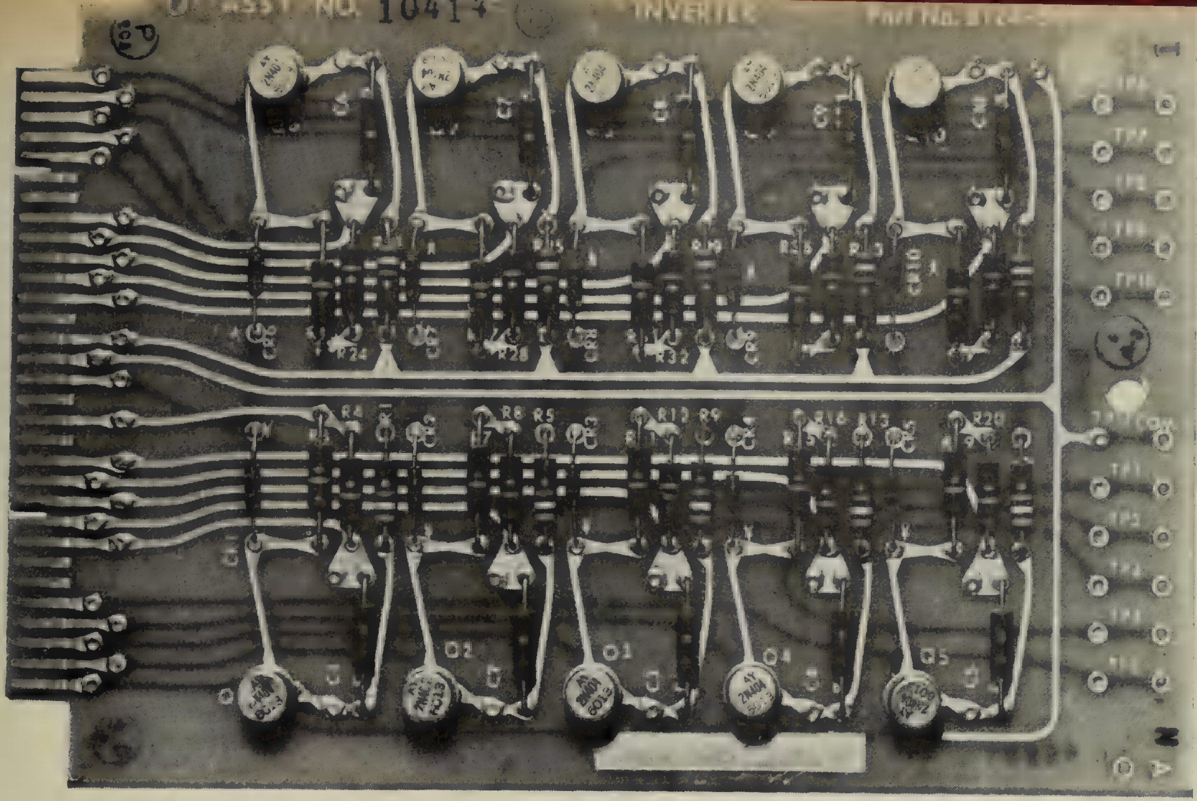
Not all NATION criticism during t
decade after the war was in the v
of revised humanism (such as that
the Trillings) or traditional humani
(like that of Krutch). An essay
Camus, by René Blanc-Roos, prais
the savagely ironic plays, *Calig*
and *Cross-Purpose*, but dismiss
The Stranger as a French equival
of *Of Mice and Men*, and found *T*
Plague far inferior to "what I think
certainly the best French novel of t
1940s, Aragon's *Les Voyageurs*
l'Impériale." Blanc-Roos' revi
harks back to the social criticism
the 1930s.

What was perhaps most evident
THE NATION's criticism, as in cri
cism elsewhere during the postw
years, was its tentativeness in the d
cussion of values. Critics could ag
that it was admirable for a writer
be independent and morally c
cerned, but they were not sure w
kind of relationship he could or sho
establish with his society. The "n
criticism," which virtually exclu
from discussion anything outside t
"work itself," was not much rep
sented in THE NATION's book
views. Many reviewers, howev
wondered just what, "out there,"
tion was related to.

S. Lane Faisen, in a NATION
view of André Malraux's *Voices*
Silence, declared that the artist, "
matter what his time and place, is t
true communicant of basic value
But the question remains: what ba
values can artists now believe in?
a review in 1957 of Camus' *The F*
Harvey Goldberg wrote:

> In the Resistance Camus confront
> history with his comrades a
> emerged with affirmation. It was
> a movement of absolute purity eit
> in action or motive, but it faced
> common enemy and made a coll
> tive protest. . . . The historic pr
> ess cried out for the understandi
> of a Camus!

Goldberg does not speak for all N



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TION reviewers; many of them would agree, however, that only through a humane collective attack on the problems of our savage world could art become a fully human achievement.

> Almost all formalities, within recent years, have followed into oblivion the dropping of cards and the paying of dinner calls. The rate of disuse is very rapid. When a famous and quite simple-mannered English author visited this country last summer, he found and relished the warm and easy human relations which his books had long urged on his own compatriots. But here his imagination was quickly outdone by reality. Going up to his host at the end of a pleasant evening, he uttered his thanks in a few direct words, only to find another guest at his elbow who waited until he had finished and then chimed in with an emphatic "Check!"—whereupon their host acknowledged the double courtesy with: "Take it easy, boys!"
> —Jacques Barzun, *The Nation*, 1948

VIII
A Backward and Forward Glance

In 1943, Freda Kirchwey transferred ownership of THE NATION to a nonprofit corporation, The Nation Associates, in which she asked subscribers to enroll as members at from ten dollars to one hundred dollars a year. The Associates, whose director was a dynamic woman named Lillie Shultz, constituted—along with the readers of the weekly—THE NATION's chief financial support until 1955. In that year, the increasing difficulty of financing the journal led to its sale: the issue of September 17, 1955, contained the announcement that Freda Kirchwey had resigned as Editor and Publisher, to be succeeded by George Kirstein and Carey McWilliams as Publisher and Editor, respectively. Kirstein had previously been executive vice-president of the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York; McWilliams, a lawyer and sociologist, had been on THE NATION's staff for a decade and an occasional contributor since the nineteen twenties.

Two and a half years before the change of ownership, Margaret Marshall, who had joined THE NATION in 1928 and been Literary Editor since 1937, ceased to be a member of the staff. Even before becoming Literary Editor, Miss Marshall had—like Joseph Wood Krutch—opposed THE NATION's position on the Moscow trials. She recalls, however, having had a free hand as editor of the literature and art pages, and observes that she published many pieces by writers who, during the thirties, forties and fifties, disagreed with THE NATION's stand on foreign affairs. In its issue of January 17, 1953, THE NATION announced "a series of changes which we believe will produce a more effective journal as well as a more economical one." Among the changes was the departure of Margaret Marshall, who had "been responsible for the integrity and high standards maintained by the book section." Miss Marshall agrees that THE NATION needed to economize in 1953, but strongly believes that as an employee who had handled every job on the weekly, she should have been offered one of the remaining editorial posts. She declined an invitation to stay on as drama critic because she did not wish to acquiesce in what she saw as an attempt to bring the book section in line with the rest of the paper. On January 31, 1953, THE NATION published a letter from one of its readers who feared that with Margaret Marshall's departure the book and art pages would lose their independence. The editors replied that politics had nothing to do with the case, "as we hope to prove week by week." The book section, they said, would continue to be "fully as authoritative and independent as it has been throughout its honorable history." The fact that such independent critics as Krutch, Merle Curti, Lewis Leary, Carlos Baker, Edmund Wilson and Irving Howe contributed to THE NATION after January, 1953, can be cited as a fulfilment of this promise. On the other hand, many readers of THE NATION remained convinced that Miss Marshall's dismissal was quite unjustified.

Krutch, who had been drama critic since 1937, was by 1953 living in Tucson, Arizona, for reasons of
health; he was succeeded by Haro
Clurman, a founder and director
the Group Theatre. From 1952
1963, the Managing Editor was Vi
tor H. Bernstein, a newspaperma
who, among other posts, had serve
as foreign editor and foreign corre
pondent of *PM* and *The Star*. Th
weekly had no Literary Editor unt
December, 1955, when Robert Hat
(who is now Managing Editor) to
charge of the Book and Arts Sectio
Before joining THE NATION, Hat
had had extensive editorial experienc
including a stint as film reviewer an
Literary Editor of *The New Repu*
lic. Benjamin Boretz is now the jou
nal's music critic, a position occupie
for many years by B. H. Haggin, a
thor of *Music for the Man Who E*
joys Hamlet. Among the predece
sors of Max Kozloff, present art crit
at THE NATION, were Cleme
Greenberg and S. Lane Faison.
new departure for the weekly und
McWilliams was the appointment of
science editor, Carl Dreher, wh
writes many of the unsigned editori
paragraphs. Denise Levertov selec
poetry for the THE NATION, an
Grandin Conover is now Litera
Editor.

THE NATION HAS CHANGED exte
sively, and not changed, since 186
The most significant shift occurre
in 1918, when Oswald Garrison Vi
lard transformed the journal fro
one devoted chiefly to the transmi
sion of culture to one that grapple
with the problems of its day, an
treated books and works of art as v
tal things. THE NATION's business h
never been primarily to report fact
but to interpret them from its ow
point of view, and to attempt to a
fect in some measure the course
events. The journal has not su
cumbed to suburbanization of t
heart. The many special reports
Fred Cook during the last deca
include articles on "Capital Punis
ment," "The F. B. I.," "The Sha
of New York," "The C. I. A.," "Ju
gernaut" (on the growing milita
industrial complex), and "The U
tras" (on the radical right wing in t
United States).
THE NATION has devoted partic
lar attention during recent years
the problems of automation, civ

Chimbote, Peru

Chimbote, Peru two years after the Peace Corps

The Peace Corps doesn't work miracles. Don't expect any.

The work is hard, the hours long—but the progress is slow. Two years later not much has changed in Chimbote—on the outside.

Inside, a lot has changed.

A child learned the alphabet and pretty soon will know how to use it.

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A health clinic was started. Maybe it won't solve all the medical problems of Chimbote, but at least it's a start.

These aren't miracles—only a start. And for the Peace Corps Volunteers that follow, the job of easing this community into the twentieth century might be a little easier. These are things the picture can't show. If you think you can take on a job where progress is never too obvious, put yourself in the picture.

Write: The Peace Corps,
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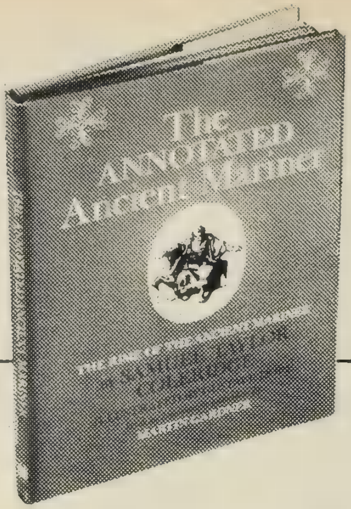

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rights, medical care and the conservation of natural resources. The journal has also denounced neo-colonialism from Hungary and Suez to Santo Domingo and Vietnam, called for recognition of Communist China because it exists, and urged that the countries of the world make the United Nations a strong force for the maintaining of peace.

It is clear that the human beings who have edited THE NATION have not always made wise decisions. But one hopes that the oldest weekly in the United States will survive for many years as an independent journal, struggling—in the words of the French philosopher, Emmanuel Mounier—against the "established disorder." For only in a just and free society could the good life be other than a dream.

Acknowledgments

The works of more writers than I can name here have helped make possible the writing of this history. Some of my debts are indicated in the text. The following list is intended to supplement these references, but includes only sources either cited or directly drawn upon in the essay.

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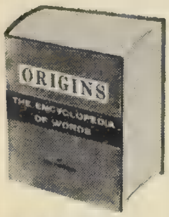

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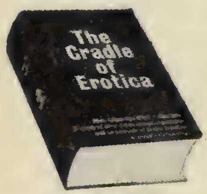

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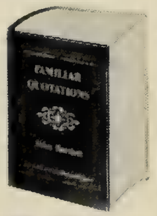

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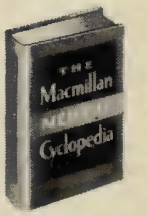

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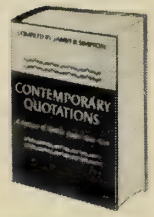

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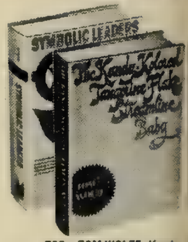

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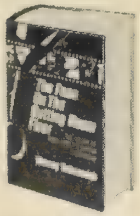

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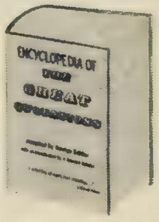

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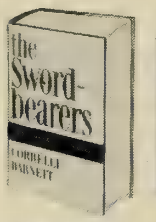

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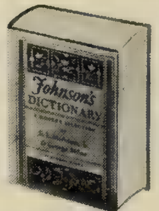

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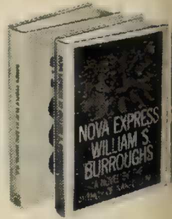

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THE NATION

September 27, 1965 . . 35c

THE NONSTUDENT LEFT

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Greece: WHAT THE PALACE FEARS . . . . Constantine Poulos

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Can We Live With Our Cars?

Elinor C. Guggenheimer

THE TYRANNY of CHARITY Wendell Berry

LETTERS

Dream worlds

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Carey McWilliams' marvelous editorial on Watts [*The Nation*, Aug. 30] coupled its two great events, Rodia's towers and the riot.

A year ago, I was one who went to see the former, rock blind to the ugly simmer in the environing slum. The one-man cathedral of self-assertion eerily assembled the junk of California around a European memory; the dream world of Southern California, like that other American dream world, the Old South, discharged its contempt for the past in the brutal contempt manifest in the lethargic, mock-pastoral slum. . . . If Southern California is to persist in its drive to be the launching platform of extra-terrestrial life, it will have to find an equivalent of Rodia's constructive genius to remove its mounting detritus. *Richard Stern*

Saucery

Clinton, Mass.

Dear Sirs: In view of the caliber of many of those who have the courage to report seeing these things, it hardly behooves Mr. Daniel Cohen to imply ["The Return of Flying Saucers," *The Nation*, Sept. 13] that all such persons are deceived or that those of us who are interested in getting at the truth are "nuts." I am one who saw "flying saucers" myself, back in February of 1952. . . . They were three huge silver disks, flying in a V formation, hovering, changing speeds, etc. . . .

As a member of NICAP and one who had a part in its organization, I must say that I resent the tone of Mr. Cohen's article and I also resent the fact that my favorite magazine should have published it. . . . I prefer to remember that Dr. Albert Einstein, when questioned about this subject is reported to have said: "These people are seeing something. . . ."

Albert H. Baller, Minister
German Congregational Church

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Your readers should not mistake Daniel Cohen's shotgun attack on saucerers for a calm, objective appraisal of the existing evidence of UFOs.

Last year we published a serious, well-documented, 200,000-word report, "The UFO Evidence," which was submitted to every member of Congress. It contained all of our best accumulated evidence up to that time. It also contained an *accurate* statement of our positions and "beliefs" (if Mr. Cohen prefers that word to "hypotheses"). . . .

The crackpots and con men, who inevitably are dragged into skeptical articles, really are irrelevant. . . . If Mr. Cohen cannot distinguish between crackpots and competent people, irrelevant mystical blatherings and logical arguments, we can. Pardon us for being discriminating. . . .

Richard Hall
Acting Director
National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP)

Beauty

Johnson, Vt.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations and thanks for the poem by Robert Duncan in your issue of Sept. 13. It's a beauty.

Hayden Carruth

Svenska Vietnamkommittén

Stockholm

Dear Sirs: A Swedish Vietnam Committee (Svenska Vietnamkommittén) was formed in Stockholm on August 19. It has at its start about sixty members, mostly well-known personalities in Swedish cultural life.

The aims of the committee are:

(*1*) To work for peace in Vietnam in accordance with the principles set down in the 1954 Geneva Agreements.

(*2*) To promote negotiations among all parties concerned, especially between the U.S.A. and the National Liberation Front (Vietcong).

(*3*) To support the strivings of the Swedish Government to help bring about peace in Vietnam.

(*4*) To pressure the U.S. Government (together with similar movements in other countries).

(*5*) To undertake a humanitarian action for the people of Vietnam.

(*6*) To spread accurate information on Vietnam.

(*7*) To assist Vietnam when the reconstruction of the country begins.

(*8*) To keep in touch with similar organizations in all countries.

The executive committee of the Svenska Vietnamkommittén includes as chairman, Stiv Jakobsson (chairman of the Swedish World Peace Mission); as vice chairman Hans Haste (a publisher); as secretary Jan Berglund (general secretary of the Youth Peace Society); and Bertil Svahnström (editor of *Freden*, chairman of the Swedish CND); Göte Jacobsson (captain in the Swedish army); Thomas Gerholm (a student).

The Svenska Vietnamkommittén is grateful for all information on medical aid programs, etc., and on ways and means for humanitarian actions in Vietnam. Please write to Bertil Svahnström, International Secretar
Svenska Vietnamkommittén, Jungfr
gatan 30, Stockholm Ö.

Bertil Svahnströ

THE
NATION

Monday, September 27, 1965
Volume 201, No. 9

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EDITORIALS

Who Said Irrational?

War is deplorable, and suddenly a large section of the American press and the commentators have found a war to deplore. Max Lerner calls the Pakistan-India conflict "the absurd war . . . fought by the wrong enemies, with the wrong weapons, over the wrong issues." *Newsweek's* caption on the same topic is "Senseless War on the Subcontinent." *The New York Times* heads its editorial "The Irrational War" and finds the cost out of all proportion to any possible gain. But actually, insofar as any war can make sense in the modern world, this one does—on the Pakistani side at least. It is an exceedingly inconvenient conflict for the United States, with its foreign policy shaped by the anti-Communist obsession and the defection of Pakistan as a paid-in-advance ally against the Soviet Union and Red China, but why should the Pakistanis dance to our tune when they are convinced that it no longer serves their interests?

The Pakistan-India controversy has been festering for seventeen years. It is as real a dispute as one can well imagine. It involves one of the basic ingredients of war—land. India has possession of territory, part of which certainly belongs to Pakistan. This Kashmir real estate, important in itself, is important also in connection with water rights, a vital element in irrigation projects. Millions of Indians and Pakistanis are hungry, and actual famine impends in both countries. War may make matters worse for one or both, but it cannot be said that there is nothing to fight about.

The same applies to the equities of the matter. When the Hindu maharajah of Kashmir decided to join India after the partition of 1947, war broke out, the UN intervened, Kashmir was divided, with India getting the major share, and a plebiscite was to be held to allow the predominantly Moslem Kashmiri to decide which country they preferred to join. India has successfully evaded this agreement, to the great frustration of successive Pakistani governments. Now, instead of merely stalling on the plebiscite, the Indian Government has incorporated Kashmir as an integral part of India. Prime Minister Shastri proclaims: "Kashmir is part and parcel of India . . . no power on earth can force us to surrender it." This is a declaration of force, and force begets force.

These considerations do not embrace all the issues nor tell the whole story. Part of Kashmir is indisputably Indian ethnically, part is indisputably Pakistani. Another part would apparently like to be independent of both countries but if forced to make a choice would probably opt for Pakistan. The right is not all on one side, but one can understand the Pakistanis' frustration. They have been more patient than governments usually are.

If we are looking for a truly senseless war on which to vent our righteous indignation, the American operation in Vietnam would seem to be an unbeatable choice. All but the most ardent war hawks wish we had never got into it, but with every week our commitment becomes larger and withdrawal more difficult. Our objectives are obscure. We do not want land, we do not want people, we already have enough bases in Asia. We maintain that we are fighting for the freedom of the people of South Vietnam, most of whom are indifferent or hostile to us, with only an unpopular minority committed to our cause. Such friends as we have we are in the process of alienating; one does not gain favor among a people by devastating their country, even in the name of all that is sacred. We are the victims of our own delusions, such as the "falling domino" theory, and the notion that the Chinese Reds will take fright when they see what we can do to the Vietnamese. If a *reductio ad absurdum* of war is sought, the place to look is not in India or Pakistan or Kashmir, but in the unhappy country on which our Army, Navy and Air Force are wreaking a senseless havoc.

Arms Diplomacy

The processes by which the armed forces classify information as secret are themselves secret. Thus the Pentagon has decreed that the amount of military aid we have given Pakistan and India is not to be revealed to the public which pays for these exports. However, the facts are known in a general way. Rep. James A. Haley (D., Fla.) says that in the past decade Pakistan has received $1.2 billion in military aid, India about one-tenth of that. Rep. Paul A. Fino (R., N.Y.) makes an estimate of a total of $2 billion of military aid for the whole subcontinent. Whether the smaller amount or the larger is correct, the outlay is well over a billion, with the Pakistanis getting the larger share, not because their cause was just, but because the Indians were reluctant to take sides with us against the Chinese and Russian Communists and the Pakistanis seemed a better investment.

In the case of Turkey and Greece the figures on military aid are accurately known. Senator Gruening points out that we have given $2.5 billion in military assistance to Turkey, and $1.7 billion to Greece. As the Pakistanis and Indians are now using our hardware against each other, the Turks and Greeks have similarly diverted U.S. weapons from their intended purpose, and may do so on a larger scale in the future.

Another possibility, equally unpleasant, is in prospect. As Constantine Poulos points out in this issue (p. 158) the Communists have come back strongly in Greece, fifteen years after their defeat in the civil war. American military aid may be used by Greeks against Greeks. If so, it is not difficult to predict which Greeks will be firing from American tanks and aircraft and which Greeks will be on the receiving end. Of course that would be no novelty. In Latin America and elsewhere American military aid, both in weapons and training, is calculated to aid the haves against the have-nots.

Such calculations can be hazardous, however, as the India-Pakistan situation shows. We armed both nations against communism, but they are fighting each other. Even more ironically, we are seeking the cooperation of a great Communist power, the USSR, in an effort to end that war, which is inconvenient for them as it is for us. Presumably, if this joint endeavor proves to be successful, the United States will then once again belabor the impossible Russians with might and main.

Meanwhile, the inscrutable Chinese watch and wait. They might be less inscrutable, and perhaps no more resistant to reason than other nations, if ours were not an arms diplomacy with but a single objective—putting down communism wherever it raises its head. *Newsweek*, which finds the Pakistan-India war so senseless, is beginning to show some sense in its appraisal of such a diplomacy. "The fighting," it comments, "uniquely demonstrated the frustrations—and the risks—of a foreign policy that turns largely on the single, controlling principle of anti-communism." Even so. But must it take so long to learn the facts of life? A single collection of *Nation* articles may be cited, just to show that "journals of opinion"—not *The Nation* alone—are often also journals of prophecy. Here is the list:

"The Ramparts We Rent," by O. Edmund Clubb, January 26, 1957; "Doctrine for Mideast Disaster," by Geoffrey Barraclough, March 2, 1957; "Muddle in Southeast Asia," by W. Macmahon Ball, March 16, 1957; "Gun Fever in Latin America," by Claudio Veliz, March 30, 1957.

How much loss of life and treasure, how much frustration and humiliation, could have been saved in the eight years since these essays appeared if a more enlightened policy had been followed! And what disasters could be avoided in the future.

National Embarrassment

The government's harassment of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers has become a national embarrassment. In 1956, fourteen officers and representatives of the union were indicted on a charge of "conspiring" to violate the non-Communist-affidavit provision of the Taft-Hartley Act. The case was tried in the midst of a bitter six-month strike in 1959 and resulted in convictions, although Section 9(h)—the non-Communist-affidavit provision of the Taft-Hartley Act—had been repealed six months before the trial took place! This conviction was reversed on appeal. The Justice Department then elected to retry the case—in 1963—and this conviction was sustained on appeal.

In the course of several later trials and appeals, five defendants were acquitted and three, who pleaded *nolo contendere*, were given suspended sentences. The entire elected leadership and staff of the union has testified under oath, before the Subversive Activities Control Board, that they are not Communists. The sixteen years of litigation have been, of course, an enormous drain on the union's resources. Today a wide range of AFL-CIO unions have indicated their support of the American Civil Liberties Union's amicus brief urging the Supreme Court to take jurisdiction. The case should be reviewed but, better still, it should be dismissed. "It is difficult," as Norman Thomas has pointed out, "to resist the conclusion that [in this case] the government was willing to do a little union-busting in the name of anti-communism, under the forms of law."

Passing the Buck

No one accuses the automobile manufacturers of being solely or even principally responsible for traffic fatalities and injuries [see "Can We Live With Our Cars?" by Elinor C. Guggenheimer, page 164]. They could, however, save thousands of lives yearly, and reduce the almost equally appalling toll of crippling injuries, by putting safety foremost in car design, instead of relegating it to some lower priority. The companies overstress the role of the driver in accidents, thereby relieving themselves of the onus of putting cars on the road which will kill the occupants not only in irremediably lethal collisions, but in accidents involving quite moderate kinetic energies, against which protection is entirely feasible. This policy serves still another purpose—it diverts criticism from the emphasis on speed, power and aggression in automobile advertising, on which the industry is now spending some $270 million a year.

In this process of "murder by motor," as the American Trial Lawyers Association calls it, the National Safety Council is an accomplice before the fact. In a ritual preceding each of the big holiday weekends, the Council expresses concern that a new record in auto fatalities will be set. It then uses the new total as the base for the same announcement the following year. After the last Labor Day slaughter the president of the Council declared that "many drivers will not or cannot cope with the complexities of today's traffic" and that "far too many miles of local and rural roads present deadly hazards to even careful drivers." This is all too true, but it is only part of the truth. If ever the Council has suggested that there might be too many vehicles (86 million) on the road, or that the automobile per se might be a factor, it has escaped notice amid the steady reiteration of the Council's formula over the years.

Since the most competent driver, on the best-engineered road, may be involved in an accident, one would think that he and his passengers should be packaged to minimize the effects of the "second collision" insid the vehicle. One would think that he is entitled to tha much for the several thousand dollars he plunks down for the several thousand pounds of unnecessarily large powerful and heavy machinery to which he entrusts his life and the lives of his loved ones. One would think that the Council would say as much, if only to justify its name.

The Council's pronouncements, however uninformative, receive the same respectful attention in the papers as a papal encyclical. This year a new theory was propounded—that the comfort of the modern car might be conducive to accidents. "With windows closed, air-conditioning on, the radio playing, the car moving smoothly and quietly," the Council tells us, "there is a tendency on the part of the driver to relax too much."

That may be, but if air conditioning has become essential for the good life, and all car windows must be closed for the required lowering of temperature, it is a major hazard in itself. The window next to the driver must be open enough to enable him to hear an overtaking car. the tire noise of his own car, and any unusual sounds that may portend trouble. Every competent driver knows this; he also knows that the radio must not be allowed to drown out these signals. Overheating a car in winter can also cause drowsiness and a possible accident, and so can carbon monoxide from the exhaust. But somehow, under the system of the annual model change and sales of 9 million cars a year, the finger is always pointed at the driver, but never at the car.

Help for the Retarded

One can think of few more painful subjects than mental retardation. In some ways it is worse than insanity which, as Harry Stack Sullivan pointed out, must be regarded as a way of life. The psychotic may derive some comfort from his delusions, may have memories and passions, but the severely retarded, when they are neglected by society, suffer what amounts to total deprivation.

In his plea before the Joint Legislative Committee on Mental Retardation, Sen. Robert F. Kennedy urged that we think of the inmates of institutions for mental defectives as children — whatever the age of their bodies — who through no fault of their own are subjected to interminable mental and emotional vacuity. They have rights which a civilized society is morally bound to respect. Many can become partially or wholly self-supporting. They have a right to education adapted to their needs. The others, those who are hopelessly feeble-minded, have a right, like the hopelessly sick, to physical comfort and amusement suited to their capacity.

Many institutions for the retarded fall far short of these requirements, as Senator Kennedy found at Willowbrook State School in New York City. The "school" (it is that in name only) has 6,000 inmates. The chronic difficulties, which it shares with probably a majority of mental institutions, are shortage of staff and overcrowding. Both are remediable—the former with more difficulty than the latter, but if adequate facilities are provided, the personnel problem can be appreciably eased. If employees are well trained and well paid, further improvement is possible.

Senator Kennedy makes some valuable suggestions for administration and organization. Staff should be augmented whenever possible by students, not only in the summer but all year round. New institutions for the retarded should therefore be located near colleges and universities. Work-study programs should be inaugurated. Attendants and other personnel must receive adequate training. Just as new hospitals are now affiliated with medical schools, state schools for the retarded should be connected with elements of the state university system. Under these conditions, work with the retarded can be rewarding, both for the staff and the children in their care. For its part, society will be relieved of the shame of hiding away and mistreating some of its most unfortunate members.

KASHMIR

The UN's Perilous Chance . .

Anne Weill-Tuckerman

United Nations

The mission of United Nations Secretary-General U Thant to the Indian subcontinent represents a critical test of the international organization's ability to preserve or restore peace in the world. Never before in the history of the UN has a conflict of such potential magnitude erupted between two member states; even more to the point, never has a Security Council decision to intervene been backed by the unreserved unanimity of the membership, including all the big powers.

Thus U Thant's mission symbolizes the collective will of the United Nations, with the exception of the parties involved, to prevent two nations, totaling almost 600 million people, from launching a holocaust upon each other and endangering the fabric of world peace. Heading the peacemakers are the two superpowers, the United States and the Soviet Union, without whose agreement no real UN action in the political field has ever been possible. In the India-Pakistan conflict, the interests of Washington and Moscow coincide exactly: both fear a Chinese military intervention and both have

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warned Peking (the Soviet Union in unequivocal terms) against adding fuel to the dispute. For the United States, such an intervention could extend Peking's influence over the subcontinent and strengthen an anti-U.S., anti-UN "axis" of China, Indonesia and Pakistan. For Moscow, China's open support of Pakistan, in addition to affording an opportunity for further Chinese penetration and mischief making in the non-Communist world, could provoke from the United States a large-scale retaliatory move, with atomic weapons perhaps coming into play.

The Secretary-General's efforts also enjoy the full blessing of London, Paris and the many capitals of the nonaligned world. On the other hand, his mission comes at a time when the practical peace-keeping capacity of the UN is at an ebb. The organization has just emerged from the crisis over Article 19, which, sterile and time-wasting as it was, amply demonstrated that the concept of national sovereignty and national interest still prevails over that of collective responsibility. The outcome of the Article 19 controversy proved that the UN could not force a big power to assume responsibility for a UN action which it considered against its interests, and that, as a consequence, no future peace-keeping operation could be undertaken without the assent of all the big powers, whose contribution, especially in the financial area, is essential.

The question now, in the face of the India-Pakistan conflict, is whether the UN can impose peace on two of its largest member nations against their apparent wishes, and if so, by what means. The hope of the Secretary-General and of all member states was, and still is, that the two governments would pause and reflect with him over the catastrophic consequences of an all-out war between them and would use his visit or further good offices as an opportunity to find a way out. If this result were obtained in the more or less immediate future, U Thant's prestige and that of the UN would be greatly enhanced and the year's frustrations largely overcome. It would then become feasible, in spite of recent difficulties in financing, to enlarge and strengthen the present UN military observer corps for India and Pakistan, a forty-five-man operation limited to surveillance of the 450 mile cease-fire line in Kashmir, established in 1949.

Such an outcome would be all the more impressive since India and Pakistan have clung to positions of total intransigence over the Kashmir issue for seventeen years, in and out of UN debates, engaging again and again in a "dialogue of the deaf" across the Security Council table. Only a peril of dimensions as great as the present one could bring the Council to take up the issue once more, as it did on Labor Day weekend, and again two weeks later.

Indeed, if the shadow of Peking did not loom over Southeast Asia, already bloodied by the long Vietnam war, one could almost yield to the temptation of letting India and Pakistan "fight it out," as they have shown every desire to do almost from the day of their twin independence. It would be in bad taste, but perhaps not entirely false, to state that a classic territorial conflict of this type, between two sovereign neighbors, provides a kind of relief from the puzzling complexity of the undeclared wars, liberation wars, guerrilla wars and ideological wars of the last twenty years. But aside from humanitarian considerations, which are one of the *raisons d'être* of the United Nations, there exists the fear that, in our age, local conflicts may not be contained for long, and may escalate in the number of countries involved or in the power of the weapons used, or both. In this connection, it is worth noting that India has argued in the recent disarmament conferences against an unconditional agreement to prevent the proliferation of nations possessed of nuclear weapons.

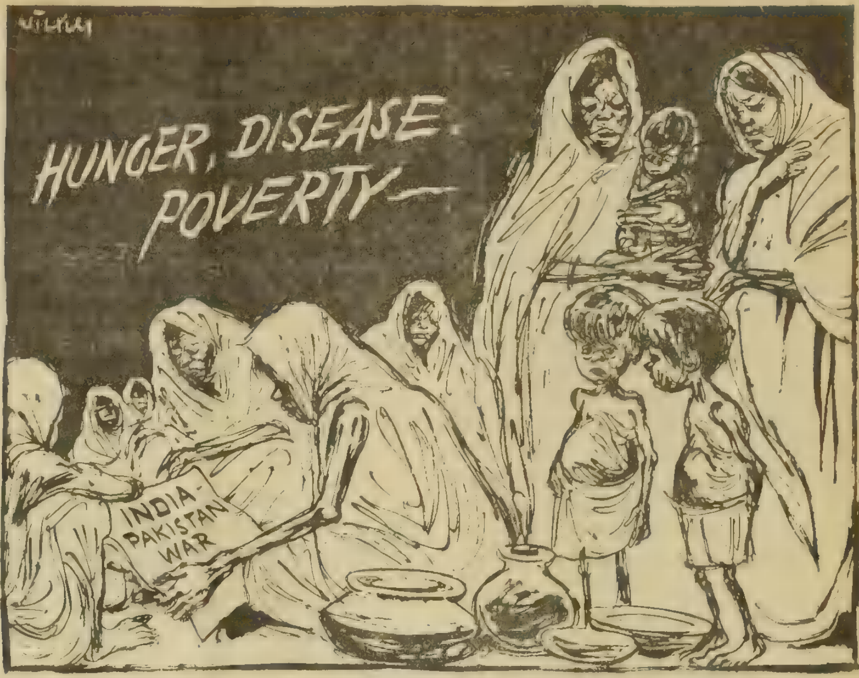
When U Thant returned to New York from his mission, India and Pakistan had not rejected his good offices but had repudiated the call of the Security Council by setting mutually unacceptable conditions to a cease-fire. The UN thus finds itself in new territory, which the San Francisco drafters had not envisaged, hypnotized as they were by the conditions of the Second World War. It will have to learn how to deal with armed conflicts which are not the result of a recognized aggression, when the parties at war reject UN services, and when the UN has no international force to "impose peace" on them. Thus, if the Thant mission ends in total failure, the organization will have to explore for the first time the full meaning of Chapter Seven of the Charter, entitled "Action with respect to threats to the peace, breaches of the peace and acts of aggression," which deals with sanctions of diplomatic, economic, and finally military nature. In the past, such a situation occurred only once—in the case of Korea—under circumstances which cannot be repeated.

If the efforts which Secretary-General Thant has announced that he will pursue do not bear fruit in the near future, and the UN fails to act under Chapter Seven, it will have to recognize its impotence as it is forced to do presently in Vietnam, and yield its place in the peace-keeping machinery to traditional forms of national diplomatic pressure.

The Kashmir conflict, if it shows no signs of early abatement, will overshadow all the other issues to come before the twentieth session of the General Assembly which opens this month. Even earlier, there was no doubt that the session's main interest would focus on Asia, as it has focused on Africa in years past. The absence of Vietnam from the agenda is not necessarily permanent, and even if the war there is not officially inscribed in the program of the session (for that matter, the India-Pakistan conflict over Kashmir is on the agenda of the Security Council but not of the General Assembly), it will provide, with Kashmir, the living—or dying—background of all speeches by foreign ministers and all diplomatic activity in the Secretary-General's office and lobbies on the East River.

In fact, the unanimous preoccupation with the India-Pakistan conflict may mellow the sharp polemics over Vietnam which were sure to erupt in cold-war speeches on the part of the Soviet Union. (Moscow has engaged more in public denunciations of the U.S. role in Vietnam than in effective military assistance to North Vietnam or the Vietcong.)

The Soviet delegation has had little to say in the UN Kashmir debates, although it has voted with the West in sending U Thant on a



Vicky: London Evening Standard
"They Say It's a Matter of Life and Death to Us"

peace mission, and may well be even more silent on the issue of Chinese representation, which is the only "Asian" question officially submitted to the General Assembly. It is more than suspected that the Soviet bloc—or what is left of it—let pass this year its long-awaited turn for assuming the presidency of the General Assembly because it feared that it might be called upon to arbitrate a procedural debate on the admission of Communist China, and thus invite an accusation of "sabotage" from Peking, whatever the attitude of the president might have been. The strained relationship between the Soviet Union and China has now reached the stage of open break, which consolidates the tacit understanding of Washington and Moscow on a number of vital issues.

However, because of the growing recognition that no stable peace can be achieved in Asia without bringing China into the world's conclave, the question of Chinese representation in the UN, entered as an agenda item by ten countries under the title of "restoration of the legitimate rights of the People's Republic of China in the United Nations," may well provide more maneuvering and receive more concrete attention in the Assembly's public proceedings than the more vital issues of war and peace.

Already a procedural battle is shaping up between the respective supporters of reaffirmation or cancellation of a 1961 Assembly decision that any change in the representation of China at the UN requires a two-thirds majority vote. The U.S. delegation declares itself confident that the admission of Communist China will not, by a wide margin, muster even a simple majority of votes. However, this opinion is not shared by everyone, and the warlike nature of the Peking regime, advertised by Washington as a motive for increasing opposition to UN membership, may well constitute an argument in reverse. The yearly advance "nose count" on this question leads most diplomats to believe that Peking will not come in this year, but that the margin will be very small and that the inevitable moment is in sight. In the office of one news service, a full wall has been made into a chart on which red and black symbols mark the advances of Peking's diplomatic status in the 114 member states and the most recent votes on the question in UN specialized agencies. Washington's predictions were received with the greater skepticism once its miscalculations on the support it was expecting on the issue of peace-keeping finances became evident, and caused reappraisal by President Johnson and his new representative at the UN, Ambassador Arthur Goldberg.

It fell to the lot of Justice Goldberg to convince Congress that U.S. insistence on penalties against the Soviet Union and France would neither achieve results in Moscow or Paris nor be supported by a majority in the UN, and that therefore the responsibility for the continuing paralysis of the General Assembly would be laid at the door of the United States by the membership at large. He was both skillful with Congress and candid at the United Nations when he reported on the reversal of the American Government's stand.

Realism, if not pragmatism, may be key words under the new team headed by Ambassador Goldberg. Since taking up his post, the former Supreme Court Justice and Secretary of Labor has emphasized the importance he attaches to negotiations as an instrument of policy. Decision by "consensus" may be more difficult in the UN than in Washington, but the practice has been developing for some time and will certainly be encouraged by the present U.S. Administration. With it goes a large amount of discreet, if not secret, diplomacy and less flamboyant public postures.

The magnificent oratory of Adlai Stevenson will be missed in UN councils, but not perhaps the embarrassment which came from hearing the venerated liberal statesman defend courses of action which he most likely did not approve and of which sometimes he had not even been apprised, as in the Bay of Pigs incident. Ambassador Goldberg comes to the UN with the reputation of having the ear of President Johnson, a privileged situation which will bring the White House closer to the realities of the world body. Whether this relationship will allow U.S. policy to regain some of the influence it has lost in the United Nations will depend on specific issues rather than on methods, and on the evaluation by Washington, in Congress as in the Executive branch, of the future usefulness of the United Nations, now that American idealistic illusions about the world organization have been largely shattered.

As President of the Security Council this month, at the time of the Kashmir explosion, Ambassador Goldberg has had the opportunity of testing the ground under fire, with the full backing of Washington and world public opinion.

The Nonstudent Left . . . . . . Hunter S. Thompson

Berkeley

At the height of the "Berkeley insurrection" press reports were loaded with mentions of outsiders, nonstudents and professional troublemakers. Terms like "Cal's shadow college" and "Berkeley's hidden community" became part of the journalistic lexicon. These people, it was said, were whipping the campus into a frenzy, goading the students to revolt, harassing the administration, and all the while working for their own fiendish ends. You could almost see them loping along the midnight streets with bags of seditious leaflets, strike orders, red banners of protest and cablegrams from Moscow, Peking or Havana. As in Mississippi and South Vietnam, outside agitators were said to be stirring up the locals, who wanted only to be left alone.

Something closer to the truth is beginning to emerge now, but down around the roots of the affair the fog is still pretty thick. The Sproul Hall sit-in trials ended in a series of unexpectedly harsh convictions, the Free Speech Movement has disbanded, four students have been expelled and sentenced to jail terms as a result of the "dirty word" controversy, and the principal leader, Mario Savio, has gone to England, where he'll study and wait for word on the appeal of his four-month jail term—a procedure which may take as long as eighteen months.

As the new semester begins—with a new and inscrutable chancellor—the mood on the Berkeley campus is one of watchful waiting. The basic issues of last year are still unresolved, and a big new one has been added: Vietnam. A massive nationwide sit-in, with Berkeley as a focal point, is scheduled for October 15-16, and if that doesn't open all the old wounds, then presumably nothing will.

For a time it looked as though Governor Edmund Brown had sidetracked any legislative investigation of the university, but late in August Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, an anti-Brown Democrat, named himself and four colleagues to a joint legislative committee that will investigate higher education in California. Mr. Unruh told the press that "there will be no isolated investigation of student-faculty problems at Berkeley," but in the same period he stated before a national conference of more than 1,000 state legislators, meeting in Portland, that the academic community is "probably the greatest enemy" of a state legislature.

Mr. Unruh is a sign of the times. For a while last spring he appeared to be in conflict with the normally atavistic Board of Regents, which runs the university, but somewhere along the line a blue-chip compromise was reached, and whatever progressive ideas the Regents might have flirted with were lost in the summer lull. Governor Brown's role in these negotiations has not yet been made public.

One of the realities to come out of last semester's action is the new "anti-outsider law," designed to keep "nonstudents" off the campus in any hour of turmoil. It was sponsored by Assemblyman Don Mulford, a Republican from Oakland, who looks and talks quite a bit like the "old" Richard Nixon. Mr. Mulford is much concerned about "subversive infiltration" on the Berkeley campus, which lies in his district. He thinks he knows that the outburst last fall was caused by New York Communists, beatnik perverts and other godless elements beyond his ken. The students themselves, he tells himself, would never have caused such a ruckus. Others in Sacramento apparently shared this view: the bill passed the Assembly by a vote of 54 to 11 and the Senate by 27 to 8. Governor Brown signed it on June 2. The Mulford proposal got a good boost, while it was still pending, when J. Edgar Hoover testified in Washington that forty-three Reds of one stripe or another were involved in the Free Speech Movement.

On hearing of this, one student grinned and said: "Well I guess that means they'll send about 10,000 Marines out here this fall. Hell, they sent 20,000 after those fifty-eight Reds in Santo Domingo. Man, that Lyndon is nothing but *hip!*"

Where Mr. Hoover got his figure is a matter of speculation, but the guess in Berkeley is that it came from the San Francisco *Examiner*, a Hearst paper calling itself "The Monarch of the Dailies." The *Examiner* is particularly influential among those who fear King George III might still be alive in Argentina.

The significance of the Mulford law lies not in what it says but in the darkness it sheds on the whole situation in Berkeley, especially on the role of nonstudents and outsiders. Who are these thugs? What manner of man would lurk on a campus for no reason but to twist student minds? As anyone who lives or works around an urban campus knows, vast numbers of students are already more radical than any Red Mr. Hoover could name. Beyond that, the nonstudents and outsiders California has legislated against are in the main ex-students, graduates, would-be transfers, and other young activist types who differ from radical students only in that they don't carry university registration cards. On any urban campus the nonstudent is an old and dishonored tradition. Every big city school has its fringe element: Harvard, New York University, Chicago, the Sorbonne, Berkeley, the University of Caracas. A dynamic university in a modern population center simply can't be isolated from the realities, human or otherwise, that surround it. Mr. Mulford would make an island of the Berkeley campus but, alas, there are too many guerrillas.

In 1958, I drifted north from Kentucky and became a nonstudent at Columbia. I signed up for two courses and am still getting bills for the tuition. My home was a $12-a-week room in an off-campus building full of jazz musicians, shoplifters, mainliners, screaming poets and sex addicts of every description. It was a good life. I used the university facilities and at one point was hired to stand in a booth all day for two days, collecting registration fees. Twice I walked almost the length of the campus at night with a big wooden box containing nearly $15,000. It was a wild feeling and I'm still not sure why I took the money to the bursar

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Hunter S. Thompson is a free-lance writer, now living in San Francisco. He is completing a novel, The Rum Diary, *and his book on Hell's Angels and other motorcycle gangs will be published by Ballantine in the spring.*

Being a "non" or "neo" student on an urban campus is not only simple but natural for anyone who is young, bright and convinced that the major he's after is not on the list. Any list. A serious nonstudent is his own guidance counselor. The surprising thing is that so few people beyond the campus know this is going on.

The nonstudent tradition seems to date from the end of World War II. Before that it was a more individual thing. A professor at Columbia told me that the late R.P. Blackmur, one of the most academic and scholarly of literary critics, got most of his education by sitting in on classes at Harvard.

In the age of Eisenhower and Kerouac, the nonstudent went about stealing his education as quietly as possible. It never occurred to him to jump into campus politics; that was part of the game he had already quit. But then the decade ended, Nixon went down, and the civil rights struggle broke out. With this, a whole army of guilt-crippled Eisenhower deserters found the war they had almost given up hoping for. With Kennedy at the helm, politics became respectable for a change, and students who had sneered at the idea of voting found themselves joining the Peace Corps or standing on picket lines. Student radicals today may call Kennedy a phony liberal and a glamorous sellout, but only the very young will deny that it was Kennedy who got them excited enough to want to change the American reality, instead of just quitting it. Today's activist student or nonstudent talks about Kerouac as the hipsters of the '50s talked about Hemingway. He was a quitter, they say; he had good instincts and a good ear for the sadness of his time, but his talent soured instead of growing. The new campus radical has a cause, a multi-pronged attack on as many fronts as necessary: if not civil rights, then foreign policy or structural deprivation in domestic poverty pockets. Injustice is the demon, and the idea is to bust it.

What Mulford's law will do to change this situation is not clear. The language of the bill leaves no doubt that it shall henceforth be a misdemeanor for any nonstudent or nonemployee to remain on a state university or state college campus after he or she has been ordered to leave, if it "reasonably appears" to the chief administrative officer or the person designated by him to keep order on the campus "that such person is committing an act likely to interfere with the peaceful conduct of the campus."

In anything short of riot conditions, the real victims of Mulford's law will be the luckless flunkies appointed to enforce it. The mind of man could devise few tasks more hopeless than rushing around this 1,000-acre, 27,000-student campus in the midst of some crowded action, trying to apprehend and remove — on sight and before he can flee—any person who is not a Cal student and is not eligible for readmission. It would be a nightmare of lies, false seizures, double entries and certain provocation. Meanwhile, most of those responsible for the action would be going about their business in legal peace. If pure justice prevailed in this world, Don Mulford would be appointed to keep order and bag subversives at the next campus demonstrations.

There are those who seem surprised that a defective rattrap like the Mulford law could be endorsed by the legislature of a supposedly

progressive, enlightened state. But these same people were surprised when Proposition 14, which reopened the door to racial discrimination in housing, was endorsed by the electorate last November by a margin of nearly 2 to 1.

Meanwhile, the nonstudent in Berkeley is part of the scene, a fact of life. The university estimates that about 3,000 nonstudents use the campus in various ways: working in the library with borrowed registration cards; attending lectures, concerts and student films; finding jobs and apartments via secondhand access to university listings; eating in the cafeteria, and monitoring classes. In appearance they are indistinguishable from students. Berkeley is full of wild-looking graduate students, bearded professors and long-haired English majors who look like Joan Baez.

Until recently there was no mention of nonstudents in campus politics, but at the beginning of the Free Speech rebellion President Kerr said "nonstudent elements were partly responsible for the demonstration." Since then, he has backed away from that stand, leaving it to the lawmakers. Even its goats and enemies now admit that the FSM revolt was the work of actual students. It has been a difficult fact for some people to accept, but a reliable poll of student attitudes at the time showed that roughly 18,000 of them supported the goals of the FSM, and about half that number supported its "illegal" tactics. More than 800 were willing to defy the administration, the Governor and the police, rather than back down. The faculty supported the FSM by close to 8 to 1. The nonstudents nearly all sided with the FSM. The percentage of radicals among them is much higher than among students. It is invariably the radicals, not the conservatives, who drop out of school and become activist nonstudents. But against this background, their attitude hardly matters.

"We don't play a big role politically," says one. "But philosophically we're a hell of a threat to the establishment. Just the fact that we exist proves that dropping out of school isn't the end of the world. Another important thing is that we're not looked down on by students. We're respectable. A lot of students I know are thinking of becoming nonstudents."

"As a nonstudent I have nothing to lose," said another. "I can work full time on whatever I want, study what interests me, and figure out what's really happening in the world. That student routine is a drag. Until I quit the grind I didn't realize how many groovy things there are to do around Berkeley: concerts, films, good speakers, parties, pot, politics, women—I can't think of a better way to live, can you?"

Not all nonstudents worry the lawmakers and administrators. Some are fraternity bums who flunked out of the university, but don't want to leave the parties and the good atmosphere. Others are quiet squares or technical types, earning money between enrollments and meanwhile living nearby. But there is no longer the sharp division that used to exist between the beatnik and the square: too many radicals wear ties and sport coats; too many engineering students wear boots and levis. Some of the most bohemian-looking girls around the campus are Left puritans, while some of the sweetest-looking sorority types are confirmed pot smokers and wear diaphragms on all occasions.

Nonstudents lump one another — and many students — into two very broad groups: "political radicals" and "social radicals." Again, the division is not sharp, but in general, and with a few bizarre exceptions, a political radical is a Left activist in one or more causes. His views are revolutionary in the sense that his idea of "democratic solutions" alarms even the liberals. He may be a Young Trotskyist, a Du Bois Club organizer or merely an ex-Young Democrat, who despairs of President Johnson and is now looking for action with some friends in the Progressive Labor Party.

Social radicals tend to be "arty." Their gigs are poetry and folk music, rather than politics, although many are fervently committed to the civil rights movement. Their political bent is Left, but their real interests are writing, painting, good sex, good sounds and free marijuana. The realities of politics put them off, although they don't mind lending their talents to a demonstration here and there, or even getting arrested for a good cause. They have quit one system and they don't want to be organized into another; they feel they have more important things to do.

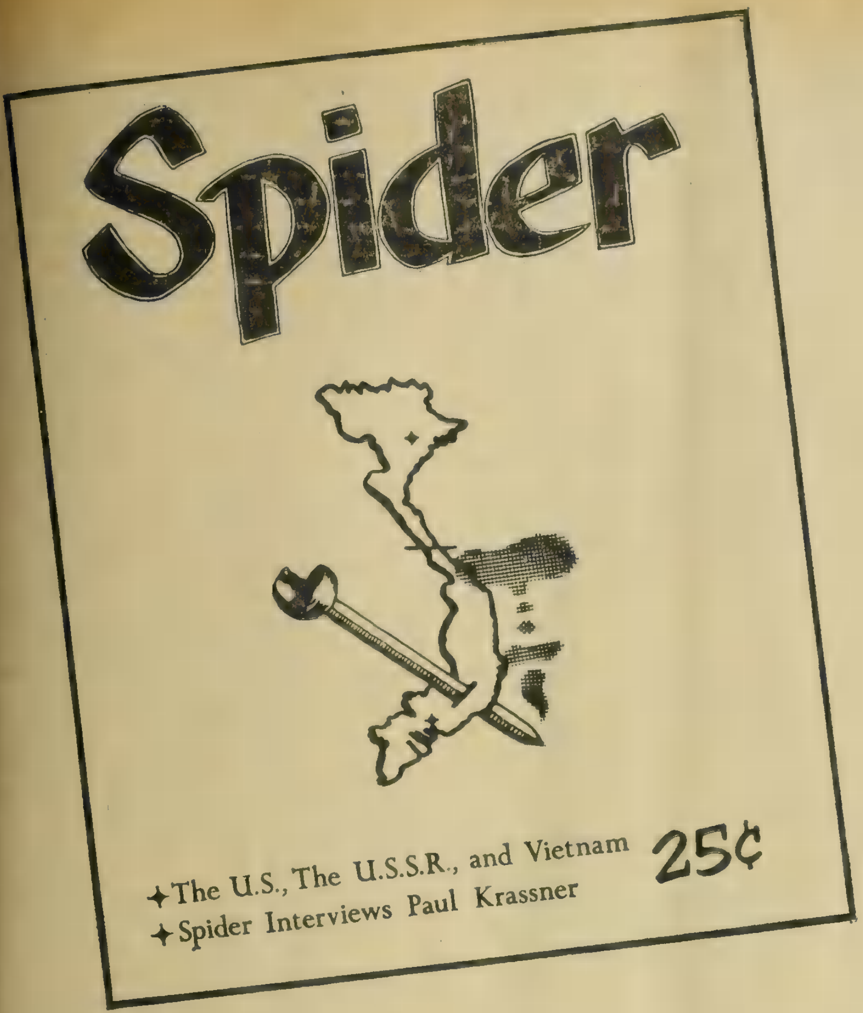
A report last spring by the faculty's Select Committee on Education tried to put it all in a nutshell: "A significant and growing minority of students is simply not propelled by what we have come to regard as conventional motivation. Rather than aiming to be successful men in an achievement-oriented society, they want to be moral men in a moral society. They want to lead lives less tied to financial return than to social awareness and responsibility."

The committee was severely critical of the whole university structure, saying: "The atmosphere of the campus now suggests too much an intricate system of compulsions, rewards and punishments; too much of our attention is given to score keeping." Among other failures, the university was accused of ignoring "the moral revolution of the young."

Talk like this strikes the radicals among "the young" as paternalistic jargon, but they appreciate the old folks' sympathy. To them, anyone who takes part in "the system" is a hypocrite. This is especially true among the Marxist, Mao-Castro element—the hipsters of the Left.

One of these is Steve DeCanio a 22-year-old Berkeley radical and Cal graduate in math, now facing a two-month jail term as a resul of the Sproul Hall sit-ins. He is doing graduate work, and therefore immune to the Mulford law. " became a radical after the 196 auto row (civil rights) demonstrations in San Francisco," he says "That's when I saw the power structure and understood the hopelessness of trying to be a liberal After I got arrested I dropped the pre-med course I'd started at San Francisco State. The worst of it though, was being screwed time and again in the courts. I'm out on appeal now with four and a hal months of jail hanging over me.

DeCanio is an editor of *Spider* a wild-eyed new magazine with circulation of about 2,000 on and around the Berkeley campus. Onc banned, it thrived on the publicit and is now officially ignored by th protest-weary administration. Th eight-man editorial board is comprised of four students and fou nonstudents. The magazine i dedicated, they say, to "sex, politics international communism, drugs



Spider

✦The U.S., The U.S.S.R., and Vietnam

✦Spider Interviews Paul Krassner

25¢

extremism and rock'n'roll." Hence, *S-P-I-D-E-R*.

DeCanio is about two-thirds political radical and one-third social. He is bright, small, with dark hair and glasses, clean-shaven, and casually but not sloppily dressed. He listens carefully to questions, uses his hands for emphasis when he talks, and quietly says things like: "What this country needs is a revolution; the society is so sick, so reactionary, that it just doesn't make sense to take part in it."

He lives, with three other nonstudents and two students, in a comfortable house on College Avenue, a few blocks from the campus. The $120-a-month rent is split six ways. There are three bedrooms, a kitchen and a big living room with a fireplace. Papers litter the floor, the phone rings continually, and people stop by to borrow things: a pretty blonde wants a Soviet army chorus record, a Tony Perkins type from the Oakland Du Bois Club wants a film projector; Art Goldberg—the arch-activist who also lives here—comes storming in, shouting for help on the "Vietnam Days" teach-in arrangements.

It is all very friendly and collegiate. People wear plaid shirts and khaki pants, white socks and moccasins. There are books on the shelves, cans of beer and Cokes in the refrigerator, and a manually operated light bulb in the bathroom. In the midst of all this it is weird to hear people talking about "bringing the ruling class to their knees," or "finding acceptable synonyms for Marxist terms."

Political conversation in this house would drive Don Mulford right over the wall. There are riffs of absurdity and mad humor in it, but the base line remains a dead-serious alienation from the "Repugnant Society" of 20th-century America. You hear the same talk on the streets, in coffee bars, on the walk near Ludwig's Fountain in front of Sproul Hall, and in other houses where activists live and gather. And why not? This is Berkeley, which DeCanio calls "the center of West Coast radicalism." It has a long history of erratic politics, both on and off the campus. From 1911 to 1913, its Mayor was a Socialist named Stitt Wilson. It has more psychiatrists and fewer bars than any other city of comparable size in California. And there are 249 churches for 120,300 people, of which 25 per cent are Negroes—one of the highest percentages of any city outside the South.

Culturally, Berkeley is dominated by two factors: the campus and San Francisco across the Bay. The campus is so much a part of the community that the employment and housing markets have long since adjusted to student patterns. A $100-a-month apartment or cottage is no problem when four or five people split the rent, and there are plenty of ill-paid, minimum-strain jobs for those without money from home. Tutoring, typing, clerking, car washing, hash slinging and baby sitting are all easy ways to make a subsistence income; one of the favorites among nonstudents is computer programing, which pays well.

Therefore, Berkeley's nonstudents have no trouble getting by. The climate is easy, the people are congenial, and the action never dies. Jim Prickett, who quit the University of Oklahoma and flunked out of San Francisco State, is another of *Spider's* nonstudent editors. "State has no community," he says, "and the only nonstudent I know of at Oklahoma is now in jail." Prickett came to Berkeley because "things are happening here." At 23, he is about as far Left as a man can get in these times, but his revolutionary zeal is gimped by pessimism. "If we have a revolution in this country it will be a Fascist take-over," he says with a shrug. Meanwhile he earns $25 a week as *Spider's* star writer, smiting the establishment hip and thigh at every opportunity. Prickett looks as much like a Red menace as Will Rogers looked like a Bantu. He is tall, thin, blond, and shuffles. "Hell, I'll probably sell out," he says with a faint smile. "Be a history teacher or something. But not for a while."

Yet there is something about Prickett that suggests he won't sell out so easily. Unlike many nonstudent activists, he has no degree, and in the society that appalls him even a sellout needs credentials. That is one of the most tangible realities of the nonstudent; by quitting school he has taken a physical step outside the system—a move that more and more students seem to find admirable. It is not an easy thing to repudiate—not now, at any rate, while the tide is running that way. And "the system" cannot be rejoined without some painful self-realization. Many a man has whipped up a hell broth of reasons to justify his sellout, but few recommend the taste of it.

The problem is not like that of high school dropouts. They are supposedly inadequate, but the activist nonstudent is generally said to be superior. "A lot of these kids are top students," says Dr. David Powellson, chief of Cal's student psychiatric clinic, "but no university is set up to handle them."

How, then, are these bright mavericks to fit into the super-bureaucracies of government and big business? Cal takes its undergraduates from the top eighth of the state's high school graduates, and those accepted from out of state are no less "promising." The ones who migrate to Berkeley after quitting other schools are usually the same type. They are seekers—disturbed, perhaps, and perhaps for good reason. Many drift from one university to another, looking for the right program, the right professor, the right atmosphere, the right way to deal with the deplorable world they have suddenly grown into. It is like an army of Holden Caulfields, looking for a home and beginning to suspect they may never find one.

These are the outsiders, the nonstudents, and the potential—if not professional—troublemakers. There is something primitive and tragic in California's effort to make a law against them. The law itself is relatively unimportant, but the thinking that conceived it is a strutting example of what the crisis is all about. A society that will legislate in ignorance against its unfulfilled children and its angry, half-desperate truth seekers is bound to be shaken as it goes about making a reality of mass education.

It is a race against time, complacency and vested interests. For the Left-activist nonstudent the race is very personal. Whether he is right, wrong, ignorant, vicious, super-intelligent or simply bored, once he has committed himself to the extent of dropping out of school, he has also committed himself to "making it" outside the framework of whatever he has quit. A social radical presumably has his talent, his private madness or some other insulated gimmick, but for the political radical the only true hope is somehow to bust the system that drove him into limbo. In this new era many believe they can do it, but most of those I talked to at Berkeley seemed a bit nervous. There was a singular vagueness as to the mechanics of the act, no real sense of the openings.

"What are you going to be doing ten years from now?" I asked a visiting radical in the house where *Spider* is put together. "What if there's no revolution by then, and no prospects of one?"

"Hell," he said. "I don't think about that. Too much is happening right now. If the revolution's coming, it had better come damn quick."

GREECE

What the Palace Fears . . . . .

Constantine Poulos

Athens

The Greek King's motto is "My power lies in the love of my people," but for three months now, King Constantine has had to be "protected" from some of his people by tear-gas bombs, high-pressure anti-riot fire trucks, policemen by the thousands, and army units that have encircled the city. More important, the Greek nation is in complete disarray: without, in effect, a government; with an unruly sectarian parliament, a jerry-built throne and a confused, frustrated people.

The crisis was not fortuitous, nor was it simply a consequence of the "constitutional issue"—the king defiantly usurping a prime minister's right to name his own ministers. And it was not caused by the palace's "fear of Communist infiltration of the armed forces," the armed forces having been securely controlled by the royalist-right wing for more than twenty years. What is going on in Greece is basically a power struggle.

In the elections of February, 1964, George Papandreou led his coalition Center Union to victory with a parliamentary majority of 53 per cent (the second highest in modern Greek history). The victory followed twelve years of oppressive, royalist right-wing political rule, and twenty years of oligarchic control of the nation's economy.

The Center Union's strength came from the peasants, the white-collar workers, the trade unions, the professional classes and the students. It was a loose coalition; and savoring this long-sought victory, the egocentric, octogenarian Papandreou did not wish to risk any move that would precipitously burst his dream of a glorious end for a long and checkered political career.

Consequently, he yielded to the palace demand that he appoint one of the king's men to the Ministry of National Defense. (This ministry has in all the postwar years been placed on a unique footing, being in effect regarded as part of the royal prerogative. The Greek monarchy's power lies in the loyalty of the Greek army.) Papandreou yielded further on the composition of the chiefs of staff. Again, these were men loyal to the monarchy, not to the prime minister or even to the nation. It is the same army that has rigged elections in the past—in the interest of the monarchy, its own status and the Greek Establishment.

The Prime Minister, both before

Constantine Poulos, after many years as managing editor of the Colorado Springs Free Press *and as editor-publisher of the Jamestown (N.Y.)* Sun, *has returned to the Middle East and the Balkans, areas which he covered for* The Nation *during the war and postwar years. He is now a correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance.*

and after his election, had promised to "cleanse" the armed forces and the brutally repressive police and gendarmerie of their predominantly pro-royalist hierarchies. He did not carry out this promise. In his election campaign he swore to expose and bring to justice the "graft and corruption" of the right-wing regime which he succeeded. He has not done so. On the contrary, he squelched parliamentary debate on this subject and sidetracked a proposed parliamentary inquiry into the preceding regime's use of "secret funds." (It is thought that these "secret funds" were largely spent on anti-Left and anti-Center activities, and in support of underground organizations of right-wing bullies and terrorists.)

Papandreou overloaded his cabinet with ministers oriented toward conservatism. His Minister of Finance gave the wealthy classes a tax cut. His Minister of Agriculture maintained high support prices for wheat and continued to purchase U.S. grain surpluses; little thought was given to the possibility of launching a structural reform of Greece's fragmented agriculture. His Minister of Labor openly sided with the anti-democratic forces of the organized labor movement. The need for careful, long-range planning was recognized, but nothing concrete was accomplished. (The Papandreou government was in power only eighteen months.)

It had been expected that the Prime Minister's son, Andreas (formerly head of the Department of Economics at the University of California, Berkeley), would direct the much needed economic programing, but his arrogance and his overbearing, premature preoccupation with politics, domestic and foreign, compromised his influence in the field where he could have proved most useful. In the process, he contributed to the estrangement from his father of many older political personalities who feared that young Papandreou's wide-ranging maneuvers presaged the establishment of a dynasty.

He is, however, a passing player in this drama, and needs to be noted only because he has become a convenient scapegoat. That he appears to have deliberately let his father down is also not too relevant.

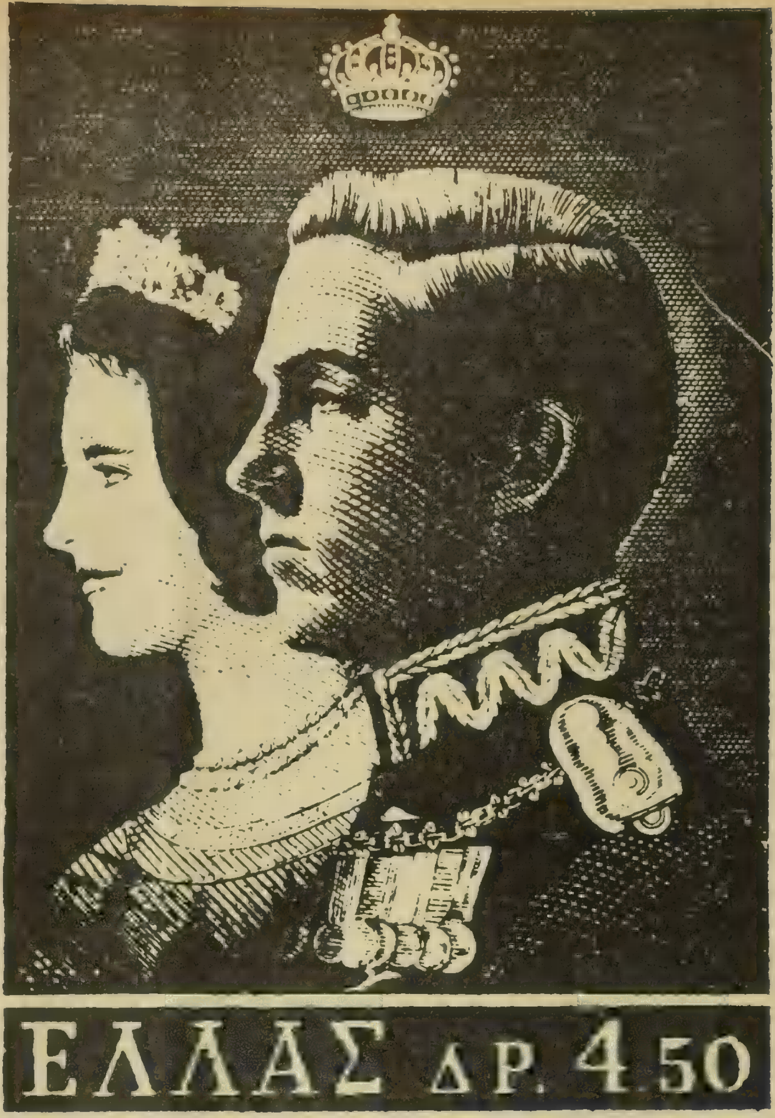
The important point is that no postwar Greek government has been able to bring about solid social and economic reform on the basis of careful long-term planning. The reason is that a few score families control more than half the national wealth. They are supported by a camp-following parvenu elite who made huge fortunes during the Nazi occupation and the subsequent U.S. aid programs. These groups easily evade taxation.

Economic growth was impressive in the 1950s, but began to sag by the end of the decade. It couldn't be sustained because the investment was mostly in the merchant fleet, roads and tourist facilities—not in directions which would help build for the future of the country. Greece's imports (largely industrial-consumer) are still about 2 to 1 over exports (largely agricultural). The export of industrial goods started its decline in 1960, and that was a figure well below 5 per cent of the total exports.

The country's economic pattern is quite obviously the creation of an unbelievably selfish oligarchy and its puny imitators—with, of course, the monarchy, the army and the antiquated, graft-ridden bureaucracy.

Bemused by a self-proclaimed sense of destiny, Prime Minister George Papandreou believed that he could set a comfortably slow pace for bringing to the Greek people the political and social justice which he had promised. His gradualism was designed to offset the fears of the palace and the Establishment.

He revamped the judiciary. With much improved wages, the judges became less subject to influences, and, when they were assured of the Prime Minister's backing against reprisals, began to give "an even break" in the courts to all classes. During Papandreou's short tenure,



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the archaic school system was considerably renovated in the direction of making free public education much more easily available. The plan also provided for free lunches in the lower grades. Technical education was encouraged; colleges outside of Athens and Salonika were proposed and plans for them set into motion. No longer were the political opinions of a grandfather, father, or older brother used to deny worthy students access to higher education. Papandreou himself held the Ministry of Education. This was not a grandstand play: his first high government post, in 1930, was the Ministry of Education under Eleftherios Venizelos. The son of a poor village priest, Papandreou received an education because his four brothers worked to support him, and thus denied themselves any education. This pooling of resources to put one member of the family through school is not unusual in Greece.

A vital factor in Papandreou's present popularity was the extension, during his eighteen months in office, of freedom of expression. Where the previous right-wing governments had prohibited political demonstrations (except when they had an anti-American flavor), Papandreou allowed them. Communist-organized "peace marches," previously banned, were carried out without hindrance or incident. The total circulation of daily newspapers in Greece increased by 200,000 after Papandreou came to power. No longer were citizens in the provinces afraid to subscribe to centrist or leftist newspapers. They were no longer listed by the gendarmerie as "Communists," nor were they harassed daily by the bully-boys of the Right. The state-owned and state-controlled radio became a much more honest medium. (There is no television in Greece.)

The program summed up in these moves may not seem earth-shaking. It provided, however, what the Greeks call an "air of freedom." It cannot be described, it cannot be spelled out—but the Greeks can "feel" it.

Nevertheless, despite Papandreou's gradualism, despite his appeasing approach to major problems, despite his conciliatory "consensus" attitudes toward the negativistic opposition — he was too much for the Establishment. Its flunkeys started sniping at him early this past spring and in July they found their aim. Papandreou's attempt to take over the Ministry of Defense for himself was the last straw. The Establishment moved.

The immature, unintellectual, mother-dominated, 25-year-old playboy King was called in and told to say his lines. He did. But nothing went according to the script. Papandreou's Center Union Party did not fall apart—neither then nor after subsequent whittling. The people, seeing their meager, new-found liberties being taken from them, were quickly aroused.

There followed a series of ridiculous maneuvers on the part of the palace and its backers to isolate Papandreou, to woo his followers, to weaken his party, to smear all his supporters as "Communists." None of these tactics has worked. Whatever the outcome of the present crisis may be (and a military dictatorship is not impossible), the basic internal struggle will continue.

The Greek people still want real political democracy and an amount of social democracy. If they have to go to the extreme Left—because they come to feel, however mistakenly, that it will satisfy their needs, demands and aspirations—they will do so. Indeed, they are doing so right now—because *their* government was imperiously snatched from them.

No one in Greece—except perhaps the Establishment — can answer a simple question: Why is the Communist movement so strong in Greece today? Fifteen years ago, the party was outlawed after having launched and lost a cruel civil war. Some 65,000 to 80,000 Communists fled across the northern borders. The party mechanism was completely destroyed. The few Communists who remained were imprisoned for many years, and when they came out were broken men. A ruthless Right persecuted even the slightest hint of Communist sympathy. Government departments, organizations, faculties, clergy were all "purged" of left-wing "influences." Quasi-official gangs of right-wing thugs terrorized the country while governments winked. Why, then, after fifteen years, is there a strong Communist movement in Greece?

The Establishment at present does not worry unduly about the Communists. The growing polarization of the country between extreme Right and Left, for which the palace and its backers are completely responsible, suits the Establishment well enough. It is confident that (with the help of the ever-ready army) it can handle the extreme Left. After all, both extremes use the same slogan: "It's we—or they."

What the Establishment fears most, as it now has shown, is a slow, steady erosion of its entrenched powers and privileges, by a moderate, progressive, welfare-state-oriented, worker-student-professional, bourgeois movement. It fears a bumbling, wily, mild old demagogue, who has held out his hand to the Greek people and offered them just a little bit of a better life.

The Tyranny of Charity . . . . Wendell Berry

The furniture maker is at work in the shade of some box elder trees that grow on the slope of the roadfill out at the end of his yard. Two chair posts, held by a system of pegs and wedges as in a vise, are on the puncheon bench in front of him. He is cutting the mortises into which he will later insert hewn slats to make the back of the chair. He uses a sharpened screw driver as a chisel, driving it with a heavy hand ax. Nearby is another sort of homemade vise, this one made by pinning the longer member of an inverted tree-fork into a mortise in another puncheon bench, so that the shape is roughly that of the figure 4. This he uses to hold pieces to be shaped with a drawing knife; he sits in a low chair at the end of the bench, holding his foot against the leg of the 4, by that leverage supplying the holding power of the vise.

This morning's work does not take place at any point on an assembly line. From the tree in the woods to the finished chair, the materials are handled by no hands but the furniture maker's own. In the process he uses only a few simple tools: a crosscut saw, an ax, a hand ax, a drawing knife, an auger, a pocketknife, a rasp, and the screw driver sharpened into a mortising chisel. He also has a press which he uses to set the desired curves into chair backs and rockers. One needs to see him at work in order to understand how adequately his patient craftsmanship performs tasks that are usually done now by machines.

While he works, four of his children, who have come there to the shady place with him, play with the tools he is not using or swing in the swings he has made for them in the box elders.

Held in such narrow focus, revealing only the man at work and the few primitive tools, the scene might be thought to belong to some happily simple time in the past. But it is not in the past, and it is not happy. It belongs to the coal country of East Kentucky in the summer of 1965; it belongs to the tragedy of that country and its people, and to the shame, acknowledged or not, of what some still like to call "the American way of life."

The furniture maker, who moved down onto the state road in the hope that he might sell some of his work to passers-by and travelers, lives in an old scale-house once used by a coal company to weigh trucks. The house is built of rough-sawed lumber, covered with the rather flimsy material called brick-siding; it has had no upkeep for years, and one can see that in cold weather it must be next to impossible to heat. The yard is partly a fill of coal rubble, dumped and leveled around the house, which stands bare in the hot sun. It is the most meager home site imaginable, starkly and heavily ugly, sterile and coal-stained and raw. The children who play and swing there in the shade are poorly clothed. Only the 7-year-old girl attends school, but the furniture maker and his wife will be depen-

Wendell Berry is a poet, now living in Kentucky. His latest collection of poems is The Broken Ground *(Harcourt, Brace & World).*

dent again this fall on the uneasy charity that gives away secondhand clothes. The furniture maker speaks of his distress over the presence of a "store" in the child's school. The store sells popsicles and candy and such to the children, and it is one of the furniture maker's cruel burdens, for it requires him either to send the child to school with nickels he can't afford or have the family's poverty made painfully obvious to her — and all her classmates — every day.

Unable to live by his work, the furniture maker is dependent on the government's welfare program, the benefits of which are somewhat questionable, since if he sells any of his work his welfare payments are diminished accordingly, and so he stands little or no chance of improving his situation by his own effort. Only the workman's loving pride in his work can explain why he has continued to make any effort at all.

Getting out of the car there at the edge of the road, standing up to face that black yard and the bitter shambles of a house, you are inclined to forget the good you know of the place, and to be overcome by a foreboding of hopelessness that by being theirs is also mysteriously yours. It becomes a strong temptation to get back into the car and drive away, to take refuge in the thousand lies we have invented to justify the divine right to be mindlessly rich.

But once you have come upon the furniture maker at his work this initial pressing of futility is, if not replaced, at least driven back by the excellence of the workmanship being accomplished with those crude tools in defiance of the poverty of place and circumstance. And this is supported by the sight of a large well-tended garden down in the creek bottom; the furniture maker is attempting to sell some of the produce in a makeshift stand beside the road, and his wife has been busy canning and preserving.

There comes the awareness, as it still must come here and there throughout the Kentucky mountains, that as a measure of the depth of misery there still remains a height of pride — a sort of last stand of hopefulness shaped in a neat garden, a few flowers in bloom. It may be only because of this that the misery itself does not yet represent the dead end of vision. One can bear the knowledge of the furniture maker's situation because there remains in the man himself the promise as well as the hope of something better.

Though the furniture maker's house and household wear the look of long poverty that is commonplace in the region, there are significant differences between his predicament and that of most. For while most of the poor have become so because of the lack of employment, the furniture maker still applies himself industriously to his work. And while the majority are handicapped by lack of skills, the furniture maker is a consummate craftsman. While the mentality of most has been conditioned by a long dependence on coal company and union, the furniture maker is self-employed and in full possession of the discipline and pride of the craftsman who is his own boss. And in a region, moreover, which has suffered a thorough social upheaval in the change from a dependence on the land to a dependence on industry, the furniture maker came to his work by inheritance. Asked how he learned his craft, he replies: "It come to me from my ancestors."

The furniture maker's predicament is that though he has work, it is work that is very near to being useless and meaningless. He is prevented, as I have said, from using it to augment his income from the welfare program. And he is bound to the program by his inability to make a living entirely from his work. He lacks, for one thing, a dependable market. Such furniture as he makes is either not sufficiently valued by enough people to assure a market, or the affluent passers-by who are his potential customers simply refuse to believe that anything of value could be produced in such a sorry-looking place. For another thing, he is so slowed by his old tools that he could hardly make more furniture than he does even if he had more customers. It takes him, for instance, about a month to make one of the large rocking chairs that bring from $70 to $90. He can sell only three or four of these a year, and most of his time is taken up by articles from which he earns much less.

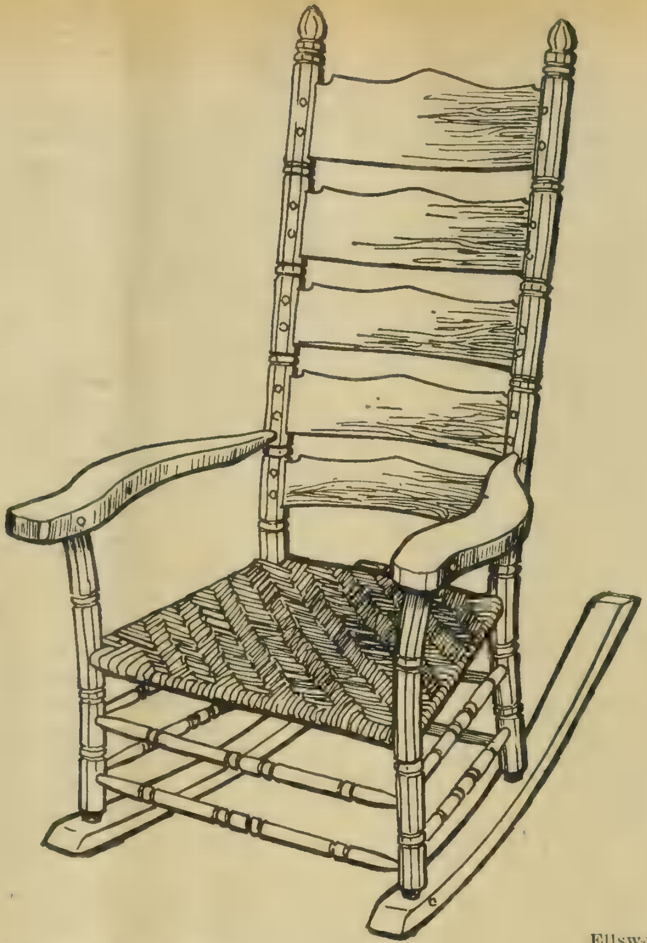
For fear that this will seem to anyone to be a sentimental defense of an anachronism, I hurry to say that this man's work, particularly in his chairs, is among the finest I have ever seen. The chairs are certainly the strongest and best made of their kind that I know of. They are beautifully proportioned and balanced. Such ornamentation as is used is modest, and tasteful in a way that transcends fashionableness. They are made to last a lifetime and more, and their strength is achieved without expense of grace. It is hard to think of a room, rich or poor, that would not be dignified by the presence of one of them, and impossible to imagine a householder who would need to condescend to own one.

This, then, is an exceptional man. But if his troubles are not typical of the region, they are nevertheless indigenous to it, and are peculiarly revealing of the region's troubles. His fate cannot be separated from the fate of his land. Like every poor man in East Kentucky, he is suffering from the deficiency of schools and opportunities in a land sold out by the greed of its elected officials, and systematically plundered by the coal companies. If the truth were not already available to anyone who cares to know it in Harry Caudill's *Night Comes to the Cumberlands*, it would be almost mathematically demonstrable that a land of such wealth could have been reduced to such poverty only by fraud. (The region itself is *not* poor; the big money did not come there to get lost.) That the land and its people could have been so far brought down is explainable only by the failure of governors to govern and legislators to legislate and judges to judge, in the interest of those they are sworn to serve — only by the subservience of our governmental ideals to the stupidity and greed of officials who have been willing to justify, by a spurious rhetoric of free enterprise, the right of the rich to get richer, by any means, at anybody's expense.

It is not possible to escape the irony of the fact that the furniture maker — a man of skill and industry, whose craft is itself one of the valuable resources of his region and nation, and who is engaged constantly in making products of great beauty and usefulness — is destitute in America, now. This, it must be remembered, is the very man whose promise the American Government was established to redeem. By all our public claims he ought to be one of the prime beneficiaries of our system. As it is, he is its victim. And if *he*, with his skill and his devoted effort, has wound up un-r the heels of the exploiters, what pe can there be for those who are ss able?

The reaction of good sense to this ian's predicament can only be to k: Instead of food stamps, why ot tools? The food-stamp program, t up as it is to neutralize whatever income is earned by personal fort, is clearly stifling to ambition, aking it certainly much easier, if ot more remunerative as well, to nothing. On the other hand, the w power tools which would be ecessary to increase the man's productivity (perhaps enough to make im independent of government iveaways) would probably cost a ood deal less than a year's supply f food stamps. The gift of tools, hich would honor the capacity of e man to survive the troubles of is region and to support himself, ould look toward a just end of the ederal intervention in the region. he gift of food alone, whether or ot limited to an established minimum, can lead only to an endless ependence on governmental chary — in which case charity becomes o more than a subtle form of oppression. If a man continues long direct and absolute dependence n the government for the necessities of life, he ceases to be a citizen nd becomes a slave.

The federal government has nade no attempt to deal with the urniture maker in terms of his particular abilities and needs. And the Division of Arts and Crafts of the state government, which would be hought the most logical source of help, seems completely puzzled by him: his output is too small, the quality and price too high. The state seems prepared to encourage only such arts and crafts as can be mass produced at dime-store prices. One gathers that the emphasis is entirely on sales, and that no consideration at all is given to the quality of the work or the integrity of the workman. The division's sole impulse in dealing with the furniture maker is to "change" him — which is to say to diminish and cheapen him. His only hope, the division feels, is to reduce the quality of his work in order to raise the volume and lower the price, or make something more marketable — souvenir whistles, for instance. Nobody seems to have considered the possibility that it would be most natural, and even most expedient, to help him to make a living by doing what he already does supremely well. Nobody seems to know how he might get hold of some tools.



Ellsworth Taylor

The truth is that the furniture maker is the dependent of his region in a more meaningful and crucial way than he ever will be the dependent of any government. And the measures that will lead to his recovery are those that will lead to the recovery of the region.

But at this moment East Kentucky is caught in the relentless grind of governmental cross-purposes. The federal government is there, carrying out various programs to assure that everybody will eat. Under the circumstances that is commendable. But it is commendable only as a temporary expedient. To be worthy of admiration in any final sense, government help will have to accomplish the result of making itself unnecessary. It must be acknowledged both by the government and the people that the charity programs can do no more than the minimum — can only prevent starvation. An agency or bureau or institution cannot exercise taste and judgment, cannot be motivated by love or compassion, cannot value a man for his industry or his art or his pride; they are abstractions themselves and must deal with people as abstractions.

To give a man bread when he needs a tool is as inept and unfeeling as to give him a stone when he needs bread, and this painful clumsiness is inherent in the generalizations of the social planners and the organized charities. Their most "humane" endeavors almost necessarily involve an attitude toward humanity that debases it. The tendency to deal with individual citizens exclusively in terms of the abstractions of their class or condition is to strike at the very foundation of American liberty, which was established to safeguard the possibility and the right of escape from such abstractions—the right to become exceptional. For the government to treat the furniture maker simply as one of the Appalachian poor is not only to insult and threaten him as an individual but to work at the destruction of the possibility that such craftsmen will ever live in the country again. To wage a "war on poverty" in such a way as to encourage the exceptional to become ordinary would seem to imply an expectancy of defeat.

The furniture maker possesses the skill and the industry and the pride that make envisionable for him the personal triumph on which most of our ideas of human worth and dignity depend: the triumph of making a living in the work of one's choice, by one's own effort, by the use of one's own gifts. And this triumph. is completely beyond the reach of any government or bureau. It cannot be achieved except by a man's own doing. What government *can* do — and this has always been one of the acknowledged functions of government — is to create and protect a condition in which personal effort is meaningful.

But having established, and given extravagant publicity to the necessarily superficial expedient of feeding the hungry, the government seems to be doing little to bring about the economic health of the region. In can be said, in fact, that the government is tacitly abetting the further gutting of the region by the coal companies. The history of the greed and irresponsibility of these companies in East Kentucky does not need repeating. It only needs to be added that as this is being written strip mining is going on there at an unprecedented rate' — in a silence of federal power which seriously threatens all corrective efforts of the state. And it needs to be said that this sort of mining involves not only the further departure of the region's wealth, with little or no benefit to the region, but the irreparable destruction of the region itself.

In the face of this crisis, which demands prompt and decisive action, the federal government has embarked on a two-year "study." For two years, then, nothing is likely to be done. And the bulldozers will grind on in a destructiveness surpassing that of any war or natural calamity; the mine owners will grow richer; the people will grow poorer; the possibilities of the region will be steadily and rapidly diminished. To anyone who has watched a strip mine being worked or has seen the results — th
huge dead gashes in the mour
tain sides, timbered slopes inunda
ed by avalanches of sterile ove
burden, streams poisoned by acid
and choked with rocks and mu
wells made unfit for use, the lan
and the homes of citizens destroye
— this two-year study is bafflin
and astonishing. It is not possib
to imagine why it should take tw
years to "study" a situation tha
could be shown to be critical — t
anyone with a live intelligence –
in two days. Here again one smell
the stench of the political fraud an
bureaucratic paralysis that have be
gun to seem as natural to the regio
as coal.

Since the federal governmen
is the largest customer (throug
TVA) of strip-mined coal, and cor
sequently the chief depressor of co
prices and the chief discourager c
the less destructive deep minin
one must wonder if there is an
real intention to do more for th
region than to ask the best and th
worst to come together to eat ou
of the government's hand.

Can We Live With Our Cars?

Elinor C. Guggenheime

Within the memory of a number of people still alive, the first horseless carriages appeared on our dirt roads and cobbled streets. They were as amusing to watch as a baby, moving from the creeping to the toddling stage. They were the toys of tinkerers and of a handful of the rich. Certainly, no one at the turn of the century could have foreseen the "automobile explosion," but a few visionaries did predict some of the changes which were about to occur. Henry James remarked that the automobile would be "a great transformer of life and of the future"; Thomas Alva Edison announced that the horse was doomed. But the average man, possessed of average common sense, enjoyed the satisfaction of advising the cranks — and the crankers—to "get a horse."

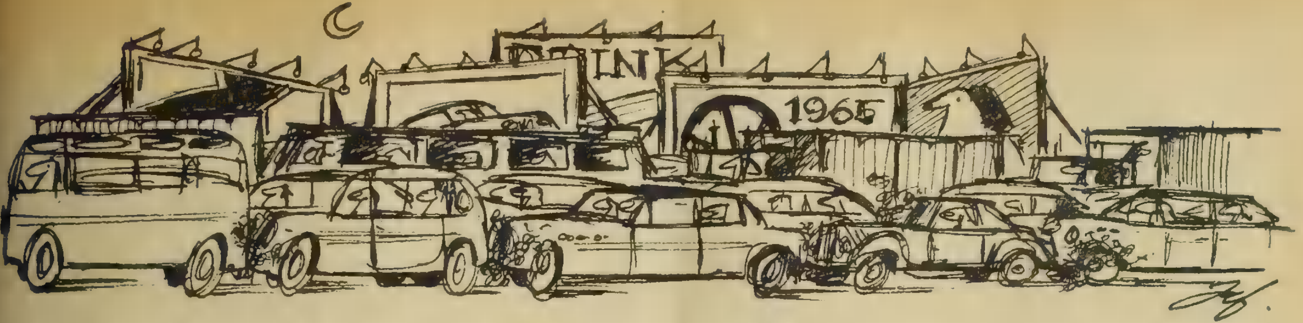
When General Motors was formed in 1908, the notion that its welfare could ever be thought synonymous with that of the United States would have seemed absurd. During the almost sixty years since then, the automobile has wrought staggering changes in our economy and our society. One thing remains true, however: what is good for General Motors, or Ford, or for the manufacturers of foreign cars now flooding in through our ports, is not necessarily good for all the people of the United States. Furthermore, what is currently good for the industry may be creating excesses that will curtail the usefulness of its product.

Automotive "progress" has been responsible for the irresistible thrusts of asphalt into our parks and meadow lands, across our countryside and along our river edges. It has ripped up our trees and has leveled the land contours in the rural areas; it has choked up the streets and polluted the air of our cities; and its omnivorous need for facilities to serve its purpose
has devoured our land. We are t
day the blessed beneficiaries
progress. We are also its victim

Recently, the President's Confe
ence on Natural Beauty paid a gre
deal of attention to the matter
highways. Principally, the confere
were concerned with billboards th
detracted from vistas which wou
otherwise delight passing motorist
Relatively little attention was pai
however, to the fact that highway
in and of themselves, frequent
destroy important natural areas.

It is not unusual today to s
parks, which once represented t
last reservation of natural land f
city dwellers, lacerated by highwa
that leave the park areas fra
mented. It is always simpler
build highways through open area
and parks are natural prey. B
even residential areas are not i
mune. Some of our finest hom
and some of our most precio
landmarks have disappeared befo
the onward march of roads.

Elinor C. Guggenheimer is Commissioner of New York's City Planning Commission.



Highway engineers are inevitably reoccupied with insuring economy nd efficiency. The automobile in- ustry is preoccupied with increas- ıg the demand for cars. And au- ımobile owners are interested in nproving travel in general and increasing the range of their cars. The answer for all three, until recently, has been the building of more and better highways, with more and better interconnecting links and spaghetti-like interchanges. Relatively few people, until recently, have spoken out for the trees and the wild-life areas, and the pleasant sloping country-sides that are disappearing.

Every day, in the Bay Area alone, our automobiles pump 6,400 *tons* of pollutants into the air we breathe.

In Los Angeles, 7.5 million gallons of gasoline are burned every day, and in downtown Los Angeles, man has given *more than two-thirds* of the land surface to the automobile — in streets, access roads, freeways, interchanges, parking space and service stations.

Last year in California, almost 5,000 people were killed in car accidents. That amounted, in numbers, to wiping out the population of, say, Sausalito. More than 215,000 people were injured—and that's about the number of people who live in California's capital city.

The new automobiles which roar into life each year in California outnumber the number of babies born here.

This year the state government will spend (including subventions to local governments) *more than $1.25 billion* on highways and other direct costs of the automobile. That's $70 for every man, woman, child and infant in the state. And it doesn't include the tragic and inestimable costs of loss of life, human injury and property damage. . . .

The point is not to condemn the automobile, or to suggest that its disadvantages outweigh its advantages. I mean to say that as citizens of California we must begin *now* to examine all the implications of the automobile—and its proper role as merely one means of meeting the transportation needs of modern man. And I mean to say that transportation is only one of many compelling problems of common concern.

Excerpt from an address delivered by Alan Cranston, State Controller, to the Commonwealth Club of California, Aug. 6, 1965

On through the decades, as highways have improved and as mass production has made the automobile more available, accessory demands have arisen. First of all, because of the automobile's limited life, "burial grounds" or junkyards, are necessary. Secondly, the turnover in cars, induced by constant improvements, has accounted for a tremendous secondhand car-lot development. The growing number of automobiles require a growing number of service stations; and the growing number of motorists require recreation and refreshments. The entrances to our cities have been made hideous by "automobile rows"; by the string of shopping centers surrounded by seas of parked cars; by drive-in movies and neon-lit hamburger joints. But even so, roads and facilities barely keep pace with the rising demands of the automobile. Road planners frequently predict bumper-to-bumper traffic on highways and expressways that have not yet been completed.

The automobile has encouraged the development of metropolitan areas, and it is within metropolitan areas that the impact of traffic is greatest. Highways leading into cities are frequently built by authorities that are not controlled by the city government itself. Traffic generated by new and better highway systems streams into the core areas of cities and strangles them.

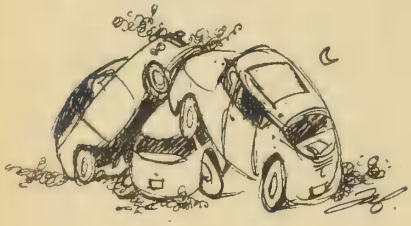
Furthermore, the automobile makes the most inefficient possible use of existing pavement. Recently, a member of the New York City Transit Authority, in a letter urging that more attention be paid to the problems of mass transportation, pointed out that in "1911 a horse-drawn truck could speed through the city streets at 11 miles an hour. Today, automobiles are forced to crawl at an average speed of 6 miles an hour when crossing Manhattan." In peak hours a 9-foot-wide lane in town centers can accommodate per hour 16,000 persons on foot; between 5,600 and 18,000 by bus (depending on the capacity of the bus) and 40,000 persons per track by rapid transit. In contrast to this, a 9-foot-wide lane in a town center can accommodate only 1,200 persons traveling by car. In actuality, the figures become even more startling because cars are rarely filled to capacity. The average number of persons per car, traveling in cities, is 1.5 to 1.7, rising at peak hours to 1.84. To put it a different way, three lanes of autos in one direction carry 4,100 persons per hour, and one local plus one express track carry 100,000 to 120,000 persons per hour. Sooner or later we must face the fact that if people are to move around a city freely they must forsake the automobile.

Merchants in the central business district of most cities urge more parking lots, because without adequate parking arrangements they cannot compete with suburban shopping centers. But parking lots generate traffic. They attract cars by their presence and they clog adjoining streets during hours when people are entering or leaving the lots or garages. Parking lots are useful for attracting customers only if they are convenient; if approaches to them become too clogged and the waiting period is too long they do not serve the purpose for which they are intended.

London, Paris, Rome and Tokyo

have joined the long list of cities undertaking studies and expressing deep concern for the steadily worsening traffic situations. In some instances cities have barred cars in sections of downtown areas. This is a drastic solution which orderly control might be able to avoid. The Buchanan report ("Traffic in Towns," London, 1963) states in a sentence what will happen in the absence of control: "The rising tide of cars will not put a stop to itself until it has almost put a stop to the traffic, essential and non-essential alike."

Traffic congestion has also contributed to the problem of air pollution. Even if the fumes from automobiles are not the major cause of air pollution, they are extremely unpleasant. At best they can be called a nuisance and, at worst, a health hazard. In California, motor-vehicle exhaust is recognized as perhaps the major source of atmospheric pollution. Congress has taken recent notice of this, and exhaust-suppressive devices to be installed in new cars should help. However, the devices now proposed will be only partially effective, and additional research is required.



Congress has grown restive over more than pollution. It is worried also about safety—about tires, padded dashboards, collapsible steering wheels, anti-skid devices, laminated safety glass, and a variety of other safety devices, to cut the always appalling accident rate. Sen. Abraham Ribicoff has been leading the efforts to improve the mechanical safety of cars.

Service stations and parking lots are meeting more and more opposition. New zoning resolutions attempt to exclude them from as many districts as possible. Industry has never been concerned about the appearance of service stations, secondhand car lots or other accessory uses. Many of them are decorated with wrecks. The advertising signs, the posters and the varicolored flags hanging like dirty underwear are an affront. In general, they have a downgrading effect on the area surrounding them.

The shopping centers, with their container-type architecture, are changing the roadside all over the country. Our finest architects take pride in the construction of major office and residential buildings, and of airport facilities. But their contributions to our cities are overshadowed by the vulgar design of the service station and the tasteless landscaping, or total lack of site planning, associated with parking facilities. Suggestions for improving such facilities, if they were publicized by the federal government, might raise the standards of some of our shortsighted entrepreneurs.

A good many communities are waging war against new highways. Recently, a California proposal to route freeways through certain established communities brought an all-out battle. In Bronxville, N.Y., citizens took up arms against bulldozers that were uprooting trees in an expressway widening. This battle was lost, but the spirit of revolution is growing and it is evident that uncontrolled highway construction will not much longer be feasible. Sooner or later, determined citizens will rout the bulldozers and an entire highway plan may go down to defeat. If such a highway is part of an organized plan it will mean the disruption of that plan. It is essential, therefore, that the controls be established by government before orderly planning is destroyed by revolution.

No easy contraceptive pill exists to counteract the "automobile explosion," and discipline will have to be applied if the automobile is to be kept a servant of human welfare. The problem is national, and the time has come for the federal government to assume leadership. The President should establish a commission, consisting of the Secretaries of Commerce, Interior, Labor, Defense and the new Department of Urban Affairs. In addition to these government officials, the commission should include top management and labor representatives from the automotive industries, and from all accessory industries; city planners; representatives of the American Institute of Architects; and representatives from the Society of Landscape Architects. The commission should be instructed to submit to the President and to the nation concret suggestions for the planned futur development of our highways an carefully designed recommendations for the construction and disposition of roadside facilities.

It should give special attentio to the problems of central cities since three-quarters of our citizen reside in cities. It should recommend plans for routing traffi around the cities and for increase subsidies to rapid transit and commuter systems. It should propos zoning patterns that will enabl communities to control the desig as well as the location of automotive facilities. The Buchanan report refers to "the magnitude o the emergency that is coming upo us and the inspiration of the challenge it presents." It states furthe that "we are nourishing at immens cost a monster of great potentia destructiveness." I do not subscrib to the theory that the automobil is a monster—it is merely a chil that is being allowed to run wild. I has served us well in emergencie and disasters. It has brought pleasure to millions and it has move forward, not merely the passenger it carries, but the entire worl Nevertheless, it has desecrated th landscape, strangled cities, and lef behind it a choking atmosphere o polluted air and a string of Kustar Kastles. Today, the automobile i ravening. We can continue to fee its inexhaustible appetite or we ca put it on a diet that will enabl us to live with it. Planned automobile-hood is overdue!

So far this year, 13,857 junked cars have been picked up by Department of Sanitation tow-truck crews. During 1964, 23,386 were removed. In 1960, the department dealt with only 2,500 such encumbrances. The present annual cost of towing abandoned cars from the city's streets to a department depot, plus the storage of the vehicle for twenty days under current legal procedure, is estimated at more than half a million dollars. In 1964, approximately half of the abandoned cars were sold at public auction, netting the city $102,479. The remaining unsalable cars constituted a massive storage and handling problem until they were finally disposed of in Department of Sanitation land fills.

From statements made by the N. Y. Department of Sanitation

The Goals of the Group

IE *LOST UNIVERSE.* By Gene Weltfish. Basic Books. 506 pp. $12.50.

IE *LONG DEATH: The Last Days of the Plains Indians.* By Ralph K. Andrist. The Macmillian Co. 371 pp. $8.95.

D'Arcy McNickle

xcept that they deal with Indian bject matter, *The Long Death* and *e Lost Universe* are in no respects mparable. Their methods are dif-rent, their purposes are different, t each in its own way is a com-lling narrative.

Mr. Andrist has had part of his perience writing radio documen-ries, and the text of *The Long eath* reflects that experience. It is sual and auditory, full of the move-ent and the clatter of charging dies of men. When he interrupts e headlong dash of his narrative analyze Indian character, or gov-nment policy, or citizen action in half of peaceful frontier solutions, becomes tendentious, even tedi-is. No one, Indian or white, emerges full hero; no one is intelligently or manely motivated. It is a surface count of the long agony of Indian feat—bitter, caustic, denigrating.

The author does not limit his nar-tive to the Plains Indians of his tle but leaps over the mountains to e Pacific Northwest to trace the atchless retreat of Chief Joseph and s Nez Percés followers and to relate ptain Jack's tragic effort to hold is Modoc country. These were mov-g events in the total Indian story d one does not regret their inclu-on.

One has more serious difficulties ith the book's thesis. The Wounded nee massacre was, indeed, a sor-wful day for the Plains Indians, ut it was not the end. A way of life as ruthlessly closed out, but the dians endured. There are more Sioux today than there were in 1890, while the traits of character, the attitudes and the values which are identifiably Indian, still operate and confound all predictions about the "Vanishing American."

The how and why of this survival will be found in Dr. Weltfish's scholarly but highly readable study of the Pawnee Indians. *The Lost Universe* is an account of a single year, a full calendar round, in which the secular and religious activities of the people are detailed. The year is 1867, a time when Pawnee observances still made up an integrated way of life, though the population had been severely reduced by disease and warfare.

Estimated at some 12,000 in the 1830s, the tribe, consisting of four separate bands, numbered less than 4,000 in 1859 when it settled on the Loup River near what is now Genoa, Neb., following a treaty with the United States. This study of the Pawnee, by making explicit the values embedded in the society of one of the great Plains tribes, supplies what is missing from the Andrist volume. It also heightens the sense of tragedy for what was destroyed.

The apparent reluctance of the Indians to fight during the winter months, for example, might leave one wondering about their stamina. They seemed not to learn that "the Army did not stop making war" merely because the grass withered and traveling became difficult, Mr. Andrist observes. Mr. Andrist, in telling us this, also tells us of their repeated failure to post guards around camp and the frequency with which they were slaughtered in surprise attacks. One wonders if these could be the same people who appear in story and picture, always spying out the enemy or disappearing into the landscape when matched against a superior force.

Possible answers to both questions, and to many others, are at least suggested by what Dr. Weltfish tells us of the Pawnees. For these Indians, and perhaps for most of the Plains Indians, the winter months were the months when the people returned from their journeys to become one people again, to relate their exploits and to renew the ceremonies which made them one people set apart from all others. The warm-weather months were too crowded with activity for these necessary observances.

The shrewder of the army commanders made the most of this trait by defeating camp after camp in the later years of the war on the Plains. It was not lack of stamina—most of the tribes went out on midwinter hunts while the buffalo were still fat and easily hunted in the deep snow—but faithfulness to a way of life. Winter was not for fighting, and a pursuing army could not alter so fundamental an aspect of the moral order.

As to the question of posting sentinels to guard against surprise attacks, Dr. Weltfish suggestively writes that "they were a well-disciplined people under many trying circumstances. And yet they had none of the power mechanisms that we consider essential to a well-ordered life. No orders were ever issued. No assignments for work were ever made. . . . The only instigator of action was the consenting person." Even in so critical an area of public safety as the posting of camp guards, the will of the individual governed. According to Dr. Weltfish, a young man would say, "I think I'll go up to the sentry post early tomorrow morning." A friend would respond, "I think I'll do that too." In due course as many men as were needed would have volunteered.

It is conceivable, under such a system of individual consent, that there would be temporary lapses, moments when the guard was down. Any democratic society based on the consent of the governed is vulnerable to sneak attack from a militant neighbor.

The Pawnee system of individual consent brings us to one of the central themes of the book, for Dr. Weltfish is manifestly interested in the meaning of democracy, as practiced by this tribe, which lived in the Missouri River basin for more than 600 years—a longer time perspective than archaeologists of the area formerly reckoned with. She asked repeatedly how the people managed to live together without centralized authority and could find no instance in which a political leader, a priest, or even a senior member of a household

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'Arcy McNickle, a member of the onfederated Salish and Kootenai ibes of Montana, is director of merican Indian Development and is e author of The Indian Tribes of e United States: Ethnic and Cul-ral Survival *(Oxford University ress).*

presumed to give orders at large or to another individual. Even formal discussion for the purpose of arriving at a consensus was not a general procedure. When asked how plans were worked out, who discussed them, the informant would answer, "They didn't discuss it at all. They don't talk about it. It goes along just as it happens to work out."

Social forms, she decided, "were carried within the consciousness of the people, not by others who were in a position to make demands." For such a system to operate, as this one did for a longer period than most modern democracies have existed, participation had to be universal, the autonomy of the individual had to be inviolable, and the individual had to be internally disciplined and responsible, not for himself alone, but for the entire group within which he functioned.

What brought down the Pawnees was not a failure in the society but diseases against which they had no immunity; competition with the Sioux, intensified by a shrinking economic base; and finally by the total destruction of that base, the buffalo herds. And behind all of this was the incoming white man, who practiced a democracy in which every man wants to be king.

The development of the individual within his society is yet another part of the question raised by Pawnee democracy, which Dr. Weltfish explores. "One thing is clear," she writes, "no one is caught within the social order . . . each person stands as his own person." The child was born into a community, but was never swallowed up by it. From the beginning he was made to feel that his identity was with the infinite cosmos, as the roundhouse within which he lived served as a central observation post from which the movements of the planets and the stars were calculated for ceremonial purposes.

Affection came from many sources, in varying degrees of kinship intimacy, but affection never became a smothering overprotection. "The special concern of his mother did not mean that he was so closely embedded with her emotionally that he was not able to move about." Move about he did, to the homes of his uncles, his half-brothers, his grandparents, always certain of food and warmth, "and there was no reason why he should hesitate to set out alone and explore the wide world, even though years should pass before he returned." The world, indeed, was his home. Dr. Weltfish contends that "it is not easy for us to perceive the wide gap in kind between Pawnee society and our own, and yet in the face of all the terrible events of the past and the pressure to destroy his personality, surely it must mean something that the American Indian has maintained his identity among us."

If the meaning of Pawnee identity eludes us at this moment in time, the occasion may yet arise when we find ourselves retracing the social development of these once despised denizens of the Plains for the threads of continuity which successfully carried them beyond disaster.

One such thread certainly was the individual—not the social form or the institution, which may stifle individual growth and in any case is a temporal creation of fallible men. The Pawnees were fortunate in that they were born into a fluid society. "The individual personality was not trimmed down to fit the kin structure, but the structure was used to realize the individual personality. The Pawnee social structure was written into no statute books, nor did it have the status of doctrine, and there was no chain of command enforce it."

With freedom to move and to gro the individual carried out his co mitment to the group, not because coercive sanctions or internalized gui but because in his own searching f goals he was realizing the goals the group. "His aspiration [was] n to surpass some one else, but to beyond his own past achievement And therefore, his aspirations, ev his personal name, were secrets whi he shared discreetly, if ever. To spe publicly of such matters was to invi competition and conflict.

In such a society, the individu was the keystone. This, the Pawne as well as other Indians, understoo Which perhaps is the ultimate e planation of why the Indian peop have kept their identity through adversity. After all forms had cru bled, the man stood revealed.

On that final point, having minded us that the problems of o bomb-ridden, automated age "call f drastic revisions in our age-old mo vations," Dr. Weltfish concludes th "it is within the individual that t universe will be regained."

This, also, the Pawnees knew.

Reflections on Gaols

ON THE PENITENTIARY SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS APPLICATION IN FRANCE. By Gustave de Beaumont and Alexis de Tocqueville. Southern Illinois University Press. 222 pp. $6.

Norval Morris

In May of 1831, Alexis de Tocqueville, aged 26, and Gustave de Beaumont, aged 29, arrived in the United States to spend ten months, at their own expense but under official French auspices, studying American penitentiaries and houses of refuge. They published *On the Penitentiary System in the United States and Its Application in France* in Paris and in Philadelphia in 1833, the English translation being the work of Francis Lieber. Compared with Tocqueville's remarkably prescient *Democracy in America*, also in part the product of his observations and discussions on this trip, his survey with Beaumont of American penitentiaries is lit known; it is nevertheless a gracef and thoughtful study of importan to the history of correctional theo and practice, and its republication Southern Illinois University Pre with an excellent concise introdu tion by Prof. Thorsten Sellin, is co mendable.

In 1833, unlike today, much phi sophical literature, many shapely says, and an abundance of learn pamphlets were devoted to proble of penal sanctions; suddenly, simil interests are being forced upon of us, though they have not yet tracted, as they did in the early 19 century, the better minds of the d Of course, all was not then ratio argument and sober planning; t uplifting moral precept of a high gree of practical irrelevance w much in vogue. As Beaumont a Tocqueville comment: ". . . there in America as well as in Euro estimable men whose minds fe upon philosophical reveries, a whose extreme sensibility feels want of some illusion."

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The pressure toward consideration f these topics today is less academic ıan practical, less theoretical than f threatening social significance, ith crime in the streets an issue of ational political interest, as well as f pressing importance to the inabitants of the urban agglomeraons that increasingly proliferate cross the country. Yet what we still eed is more—not less—theory; better alidated guides to action, not more ction for action's sake; more critical valuation of what we are doing; and lso, in the manner of Beaumont nd Tocqueville, more intelligent atiocination directed toward what night be, to the limits of the praccal and feasible. And we want ıose who will not merely speculate nd spin words but will measure and ount, and like Beaumont and Tocqueille "have at least the advantage of iving to our arguments none but olid foundations."

It is often forgotten that the enitentiary, the state and federal rison as we now know it, is an merican invention, and that if one vanted to study prisons in the first alf of the 19th century it was to his country that one came. There vere, of course, European and even sian antecedents to the prison, but roadly, until the development of the Valnut Street Gaol in Philadelphia, he prison was not used for the punshment of serious crime anywhere n the world. The prison until then erved a series of different purposes; f one went to an English prison, ay in 1780, one would find there hree groups of inmates: First, those waiting trial or appeal against their onvictions or sentences; secondly, lebtors, civil and criminal, awaiting he time when they or their friends ould find the funds to purchase heir release; and thirdly, those waiting punishment which might be apital, corporal or the less than leasant journey in a convict ship o the sunnier climes of Australia. One would not find inmates imrisoned as a punishment. That idea irst gained acceptance in Philadelhia and from there spread throughut the world with swift luxuriance. Beaumont and Tocqueville concisely ell this Philadelphia story as folows:

> *Though the penitentiary system in the United States is a new institution, its origin must be traced back to times already long gone by. The first idea of a reform in the American prisons belongs to a religious sect in Pennsylvania. The Quakers, who abhor all shedding of blood, had always protested against the barbarous laws which the colonies inherited from their mother country. In 1786, their voice succeeded in finding due attention, and from this period, punishment of death, mutilation and the whip were successively abolished in almost all cases by the Legislature of Pennsylvania. A less cruel fate awaited the convicts from this period. The punishment of imprisonment was substituted for corporal punishment, and the law authorized the courts to inflict solitary confinement in a cell during day and night, upon those guilty of capital crimes. It was then that the Walnut Street prison was established in Philadelphia.*

The prison is again in process of rapid change. Correctional administrators and scholars devote themselves to developing and planning a variety of penal sanctions alternative to the walled banishment which is prison, and are aspiring to treat offenders with meaningful and effective control in the community in which they will live, whether or not they are temporarily banished. And even within the walls there is a gradual development away from the pachydermatous monsters which characterized penal institutions in this country and toward smaller prisons of diverse character, with and without walls, but with a milieu matched to the prisoners' various rehabilitative needs.

There is also a developing realization of the importance of more effective after care, in the community's interest, and of a variety of processes for the controlled and strongly supervised release of those we do have to banish to prison. But, when Beaumont and Tocqueville wrote, different issues exercised men's minds, and the central questions to which they addressed themselves were: Is the American system to be preferred to that of the Old World? Of this, they had no doubt; clearly it was. And within the American system is that of Pennsylvania or that of New York the better? Is the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia to be the model for French emulation, or should Auburn or Sing Sing in New York? They studied these questions in no cursory manner. For example, Tocqueville personally interviewed every prisoner in the Eastern Penitentiary and recorded what seemed to him the main points of these interviews.

Supporters of the two systems agreed that communication among prisoners must be prohibited to avoid moral contamination and to provide ample opportunity for unimpeded reflection, repentence and moral change; in Philadelphia this was achieved by the complete isolation of the offender in a solitary cell where he would live, sleep, eat and work, and from which he would be taken daily for still isolated periods of exercise; in New York this was to be achieved by solitary confinement in the cell at night but with labor in factory and workshop *in silence* throughout the day.

Beaumont and Tocqueville most carefully consider the respective advantages and disadvantages of these two systems. They recognized the extreme psychological pressure that the Philadelphia system imposed on the human mind and spirit, foreshadowing the fierce anger of Charles Dickens when he later looked at the same system, and the recent psychological research on the damaging effects of isolation. The New York system required less expensive prisons since the cells did not need to be so large, and it was not necessary to build a small exercise yard attached to each cell. They summarize the advantages, as they see them, of the penitentiary system of the United States over that of other countries, and express cautious preference for the New York system:

> *The advantages of the penitentiary system of the United States may then be classed in the following manner: (1) impossibility of the mutual corruption of the prisoners, (2) great probability of their contracting habits of obedience and industry, which render them useful citizens, (3) possibility of a radical reformation.*
>
> *Though each of the establishments which we have examined aims at these three results, there are nevertheless, in this respect, some shades of difference, which distinguish the Auburn system from that of Philadelphia.*
>
> *Philadelphia has, as we have already observed, the advantage over Auburn in respect to the first point. Indeed, the prisoners, separated by thick walls, can communicate with each other still less than those who are separated by silence only. The Auburn discipline guarantees the certainty that silence shall not be violated, but it is a mere moral certainty, subject to contradiction; while at Philadelphia, communication among the convicts is physically impossible.*
>
> *The Philadelphia system being also that which produces the deep-*

The Birthday Dream

At the worst place in the hills above the city
Late at night I was driving   cutting through
The overbalancing slums.   There was no soul or body
In the streets.   I turned right   then left somewhere
Near the top   dead-ending into a wall.   A car
Pulled out and blocked me.   Four men detached from it.
I got out too.   It was Saturday night   the thrill
Of trouble shimmered on the concrete.   One shadow
Had a bottle of wine.   I stood and said, Say, Buddy,
Give me a drink of that wine   not at all fearing
Shaking   as in anything but dream bones   dream
Feet I would have.   He said, We're looking for somebody
To beat up.   It won't be me, I said   and took him
By the arm with one hand and tossed him into the air.
Snow fell from the clearness in time for there
To be a snowbank for him to fall into elbow-first.
He got up, holding the wine.   This guy is too big,
He said, he is too big for us; get the Professor.
Four of us stood together as the wind blew and the snow
Disappeared   and watched the lights of the city
Shine   some others appearing   among them   some
Going out   and watched the lava-flow of headlights off
In the valley.   Like a gunshot in the building next to us
A light went out   and down came a middle-aged man
With a hairy chest; his gold-trimmed track shorts had
YMCA Instructor on them   and I knew it was time
For the arm-game.   We stretched out on our stomachs
On top of the dead-end wall.   On one side was the drop
We had all been looking into   and the other side sank
Away with my car   with the men: two darks lifted
Us toward the moon.   We put our elbows on the wall
And clasped palms.   Something had placed gold-rimmed
Glasses of wine beside us   apartment lights hung in them
Loosely   and we lay nose to nose at the beginning
Of that ceremony; I saw the distant traffic cross him
From eye to eye.   Slowly I started to push   and he
To push.   My body grew as it lay   forced against his
But nothing moved.   I could feel the blood-vessels
In my brow distend   extend   grow over the wall like vines
And in my neck   swell like a trumpet-player's: I gritted
Into his impassive face   where the far lights moved   this is
What I want   this is what I came for   The city pulsed
And trembled in my arm   shook with my effort   for miles
In every direction   and from far below in the dark
I heard the voices of men raised up in a cry of wild
Encouragement   of terror   joy   as I strained to push
His locked hand down.   I could not move him   did not want
To move him   would not yield.   The world strove with my body
To overcome   the highways shuddered   writhed   came apart
At the centerline   far below us a silent train went by
A warning-light   and slowly from the embodying air was loaded
With thousands of ghostly new cars   in tiered racks
The light like pale wine in their tinted windshields.
The culture swarmed around me like my blood   transfigured
By force.   I put my head down and pushed with all my life
And writing sprang under my forehead   onto the concrete:
Graffitti scratched with a nail   a boot-heel   an ice-pick
A tire-iron   a scrap of metal from a stolen car   saying
You are here   and I woke
Entangled with my wife, who labored   pled   screamed
To bring me forth.   The room was full of mildness.   I was forty.

James Dickey

> *st impressions on the soul of the onvict, must effect more reforma- on than that of Auburn. The lat- er, however, is perhaps more con- ormable to the habits of men in ociety, and on this account effects greater number of reformations, hich might be called "legal," in- smuch as they produce the extern- l fulfillment of social obligations. If it be so, the Philadelphia sys- m produces more honest men, and hat of New York more obedient itizens. . . .*
>
> *It is . . . this system which we hould wish to see applied to our risons, if the question were only choose between the two.*

Little of all this is believed today: most prisoners we are happy ough if we do them no harm and n them loose no worse than on day they arrived. The socially otective function of prisons lies in deterrent effect on others, but nditions within institutions seem gely irrelevant to that general de- rence, the ameliorated conditions some modern smaller institutions rving equally well or badly for that rpose as the regime of the tougher k-ups. We struggle for a few of- nders—the younger, the first timers, d occasionally those with pro- unced psychological or gross so- logical disadvantages—to make of prisonment a rehabilitative ex- rience, but we are yet only on the reshold of this work.

In 1833, Beaumont and Tocque- lle offered the view, which is now adually gaining acceptance that he number, more or less consider- le, of crimes, and even their de- ease or increase, may be owing to uses entirely foreign to the peni- ntiary system." It is fair to try to dge a correctional system in terms recidivism, of the later conduct its discharged inmates, but even is is a complicated enterprise in hich easy comparisons between sys- ms are peculiarly difficult; but it is least fair to try to test in this ay. It is quite unfair to try to judge correctional system in terms of the tes of crime and delinquency in e community. The aims of the ison officer, of probation officers, parole officers must be more mod- t and realistic than to encompass ch gross social phenomena as the tes of criminality in the macrocosm the community where a multi- licity of other social pressures are preponderous weight.

A defect in this publication is that r too many people stand between Beaumont and Tocqueville and their public. But Prof. Thorsten Sellin's introduction interprets the climate of thinking and practice in France on correctional matters and is a necessary frame of reference in which to understand this survey of the American system. Both helpful and a masterful study in itself, it also strengthens Professor Sellin's position as the leading historian of penal methods. The same is not true of Francis Lieber who grossly exceeds his role of translator and assumes the function of wearisomely pretentious commentator on the authors' observations and conclusions. The editors have exorcised most of his wordy reflections from this edition and what remains could well have been similarly treated (it is remarkable that a man who can produce such strong and clear sentences as a translator writes with such circumlocution when expressing his own opinions). Likewise, the foreword by Prof. Herman R. Lantz adds little to the book, but is perhaps justified as an introduction to a series, "Perspectives in Sociology," of which this is the first volume, and which aims, so it is claimed, and I quote since I would hesitate to use such large words in public, "to bring together the richness from bordering disciplines in order to shed light on the social confrontations of man, in both time and space." The young French authors admirably fulfill this purpose, whatever it precisely is, and so does Thorsten Sellin. Together, they present an important vignette in the history of correctional methods and ideas.

What they wrote of the Walnut Street prison in Philadelphia has unhappy truth for most prisons: "It had two principal faults: it corrupted by contamination those who worked together. It corrupted by indolence, the individuals who were plunged into solitude." And they tell their wise story always with grace and with occasional wit: "Some persons believe that it would be extremely difficult to apply to women a system, the basis of which is silence."

Mad Old Man and the Sea

THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA. By Yukio Mishima. Translated from the Japanese by John Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. 181 pp. $3.95.

DIARY OF A MAD OLD MAN. By Junichiro Tanizaki. Translated from the Japanese by Howard Hibbett. Alfred A. Knopf. 177 pp. $3.95.

Harold Clurman

In his discursive guidebook, *The Kimono Mind*, Bernard Rudofsky entices the prospective tourist by saying: "Be prepared for the fact that in Japan there is no sin, original or otherwise." This come-hither suggestion is more austerely corroborated by the scholar G. B. Sansom in his cultural history of Japan when he notes: "The conception of sin, as distinct from uncleanliness, is wanting or rudimentary, and throughout their history the Japanese seemed to have retained in some measure this incapacity, or this reluctance to grapple with the problem of Evil. Such a statement, once committed to writing, forthwith challenges contradiction, but it represents, if imperfectly, a truth; and much that is baffling in the study of their history becomes clearer when one remembers that they have never been tortured by the sense of sin."

The Japanese then are essentially a *pagan* people. With us the word is usually confused with the notion of pleasure seeking. But pain is as much present to the pagan mind as pleasure. Both are realities which are viewed objectively—to be appreciated without judgment in terms of good and evil since both are equally inherent in the fact of existence.

In this light it is interesting to examine the two most recently published Japanese novels: Mishima's *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea* and Tanizaki's *Diary of a Mad Old Man*. Mishima, at 40, is Japan's leading young novelist; Tanizaki, now 79, is the grand old man of Japanese letters.* Their two novels, though dissimilar in aesthetic approach, still reveal basic characteristics. While profoundly of their own land and culture, they attain a fascinating universality.

Superficially *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea* (this is not the untranslatable original title) is a horror story of juvenile delinquency. A group of adolescents, a little "clan" of well-born 13- and 14-year-old boys, conspire to kill a man, the husband newly wed to the mother of one of their number. In their eyes he is a sailor who has fallen from grace with the sea: he has renounced the sea to settle down as the manager of a luxury shop in Yokohama which his wife owns. To the gang the sea stands for freedom, detachment from society, the ultimate truth. It removes men from the crassness of workaday preoccupations.

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*The news of Tanizaki's death was received after this review was written.

We are reminded, to begin with, of the children in Dostoevsky and Gide whose crimes express the innate evil of mankind, gratuitous and mindless. But in Mishima's novel the children are nihilists because they are absolute idealists. They train themselves in detachment by such exercises as the killing of a cat, followed by its dismemberment and disemboweling. Their "chief" asserts that they must rise above error and vulgarity by which their parents, or society in general, are besmirched. They strive to achieve "absolute dispassion." Sex itself for them is not only an unworthy but an insignificant activity. The sailor of the story—he is an officer on a merchant ship—is a hero to them so long as he remains one, free from the taint of mundane commerce. When he consents to join the commonplace citizenry, he must be done away with as a traitor.

Curiously, the sailor himself shares his assailants' sentiments. He too feels that his marriage entails a corruption, a descent into the sloth which his killers call "impermissible things," the ordinary traffic of life.

More is involved than the depiction of abnormal psychology. There is something in Mishima which yearns fiercely for the unattainable, a pinnacle of purity akin to nonexistence or "godliness." Mishima dramatizes a possible explanation for this in one boy's relation to his mother. But psychoanalytic interpretation is hardly relevant here.

In his earlier novel, *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion*, the central character feels himself compelled to burn the ancient temple to the ground—that is, to destroy his ideal in order to accommodate himself to reality. In *The Sailor Who Fell* — the man who fails to live up to the ideal must himself be destroyed. A social comment is implied that is so subtle one is uncertain whether it is entirely conscious. The youth who burns the temple in the earlier novel wants to destroy a burdensome ideal of beauty —of which the temple has become the symbol—so that he can take his place in the "new Japan." The savagery of the kids in the later novel represents a hatred of the ever increasing mechanization (or "Americanization") of their country, which has become sordidly mediocre in comparison with Japan's antique dream of pristine grandeur, traditional and sacrosanct long before the intrusion of the materialistic West.

Dense in substance, far-reaching in allusion, this novel is brilliant in the conciseness of its narrative line. The imagery is marked by a sort of impersonal sensuousness, a graphic and colorful precision. The verbal means employed are spare; one is aware of a dominant control. The informed reader is tempted to find analogies with such minute Japanese verse forms as the *haikai* or with certain 17th-century scroll paintings in which much is conveyed in little.

Mishima's inspiration is fundamentally poetic; Tanizaki is a realist. The younger man tends toward abstraction though he never loses contact with the specific; the older one appears to confine himself to the familiar, the immediately observable, even the domestic. Yet both writers meet in contiguous spheres.

Tanizaki's *Diary of a Mad Old Man* (an irreverent American might call him a dirty old man) is the portrait of an ailing, almost moribund character of 77. He is and has been for a long time completely impotent. Yet sexual desire and the various e
travagances attendant upon it pers
and will persist as long as he liv

In the telling, the story is fun
obscene, grotesque and, finally, exh
arating. There is also something chi
ing in the complete absence of sen
ment in Tanizaki's presentation.
spares us no clinical detail of the
man's condition or of the medi
treatment he undergoes. But the m
desires endlessly with masochistic j
and cunning malice, despite t
awareness of his decrepitude,
surdity and the total inefficacy
his impulse, which is as intense
if it were to know consummation.

The object of his desire is
daughter-in-law. She teases, gra
fies and exploits him in a man
"eternally feminine." But no one—
his son nor his own wife, his daught
his doctors and nurses — finds t
man's sexual impulse in the least
natural or shocking. They understan
the sex drive is a constant for
superseding its physiological sour
manifestations or consequences. It
evidence of and commensurate w
the energy of life itself. The unin
ligible because nonrational p
nomenon of existence—neither g
nor evil—is stoically accepted.

Tanizaki smiles ambiguously at t
wonder which cannot be exploited
fathomed. Mishima's posture is
of apparently imperturbable conte
plation, something between anguish
awe and puzzled serenity. Neither m
moralizes. Both are master artists a
both in these admirably transla
novels have much to tell us.

Preview of a German Controversy

George K. Romoser

Twenty-one years after the bomb which Count Claus Schenk von Stauffenberg, a colonel in the German General Staff, carried to Hitler's headquarters failed to kill the Fuehrer—and thus once and for all doomed a military-civilian plot to overthrow the Nazi regime—the stage is being set, perhaps literally, for a public airing of the motives and actions of the conspirators.

Following in the footsteps of Rolf Hochhuth, whose controversial drama about Pope Pius XII and the Jews aroused great interest inside and outside Germany, the German stage has suddenly become documentary. One of its most unusual playwrights will undoubtedly be Wolfgang Graetz. Graetz has written a sharply criti
work about the German Resista
Movement. *The Conspirators,*
Graetz names the play, at pres
exists only in manuscript form. It
been scrutinized by any number
German historians and theatrical
ducers, and may be performed
Munich this autumn. Graetz is un
contract to publishing houses in
nich which will print the work
October.

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fessor of government at Connecti
College. He has also taught at F
burg and Mainz Universities in
many, and is preparing a book on
politics of resistance in Nazi Germa

Graetz's drama is well written and ceeds in capturing the atmosphere discussion and action among the ıspirators. The action is limited to events of July 20, 1944, itself, t the play is intended as a com ntary on the whole course of dis ssions among those military and ilian leaders who meditated action ainst the Hitler government between Czech crisis of September, 1938, d the attempted *coup d'état* six ars later. This Graetz makes clear a long foreword which, unlike chhuth's "Historical Appendix" to *e Deputy* is—at least at the mo nt — completely undocumented. ere Graetz argues the thesis that ıe cannot rebel against something th which one is identical."

Though the dramatic presentation elf conveys a more subtle and dif entiated argument—as do, indeed, ne of Graetz's statements in the eword—the general approach of his rk is something new on the German ne. It is small wonder that the ınuscript has already agitated Ger ın historians. Another historical ama about sensitive problems of Nazi era threatens to have greater pact than the fruits of years of re arch by professional scholars, not speak of the efforts by survivors of plot against Hitler, and by friends the conspirators.

In West Germany, there have en but two general attitudes toward conspiratorial activity of 1938 to 44 among historians, journalists and ıer disseminators of the printed and oken word (the general public has best been indifferent, at worst un ubtedly suspicious of the conspira s).

The first school of thought has been l by Hans Rothfels, professor emeri s of history at the University of ıebingen. In 1948, when Professor thfels was still an *émigré* and ıching at the University of Chicago, published a highly influential work *The German Opposition to Hitler.* it, he praised the political and ral insight of the conspirators, gued that they had acted seriously d resolutely, and were thwarted ly by the totalitarian control exer sed by the Nazis, the indifference "nonpolitical" generals inside Ger ıny, and the indifferent or hostile itude of the Western Allies toward ir plans.

Though Rothfels' book was written English, was first published in this untry, and was primarily directed against the views of American and British "anti-Germans," it initiated the tendency to glorify the motives and actions of the conspirators. This aim is supported by the argument that there should be an "educating myth" for German youth, an integration of the passion for freedom—which is said to have been characteristic of the conspirators—into opinions about the recent German past.

The purveyors of the second view about the anti-Nazi conspiracy do not enjoy the professional reputations of the spokesmen of the first school. But their position probably more accurately reflects the suspicion with which the conspiracy is seen by Germans of the older generations. In its baldest form, the second viewpoint is expressed in neo-Nazi writings which label the conspirators as traitors. In more moderate forms, the viewpoint is influential enough to have deterred the West German Government from making July 20 a legal holiday, as has been done for June 17, the anniversary of the 1953 uprising in the Soviet Zone.

At first glance, Graetz's drama appears closest to views which have been widespread in the United States and Great Britain, and which have recently been represented and propagated in William L. Shirer's *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.* According to such interpretations, the conspirators were representatives of disgruntled military and reactionary cliques, opportunists who undertook an ineffective attempt to change Germany's government only when faced by military disaster.

In some respects, indeed, Graetz's views appear closest to interpretations which have been fashionable among Communists. In these circles the plotters have been regarded simply as disgruntled Hitlerites.

Yet Graetz's work opens the possibility for a discussion of the Resistance which moves beyond all these previous interpretations. Such a discussion becomes even more desirable as interpretations of July 20, 1944 outside West Germany begin to shift and a historical episode which had seemed of minor importance comes to be used as a weapon of political historiography. For example, the influence of Rothfels and his followers has been so great in the Anglo-Saxon world that in the second edition of *The German Opposition to Hitler* (1958), Rothfels writes of the complete "reversal of opinion" on the Resistance outside Germany since the immediate postwar period. Moreover, Soviet and East German historians and journalists have, within the last few years, undertaken to distinguish between "reactionary" and "progressive" members of the conspiracy. According to this interpretation, which is now the official line in East Germany, Stauffenberg and a few of his friends were progressive nationalists who wished to orient the future Germany toward close cooperation with the USSR; Carl Goerdeler, former mayor of Leipzig, and the chief civilian involved in the plot, was, along with his followers, bourgeois, pro-Western, and a crypto-Nazi.

Graetz's play is marked by a frontal attack upon that which he terms the "resistance myth" in West Germany. In his foreword, he remarks that the function of this myth is to hinder social reform in the Federal Republic, for it holds forth as heroic models persons who were essentially anti-democratic. At the same time, writes Graetz, the resistance mythology is consciously or unconsciously used to "justify" German history since World War I.

It is tempting to try to relate Graetz's own personal misfortunes to his passion for social reform. In the first article on *The Conspirators* to appear in a West German publication, the caustic and critical news magazine *Der Spiegel* alluded to such relationships when it described in detail Graetz's chaotic life as an adolescent during the war (he was born in 1926), and his subsequent alienation from postwar German society. (He has a long prison record of burglary, robbery, check forging, etc., and wrote his play while incarcerated in a Hessian prison, after the judge refused his plea for psychiatric treatment.)

The dramatic action of *The Conspirators* involves the contrast between resolution to action against the Nazi regime—what the Germans call *Tatkraft* — and the pervasive hesitation in the conduct of the conspirators. In seeking to reconstruct the atmosphere of the conspiracy and the cast of mind among the plotters, Graetz shows that the central problem of the Resistance was a lack of clear and consistent resolution. Even more important is the fact that the play depicts the connection between hesitation and the political sentiments of many of the key actors. For while Graetz shows the inefficiency of the plotting, his real theme concerns the sources of that inefficiency.

Not inaccurately, for example, Graetz

has some of his characters engage, during the fateful hours on the afternoon of July 20, in an absurd and lengthy conversation on exactly what percentage of chance for success is necessary before one *may* undertake a *coup d'état*. He depicts Gen. Ludwig Beck, destined to be chief of state in a new regime, alternating between moods of hope and despair. He shows Stauffenberg issuing frantic military commands to which no one listens because the plotters have failed to gain command of the radio or make provision for finding reliable troops in Berlin itself. Yet the confusion of their actions merely raises the question: Why?

Graetz explores this question in line with his belief that "it is not so-called 'treason to Hitler's Germany' which should be made the subject of criticism, but the exact opposite—namely, that the conspirators could not bring themselves to a clearer and more radical rejection of Hitler." In effect, the play shows the emphasis which the conspirators always placed upon the "right conditions" for the initiation and then successful conclusion of a *coup d'état*. According to Graetz's dramatization, these "right conditions" were but reflections of the nationalist bias and confused political dreams of the conspirators. The conspirators were weak in resolution because they qualified their willingness to act through too many "conditions" which had nothing to do with the attitude of the Allies, or the military and police power of the regime, but with their state of mind, particularly their sympathy with the "good parts" of Nazism.

The only genuinely *tatkräftig* characters in Graetz's play are non-ideological figures such as Count von Helldorff, Police President of Berlin, and Hans Bernd Gisevius, a former Gestapo official who was close to both Admiral Canaris, head of German counterintelligence, and the American Office of Strategic Services during the war. Helldorff, who had been a rough Nazi Storm Troop leader in the early years, presents the figure of a cynical man of pure action; Gisevius represents the realist who opposes Stauffenberg's confused political romanticism and urges that action take place before ideological debates and without waiting fruitlessly for a favorable sign from the Allies.

The assassin Stauffenberg, though the initiator of the action which finally came to pass after years of discussion, is pictured in *The Conspirators* as a man of personal ambition, nationalist sentiment, and militaristic-aristocratic ideas. Indeed, Graetz first developed the notion of writing a dramatic work on the conspiracy after reading Eberhard Zeller's *Geist der Freiheit* (*The Spirit of Freedom*), at whose "folkish-nationalist jargon" he took offense. Zeller's book, a detailed accounting of the plot of July 20, and a characterization of the leading actors, is in fact constructed around a glorification of the hero Stauffenberg, whose actions Zeller interprets in a romantic manner as constituting a "revolt against the mass age." In spirit it is close both to the quasi-political aristocratic romanticism of the Stefan George circle, which had indeed influenced the young Stauffenberg, and to the sentiments of the "conservative revolution" against the principles and practices of liberal democracy in the Weimar Republic.

To Stauffenberg, Graetz attributes the opinion that National Socialism had sought positive gains: "the struggle against corruption and the spirit of big cities, for instance; the emphasis on the peasantry—and a healthy sense of rank, along with the leadership principle." While Stauffenberg admits that the regime has failed to develop its early promise, his alternative is notably vague: it can only be "some new concept which it will be worth living and dying for . . . in any case, we don't want a return to the rotten conditions of the Weimar Republic!"

For Graetz, Stauffenberg's "ideology" comes down to support for "holy Germany's national war," an unclear notion of future rule by military aristocrats, and a rejection of all rebellion that leads to a breakdown of either the internal or external mobilization of Germany. In Graetz's portrait, moreover, Stauffenberg is an avid opponent of the so-called "Western solution"—a plan which would have involved giving up the war against the Western Allies.

To gain support for their action, the conspirators on July 20 operated with the fiction that the S.S. had attempted a *coup d'état*. The justification for the role of the army was to be that it had stepped in to "preserve order and unity." That the use of this fiction is a highly significant indication of the mentality of the conspirators is not lost upon Graetz. His characters turn again and again to the question whether "the people will accept the conspiracy," and fear "telling the naked truth to the people."

The plain fact is that the conspirators believed the populace as well most officers to be thoroughly "Na fied." Thus, they felt themselves be politically isolated at the same ti that they both needed mass supp to carry the coup to a successful c clusion, and yet, because of th elitist political views, mistrusted m participation in politics. Under th conditions, the *coup d'état* could o be precarious, a fact which was flected in the hesitations of the c spirators on July 20 when matters not proceed exactly according to pl As Graetz correctly indicates, mu of the "planning" prior to that ti simply involved useless discussi about the importance of having "c cepts" for "the social question" (i the question of winning mass s port). The conspirators were pal revolutionaries who obscurely rec nized that they could not be sim palace revolutionaries in a country which the regime had mobilized m support.

Thus, though Graetz's prese tion requires much qualification refinement, he has touched upon central dilemma of what has come be known as the "German Resista Movement" — a term, incidenta which unfairly obscures the activi of Communist and other left-wing positional cells in the early years the Nazi regime. Graetz's play p ably underestimates the degree which many of the conspirators v motivated to action by moral re sion. Graetz's assertion about "identity" of the rebels and against which they were "rebelli cannot be supported. His work negl the extent to which the conspira were hampered by other circ stances, and does not clearly eno articulate the objective difficulty their position. Moreover, Graetz is sufficiently attentive to the fact many of the conspirators had ea been not "Nazis" but "revolutio conservatives" who feared—and without some reason — the poli role of "mass men" in a disjointed shattered social order such as which prevailed in Germany after First World War.

However, none of these the have been discussed by German torians either in a plausible man *The Conspirators* may help to ren the theme from what Graetz terms "dustbin of crumbling old fol German holy relics" to which F fels, Zeller and similar authors consigned July 20, 1944.

ILMS

Robert Hatch

THIRD FESTIVAL

e proprietors of the New York Film
stival maneuver to launch their
nual stand at Lincoln Center in
atmosphere of controversy. Last
ar the opener was the melodramatic
d somewhat sentimental Russian
amlet; this year it was Jean-Luc
dard's *Alphaville*. If I were a direc-
r, I doubt that I would covet this
sition. The festival takes some
ins to make an occasion of its first
ghts, with speeches from the stage
forehand and a buffet reception
out midnight. There is an air of
ficial endorsement about the screen-
g that is subtly bullying, and a
m so presented must, at least ini-
lly, work against it.

But there was a certain logic to
ading with *Alphaville*. It is the only
xperimental," the only "difficult,"
cture in this year's collection, and
ving got it out of the way, the
stival could turn to its main job,
hich is to act as a preview screen
r the international film imports. It
serving that function very well;
ilharmonic Hall is proving to be
e only movie theatre in town, ex-
pt for the houses that specialize
the underground, where audiences
spond with applause, cheers, cat-
lls and boos. A distributor with an
r sensitive to decibels should be
le to predict box-office response.

And it is important to give the
mmercial importers as much guid-
nce and encouragement as possible,
r it is noticeable that as the world
nema gains ebullience and inven-
ve energy, the American import
affic dwindles. The goal of the art
use proprietors, understandably, is
book sensational hits, with the re-
lt that fewer and fewer films have
nger and longer runs. The virtue
the festival is that it notifies the
ovie audience of what it may be
issing as the Beatles or *Tom Jones*
ind on for interminable months.

I have not tried to cover the
tire festival, for to do so turns film
ing into an endurance test. What
llows is a sampling of this third
ason, the hope being that much
what has been shown once at Lin-
ln Center will play normal runs and
reviewed before Easter.

Alphaville has been accurately de-
ned as a "Pop" film—that is, it
ses discreditable materials for artistic and, in this case, moral ends. (The true Pop artists repeatedly disclaim any moral intent, though viewers conscientiously read it into their canvases.) The genre Godard exploits is the secret-agent thriller and Eddie Constantine, who plays Lemmy Caution, is an American actor living in Paris who has become identified with sex-and-sadism B-films. He looks and behaves like an inadequate description of Humphrey Bogart.

This time, Constantine has been sent on a science fiction mission: to a megalopolis enslaved by a computer, where lapse of logic is a capital offense and any display of emotion grounds for arrest. Lemmy, instructed to eliminate the computer and its director (named, coincidentally, Dr. Von Braun) is thus an agent of the humane virtues, of love. It is therefore notable that he has not been in Alphaville an hour when he guns down an anonymous intruder into his hotel room with an automatic that subsequently proves to be fitted with one of those inexhaustible cartridge clips favored by blood-intoxicated super-agents.

That is one side of Godard's acrid joke—humanity is to be saved from technological tyranny by a professional killer out of the sub-literature; the heroine, mother of our future, is to be dragged, Persephone-like, from the embrace of the computer by a trigger-happy bully. The other side of the director's grimace is that he has created a metropolis of futuristic horror out of people, structures and machines that can be found today in the core of any big city. There are no fantastic buildings, no outlandish gadgets, no unprecendented customs in this love-banned world. The effect of permanent nightmare is produced by selection from what is now ours—and much of it turns out to be what we most dearly value.

Two weaknesses work against the picture as entertainment. One is that the ostensible story is not very ingenious; a director who sets out to lampoon the thriller should be certain that his own thriller is mechanically deft, and this one creaks and sags. The other fault is that Godard cannot resist preaching. He engages Lemmy in tedious dialogues with the computer that repeat forensically what is already implicit in the action. And, more generally, I felt cheated because Godard had involved us in this elaborate spoof in order to enlighten us on points we could scarcely have avoided noting some time between *Brave New World* and *1984*. It is true that the great moral issues evolve slowly, but some attempt should still be made to change the platitudes.

A special service that the festival can perform is juxtaposition. and this year it does so usefully with two films from India: *Charulata* by Satyajit Ray and *Shakespeare Wallah* by Ray's Western protégé, James Ivory. Ray takes his narrative from a story by Rabindranath Tagore; I do not know how much he transformed it, but on the screen it bears the characteristic marks of his gentleness and sad humor. The picture is also unmistakably his by reason of its sensuous immediacy — it is al-

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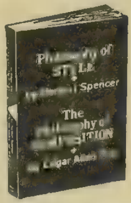

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ways the *feel* of Ray's pictures that one remembers.

As before, no Englishman enters the scene, and yet the picture is dominated by the transposed spirit of 19th-century England. The protagonist is animated by the promise of Gladstonian reform, his wife and younger brother by the lyric emancipation of Byron and the Lake Poets. It is funny, and it is certainly a little sad, to see these admirable, capable and beautiful Indians surrounding themselves with the oppressive wealth of Victorian decoration and seeking a structure for their lives in the doctrines and visions of their conquerors.

Nevertheless, the relationship of these people to one another is at the real heart of the picture and there one finds a modesty and a generosity that would be rare in England. I doubt that they are commonplace in India, but they are characteristic of Ray's view of life.

Ivory also tells a tale in which nostalgia and the interplay of cultures play a large part. A Shakespearean family troupe, once supported by maharajahs and the English colony alike, is sinking into poverty and failure with the departure of the Empire and the preoccupation of the Indians with their own (often tawdry) talents. The daughter of the troupe (Ophelia, Juliet, Desdemona) falls in love with a young Indian sportsman, a man of great charm, little vice, but no capacity for love beyond the making of it. She goes home to England (where she has never been) and her father and mother will end their days giving "recitations" from Shakespeare to aspiring club groups.

Ray's influence is felt partly in Ivory's tenderness with his people and respect for them, partly in his appreciation of the physical texture of India. It is a sign of his tact that he neither patronizes nor pities his traveling company; they are not great actors, but they understand the plays and their performances are respectable and sometimes eloquent. And, again like Ray, he does not bear down on his characters. They suffer but they are not tormented; the girl will clearly rebound from the rejection of her love and her parents are saved from quaint decay by the discipline of their craft. It crosses my mind, though, that the effect of the picture may be more anti-Indian than Ivory intended. All the creative and regenerative virtues lie within the English; the Indians are feckless, vulgar, disoriented.

The difference I feel between Ray and Ivory is in the flow of their films. Ray's compositions are invariably as silkily imperturbable in overall structure as they are luxurious in tactile detail. Ivory is more spasmodic; his transitions have a greater wrench. It is not a fault: Ivory is a pupil of Ray, not an imitator, and he comes from the more abrupt and muscular West.

Two films that I would not give high priority for commercial showing are *Raven's End* (Sweden) and *The Shop on High Street* (Czechoslovakia). The first of these—a dirge-like chronicle of a young man's talent crushed by his father's alcoholic delusions of persecuted superiority—is implacable, but lacks insights beneath the surface of determined pessimism. I was struck principally by the tidy look of what the Swedes evidently consider a poverty verging on squalor.

The Shop on High Street is a recent film dealing with events in a Czech small town during the Nazi occupation. I found it sentimental (sentimentality is perhaps the dominant failing of Communist art) and morally ambiguous. The picture makes clear that some Czechs eagerly embraced the German conquerors and that others fattened on the persecution of the Jews, but it is all more in the Mussolini than in the Hitler manner, and the central character—a skeptical carpenter who is made Aryan manager of a button shop and soon becomes the adored clerk of the ancient and oblivious Jewish widow who owns it—so vacillates among greed, cowardice and chivalry that the picture appears to say that the Czechs were children led astray by wicked tutors. There may be a propaganda purpose to it, but its human relationships are too tentative for successful export.

The major disappointment of
the festival for me was *Film* by Sar
uel Beckett, directed by Alan Schne
der and played by Buster Keaton.
seems to be a work by someone wh
had borrowed Beckett's vocabula
but found nothing to say with
Keaton is a long-coated figure sc
rying beside the bulkhead of t
Brooklyn Bridge, his face cover
with a handkerchief. He scoots in
a tenement and up the stairs to lo
himself into a room empty except f
a rocking chair, a basket containi
a kitten and a small dog, a parrot
a cage, a fish in a bowl and a m
ror on the wall.

There is much business (eloque
Keaton pantomime) of coveri
window and mirror, ejecting cat a
dog, masking bird and fish. Th
from a portfolio comes a group
photographs showing pivotal momen
in the victim's life from infancy
present desuetude (one eye cover
by a patch). One by one the pictu
are torn to fragments and the came
finally swings around to face a
sink into the live lizard eye of t
old actor rocking in his chair. Th
are here bits of *Endgame*, *Krap*
Last Tape, *Malloy Dies* and the r
of the Beckett canon. But the h
on life, the poetry, the accumulati
of mad lucidity, seem to have drain
out of the scene, and left lonelin
and desperation as though they w
entities rather than conditions. I
the feeling that Beckett was fina
obliterating his world, and I was
pressed but unmoved.

On the same bill were two ot
Keaton films, a recent one by the N
tional Film Board of Canada, cal
The Railrodders and *Seven Chan*
from 1925. The contemporary f
turned out to be a plug for the Ca
dian National Railway and the to
ist interests of Canada. Keaton ri
a motorized handcar from the
lantic to the Pacific and in the proc
runs through his repertory of si
gags from the silent days, but "v
beautiful Canada" is the motive.
old picture was made before Kea
had perfected his screen personal
he appears as an agile young sw
The movie is notable for a ch
that involves several hundred ji
women and, more gloriously, a
side of cascading papier-mâ
boulders that pursue the hero i
surrealist passage of weightless m
ace: they look like rocks and beh
like beach balls. This was prop
applauded, but the two modern
tures seemed inadequate reasons
Keaton to break his long retirem

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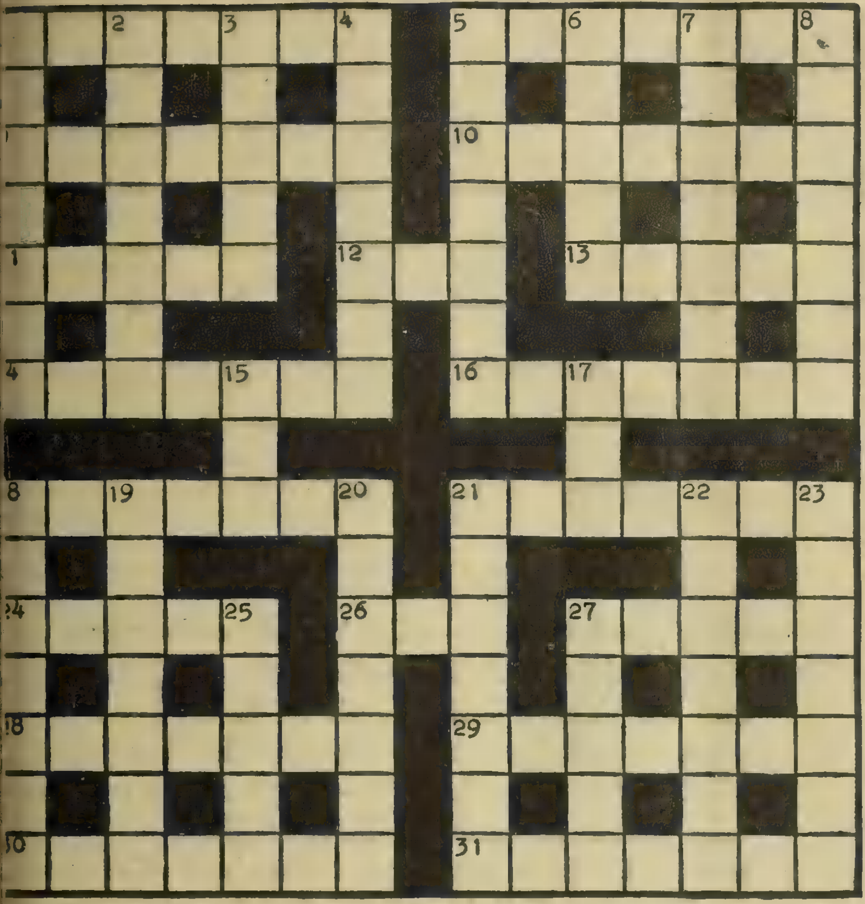
Crossword Puzzle No. 1120

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

Helps fish in the sound? (7)

The measure of a joke sometimes applied to Congressmen? (3, 4)

What one might safely call a southerner. (7)

Man's got in trouble in the middle of things. (7)

Travels around a foreign city? (5)

, 15, 17 and 26 Is able (and was able) to have something that might engage time, showing folks as they are! (6, 6)

3 Possibly the teacher saw I'm in need of straightening out! (5)

4 Reached Darien carrying food, possibly from overseas. (7)

Do they detail things at the wharves? (7)

3 Is one who ponders heavily likely to care for the motherless? (7)

1 Medicinal herbs? I'm on to them for a fair visitor! (7)

4 Say! This is a funny way to make money! (5)

7 Nocturnal forest incendiary? (5)

8 College building worker, but not actively engaged. (7)

9 Paradoxically, one might have to in order to finish paratrooper training. (4, 3)

0 Not a castle corner, though it might describe one of the colonies.

1 Father stays around for his meals, perhaps. (7)

DOWN:

1 Characteristic of a seizure thus, if about over. (7)

2 Play clothes? (7)

3 Alternatively, a sign of respect running up the flag, perhaps. (5)

4 Useful in making a film merger.

5 With corn, as some woods might be. (7)

6 A shining example of annotation?

7 Raise the standard where some still have to shift for themselves?

8 Involves a silent change. (7)

15 and 17 See 12 across

18 Rock the more fearless sounding.

19 A movement of air onto the place?

20 A possible problem for the astronaut, and a solution to the 29? (7)

21 Good speakers probably don't. (7)

22 Leg-irons are by the sound of it omitted for such as the Foreign Service type. (7)

23 Supernatural beings participating in the beginning and end of spring rites. (7)

25 Writer who seems to have lost some of his public. (5)

27 Would-be good-deed-doers, collectively? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1119

ACROSS: 1 Bachelor-at-arms; 8 Protoplasmic; 10 Restaurant; 13 Ironic; 14 Shrinker; 16 Annunzio; 17 Adjoin; 19 Sure; 20 Recidivist; 22 Water buffalo; 23 Violoncellists. DOWN: 1 Bipartisanship; 2 and 11 Cross-country race; 3 Evocations; 4 Oilers; 5 Absinthe; 6 Acid; 7 Peregrinations; 9 Bank holidays; 12 Disdainful; 15 Nineteen; 18 Liable; 21 Mail.

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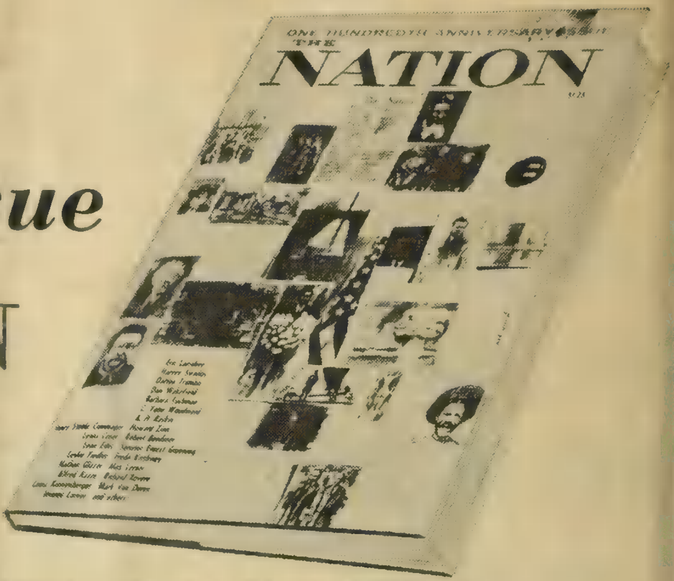

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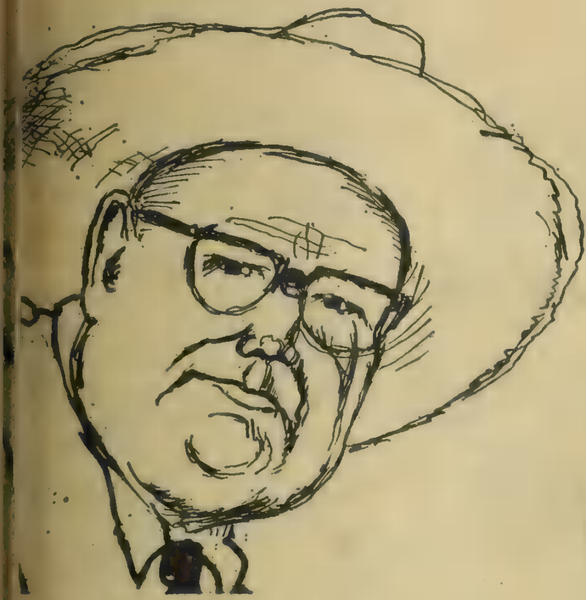

JAMES EASTLAND
Child of Scorn
ROBERT G. SHERRILL

IMAGE AND REALITY

CHINA FROM WITHIN
Charles Taylor

THREE BOOKS ON AFRICA
Gwendolen M. Carter

LETTERS

Ultimate power

Scottsdale, Ariz.

Dear Sirs: I think the general substance of James MacGregor Burns's approach ["The Shadow Presidency," *The Nation*, Sept. 6] is a very good idea and I think it would be of great benefit to our form of government if we did, in effect, have a more organized and intelligent position. One of the problems is that there is no so-called titular head of the party when the party is not in the White House. The out party spends most of its time trying to figure out how to bury the unsuccessful candidate instead of trying to form a coalition around him with Congressional leaders, governors, et al., dedicated to the task of intelligent alternatives and intelligent positions.

This, however, is not going to come about, in my opinion, in this country as long as the power of the President is increasing. For example, the power he has with the press. The other day I counted twenty-four press releases in twenty-four hours, and it is practically impossible for the opposition voice to be heard. I think I could sum this whole problem up by recalling something that Jefferson said, and Mr. Burns leans heavily on him. Jefferson said: "I know of no safe repository for the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves, and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their controls with wholesome direction, the remedy is not to take it from them but to increase their discretion by education."

This is precisely what I am trying to accomplish with the Free Society Association, and I think it is what others are trying to do, to acquaint the American mind with the truth of what is taking place in our government today.

Barry Goldwater

Soccer heresy

Plainview, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: How dismaying to find David Cort's article on soccer ["Soccer: The Rabble Game," *The Nation*, Aug. 30]! Shame on you, *Nation* and Mr. Cort!

I am offended personally, for I have played soccer in the New York area for twenty years with high school, college, amateur and professional teams. . . . I am more seriously disturbed by Mr. Cort's display of both tunnel vision and chauvinism of the sort *The Nation* has so consistently opposed over the years. . . .

Please remind Mr. Cort that we soccer fans (and players) outnumber his baseball and football counterparts combined, many times over, and that we would rather kick than switch.

Jerry Mahrer

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Is poor David equally ignorant about all the other things of which he writes?

Robert Davidson

Anniversary

Wellington, N. Z.

Dear Sirs: I have read *The Nation* for half a century. . . . Its integrity and honesty and consistent championship of the "lower orders" has never faltered—and such is my chosen climate. When my father became very old he took to reading his hoarded back numbers, so rich was their quality as compared with other available reading matter. May this paper continue another 100 years.

Morva Williams

Correction

New York City

Dear Sirs: In my contribution to *The Nation's* centennial issue I referred to Alma Wertheim as the granddaughter of Ambassador Morgenthau. This was a careless slip of the pencil; I knew quite well that she was the Ambassador's daughter, and I regret having caught my own error too late to keep it out of print.

Freda Kirchwey

Still hovering

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs: Daniel Cohen's "The Return of Flying Saucers" [*The Nation*, Sept. 13] was, while quite interesting, in error on a number of points. . . .

The impression given was that the 1952 UFO reports in and around Washington, D.C., were confined to radar. This is simply not true. Also, Captain Mantell was flying an F-51, not a P-51, during his famous UFO chase.

I counted approximately sixteen errors in this article. With all this we are inclined to wonder whether the "bizarre state of mind" Mr. Cohen mentions belongs to UFO enthusiasts . . . or Daniel Cohen. . . .

Allen H. Greenfield
Editorial Director
American UFO Committee

New York City

Dear Sirs: Nobody saw any spaceships over Washington, D.C., on July 26, 1952. Only the radar echoes were out of the ordinary and they were caused by unusual weather conditions. A few pilots saw unexplained lights, but that is not at all strange over a well-lighted city like Washington. In addition, the lights coincide with the radar echo for Captain Mantell's plan designation P (for Pursuit) longer in use; it has been r by F (for fighter). Thus the P- F-51 are the same plane.

I trust my other fourteen were equally serious. *Daniel*

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NATIO

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na the Peacemaker

ind India and Pakistan's acceptance of the
-fire" are a number of critically important de-
nents. Most apparent has been the thorough-
and energetic joint action of the United States
he USSR. Not merely have they been in agree-
on the necessity for a cease-fire, but in this
ice both powers put real muscle into their
tage negotiations. Nor should the efforts of
e and Great Britain be minimized. Also the
work of Ambassador Goldberg, not in front of
sion cameras but behind the scenes, has been
ssive. But the paradox of the cease-fire, in a
, is the fact that China is perhaps the power
rily responsible for it. Whatever China's inten-
may have been — and we shall probably never
— it was the specter of direct Chinese inter-
n that got everyone moving. The Chinese demon-
d once again that they know how to put on,
ake off, the pressure; the timing was excellent
he action got results. And it is a bit difficult to
ne that a cease-fire was not part of China's in-
n from the outset; Chinese diplomacy does not
produce "accidental" results. In this instance,
Pakistan may have been moved to accept the
fire in part because of its uncertainty over what
hinese might do.

w, with the stalemate over assessments (Article
ut of the way, the United Nations has a chance
ve forward. But two major "ifs" are implicit in
iew. One is that China, the world's largest power,
be admitted to the UN; the case for admission
ever clearer or more compelling. Next, the UN
now proceed, as U Thant has warned, to settle
of the problems it has permitted to fester these
years. For a time, postponement served as a
itute for settlement; it did keep the world from
ng up. But the UN has now entered the phase
development in which basic settlements of real
tes can no longer be deferred. UN inaction is
a cause of the present flareup of fighting be-
India and Pakistan.

ice 1962, the wise and patient Dr. Frank Graham,
N's mediator, has been standing by, prepared
e a summary report on his tireless efforts to
e a settlement of the Kashmir dispute. Maybe
N will now turn to its gifted mediator and re-
him to submit that report. In his analysis of
, Dr. Graham called attention to the fact that
tan had agreed that a UN peace force might be
ned on *Pakistan* soil — a major concession — if
N would proceed with a plebiscite. Had this
ng been followed up at the time, the Kashmir
might have been settled.

e Secretary-General is right: the issues that have
ttered relations among nations, and that periodically flare up in a way that endangers world peace, must finally be settled. Palestine, Cyprus, South Africa, Kashmir are some of these issues; Vietnam is another. But the UN will be powerless to propose a settlement of the war in Vietnam as long as China is excluded from membership.

Senator Fulbright Dissents

Any American who says a critical word about U. S. military or para-military operations anywhere on the globe is assured of a generally bad press in his own land; and Senator Fulbright is no exception. It avails him nothing that he is the Senate's leading scholar on foreign affairs, that the Fulbright scholarships are a landmark in creative statesmanship, that he is Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. When, as in his speech on U. S. intervention in the Dominican Republic, he presumes to criticize our policy in the Caribbean, and in Latin America generally, he is rebuked by most of the commentators. In the Senate, Morse and Clark spoke up in defense of their colleague but Senators Dodd, Smathers, Lausche, Long and others laid down the predictable barrage. As *Newsweek* observed, Senator Fulbright had "knowingly staked out a lonely position."

But perhaps his position is not as lonely as it appears to be. Any number of Senators who are known to agree with Senator Fulbright maintained a discreet silence for fear of incurring the displeasure of the White House. At about the same time that Senator Fulbright was speaking, Dr. Wolfgang Friedmann, an international law expert from Columbia University, voiced much the same criticism of the President's handling of the Dominican crisis before the World Peace Through Law Conference in Washington. Dr. Friedmann took the position that the unilateral use of force signals a major weakening of the United Nations. "We are faced," he said, "with the threat of a collapse of the painstaking efforts of nearly half a century, and especially the last twenty years, to build up a system of organized international control of the use of force." United States intervention in the Dominican Republic—without a showing of outside direction of the rebellion—"cannot be justified by any canons of international law."

After the Bay of Pigs fiasco, which Senator Fulbright also opposed, President Kennedy lamented: "How can I have been so stupid?" But his successor will not abide criticism nor acknowledge mistakes. Asked how he felt about the decision to intervene in the Dominican Republic, he replied: "I would do it all over again, only we'd have done it earlier and tougher." At the last moment, the President put in an unexpected appearance at the World Peace Through Law Conference to voice a few platitudes about the UN, while carefully avoiding any reference to the

Dominican Republic. The distinguished array of 3,000 Supreme Court Justices and international law experts heard him out, but his remarks drew only "a tepid response."

In the wake of the Fulbright speech the House proceeded to adopt a resolution endorsing the unilateral use of force by the United States or by any other Western Hemisphere country to prevent a Communist take-over anywhere in the hemisphere. The resolution was approved by a vote of 312 to 52. The Administration had not asked for the resolution but it did not oppose it. Many members, though made uneasy, said that they couldn't oppose a resolution that seemed to be intended to serve as an ex post facto endorsement of the President's Dominican policy. Some of these same members also criticized the State Department for "lack of backbone" in not taking a stand against the resolution. While the resolution is without legal effect, it will be read as a blanket endorsement of the unilateral use of force and will add to the criticism of American policy in South America. Rep. John Brademas said that he had gone all the way up to Secretary Dean Rusk and had been unable to get anyone to say whether the department was for or against the resolution. In brief, there is no indication in Washington of a willingness to learn from experience or to listen to critics.

The No-Enterprise System

By all journalistic standards, the *Globe and Mail* of Toronto is one of the best newspapers in the Western Hemisphere. It is also the one Canadian paper which maintains a full-time correspondent in China. This must be an expensive operation and, aside from the cost, it must have taken some doing to get a man there in the first place, and to keep him there.

The first incumbent, Frederick Nossal, opened a bureau office in 1959 and was subsequently expelled when he sent some dispatches that annoyed the Red regime. On returning home, he did a piece for *The Nation* ("China's Second Experiment," June 15, 1963) and wrote *Dateline Peking* (Harcourt, Brace & World).

The *Globe and Mail* let matters rest for a while, then put out feelers to see whether Nossal might be reinstated. When that failed, they waited some more, then sent Charles Taylor to Peking. Taylor, a first-class reporter, has now been in China for eighteen months, traveling and sending to his paper informative material that did not reach the West from any other source. *The Nation*, through the *Globe and Mail*, commissioned him to write the article whch starts on page 180. It is not one of his regular dispatches.

The *Globe and Mail* is not in the syndication business. In this instance, however, since the material was unique and had international importance, they offered Taylor's dispatches to American newspapers. The articles have appeared frequently in *The New York Times*, and occasionally in *The Washington Post*, the *San Francisco Chronicle* and a few other papers, but the bulk of the American press has ignored them.

Another outcome of the *Globe and Mail* vent that the Red Chinese news service was given p sion by the Canadian Government to base two Cl newsmen and their wives in Canada. Their disp are read by Taylor in the Chinese press and he r that they consist mostly of straight Canadian stories, with some "propaganda," or at any rate our side would regard as such. They send no r on the United States. Thus the Chinese peopl totally dependent for news of the United Stat what their government chooses to tell them—and we may be sure, is heavily larded with propaga while the American people are almost as badly i formed about China.

The situation is deplorable, and even worse the American standpoint than from the Chinese. we who are forever prating about on-the-scene r ing and truth in the news, but when it is made able in this crucial sector, the vast majority o American press will have none of it. Apparentl truth about China is not news, nor do we want Ch journalists in this country to give their versi events to their countrymen.

It was not always so. One does not have to grandfather, nor hark back to Richard Harding I to remember when the American press was reno for its enterprise. There is still no assignment too gerous, no expense too great, when its foreign c spondents are reporting the number of Vietna guerrillas American soldiers have killed (mostly aircraft) and similar feats of valor that make reading next to the sports page. But a vast co like China our press is glad to leave to the Canad

The Pay-Later Economy

Most Americans nowadays are in debt, som them up to their necks. Banks, loan companies loan sharks, dealers in consumer goods, colle agencies, sheriffs and lawyers prowl on the fr of the Affluent Society. Their prey is not the de ately poor, because they have no credit, nor the to-do who, when they borrow, are able to repay. least reputable elements of the loan industry b on the lower middle class, and particularly that ment which has recently risen from the working and wants to live it up on an inadequate incom this group bankruptcies are on the rise.

The loan industry — or, as it is more accur termed in some of its activities, the loan racket one of the heaviest of the heavy advertisers. American cannot step into a railroad or subway t or a bus, or walk past a bank, or open a newsp or turn on a radio set, without being importune borrow. He borrows for vacations, for higher ec tion, for home appliances, for clothes, and of co for his automobile. His home is mortgaged, an soon as he accumulates an equity he is remi that he can refinance and be in hock once more. one who fails to borrow to the limit of his cred regarded as a square.

n one of its brilliant roundups, *Consumer Reports* ptember, 1965) delves once more into the intri- ies of the keep-them-in-debt business, which has ome a major industry since World War II. Mort- ge debt for nonfarm homes then stood at $20 bil- ; it is now close to $200 billion. Short-term debt p to five years) has risen in twenty years from 5 billion to $80 billion—a ratio of nearly 15 to 1, against something on the order of 3 to 1 for gross tional product and for disposable income. Most of s consumer debt is little more than an unsecured mise to pay, since, except for automobiles, the ods purchased have little resale value or, as when proceeds of the loan were used for a funeral or cation trip, none at all.

The borrower counts on future earnings to keep up th the rat race. According to the Federal Reserve ard, 14 per cent of disposable income is now tied in short-term debt repayments. This does not nd too serious, but about half the nation's families estimated to owe it all, hence it averages about per cent of *their* disposable income, which is quite different matter. Moreover, when the economic ietists point to the growing volume of savings and sure us that it more than covers the growing vol- ne of debt, they do not take into account that the ople who have big savings are not the ones who ve burdensome consumer debts. So far the struc- re has not begun to totter, but with increased bor- wing concentrated in the most vulnerable sector the population, sooner or later something will give.

Whatever built-in safeguards against massive over- mmitment once existed are now being jettisoned in e rush to sell and buy, lend and borrow. If the would- borrower has a job and is not officially bankrupt, is automatically classified as a worthy credit risk. e trouble with this criterion is that the people who y on the easiest (and most expensive) terms are e ones with the least job security — even without tomation threatening them. And of course, in a pitalist economy, they have no capital.

The lenders and sellers take care of themselves. hen merchants sell on time, they job the contracts banks or sales finance companies, which hold the lk of consumer paper. This system protects the ller and lender against the imprudence, miscalcula- on or hard luck of the buyer-borrower. The dealer ay write a contract for, say, 18 or 24 per cent true nual interest on an automobile loan, on which the nk expects a return of 12 per cent true annual in- rest. The difference is the dealer's reserve, a nice rm for kickback. The dealer has every incentive to ck all he can into this fund, out of which losses e to default are paid.

Time was when a merchant was interested solely selling goods. Later, though he resorted to con- mer credit to stimulate sales, his primary objective as still to sell. Now the goods are often only a bait sell indebtedness, which is where the profit lies.

All of which gives added point and relevance to the Truth-in-Lending legislation jointly sponsored by Senators Paul Douglas and Philip Hart. This legislation would simply require the lender to inform the borrower of the interest rate and the total amount of the carrying charges. Presumably this information would place improvident borrowers on notice as to what the actual cost of the loan would be and, more important, enable borrowers to shop around for better terms. One would think that such legislation would pass by acclamation in a Congress dedicated to The Great Society. But Chairman Willis Robertson has kept the legislation bottled up in the Banking and Currency Committee for three and a half years. It will probably emerge from committee the day the boom breaks.

French Conscience

A number of French artists and intellectuals—including many who protested the French colonial war against Algeria by signing the famous "Manifesto of the 121"—have just issued an appeal on behalf of the deposed president of Algeria, Ahmed Ben Bella. Among the petitioners are Arthur Adamov, Simone de Beauvoir, Claude Bourdet, Aimé Cesaire, Yves Montand, Alain Resnais, Claude Roy, Françoise Sagan, Nathalie Sarraute and Jean-Paul Sartre.

The appeal expresses no judgment on the Ben Bella regime or on that of Colonel Boumedienne, which so abruptly replaced it. It demands that the deposed president, whose whereabouts and condition have remained unknown since his arrest three months ago, be accorded the elementary human rights that have thus far been denied him: the right to be represented by a lawyer of his own choice, to be treated by his own doctor (he is rumored to be seriously ill), to receive friends and other visitors.

This "urgent appeal to the world conscience," as the signers call it, is a further example of the high sense of moral responsibility that the French nonconformist intelligentsia bring to public issues.

No Place to Hide

Hypocrisy, according to the aphorism, is the homage that vice renders to virtue; it is also a useful screen for morally indefensible actions. For more than ten years, hypocrisy has been an indispensable element in the conduct of American policy in Vietnam: It was not our war, it was the war of the Vietnamese people, whom we were selflessly aiding against the invader from the north. Our soldiers and airmen were not fighting, only advising, and when they were killed it was while pondering and counseling. Ngo Dinh Diem was practically a saint (until we decided to get rid of him), and our every action was on the side of justice and virtue.

These pretenses enabled Americans, except for an immunized minority, to defend the war as a just war, or simply to disregard it. That is all over now. Since the massive escalation of the war—more specifically since President Johnson said that we were in effect at war, and the more as we have pushed the Vietnamese aside—it has become our war in a sense that was not true in the past. This is what the *Manchester Guardian* means in a recent editorial comment titled "Americanization of the Vietnam War." Among other things, it has become more than ever a white man's battle. This has important military and political implications in Asia, but it also makes things less comfortable for the folks at home. As men are drafted for service in Vietnam, the war will be brought home to them in a way that the most unlettered cannot fail to understand. But it is the spiritual advisers, the clergy, the commentators and interpreters, who have a heavy burden now thrust upon them. They must either justify what is increasingly difficult to justify, both in its scope and its character, or they must stand up and protest. The questions of aims, intentions, proximate and ulterior motives, take on a new importance and cannot be glossed over.

"The agony of rural Vietnam, where 75 per cent of its people live, must be seen to be comprehended," one observer reports from Vietnam. "It is found in the faces of the widow and the orphan, the hurt and the homeless, the harassed and the fearful—and their name is legion." The speaker is Stephen G. Carey of the American Friends Service Committee, so what he says may be discounted—the Friends are always on the side of magnanimity. But a distinguished Roman Catholic theologian, the Rev. George Tavard of Mount Mercy College in Pittsburgh, argues that "the people of any given nation have a native right to make a revolution without the interference of foreign pow and on this basis questions the morality of U.S. po The National Council of Churches has formed a c mittee of fourteen prominent churchmen "to st the deepening crisis." And letter writers in the n papers show increasing solicitude over our role.

The conclusion increasingly reached is that war cannot be "just," essentially because it is imm to fight a war in the midst of a civilian popula that has never clearly expressed itself one way or other on the so-called issues. It is basically a gr power struggle, and since it cannot be fought ex with the most horrible consequences to people are in effect bystanders, it is inherently and irrem ably immoral.

How soon such conclusions can affect the po elite in Washington is a moot question. But the science of the rest of America is on trial. If we different from, say, the Germans in World War now is the time to make the difference manifest we fail to do so, we will be judged by history as t have been judged.

Mr. Sherrill Goes to Washington

Recently Robert G. Sherrill, well known t *Nation* readers (see p. 184, this issue), decide to take up residence in Washington. Taking ad vantage of this move, *The Nation* has name him its Washington correspondent.

Image and Reality

CHINA FROM WITHIN

. . . . **Charles Tayl**

Peking

From the vantage point of Peking, United States policy statements on China make strange and disturbing reading. Speeches by President Johnson, Secretary Rusk and other leaders impress one clear picture on their audience. China is the "enemy": an angry, irresponsible giant with vast armies and a nuclear potential, supporting aggression in South Vietnam and revolutions everywhere, determined to conquer or control the whole of Southeast Asia, and probably bent on eventual world domination.

Washington decrees, therefore, that Peking must be tamed and even taught a lesson. It must be contained by military might, denied diplomatic recognition and a United Nations seat, cut off even from trading and cultural contacts with the American people. The bombing of Chinese military and industrial centers is openly discussed as a final resort.

Small wonder, then, that the Chinese leaders seem to believe their own propaganda: that the United States is an angry, irresponsible giant with vast armies and nuclear arsenals, ringing the Chinese mainland with military bases, and occupying the Chinese island of Taiwan, supporting Fascist dictatorships and suppressing popular revolutions, and cooperating with the Soviet Union to dominate the world at the expense of all the emerg peoples.

While each view contains sc segments of truth, both propaga pictures are wide of the mark to extent that would be ludicrous, w it not so dangerous. It seems wc while, therefore, and even urge to convey to Americans some i of how China looks today, from inside. As seen in Peking—and trips throughout the Chinese ma land—the "enemy" is a vastly ferent creature from the bogyn of U.S. propaganda.

First, it must be said with all sible emphasis that the present ture of China is defensive, not gressive. In the foreseeable fut that is not likely to change, and one outstanding reason. Des

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Charles Taylor is completing an eighteen-month assignment as correspondent in China for the Globe and Mail *of Toronto.*

ir violent polemics against both
United States and the Soviet
ion, and despite their support for
olutionaries in Asia, Africa and
in America, the Chinese leaders
primarily concerned with domes-
problems, both economic and po-
cal. In their twilight years, the
gh old rulers in Peking have a
t of headaches on the home
nt. Nothing in their record sug-
ts that they would aggravate
se problems, and imperil their
sent progress, by indulging in
cy foreign adventures. Indeed,
ir attitude is just the opposite:
ing sixteen years of Communist
e, Chinese foreign policies have
n marked by caution rather than
perate bravado—and that ap-
es even to their military adven-
es in Korea, the Himalayas and
Taiwan Straits.

When they won their final
tories in 1949, the Chinese Com-
nists faced two main tasks: to
ild China into a modern indus-
al power, and to insure the future
their revolution by establishing
m Communist party control at
ery level of society. After sixteen
even years of major progress and
ious setbacks, these two concerns
ll predominate.

Across the country, there are def-
te signs of industrial expansion.
om Harbin in the northeast to
nming in the southwest, recent
itors have noted new plants un-
r construction and old plants,
andoned during the chaos of the
eat Leap Forward, being reacti-
ted. To some extent, this activity
ars out the Chinese claim that a
ew upsurge in production" is un-
r way; it is interpreted as a prel-
le to the much delayed Third Five
ar Plan, due to start in 1966. But
r all the bold slogans, Chinese
onomic planning now seems cau-
ous and pragmatic. The evidence
dicates that there will be no re-
rn to the disastrous, mass-line
licies of 1958-59—back-yard fur-
ces and the like—when Peking
asted that China, through the
eer sweat and enthusiasm of its
illions, would overtake Britain as
industrial power within fifteen
ars.

Instead, there is a sober reaffir-
ation that agriculture, and indus-
ies serving agriculture, must have
iority over heavy industry. There
a new trend toward specialized
ctories, and away from the huge,
all-purpose plants (often built with Soviet help) that are now admitted to have been inefficient. There is an emphasis on quality, rather than quantity, and workers are praised and rewarded for practicing economy and making technical innovations. In high-level directives, factory managers are told not to be too zealous and not to drive their workers to the point of exhaustion, as often happened during the misnamed Great Leap. Overtime is discouraged, and it is officially stated that workers must have eight hours' sleep and sufficient free spare time. Even political meetings are to be fewer and shorter.

This caution emphasizes the fact that progress is still tentative and the economic base still precarious. After the disastrous years of 1959-62, harvests have been generally good, but with a population that must already exceed 700 million, and is growing by at least 15 million each year, food is still the main problem. This year, China will again import about 6 million tons of wheat and other food grains, with Canada and Australia supplying most of it. This year, too, the Chinese are spending an estimated $120 million to buy up all available world supplies of chemical fertilizer, aside from their heavy purchases of fertilizer factories.

Much of this effort and expense simply enables Chinese food supplies to keep pace with population. There is still too little surplus from the fields to permit rapid industrial expansion. After the grain and fertilizer purchases, there is too little foreign exchange in Chinese coffers to permit heavy spending of capital imports (although repayment this year of the last remaining debts to the Soviet Union has removed a heavy financial burden). While Peking hotels are filled with Japanese and West European traders, and a few major deals have been completed, imports of plant and equipment have been somewhat disappointing this year, compared with the modest boom of 1964.

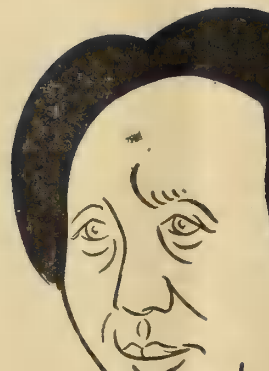
This cautious approach to economic problems could be abandoned overnight, if the planners in the hierarchy again lose out to the dogmatists, as had happened in 1958. With their revolutionary outlook, Mao Tse-tung and the other leaders must have difficulty resisting psychological and political temptations to launch new mass drives. Especially, they are tempted to crack down on the peasants, and to deny them their private plots, private livestock and the other "small freedoms" that were restored to them after the chaotic early days of the communes. But at present, in both town and countryside, most signs indicate restraint and realism.

The same moderation prevails when Chinese leaders relate their economic problems to foreign policies. When it suits them, the Chinese can make economic sacrifices for political ends—for instance, by giving aid to Asian and African nations. But in talks with foreign visitors, Mao and the other leaders stress one main point: China needs many years of peace to develop its economy, and does not seek a major confrontation with the United States. There seems little reason to doubt their sincerity on this score, particularly in view of Chinese policy statements on Vietnam, which are remarkably defensive in tone. In their own propaganda, the Chinese have acknowledged Washington's warning that this time — unlike Korea — there would be no privileged sanctuary. While the Chinese leaders remain rightly confident that no invading armies could ever conquer their vast country, they can have few illusions about the devastation that American bombers could inflict on their industrial centers, their communications and their nascent nuclear installations. On the eve of new industrial expansion, they show no inclination lightly to risk such destruction.

In the political sector, the Chinese leaders also have major problems and preoccupations. Since these concern the sanctity of their revolution and the future of communism in China, they remain more basic to Peking than even the most cherished foreign goals. After sixteen years of power, Mao and his colleagues fear that their militant and puritanical brand of communism has taken only tentative roots in the vastness of China. The rising generations cause them most concern, since they are too young to have experienced the hardships and iniquities of Kuomintang rule. Too young, also, to have lived through the revolution, they have less sympathy for the revolutionary goals and demands of the aging leadership. Young people wonder (often openly, in letters to newspapers) why they should not be free to concentrate on developing professional skills and improving their living standards, instead of always "placing politics in command." The party demands that they be "Red and expert," with the stress on redness, or loyalty to the party line. In reply, they put forward their own slogan —"to be passable politically, to be very good professionally, and to be comfortable in daily life."

To Mao and the other leaders, this is darkest heresy, and it has been strongly condemned. In recent months, the regime has made a few concessions with respect to daily life in the cities, to keep pace with the general improvement in the supply of food and basic consumer goods. As long as they work hard, and live within their means, people are no longer condemned for wearing slightly stylish clothes, for having permanent waves, or for spending their money on cameras and other status symbols. But while there may also be fewer political meetings, the demand for political orthodoxy has, if anything, been strengthened. In Mao's view, many generations must work hard under stringent discipline to build a China that is both powerful and Communist. Backsliding cannot be tolerated, since it would erode the very foundations of party power. It is this concern—as much as national rivalries—that underlines the vehement dispute with the Soviet Union. The specter of "revisionism" creeping across China haunts Mao in his remaining years. In his few recent talks with Western visitors, the old revolutionary has emphasized this point again and again; with him, it is an obsession.

Hence the all-embracing "Socialist education" movement, which reaches every level of society but is especially directed toward young people and intellectuals. Everyone must read the works of Mao as the golden guide to solving every problem, whether it be the breeding of a new strain of rice, the designing of a 12,000-ton hydraulic press, or even the playing of ping-pong. To toughen their minds and bodies, and to banish bourgeois desires, youths, intellectuals, office workers and even party cadres must spend several weeks each year in hard physical labor on the communes or in the factories. Each year, hundreds of thousands of young people must leave the cities permanently, to settle in the countryside; they must do so partly for economic reasons (there are not enough jobs in the cities, and not enough places in the universities and senior middle schools), but partly to serve the same political ends.



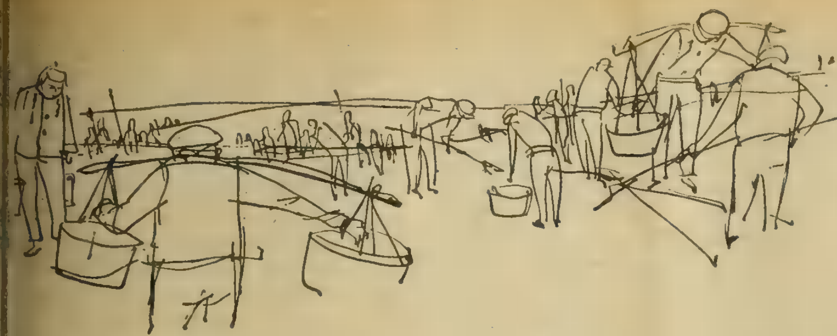
Mao Tse-tung

When heresies appear, they must be ruthlessly suppressed. There is sweeping criticism of philosophers and historians who show revisionist tendencies, however abstruse. Ideological errors are deliberately built into movies, which are then released as "negative examples." Last winter, the party leaders were disturbed by reports of widespread corruption on the communes; officials and party cadres were alleged to be indulging in embezzlement and profiteering. The result was a major campaign called *si ching,* or
four cleanouts, which sent tl
sands of city dwellers to live
selected communes for eight to
months, in order to spy out the
fenders and do political work am
the peasants.

It has been so far little
ticed in the West, but Peking
currently devoting great effort
establishing new networks of
litical control. New political
partments have been formed in
industries. On the communes, a
ciations of poor and lower-mi
peasants are being set up, to w
closely with the party in crack
down on richer peasants and a
one who shows corrupt or capita
tendencies. Youth organizations
being reorganized and expanded
a parallel move, the insignia of r
were abolished this past sum
in the armed forces (they were
troduced only as late as 1954)
is slightly ludicrous to see a "c
rade commander" (no longer ca
general) wearing the same flo
khaki uniform as an ordinary
dier, with the same simple red
on the cap, and red flashes on
collar. But however comic, it i
move of great political importa
clearly designed to strengthen
ty control in the army, and to
vent the formation of a rival m
tary elite.

As seen from Peking, these
nomic and political drives domin
the daily life of the nation and
occupy the leaders. In this pers
tive, China's foreign policies
revolutionary intrigues — which
greatly excite the attention of
outside world—seem less menac
and even less crucial.

It is true that Chinese officialc
spends great effort on entertain
and wooing potential friends fr
Asia, Africa and Latin Amer
whether they be bourgeois nation
ists or pro-Peking Communists.
Vietnam, especially, they issue
unceasing effusion of virulent
violent propaganda—for interna
well as external consumption.
nese newspapers print four to
pages. Each day, at least one p
is devoted to news from Vietn
hailing Communist victories, rea
imagined, but making no atte
to hide the extent of the U.S. n
tary build-up. It is the same w
radio, television, theatre and
movies. In factories, blackboa
and wall posters urge the work
to greater efforts under such



s as “support the heroic struggle
the Vietnamese people against
. aggression.” In their public
ches and at receptions for visit-
statesmen, Chinese leaders lose
opportunity to stress their sup-
t for North Vietnam and the
tcong.

ut all this is clearly within a
ensive context. The Chinese have
red to send troops to South Viet-
n, if so requested by the National
eration Front. But the very word-
of this threat makes it seem re-
e, and most diplomats in Peking
convinced that the Chinese
ld move south only if they felt
ir own borders endangered —
ier by an American advance
oss the 17th Parallel, or by the
ninent collapse of the Commu-
regime in North Vietnam. In
same vein, the Chinese state
t they have made all necessary
parations, and that the People's
eration Army is waiting “in full
tle array.” Taken out of context,
may sound menacing. In con-
t, it is part of the same defen-
posture.

t is obvious that the Chinese
e made some military prepara-
ns, especially in the southern
vinces of Yunnan, Kwangsi and
angtung. Outside the army,
ng people are encouraged to take
“military `sports” — swimming,
oting, signaling and mountain
nbing. In recent months, millions
young adults have again been
pt up in a mass militia move-
nt, and the hard-core units drill
several hours each week—some-
es, with modern weapons, more
n with ancient rifles and even
nboo spears. Political motives
y a big part in these activities
ce they help to toughen the
lies of the young, and to temper
ir minds in an atmosphere of
itant struggle. Insofar as they
e any military significance, it
defensive, and directives to the
itia make clear that they must train their charges to back up the regular army in case of invasion, bombings or parachute landings.

It is likely that the Chinese leaders look forward to U.S. air raids on China, with either nuclear or conventional weapons, as a distinct possibility in the near future. (Again, we return to those American policy statements. Read from a Chinese point of view, they seem both aggressive and irrational.) But for all their propaganda on Vietnam, they have made almost no attempt to prepare the civilian population for imminent conflict, and have done nothing that would give Washington an excuse to order pre-emptory strikes. At least in Peking, a few air-raid shelters have been quietly built in recent weeks, but there have been no air-raid drills and no obvious or widespread evacuation of key personnel. Instead, the atmosphere is very much one of business as usual, and the steady influx of visiting delegations, traders and even tourists (from virtually every nation but the United States) adds to the impression of normalcy.

There is, in short, no evidence that China would welcome an immediate confrontation with the United States, and much evidence that China will do everything possible to avoid such a conflict. Yet skeptics may maintain that for the Chinese, such caution is a short-range necessity. The Chinese, in this view, are merely waiting until American vigilance is lulled, until their economy is stronger, and until they have more nuclear weapons and an effective means of delivery. Then the yellow horde will pounce, and the whole of Asia will be imperiled.

There can, of course, be no certainty, but it is possible to make some informed guesses on the basis of Chinese history, Chinese actions in the last sixteen years, the declared intentions of Chinese leaders, and China's economic and military potential.

It seems likely that for several decades Peking will be primarily concerned with internal development, especially with stabilizing agriculture and building an industrial base. As the old leaders die off, the new leaders, lacking their elders' personal hold on the people, will spend much energy consolidating their positions and preserving the Communist party as the source of all political power. To this end, it may be necessary for them to make some concessions in the area of daily life. What Mao fears—Soviet-style revisionism—may slowly overcome the old dogmatic approach.

In foreign policy, China will follow goals that are both nationalist and Communist. The Chinese have made clear that, in their own good time, they will settle scores and recover territory wrested from them by the so-called imperialists — including Taiwan, Hong Kong, Macao, vast tracts of Soviet Asia and possibly Outer Mongolia. This would be the goal of any strong Chinese ruler — even Chiang Kai-shek, were he still in power. Similarly, any Chinese regime would want to re-establish the old Chinese hegemony around its borders, and especially in Southeast Asia. It will be a major Chinese goal to exclude U.S. power and influence from the Asian mainland and the adjoining islands. In the short run, China will work to establish (or maintain in power) friendly (but not necessarily Communist) regimes in Indo-China, Burma, Thailand, Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines. In the longer run, the Chinese will try to extend their influence to India and Japan, at the direct expense of the Western powers and the Soviet Union.

Deeply chauvinistic, the Chinese leaders yearn for the old days when the Middle Kingdom dominated Asia, both by its wealth and power and by the excellence of its civilization. But this does not mean that the Chinese will move with reckless haste — launching invasions or brandishing nuclear weapons. Patience has usually been a mark of their diplomacy, and they can be expected to favor persuasion, subversion and indirect threats. Contrary to both American and Soviet propaganda, the Chinese have never said that they would welcome a nuclear war. They have no illusions about matching American nuclear might and will probably use their own small arsenal to increase their political influence over their neighbors, rather than as a direct military threat.

Driven on by their messianic faith, the Chinese will continue to seek leadership of the developing world of Asia, Africa and Latin America—again, at the direct expense of both the Western powers and the Soviet Union. At least in the near future, Chinese support for revolutionary movements will continue to be a menace to Western interests. It is possible, however, that a new generation of leaders will be less driven by ideology, and prepared to trim down these global ambitions in order to concentrate on developing Chinese power at home and in the immediate area.

But while their communism may be modified from that of the founders, there is little likelihood that any new leaders would be less sternly nationalistic. China's humiliation at the hands of the Western powers, from the Opium Wars to World War I, is still deeply felt. Foreign residents and foreign visitors to China are almost always greatly disturbed by the sharp chauvinism of the young. While they might welcome revisionism, Chinese youth will be strong nationalists for generations to come.

In all this, there is little consolation for Americans. For reasons both historical and contemporary, hostility toward the United States runs almost as deep as the militant chauvinism — indeed, the two are closely linked. From an American point of view, China will be a difficult nation to live with for many years to come. As long as the United States plays a military role in Asia—to support "free" governments, to stop the spread communism or, more hones simply to defend its great po interests — Washington risks series of Koreas and Vietnams v the Chinese and their allies.

This may be inevitable: on b sides, the poison runs deep. little is served by American p aganda that pictures China as archenemy, bent on ruthless c quest. Such distortions will c prolong and complicate the p lems of Taiwan and the Chir seat in the United Nations — two essential first steps to o coming Chinese hostilities and ducing the threat to peace.

Chinese goals and Chinese p lems are much more complex, e contradictory, than Americans led to believe. In this, there r be some hope for the West. hope will never be fulfilled as l as Washington misunderstands misinterprets the fact of mod China.

JAMES EASTLAND: CHILD OF SCORN

Robert G. Sherr

James O. Eastland has, during his twenty-four years in the United States Senate, been called many things. In the delta country that arches along the Mississippi River from Memphis to Vicksburg, he is referred to with real affection by the white folks as "Our Jim." Elsewhere in Mississippi affection diminishes to merely the typical appreciation of the South for standard fare; political hominy grits, tasteless but substantial. Robert Hearin, the affable president of the First National Bank of Jackson, one of the two largest banks in Mississippi, is downright proud to be a friend of Jim Eastland, whom he calls "solid, you know what I mean, really solid."

Washington has reacted to him across a wide spectrum. FDR saw him as just another Dixie pitchman, open to trade. ("That's all right, son," Roosevelt told him after Eastland's first race for the Senate. "I got quite a kick out of those anti-New Deal cracks. But now you're elected and we've got to play together. You can come see me whenever you want to.") Eisenhower feared him and allowed him to handle Republican patronage in Mississippi. Lyndon Johnson's love of power includes that vested in Eastland, with the result that they seem chummier than they really are. ("They're like brothers," says Wilburn Buckley, Eastland's home secretary, with considerable exaggeration.)

But, generally, the descriptions applied to Eastland outside the South reflect a deep bitterness and fear. Even Westbrook Pegler, who stands second to no man as a wacky conservative, attempts to hoot him down as an "illiterate in good standing."

Getting his Senate colleagues to appraise his character publicly is not easy, but the late Herbert H. Lehman, once Senator from New York, damned Eastland as "a symbol of racism"—an estimate with which most Southerners would agree, but with a different intonation. *Time* after one of its mysterious polls, marked him as the " tion's most dangerous demagog I. F. Stone offers a briefer sket "Mississippi McCarthy."

Intimates of the Senator are qu to press upon inquirers the port of him as a devoted homebody avoids the party circuit in W ington to be able to spend more t with his family and with his r life detective stories, which he re at the rate of two a day; as a g planter, a kind planter, who "n whips his niggers and would any white worker who did"; a pillar of the Democratic Party has helped keep Mississippi f going officially Republican (as in the light of the last election, mattered much). The private im of Eastland as a kindly pate planter somehow keeps getting bled up by his carnivorous pu image, however, and despite the efforts of his friends and famil remains true that none of Ameri anti-Southern cults has more otees than the one that directs hatred at Senator James Eastl He, more than any other ex politician, seems to symbolize v

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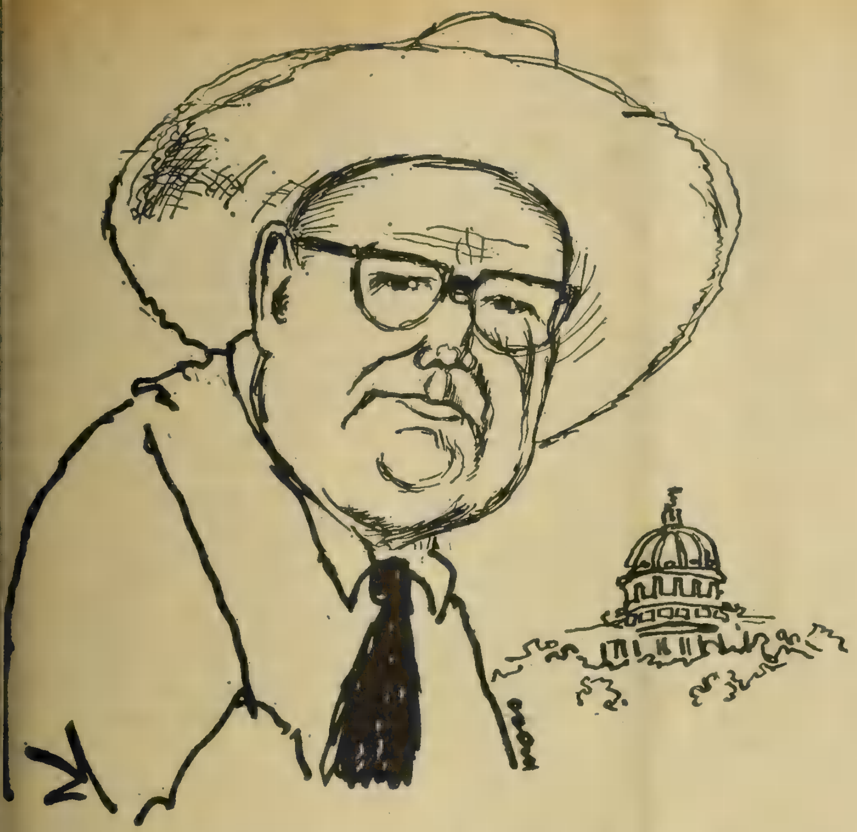
Robert G. Sherrill is writing a book about Southern political personalities, to be published by Houghton Mifflin.



many Negroes, liberals, laborers, ellectuals, seekers, mystics and vericks are trying to remove m the world.

Exactly why this should be true more complex than is the man o inspires such feelings: a rather nple man, really, as simple as nflower County, his home and thplace, where 70 per cent of the pulation lives and dies in uncom- cated peonage, where violence g., Emmett Till) flows out as turally as the passage of seasons, d where one can easily stand in middle of the delta's steaming neness and honestly believe that world goes straight out forever, t all the way and overripe, and de by a God who in His infinite sdom gave Adam a cotton allot- nt.

It's hardly enough to say at Eastland is hated because he is old-school segregationist. Strom urmond is shriller and Leander rez more savage, and yet they are dged to be merely disagreeable riosities. Is it because he is so ef- tive in his hyper-conservatism? t he isn't very effective: he has ver had a fraction of the success following in Washington that en an ailing Harry Byrd can com- nd today. Although he has few als as an accomplished vilifier of the Supreme Court, this separates him from most other deep South politicians only in the matter of decibles.

Eastland does not draw dislike from any specialty; he is adept at irritating in many ways. If he is dangerous, it is only as the embodiment of the Southern middle class at bay. He is, though very wealthy, middle class in every way. Like Miniver Cheevy, James Eastland, child of scorn, loves the days of old but does not know what to do about it. "We are living in an age," he wails, "where everything old is evil. Old values are being swept away and pseudo-sophistries substituted." His emphasis on chivalry is rather odd at times. He seemed less concerned that three persons were slain and more than 300 wounded at the Ole Miss riots than that some of the coeds were reportedly forced to flee their dormitory in their nightgowns. And when dozens of Negroes entered the registration office of Mrs. Martha Turner Lamb in Greenwood, Miss., demanding that their full citizenship be recognized, Eastland was not so much perturbed that a revolution was at hand (although that did annoy him) as he was that a group would "push themselves into the office of any public official, much less the office of a *lady* public official."

However, there is a leak in the quaintness that deflates it to mere dullness. In frequent public statements Eastland has shown his concept of the law and of the Constitution to be that of a recipe book, wherein every problem is indexed and where one need only turn to the right page to find the proper formula. The Constitution speaks but is not to be interpreted—except by some psychic communication with the founding fathers. "I say," says Eastland, "that the fundamental of all fundamentals in our system of government is the premise that the Constitution of our country shall be interpreted strictly in accordance with the understanding of the members of the Constitutional Convention who submitted it and the states which adopted it."

Persons who expect imagination or eloquence from Eastland are always disappointed. Pat Watters, Southern Regional Council writer, heard Eastland at a fund-raising dinner for the Georgia States Rights Council, and described him as "a disappointment, a sing-song speaker who often lost the tune, a stringer-outer of sentence structure, a constructer of swimming syllogisms, a citer of confused Communist-front charges, and in this performance anyhow, a bore." Watters expected too much: Eastland, with his raspy repetitions, is usually a bore. He confuses excess for eloquence—as when he charged that the NAACP is backed by organizations "of all shades of red . . . the blood red of the Communist Party . . . the almost equally red of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S. of A."—and has neither the guttersnipe charm of Theodore Bilbo nor the raging excitement of Richard Russell at his best. Eastland is simply excessively trite.

Carefully lettered on the wall of the Freedom Democratic Party's shanty headquarters in the Negro slum of Indianola, county seat of Sunflower County, is this dogma:

There are rich people
And poor people.
Middle class people
Are the same as
Rich People.
They have more things
Than they need.

That is another clue to Eastland as an object of hate. He stands preeminently for the preservation of a world in which the middle class so outdistances the poor class that even to mention a "middle" begs the question. In any real sense there are only two classes: those who have what they need and those who do not.

Although he is not the largest landholder in Sunflower County, Eastland's 5,800-acre plantation, acquired by his grandfather at $1 an acre and now worth between $500 and $700 an acre, makes him a multimillionaire. In addition he has leased a 1,300-acre plantation near Vicksburg for raising specialty cattle, and holds stock in the First National Bank and the Deposit Guarantee of Jackson, the state's two largest and politically most influential banks.

Telephone operators in Sunflower County earn $200 a month, stenographers $200 a month, sales clerks $20 a week and salesmen $50 a week, mechanics $1 an hour, electricians $1.25 an hour, medical technologists $200 a month, bookkeepers $175 a month. (Figures taken from a salary list issued by the Indianola Chamber of Commerce to entice new industry and business.) However, contrary to what a Northerner or Westerner might suppose, these workers—all white, of course; jobs of that type are not open to Negroes—are not the lower middle class. They are, like Eastland, members of the wealthy middle class of Sunflower County. They have something; they have, by comparison with the Negroes who work on Eastland's plantation, more than they need. So when the National White Citizens Council movement was born in Indianola in 1954, a movement that originally was said to be made up of "respectable middle-class" white people, it's no wonder that Eastland was one of the organizers and the chief speaker. In the unreal world of Mississippi, the clerk, the burgher and the planter stand shoulder to shoulder not democratically but in the aristocracy of the full gut.

Of the 46,000 residents of Sunflower County, 68 per cent are Negroes.* Most of these Negroes are in *families* earning less than $1,000 a year, with children 9 and 10 years old working a full day in the fields to bring the family total to even that much. Full-time Negro maids in town are paid $8 a week. Two-thirds of the residents must expect to subsist on federal food handouts at some time during the year.

The rapid increase in the use of cotton-picking machines and weed-killing chemicals has brought unemployment and hunger to Sunflower County. Between 1950 and 1960, Negro farm jobs fell off 48 per cent. The unneeded Negroes are looked upon as a nuisance. "Negroes," said one planter, "went out with the mule." If they are not yet gone, they are going. In the last decade, hunger and despair have driven 22 per cent of them out of the county.

Many of those who remain and who are uppity enough to protest tell of slave conditions. That phrase was used by Andrew Hawkins recently when he testified before two Congressional committees. Hawkins, a Negro cotton picker who is an official with the hardly existing Freedom Labor Union, said that Negro cotton choppers who live on Eastland's plantation earn less than 30c an hour *when* they work, which often is less than two days a week. "Just bunk, all bunk," said Eastland.

Clyde Rutledge, general manager of Eastland's plantation, would not let me on the premises to interview workers, but I took a sneak tour one night, going in by a back road. There are teen-age children in there who have never been to school because they have never had the clothes to wear; there are children 9 years old who wo
from sunup to sundown. Some
Eastland's workers have ne
tasted beef. One woman said s
had eaten turkey only twice
her life: once when she got a turk
from comedian Dick Gregory, a
the other time, back in the m
1950s, when she bought a turk
on the installment plan. At a tract
driver's shanty the family meal th
night had been biscuits, molass
and salt meat. Tractor drivers a
among the elite force; for a twel
hour day they earn $6 and wo
nearly the year around. At a cott
chopper's home, the menu had be
bread and butter beans. Cott
choppers earn only $3 a day a
have only a four-month work yea

Meanwhile, at Sunflower Count
six Rotary clubs, four Lions clul
four VFW posts and seven gard
clubs the life of service and f
goes on about as usual, conscien
clear. For in Washington, speaki
their true beliefs and desires, ass
ing them that what they do is rig
—that *they* are not to blame for t
Negro's condition but the fact th
"our natural resources have be
exploited by Eastern capital as
outlet for investments to make hu
profits from cheap Southern lab
—is the potent voice of Our J
(who will gross an estimated qu
ter of a million dollars this year)

Our Jim says: "We have no v
ing qualifications based on ra
none at all, and anybody wh
qualified can vote." (NAACP hea
quarters in Jackson says there a
13,524 Negroes of voting age
Sunflower County and 164 are r
istered; that's 1.2 per cent.)

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*These and other figures that follow are either from Indianola Chamber of Commerce records or from U.S. Census Bureau records, supplied by the Indianola C. of C.

r Jim says: "I am against any ization which indulges, which otes, racial and religious preju- hatred and bigotry." (He has rted the John Birch Society, itizens Council and every ma- white-supremacy organization has popped up in the South in ast twenty years.)

r Jim says: "I have never en- l in a filibuster. Southern Sen- have never filibustered but we conducted campaigns of edu- n." (He has done service in anti-civil rights filibuster that aken place in the Senate in the wenty-four years.)

r Jim says — or until a few ago he was still saying it — e's not a Ku Klux Klan chapter e state of Mississippi."

ese are not lies; they are the expressions of how one region itself, and itself in relation to est of the world. Such views, esult partly of individual my- and partly of regional mad- forestall any outside persua- and the nation, seeking di- e, is thus frustrated to the of rage and turns easily on and because he tells his South- yths with such bland sincerity.

On the wall of Eastland's is a photograph of Mary Ann y, Miss America of 1959, in- d, "To a great statesman and loyal Mississippian." He *is* a loyal Mississippian, and this loyalty, combined with his hold on the chair of the Senate Judiciary Committee, has given Eastland both the motive and the position to shape, retard and pervert the civil rights movement more than any other man in America. The Judiciary Committee is one of the two or three most important committees in the Senate; some believe it to be *the* most important. It handles not only all civil rights bills but all judicial appointments, including appointments to the Supreme Court, and oversees all appointive jobs in the Department of Justice.

For many people, the theory of committee structure by seniority reached its most indefensible point in 1956, when Eastland became chairman of the Judiciary Committee on the death of Sen. Harley Kilgore, a liberal from West Virginia. The promotion was made on the recommendation of then Democratic Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. Only two Senators spoke out against the appointment: Wayne Morse of Oregon and Herbert Lehman of New York, who received their reward from the Southern press by being called "two racist demagogues" (Richmond *Times-Dispatch*) and "leftwing pinkos" (Jackson, Miss., *Daily News*). Other Senators who might have been expected to gag at the promotion took the position that they were made helpless by the seniority system.

But the next year, when Majority Leader Johnson laid his committee slates before the Senate, with Eastland again tabbed for the Judiciary chairmanship, Paul Douglas of Illinois was finally moved to point out that the Senate and Johnson were not helpless, as they pretended, because they did not follow the seniority system when it pleased the inner Establishment to ignore it. Although Sen. Estes Kefauver of Tennessee (usually on the outs with the Establishment) had four years' seniority over Sen. John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts, Kennedy had been named in his stead to a coveted seat on the Foreign Relations Committee.

Some observers were well pleased by the Eastland appointment. Fulton Lewis, Jr., remarked that "Kilgore was a constant critic of big business and sought unremittingly to prod the government into more antitrust bills. Eastland is not likely to react the same way." (Eastland has indeed not reacted the same way. Not once has he initiated an antitrust investigation; and when four steel companies refused to surrender cost data subpoenaed by Senator Kefauver, Eastland told them, "I don't blame you at all.")

For his part, Eastland appeared not to understand what all the quarreling was about. "Of course I'll be an impartial chairman of the Judiciary Committee," he said publicly, "and carry out my duties to the best of my abilities"; privately, he gave his word of honor to two delegates from the NAACP that he would do nothing to block the progress of civil rights bills to the floor.

The New York Times credits the Eastland influence in the Judiciary Committee and its Civil Rights Subcommittee, of which he was chairman before advancing to chairmanship of the full committee, with bottling up 122 civil rights bills.

Later Eastland held up appointments within the Justice Department, attempting to evoke the promise that federal troops would not be used to enforce civil rights laws in the South. During this period he would brag in speeches around Mississippi of how "in time there was so much pressure built up from various members of the committee who wanted to get their nominees approved, I was able to get the Judiciary Committee to approve or reject bills and to name judges I wanted." As a matter of course since he became chairman, Negro nominees to the bench have been kept waiting nine months to a year for confirmation, and Jewish nominees have frequently had to wait just as long.

Eastland was correct when he boasted of his bargaining power. Thurgood Marshall, counsel for the NAACP and a Negro, was nominated Sept. 26, 1961, to the Second Circuit Court of Appeals. One year later, less two weeks, he received confirmation by Eastland's committee. There had been a purpose to the delay, as Attorney General Robert Kennedy is said to have discovered one day when, meeting Eastland in the corridor, he was accosted with this quasi-threat: "Tell your brother that if he will give me Harold Cox I will give him the nigger" (meaning Marshall, now Solicitor General).

Marshall thereupon ascended the Second Circuit bench and Cox, Eastland's old college roommate and protégé, became a federal judge in the circuit that handles most of the deep South's civil rights cases. Cox's tenure there has been distinguished by such acts as calling some Negro civil rights defendants "chimpanzees," protesting by letter to the Justice Department about its "lousy" civil rights cases, threatening on one occasion to jail U.S. Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach for contempt, and throwing out indictments against seventeen men charged with the murder of three young rights workers near Philadelphia, Miss. — a triple murder which Eastland, by the way, persisted in calling a "hoax" until the bodies were actually dug out of the mud.

The cumulative effect of this kind of delay and barter within the Judiciary Committee is such that for some time Eastland has been considered no joking matter. One can scarcely raise a smile now by recalling the days when Eastland's Internal Security Subcommittee voiced grave concern because the Young Pioneers were circulating leaflets advocating "Smash the Boy Scouts!" Gone, too, is the time when no Washington cocktail party was considered complete unless somebody came up with the quip that the two southernmost parts of the United States are Key West and James O. Eastland.

Grimness has set in. It is understandable—since so many bombings, burnings and assaults have occurred contrapuntally to Eastland's propaganda litanies in the Senate—but it is also unfortunate, for some of the finest off-Broadway farces have been played in Eastland's committees.

If all the column inches Eastland has put into the *Congressional Record* in connection with that shapeless social nebula which he calls communism were placed end to end, "they might stretch," as one Washington wit calculated, "from here to sanity." In pursuit of what he conceives to be his duty, Eastland has filled the *Record* with a riot of accidental humor. Describing one civil rights meeting in Atlanta recently, Eastland concluded, with an air of intrigue uncovered, "It is perhaps significant that almost one-third of those present at this conference wore beards."

Deeply shaken by what he called the "invasion" of Mississippi by the National Lawyers Guild to help participate in the 1964 summer project of voter registration, Eastland set out to show the world just what sort of spies and subversives his state was having to deal with. He gave Henry W. McGee, Jr., of Chicago as an example. "When he was 14 years old," Eastland told a no doubt puzzled Senate, "Henry W. McGee, Jr., was reportedly a member of the International Workers Order, Lodge No. 751 at Chicago." That membership was eighteen years ago, and apparently Eastland realized that it did not strike his colleagues as something to get terribly upset about, so he threw in a few things that Henry McGee, *Sr.*, had done that displeased him.

John Tillotson, another invader, was guilty in Eastland's eyes because at the University of Minnesota he had led a student protest against atmospheric nuclear testing. On several occasions he had stated his opinion that "nuclear war won't solve anything" and had even written rather sharply about the campus ROTC. These revelations failing to arouse the Senate to much alarm, Eastland again ended lamely with, "there is more which could be said about young Tillotson if security reasons did not prevent it. He
outstanding example of a se
generation Communist-in-pro
In fact, he might even be
third generation. His father
Communist; his mother was a
munist; his grandmother w
Communist. . . ."

Eastland followed up with
examples of his politico-Men
discovery.

Persons who have been calle
willingly to appear before East
Internal Security Subcommitte
quickly point out, however,
such entertaining boobishness
cidental and incidental to th
jury of reputations which
place there. Although witn
regularly complain of his bu
tactics, the Senator insists th
conducts his committee busin
a fair and untroubled mann
friend of Eastland who has
on numerous executive sessio
the Internal Security Subcom
said, "I never saw Jim really
except once, and that was wh
nigger referred to him as 'ol'
land.' I've heard others call him
Eastland, and he didn't see
mind that, but this was the
time he'd ever been called 'ol'
land,' and he got so mad he g
in the face and his gray eye
cold, and I thought he was goi
knock that nigger out of his
Jim was so mad he was grindi
teeth. Nobody but a Comm
nigger would have called Ji
Eastland.'"

Eastland believes tha
witness should be allowed to
an attorney, but he also feels
attorneys willing to defend
munists, former Communis
suspected Communists — ev
his suspicions are the only
aroused — must be prepar
share the obloquy of thei
ents. The records of his comm
hearings are full of instances
he has called an attorney a
munist for no reason than th
represented an unpopular ca
a "suspect."

Nor is it possible to clear o
with Eastland if he is conv
that his suspicions are correc
best example of this is the c
James Dombrowski, who has
ably been subjected to more
unfairness over a longer peri
time than any other integrat
on the Senator's list. Dombr
has been a marked man amon

onal investigators from as far as the early 1940s when he xecutive director of the South- Conference for Human Wel- The SCHW was suspect: it for integrating the races. It awards to dubious people like nor Ellis Arnall of Georgia, ı wealthy corporation attorney; ; advisory board were people the late folklorist, J. Frank , who was noted for being as subversive as a cactus. Dombrowski became execu- lirector of the Southern Con- ce Education Fund (SCEF), an ization whose openly an- ced and overriding aim was to n end to segregation in the ı.

mbrowski has sworn under before the Internal Security ommittee that he is not now as never been a Communist. id so in 1953 and Eastland no attempt to prosecute him erjury, so by normal rules this d have meant that thereafter and would treat him as though elieved him. But it wasn't gh.

r two decades Congressional stigators had been itching to heir hands on the SCEF's files. years ago, Eastland figured out y to do it, with the cooperation e New Orleans police and of oked-up Louisiana Joint Legis- e Un-American Activities Com- e.*

rly in October, 1963, the New ns cops, with several legis- s trudging at their heels, hed into the SCEF's headquar- and started tearing the place t, literally. They also invaded omes of former Orleans Parish Assistant District Attorney Benjamin E. Smith, the SCEF treasurer, and Bruce Waltzer, Smith's law partner. The legislative committee's counsel explained that they did not give the FBI advance notice of the raids because they were afraid the FBI might have had to tell Attorney General Kennedy who, in turn, would have tipped off the Rev. Martin Luther King, who would have warned Dombrowski.

When the raids were over, the two attorneys and Dombrowski had been charged with criminal conspiracy (a charge later thrown out by a state judge) and while they were running around trying to get out of that accusation, the twenty-year collection of extremely important data was being carted off from the SCEF. The state legislative committee released the records to Eastland within twenty-four hours of their removal.

Months later, Eastland returned the records, but only after every piece had been photographed. Since then he has been reading into the *Congressional Record* portions of private letters to and from Dombrowski. Dombrowski has asked the courts to stop Eastland from publicizing the material, but a hearing on this has not yet been held. Meanwhile, Dombrowski attempts to sort out the material that was returned to him: it was mishandled, messed up, some appears to be missing.

Protected as he is by the ponderous fortifications of the Washington Establishment, Eastland is not an easy man to beat; but from time to time the inner vein of excess that has mucked up his whole career breaks out again and he defeats himself. That happened in his now-famous effort of 1956 to bully *The New York Times* which had, he felt, been unkind to him.

Under the guise of seeking out Communist influences everywhere in the American press, Eastland set out specifically to get the *Times*. He has always denied that the paper was a special target, but figures make the denial silly: twenty-nine of the thirty-five witnesses called to executive sessions of the committee, and fourteen of the eighteen witnesses called to public sessions were past or present members of the *Times* staff; in the latter group, a fifteenth witness was the brother of a present employee of the *Times*.

Among those summoned by Jules Sourwine, counsel for the Internal Security Subcommittee, was one Robert Shelton. Correction: *He* was not summoned. Another Shelton's name was on the subpoena, but Robert Shelton was the newsman the committee's subpoena server insisted on hauling in. It was a clumsy, needless mistake, as Eastland was to learn, but at the moment he didn't seem to care: one Shelton was as good as another for his purpose, which was to blacken the name of the *Times*, and since Robert Shelton was an employee of the *Times*, he would do.

But Robert Shelton refused to cooperate. When the grilling began, he read into the record this statement:

> *I am involved in these hearings as a victim of accident. The subpoena first served to me was originally made out in the name of a person who does not work on my paper. A committee aide, when told that there was no such person on the* Times, *insisted on knowing if there was anyone with a similar name employed there. There were a few, but the only one that interested your man was the sole similar name in the news department, mine. At the executive hearings the committee counsel tried without success to link me with a certain New York newspaper. He was unable to establish any connection because I never worked for the paper under discussion. Yet I have been called back here today. It appears to be just another step in a campaign to discredit the paper for which I work.*

Too bad, said Eastland, but he would nevertheless have to answer the questions.

"I won't answer because I am a

---

his fascinating organization re- y investigated, and cleared, the Klux Klan, finding it to be only litical action group" with "a cer- Halloween spirit."

victim of accident," Shelton insisted.

Thereupon he was charged with contempt of Congress. Although by the time the thing got to court Eastland and Sourwine knew they were in the wrong, they attempted to bluff it out. Sourwine claimed that Robert Shelton was exactly the man they wanted and that they had subpoenaed him on the basis of information supplied in an informer's letter. Shelton's attorney, Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., took the position that Sourwine was not telling the truth and by the time the case came up on appeal the informer's letter could not be found. Eastland fared even worse. Seventy-seven times he answered Rauh with either, "I don't know," or "I don't recall" or "I don't remember."

The *New York Times* investigation was unquestionably among the most notorious held by Eastland, but he testified in the Shelton appeal that he could not remember any details of the hearings.

Rauh questioned: "You can't remember one detail, can you, Senator?"

Eastland: "No, sir, I certainly can't."

Were the hearings even legal? Eastland insisted that he had had the authorization of the subcommittee for holding them, but he could not remember when the subcommittee was called together to give the authority, or where it met, or who was there or what was said. He could not remember Shelton, or who issued the subpoenas for him and the other witnesses, or whether a record was kept of the meeting or how many witnesses were called. He could not remember any of the testimony, he could not remember any legislation that was pending at the end of the hearings. He did not know Sourwine was supposed to have a letter regarding Shelton, nor did he know what disposition Sourwine had made of it.

But none of his lapses of memory strains credibility more severely than Eastland's forgetfulness of the John T. Watkins case. Four years before the Shelton appeal, Eastland had taken the floor of the Senate to introduce five bills, recommended by the American Bar Association, to "correct certain decisions of the Supreme Court which have weakened our internal security." Ticking off the five, he said that of all the subversive decisions, none was so bad as that of the Watkins case, in which the court held that the House Un-American Activities Committee had to show relevance of questions about a person's associations. The decision infuriated Eastland: "In the Watkins case the Supreme Court abrogated the right to judge a man by the company he keeps. The Supreme Court has in effect created a new 'First Amendment right,' which it has designated the 'right of freedom of association,' and has held in effect that a man's associations with Communists are his own personal business, and that he cannot even be asked about such associations without invading his right of privacy."

He had reason to be furious, for just the previous year the Watkins precedent had been used by the Supreme Court to slap him down. Back in 1955, when the Eastland committee was pumping Matusow for all those commie pipe dreams he later recanted, Harry Sacher, a New York attorney, was called to testify. The committee (only two members were present) started off slyly asking Sacher about Matusow, but then switched — the Supreme Court later referred to it sarcastically as a "brief excursion"—to asking him questions about what he thought of proposed legislation barring Communist attorneys from practicing, and then sneaked in three questions about the possibility of his being a member of the Communist Party, past or present.

But Eastland was trying to weasel around with the wrong man. In his way, Sacher was tough. As an attorney for the eleven Communists tried before Judge Harold R. Medina in 1949, Sacher had so bedeviled the judge that he spent six months in jail for contempt. That had removed none of his scrappiness, and when Eastland started prying into his political affiliations, Sacher told him to go to hell.

Eastland cited him for contempt. Sacher went to the Supreme Court, and the case bounced back to the court of appeals with the advice that this conviction be reviewed in the light of the recent decision in the Watkins case. The appeals court ignored the advice, reaffirming the conviction. But by a 6-to-2 decision, the Supreme Court overturned the lower court in 1958 and freed Sacher,
Eastland screaming in the
ground about "an unconsci
restriction on the legislative p

Such was the unhappy
that the Watkins case had h
Eastland's career prior to hi
ing the stand to be question
Rauh:

> Q. *Do you recall ever h*
> *listed the Watkins case, a*
> *others, as being pro-Communi*
> Eastland: *I* think so. *I th*
> *listed a number of cases as*
> *pro-Communist, but when it*
> *and what was in what I said a*
> *time, the* Congressional *R*
> *speaks for itself.* I don't recal
> Q. *But now to ask it more*
> *erally, Senator, you do agree*
> *me that you have called the*
> *kins case decision pro-Commu*
> Eastland: *I say I could have*
> *I* think *so.*
> Q. *All right. Now the Wa*
> *case was decided in June,*
> *My question is very simple.*
> *you following the principles of*
> *case back on January 6, 1956?*
> Eastland: *I don't rememb*
> *this time what the Watkins*
> *held.*

But Rauh became nettled
pushed on harshly:

> Q. *Senator, in your entire-*
> *just referred to the fact that*
> *tried to be fair to all the witn*
> *that come before your commi*
> Eastland: *Yes, sir, we have*
> *very hard to be fair with al*
> *witnesses.*
> Q. *Can you name a single*
> *ness who has ever said he*
> *remember as often as you*
> *said it this afternoon?*
> Eastland: *Well, I don't know*
> *there are very few men in*
> *country, except a judge, that*
> *as many witnesses as I hear.*
> Q. *I asked you a simple que*
> Eastland: *Well, I know. I c*
> *the implication in your questi*
> Q. *I was asking you if you*
> *name one witness before your*
> *mittee that ever said, I don*
> *member, I don't recall, I*
> *know, as often as you said it.*
> Eastland: *I can't answer*
> *question. I don't know. . . .*
> *tell you I don't remember any*
> *about it. This was eight years*
> Q. *Senator, do you have any*
> *how many years back your sul*
> *mittee goes in asking witn*
> *about things?*
> Eastland: *Well, we try t*
> *what they remember, of c*
> *what the facts are.*
> Q. *How far back do you g*
> Eastland: *Well, that depen*
> *the case. . . .*
> Q. *Have you ever, at your*
> *ings, ever counted up the n*
> *of times a witness has said, I*

remember, and used it as a question of his credibility, Senator?

Eastland: *No, sir.*

Just as his old friend and mentor Joe McCarthy was never so cocky again after his encounter with Welch, the public character of Eastland has noticeably limped ever since its encounter with Rauh. Too many people in Washington could answer the questions Eastland suddenly could not answer; too many could remember the brutal overhauling witnesses had received in his committee when they could not dredge up transient events from the depths of twenty or thirty years. Spread across the nation in a million reprints is Eastland's messy little innuendo regarding Chief Justice Earl Warren's failure to remember random reports issued six years earlier by a California legislative committee, when Warren was California's Governor. "Certainly," Eastland told other Senators with a knowing look, "certainly Judge Warren cannot claim unfamiliarity with his own state official reports on such an important subject."

After the Rauh cross-examination, Washington was no longer quite so willing to accept Eastland's basic premise that forgetfulness is a symptom of treachery.

Considering their impact upon our times, it is ironic that Mississippi's two most notorious living sons are political successes by accident. Of the two, Ross Barnett is more of an accident than Eastland, but Eastland is an accident, too. If the insurrection at Ole Miss had not occurred during his first term of office, Barnett would be just another gray face in the fog of Mississippi's political past. As it is, he is the most popular politician in the state today and the governor's office is his again whenever he wants it. Barnett was a gauche executive (except for his ability to attract new industry) whose political prestige had been badly mauled when Meredith's ambitions, plus his own unfortunate dealings with Attorney General Kennedy, made him what Hodding Carter called "the dominant political figure in Mississippi as long as he lives."

Nothing so dramatic established Eastland. He started out as a second-choice interim appointee. Governor Paul B. Johnson, Sr., father of the present Governor of Mississippi, had hoped to name Eastland's father to fill the vacancy brought about by the death of Sen. Pat Harrison. But Woods Eastland, a power in Mississippi politics, didn't want it, so the largess was passed on to his son. Up to that moment, Jim Eastland's earlier political star seemed to have burned out. Ten years before, he had won state-wide attention as a member of the Mississippi legislature. He and two other legislators, Courtney Pace (now Eastland's administrative assistant) and the late Kelly J. Hammond, became known as the fighting Little Three; they tried to push through the rather progressive program of Governor Theodore Bilbo, but were frustrated by the reactionary Big Four, including Walter Sillers, who has been in the Mississippi legislature since 1916 and who for the past twenty years has been Speaker of the Mississippi House.

Eastland strictly followed Bilbo's lead; Bilbo made him. Still, he gets full marks for backing what he did: money for highways (there was scarcely a paved road in Mississippi at the time), free textbooks, money for TB hospitals, etc. But all that was a decade past and Eastland, retiring from the legislature when Bilbo left the mansion, had settled into dabbling in law, luxuriating in the family wealth, living the typical life of a spoiled planter's son, and doing little about politics. Taciturn, unimaginative, ineloquent and humorless, Eastland—United States Senator by appointment — arrived in Washington amid few predictions that he would stay long, or make an impression while he was there.

But Washington did something that Eastland could attack, and from the attack he drew strength. This was 1941, edge of wartime, and the Office of Price Administration put a price ceiling on cottonseed oil just as Eastland arrived in the capital. There were few topics that Eastland was competent to speak on, as even his friends admit retrospectively, but one of them was agriculture, especially cotton. The OPA regulation would have cut the cotton farmers' profit in half; it would have reduced his own family's income by many thousands of dollars. It was enough to make Eastland — who customarily cannot rise above a low C in rhetoric — sound drivingly persuasive. The regulation was killed. And immediately Eastland was a hero with many of the home folks. He had slain a regulatory giant, or at least cut off a finger.

Eastland had been appointed for eighty-eight days, until a special election could be held, on the promise that he would not be a candidate. He kept his promise on that occasion, but the 3,500 letters that had come to his office praising his work in the cottonseed-oil fight pointed to a following that he did not want to waste, and the next year he came out as a candidate against Sen. Wall Doxey. It was a tough fight, with Bilbo taking the stump to denounce his one-time protégé, but Cottonseed Jim, whose principal tactic consisted of attacking President Roosevelt, won by 16,000 votes.

If Eastland had grown up in the county of his birth, it is doubtful that he could have made the political grade. But his father moved from Sunflower County to Scott County and there Jim was raised, not returning to the delta to live until his mid-20s. The significance of this is that the delta is traditionally the home of the Mississippi aristocrats, the wealthy planters. But the voting power lies to the south and the east, where the rednecks live. The only resident of the delta who has ever been elected governor of Mississippi, for example, was Fielding Wright, and he made it only because he was first automatically boosted to the position from lieutenant governor on the death of Governor Thomas Bailey. The impoverished rednecks do not normally trust delta moneyed men. Eastland has the best of both worlds: born among the rich and reared among rednecks, he carries both blocs.

For the first ten years after he defeated Senator Doxey, Eastland was nobody in Washington. He was only one more Southern vote, which went predictably for low tariff, against labor, for the administration's foreign policy, and against social reform. Inarticulate, inconspicuous, with few noticeable interests outside agriculture, Eastland represented his mostly impoverished constitutents in such a style that one of his Senate colleagues of that day now recalls: "To make Jim believable, I had to keep reminding myself that his grandfather actually rode with General Bedford Forrest. Jim didn't seem to be much. In fact, if you looked at him very long, he would begin to disappear, like the Cheshire cat."

The Eastland that the world was later to know and that civil rights workers were to hate began to emerge in the early 1950s, clutching with quiet desperation at the coattails of Sen. Joseph McCarthy. As chairman of the Internal Security Subcommittee, Eastland's goal was the same as McCarthy's and it was from McCarthy that he learned the headline profit to be had from attacking the Supreme Court. Subcommittee records of those days reveal cooperative exchanges such as this between the two men:

> Eastland: *The court seems to be issuing one pro-Communist decision after another.*
>
> McCarthy: *You're so right.*
>
> Eastland: *What explanation is there except that some Communist influence is working within the court?*
>
> McCarthy: *Either incompetence or the influence you mention.*

On the death of McCarthy in 1957, Eastland became the nation's number-one patriot, his only rival being William Jenner, who was to retire the next year. Having learned so much from his fallen comrade he could be expected to eulogize McCarthy as needing no "vindication and no justification before the bar of ultimate justice and the throne of his God. His heart was pure; his purpose was noble."

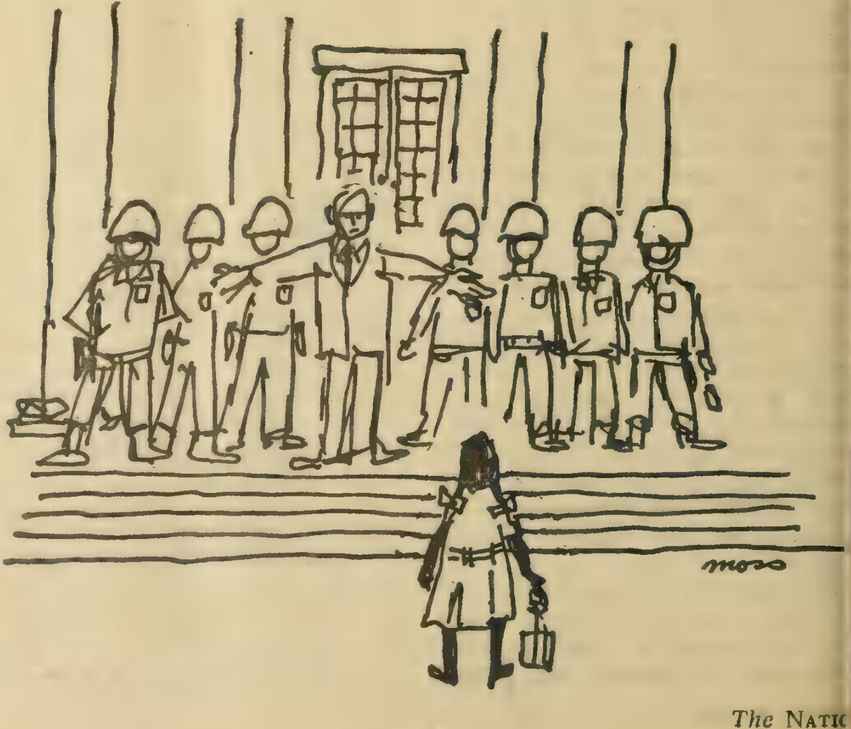
Equally pure of heart, Eastland was the Senate watchdog to protect individual licenses. His was the loudest voice raised in the Senate against the federal marshals' treatment of townspeople in Clinton, Tenn. When local thugs attempted to block integration despite a court injunction prohibiting force, marshals threw them in irons. Eastland saw this as unnecessarily harsh treatment for contempt, but when other Senators entreated him to read into the record an explanation from the marshals for using irons, he refused to do so, saying he would stand on the description of the incident supplied by the attorney for the arrested fifteen men —"a very able, very responsible, very respectable, and one of the ablest trial lawyers in the United States." The attorney so applauded was Ross Barnett, representing the Clinton defendants at his own expense.

That wasn't Eastland's only statement on Clinton. When the county attorney went to the Clinton high school and explained to the students that the court's injunction applied to them, too; that it meant the court would no longer tolerate "throwing of ink on books, books belonging to the state of Tennessee, the messing up of lockers, the threatening notes to teachers, the filthy language to fellow students, the pushing and shoving of other students [Negroes]," and that they could no longer gather in gangs and beat Negroes going to and from school, Eastland wailed: "These children have been told by responsible authority that they had no freedom of speech, they had no freedom of assembly . . . and that their minor peccadilloes and misconduct" would be punished. "Neither Hitler nor Stalin was ever guilty of more ruthless thought control."

In the field of civil rights, Eastland has preached resistance to law — sometimes in the form of individual defiance, sometimes in the form of legal contempt, sometimes as legislative interposition or nullification—but not hypocritically, for he has preached it as much in Washington as in Sunflower County.

His counsel was especially inflammatory in the periods leading up to two of the worst outbreal
of racial violence—at Little Ro
and later at the University of Mi
sissippi. Much has been writte
quite justifiably, about the infl
ence of Georgia king maker R
Harris and Georgia Govern
Marvin Griffin on Arkansas Go
ernor Orval Faubus in inciting hi
to change his mind (he had bee
preparing for peaceful integratio
at Little Rock) and resist the fe
eral government. Strangely, hov
ever, little credit has been given
Eastland for his effect on Faubu
Inasmuch as Eastland's advi
came from next door, not thre
states away, it was probably eve
more effective than that of Harr
or Griffin.

To hear Eastland talk—as he di
talk to organizations all over th
South — about "weak-kneed polit
cians in the border states," th
segregation battle in the South d
pended solely on Faubus' standin
firm. "If the Southern states a
picked off one by one under th
damnable doctrine of gradualism
he told the American Legion
Tupelo, shaking his head like a di
tress lantern, "I don't know if w
can hold out or not." Oh, it su
made him depressed to even thin
of Faubus who, he predicted, "wi
not take action and, as a resul
racial integration has already star
ed." Apprised of Eastland's com
ments, Faubus of course said h
was not a weak-kneed politicia
and he would, too, take action.



When Eastland first "took up" iternational affairs, he followed a ath already beaten by other Sen- ors from the deep South—straight ı Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo. astland became one of the Senate's iost outspoken defenders of the ominican Republic. On a good- ill tour of that country, Eastland nd Jenner were invited to speak ı the legislature. They competed ı see who could praise more rich- '. Jenner said that because the eneralissimo had refused to "drift ith the tide," he had turned the ominican Republic into an "island aradise." But Eastland easily won ıe contest of praise. "Your gener- issimo," he told a legislature that r thirty years had been too terfied to act as anything but Tru- llo's rubber stamp, "is one of the reat men of the free world. With im leading your government, this ader of all Latin America—you ad for freedom; you lead for onor; you lead for religion; and hank God you lead for common ense."

Later on, when he began to feel at he really knew something bout foreign affairs, Eastland ould warn the Senate against ad- itting Hawaii to the Union be- ause "the economy of Hawaii is ommunist-controlled." Furthernore, he said, the commies had ken over the Hawaiian legis- ture. When other Senators pointd out that the FBI had made a etailed study of possible Com- nunist infiltration into Hawaii and ad found that there was a maxi- num of between forty and sixty ommunists out of a population of 35,000, Eastland retorted: "What there in numbers? We have seen, ll over the world, a small minority f Communists taking over one ountry after another." (Just as, ne might have added, a small ninority of the electorate sends im to the Senate each six years.)

By this time, such was the repu- ation throughout the country of Mississippi's Senator, that when leade Alcorn, Republican national hairman, and Paul M. Butler, Democratic chairman, agreed in 958 to wage a fair campaign and void using vilifications and scur- ilous attacks, they could not come o terms on whether mention of astland and Faubus as Democrats ell within that definition. Alcorn aid he thought it wasn't exactly ilification to remind the public that Eastland wore the Democratic label, but Butler protested that it was hitting below the belt.

By this time, too, Eastland was well established in the public's mind as the man who, in the words of a *Christian Century* editorial writer, "has done more to defy and bring into contempt the highest court in our land than any other man. . . ."

While "more than any other man" is quite a condemnation (or tribute, in Mississippi), Eastland probably deserves it. He has from time to time accused the Supreme Court of treason, of being directed by a Communistic philosophy, of advocating adultery and sodomy and miscegenation, and of being "the greatest single threat to our Constitution":

> *The one area where there seems to be some predictability with respect to the Warren Court action is where cases involve the interests of the world Communist Party and its arm in this country . . . when delay is necessary to help the Communist cause, the Court delays. . . .* [The Court] *is moving step by step, paragraph by paragraph, decision by decision, toward establishment of the Communist conspiracy in the U. S. as a legal entity . . . when misstatement would help the cause, the Court has misstated.*

It is likely that Eastland would have turned out to be much the same person he is today, McCarthy or no McCarthy. Acting independently, he proved his own mettle in the election of 1954, the only real challenge — and it was not great—he has had since he beat Doxey.

It came from Lt. Gov. Carroll Gartin, a kind of moderate. Tired of his largely nondescript life in the Senate, Eastland had said he wasn't going to run in 1953. By the time he changed his mind, a lot of people had got behind Gartin. The lieutenant governor would not have been there to get behind if he hadn't been snookered into running by James Coleman, later governor and now fifth circuit court judge, who wanted Gartin out of the way. Coleman got Governor Hugh White to run a survey on Gartin's strength, and it showed—thanks to some interpretation by Coleman—that Gartin would carry three-fourths of Mississippi's eighty-two counties.

"Nobody," said one of Eastland's aides the other day, laughing at the memory, "nobody but a goose would have believed the survey. I could have named thirty counties that would have voted for Eastland if his name was just on the ballot, no matter what kind of campaign he ran."

Eastland won all but twelve counties, and he lost three of those by fewer than 100 votes. It was a good test of Eastland's popularity. In Ruleville, which he sometimes calls home, he lost only two votes out of 500, and as one Eastland *aficionado* pointed out with justification, "it's pretty hard not to make at least a dozen enemies in a town like this."

Popularity is perhaps not exactly the right word for it. Eastland may sometimes arouse a tenuous identification with the masses, but he is no "popular" campaigner in the manner of Eugene Talmadge or James Folsom or, going back to his own state, Theodore Bilbo. He has no flair, but only the sureness of a native son in voicing the meanness the rednecks feel.

In the 1954 campaign Eastland took his place just below Vardaman and Barnett as a true-blue demagogue but, then, the times were made for him. His campaign opened only a few days after the Supreme Court handed down its school-desegregating decision in the Brown case — "Black Monday" in Mississippi.

At once he was inciting defiance. "I know that Southern people, by and large, will neither recognize, abide by nor comply with this decision," he said. "We are expected to remain docile while the pure blood of the South is mongrelized by the barter of our heritage by Northern politicians in order to secure political favors from Red mongrels in the slums of the East and Middle West."

Again and again he repeated the boast first made at his old home town of Forest, his face filling with blood as he leaned across the rostrum and rasped out an account of his negative powers:

> *After 1950 they* [that is, the civil rights measures] *were blocked in the civil rights committee. Do you know why? Because of seniority I was maneuvered into chairmanship of the civil rights subcommittee. Yes . . . Eastland of Mississippi* [tapping his chest] *. . . became boss of the committee that had all of*

> *the civil rights bills! And they said I broke the law and so I did! You know the law says the committee has got to meet once a week. Why, for the three years I was chairman, that committee didn't hold a meeting. I didn't permit them to meet. I had to protect the interest of the people of Mississippi. I had special pockets put in my pants and for three years I carried those bills around in my pockets everywhere I went and every one of them was defeated!*

Today his aide Buckley, who was formerly Sen. Pat Harrison's aide, feels that history of that sort should be edited and revised.

"That talk of a pocket for the civil rights bills was just campaign talk," says Buckley. "He used to say, 'I'm going to get my wife to make a larger pocket. I'm going to have her sew 'em up in there.' That was just campaign talk. Confidentially, we *did* play on race in '54.

"Course, Eastland was nothing like Vardaman, who used to talk about God's making niggers from an ape's skull, and a frog for the nose, and a skunk for the armpit, and the ashes of hell for color. But anyway, what a man says in a campaign is one thing, what he does up there in Washington is another."

Buckley's argument would be more convincing if Eastland had not filled the Washington air during the closing years of the war—when he was not running for office and therefore not being called on for any special theatrics—with statements about the Negro's physical, moral and mental inferiority.

Speaking of the Negro soldier, he had said: "He has disgraced the flag of his country. He will not fight. He will not work. Yet we give him preference. We discriminate against the white soldier in order to get some Negro votes."

This was not just talk to please the home folks. Buckley says that Eastland advised General Dwight Eisenhower privately to put Negro soldiers in work battalions, not on the front lines, because they couldn't be trusted, "and Eisenhower did, though he denies it now."

His contempt for the Negro cannot be blamed on war-torn nerves. Two years after the war he was still saying, "The mental level of those people [*that is, Negroes*] renders them incapable of suffrage."

Nor was Eastland's advice to flout the Supreme Court's decision "just campaign talk," as Buckley insists. In 1955, a year after he had been re-elected, Eastland was still advising the Mississippi White Citizens Councils, and the South Carolina Association of Citizens Councils, and the Patriots of North Carolina, and many nameless groups across the South: "Southern people will not be violating the Constitution or the law when they defy this monstrous decision. They will be defying those who would destroy our system of government. You are not required to obey any court which passes out such a ruling.

"In fact you are obligated to defy it. The law is what the people make it and a ruling is no more than public sentiment makes it."

And in his most famous speech before the Senate—a speech that has been reprinted and, according to workers in Eastland's office, put into more than a million hands—Eastland said:

> *The question is asked, will the South obey this decision of the Supreme Court* [the Brown decision]*? Who is obligated morally or legally to obey a decision whose authorities rest not upon the law but upon the writings and teachings of pro-Communist agitators and people who have a long record of affiliations with anti-American causes and with agitators who are part and parcel of the Communist conspiracy to destroy our country?*

The favorite son of Sunflower County will be running again in 1966. There are politicians in Mississippi who could give him trouble. He has a wide following but does not command deep political loyalties; nor has he given such loyalty, either to party or to individual politicians, except for the present Governor of Mississippi, through whom Eastland discharges the debt he owed to Johnson's father for appointing him to the Senate. Eastland even spoke for Johnson in his last campaign: an unusually energetic show of commitment. The ties between Eastland and Mississippi's junior Senator, John Stennis, reportedly came close to fraying when, a few years ago, Ross Barnett talked of running against Stennis and Eastland did nothing to silence him.

In reality a partyless politician, he has not since 1948 cleanly broken with the National Democratic Party. That year, spoutir the Calhoun nonsense about ho to force the Democratic Party come begging simply by refusir to vote the ticket, Eastland wer Dixiecrat.

He never again made that mi take, though he did nothing 1964 to try to change the cours of a white electorate that gave per cent of its support—highest the nation—to Barry Goldwater. H simply kept quiet, at least publicl as did Stennis. But even silen from the South is sometimes a preciated in Washington; toda they are the only Mississippians the capital with any power, a

though of course the power the share is quite enough for a stat of only slightly more than 2 mi lion people. Stennis is the chie pork barreler for the state, bein second only to Richard Russell o the Armed Services Committee an ranking high enough on the A propriations and the Aeronautic and Space Science Committees keep NASA money flowing int Mississippi. Eastland's share of th power depends almost entirely o his ability to exert a negative i fluence and in that regard he seem to be dropping off sharply.

In recent years he has apparent given up trying to fill a role h once fancied for himself, that the Great Arouser. Describing hi self as "with a fever, weak, an can hardly stand up now," Eastlan staggered to the Senate floor i 1948 and sounded the call:

> *The South is a sleeping giant. We hold the balance of power in this country. We can save the country. There must be a grass-roots organization in every hamlet of the South. The people must be informed of the dangers involved and*

> *the results if the South is shed. This all-Southern organi- ion must be pushed. There must mass meetings. The people are dy! The South can be saved!*

espite his fevered heroism, the on wasn't saved that round, neither was the South, but six s later Eastland was ready to again, this time linking his its with those of other South- leaders such as Strom Thur- d, John Bell Williams, L. Men- Rivers, William M. Tuck, Field- Wright, Herman Talmadge, Jones and Coke Stevenson. met in Memphis to shape gs up. To nobody's surprise, the rman of the executive com- ee turned out to be none other that old faithful alarmist U. Barr, the New Orleans in- rialist who was a prime mover verything from the Southern es Industrial Council to the ecrat movement to the cam- n (conducted in league with ence Manion) to offer the na- T. Coleman Andrews for Pres- t.

hat organization didn't catch on ll, but meanwhile Eastland was on the establishment of the te Citizens Councils of America me goals, same leaders (for a e), same format—in Indianola, son and other points in the h. Of all his organizational ef- , this one alone remains in than moribund condition, and is because its original middle- leadership was shortly deposed he local level and the low-class es who really meant business over. Eastland has attempted ep "in" with this grubby crew. Citizens Council depends very ily on its radio-TV "forum" to sell its propaganda to whatever portion of the Southern public is still wavering. Eastland, along with another legislator from Mississippi, has arranged for many of the tapes and films to be made in government recording studios in Washington.

Despite such helping hands, Eastland has been upbraided recently by some members of the Citizens Council who feel that he is not doing all he could do to stave off integration. There is, behind the irony of such criticism, a very true feeling for Eastland's declining role in American life. The Citizens Council has grounds to complain, not because of what he has failed to do, but because Eastland has done all that he can do. As a representative of Mississippi's attitudes, he is now virtually useless in Washington, because Washington has forced him into a position of compromise, and compromise is completely foreign to Mississippi thinking. The nation will have to go on living with Judge Harold Cox for some time, but the nation will not be forced to take another like him. James P. Coleman was not Eastland's choice for the fifth circuit court of appeals. No man who as governor of Mississippi had said "we cannot defeat the whole nation" would be Eastland's choice, but after talking it over with Stennis, Eastland knew that Coleman was the best—or worst — judge Congress would accept from Mississippi, so he went along with the nomination. For Eastland, this is decay.

He will no longer sit for months on an important bill because Congress will not permit it. The future will see important bills going to his committee marked with a specific return date; the voting-rights legislation of 1965 was so marked. For Eastland, this is death.

He has had his period of negative strength, although even that has been exaggerated: mutilated and late, some civil rights bills nevertheless eventually, and regularly, reached the Senate floor despite Eastland's efforts to stop them in committee. Now there is scarcely anything left to stop. In the Internal Security Subcommittee he had his fling as a grand inquisitor, but of late the appellate courts have indicated they will hold him down to being merely a pest.

Old friends, old allies are falling away. An increasing number of Eastland's colleagues on the Judiciary Committee — including even that rational segregationist Sam Ervin of North Carolina—are racing to see who can most speedily dissociate himself from the Eastland-Sourwine position. When an Internal Security Subcommittee publication recently identified the American Friends Service Committee as "a well-known transmission belt for the Communist apparatus," the sharpest denunciations came from within the committee itself.

It will take time—time first of all to forget some of the heartache that his leadership has brought—but by and by the nation will again be able to see Eastland as the pathetic absurdity he really is but does not mean to be. What has Mississippi left in him? One vote, and the native talent to stand straight-faced and without embarrassment before the Senate and predict:

> *Some day, Mr. President, the people of this nation will come to realize what they owe to the people of Mississippi. . . .*

What Is a Socialist? . . . . James O'Connor

highly successful First Annual alist Scholars Conference, held olumbia University on Septem- 11-12, drew an audience of up- l of 900 teachers, scholars and rs. Of the many genuinely im- ant questions there raised, two articular stood out, but only of these enjoyed formal panel ussion: what is the political of the Socialist academic? The r, and antecedent, question — what is the precise meaning of Socialist scholarship? — was not brought wholly out into the open.

The question that remains is whether an academic can be a Socialist scholar—in the sense of employing a *method* which departs from that of his orthodox colleagues—without being a Marxist. On the evidence provided at the conference, the answer is no. Although often interesting and informative, the papers given from a non-Marxist perspective were not in any apparent way Socialist, except insofar as the panelists held certain Socialist *opinions*. This was particularly true of the papers by Professors Richard Hamilton of

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James O'Connor, assistant professor of Economics, Washington University, has just completed a book on the political economy of Cuba.

Princeton University and Eleanor Leacock of Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, given Saturday morning on the ideology of the American working class, which were not distinguishable (although distinguished on their own terms) as Socialist scholarship by either topic or method.

Professor Hamilton, for example, performed the feat of transforming working-class intolerance of unpopular political and other views into middle-class intolerance by way of middle-class control of the decisively influential mass media. This was accomplished by a statistical sleight of hand of the type which is the orthodox social scientist's bread and butter. But *why* the workers have allowed themselves to be mutilated in this way — a question that naturally arises during an argument to the effect that the working class is "really tolerant"—was not discussed. In short, the problem of reduction (which concerns the relationships between opinions and real interest) was sloughed off and the concern was to defend the working class from slander (Professor Leacock's word) at the hands of academic orthodoxy.

With the panel Saturday afternoon on Modern Imperialism the conference seemed to get its bearings. Prof. Conor Cruise O'Brien, late of the United Nations and now on the faculty of New York University, discussed the political forms of contemporary imperialism. During the discussion he was taken to task, somewhat unfairly in at least one instance, by Professors Said Shah of the State University of New York (Plattsburg) and Timothy Harding, who specializes in Latin American studies at California State College, Los Angeles. Their main bone of contention was Professor O'Brien's unwillingness, to a degree more apparent than real, to discover the roots of modern imperialism in the economic imperatives of the advanced capitalist countries. As it turned out, there was a more or less general consensus to the effect that it would be premature to discard an economic theory of imperialism, although the relationship between economic interests and big business, on the one hand, and specific and general foreign policies, on the other, was a very complicated one, deserving extended study in the future.

Better organized and on the whole more coherent than the panel on imperialism was Sunday morning's session, "The Meaning of Conservatism for America." The provocative and important themes which emerged from papers by Professors Allen Guttmann (Amherst) and Warren I. Susman (Rutgers) were that while conservative thought in America is, to put it mildly, somewhat muddy, the conservative's stress on critical, as opposed to merely technical, thinking is a good thing; and that conservative values, at least certain of them, should not be dismissed as altogether nonsense. In effect, the audience heard a solid critique of liberalism in the guise of an exploration of conservative thought. During the subsequent discussion, a good dialogue between Marxists and non-Marxists provided a glimpse of the meaningful clash of ideas and analyses which we can hope to hear at future conferences.

The final panel of the conference, "The Future of American Socialism," was not as intellectually satisfying as the morning session, although the panelists did get down to the real business of outlining the conditions under which a Socialist movement might emerge in America and, of more immediate importance, debated the role of the Socialist academic. Prof. Staughton Lynd, who teaches history at Yale, led off with a theory which predicts that increasingly numerous and severe foreign-policy crises as a kind of substitute for economic depression will be the bellwether of Socialist revolution. This thesis was not developed in any detail, although it did not go unopposed. In particular, Dr. Herbert Aptheker, of the American Institute of Marxist Studies, painted a rather more optimistic view of the ability of the peoples in the backwaters of the capitalist world to stand up to American imperialism. Previously, Mr. Sylvester Leaks, of the Harlem Writers Guild, had reminded the audience that white Socialists had historically underestimated the revolutionary potential of the black workers in the ghettos and put forth the idea, by no means new, that socialism could not be expected to solve their problems until racism had been abolished.

Also sticking close to h Mr. Norman Fruchter, an edit *Studies on the Left*, in perhap most interesting comments of afternoon, described the proce which oppositionists of all sh are absorbed into federal and programs as a consequence of inferior material resources and of a coherent and generally cepted theory of social cha Prof. Eugene Genovese (Rut seconded that particular mo throwing some cold water on fessor Lynd's views as to the sibilities of developing a Soc movement. The conclusions w he drew for the role of Soc academics flowed logically his premise that there is an mous amount of intellectual to be done and that acade ought to be content to "influ activists in the interests of ra ing scarce resources in the text of a relatively stable social political system.

The panel made clear unlike the European and, in pa ular, the underdeveloped coun first-rate intellectuals who ar tally committed to a Socialist m ment are rare indeed in this c try. The reason, or at least the mediate reason, is that what is erally described as the Move here is not a Socialist mover What someone might have sa Prof. Genovese came closest— that when Socialist academic leave their studies they will to *create* a new movement, and merely work in the existing M ment.

And before a specifically So ist movement can be create would seem essential to clea the meaning of "Socialist sch ship." Otherwise, a Socialist r ment would suffer from the lack of ideological clarity weakens the Movement today subjects it to the insidious pr of co-option. Next year's Se Annual Socialist Scholars Co ence, one has reason to hope, throw light on this questior this way, the second annual co ence, like the unprecedented hugely provocative and useful will not only establish itself a outstanding arena for Socialis bate and exchange but also b occasion when Socialists can a bit closer to the eternal ques "What is to be done?"

As It Was — As It Is

: SOUTH AS IT IS: 1865-1866. By ›hn Richard Dennett. Edited, ith an introduction by Henry M. hristman. Viking Press. 370 pp. 3.95.

William R. Brock

historians now accept that curi- blend of Old South mythology economic interpretation which l to pass for the history of Re- struction. Outside the South few believe that Reconstruction pol- can be explained by Northern lictiveness or by error which was ic when inspired by fanaticism, temptible when designed to se- the ascendancy of the Repub- n Party, and explicable only by desire to fasten Northern capital- upon the South. For the past years the tide of historiography flowed in another direction, and n in the South—where a genera- ago there was an autmomatic ex to the "horrors" of Reconstruc- — the most distinguished his- ans now see the period after the il War as the forum for ideas and blems which could not be grasped solved within the parochial con- t of Southern "home rule." For Northern liberal, Reconstruction its own special challenge: the ublicans of the period professed same ideas as the liberals of to- , and they sought by their policy translate the ideas into law and titutions. If the ideas are right ay, were they wrong then; and the ideas are universal, was the icy bad? In this new mood it is tructive to study the early issues *The Nation*, launched on July 6, 5 by a group of men who rep- ented the quintessence of 19th- tury enlightenment.

n the first two volumes of *The tion* attention is held by a series articles which appeared each week ler the heading "The South As s." These articles provided a lucid, l-written account of travels, con- ions and opinions in the South, l they provided the reading public of the North with much needed information about the strange and conquered land which so few of them knew; to a modern reader these echoes from a century ago have a ring of uncomfortable topicality. Their author was a very young man called John Richard Dennett; the articles were unsigned, he published nothing more, and he was to die before he was 36; his very name was therefore probably unknown even to specialists on the period. Henry M. Christman and the Viking Press have done a valuable service in rescuing Dennett from oblivion and publishing his articles for the first time in book form. From now on Dennett must figure on all short lists of books about the South during and since Reconstruction. It is a pity that the value of the book for students of the period was not increased by editorial notes and an index.

The first attractive thing about Dennett was his clear and exact English style; without rhetoric and without sentiment he reported what he saw and heard, and the manner of writing breeds confidence in his accuracy. It is tempting to use the overworked word "objective"; but Dennett was not really objective. He had taken part in the Port Royal experiment on the occupied Sea Islands of South Carolina, when free Negro labor had been tried for the first time on a large scale. He therefore went South in 1865 armed with well-formed ideas about the rights and capabilities of free Negroes, and a corresponding rejection of the Southern assertion that free labor would never succeed in the South. Moreover, he went South to answer certain questions which were vital for the formation of Northern policy: and he probably had a good notion of what the answers would be. His articles give the impression of a man who knew what he wanted to find, and though he did not distort evidence—indeed his reporting of actual conversations, even to the simulation of country dialects, has the ring of truth—he sought out the men who would provide the information he wanted, and when he found himself in random company he guided conversation into the required direction. Not that Southerners in 1865 needed much prodding to talk about the results of the war, about their attitude to the Union or, above all, about "niggers."

These were the questions which had to be answered: were the Southerners, or any large number of them, genuinely convinced of past error and was their formal resumption of allegiance likely to bear fruit in real loyalty; could Southern Unionists provide the nucleus for a new Southern leadership or a bridge of reconciliation between the sections; were Southerners prepared to give to the Negro equality under the law, and would they go beyond this—in due course if not immediately—to give him the vote; was there hope for Negro advancement if the responsibility was left to white Southerners; and would Southern employers operate a free labor system as the rest of the world understood it? To all these questions except the last Dennett provided, through his evidence of what Southerners themselves said, a negative reply. On the labor question he expressed a slight and qualified optimism because he found that Southerners' assertions about the worthlessness of Negro labor were sometimes contradicted by their own success in restoring production; by the spring of 1865 he thought that the freedmen, considering them "merely in their character of men hired to labor," were receiving tolerably good treatment and tolerably good wages. But he added, "that there is any general desire or even general willingness on the part

October

Cellulose crackles: leaves
under my foot: scent crumbles
pressing spices of summer flowers
to a wood's smokehouse: now
fruit for desire's tooth,
apple-tart, tingling this time
to a plunge
into the haze, an ocean
bobbing stripes of lifeboat leaves
down in a drift
clutching down
gray horizon, shore
crumbling grain
after grain
seeding the rising ground

David Leviten

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lliam R. Brock teaches American tory at Cambridge. He is the au- r of An American Crisis: Congress d Reconstruction 1865-1867 *(St rtin's Press).*

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of the Southern people to aid the Negro in becoming as valuable a member of society as he might become, in educating and otherwise elevating himself, I do not believe." He praised the maligned Freedmen's Bureau which, besides providing essential relief, "had at least familiarized the minds of Negroes and their former masters with the fact, not learned at once, that the slaves had really been emancipated"; but for this reason the bureau itself was odious to all Southern white men.

Bitterness toward the North made "itself manifest more or less distinctly in nearly every Southern community," and the impression was that of a feeling which time would not easily erase. This may prompt the incidental reflection that while reconciliation is not easy after any great war, the French, the Germans and the English have made a better job of it than two sections of a people sharing the same language and the same political tradition.

As for any hope which might be placed in Southern Unionists, Dennett found them a bewildered and despised minority; they had rejoiced in secret at Union victory, but four months after the end of hostilities they wondered if they had been right to rejoice at all. As for the past he found that many Southerners regretted secession but "not as a wrong thing which had been done; only as an inexpedient thing." Beneath Southern intransigence was a refusal to
accept "the natural result of the
. . . that the social and political
dition of the South is eventually
the same with that of the North.
Negro rights, there was an al
universal belief that Negro testi
should not be accepted in the c
which would make it impossibl
any Negro to establish rights u
the law. In Louisiana he met
Northern businessmen who were
posed to stay on after the troops
withdrawn, but "when I asked if
is any town in the state where
thought a man might, with safe
his life, publicly advocate, or be
erally known to advocate, the
priety of allowing intelligent, ed
ed Negroes to vote, the reply was
formly in the negative."

The South which Dennett saw
the South which had not yet com
der the Fourteenth Amendmen
the Reconstruction Acts, or N
suffrage. It was the South guide
President Andrew Johnson's poli
leaving the initiative in Recons
tion to Southerners. The mood o
South, as he described it, was
determining factor which pressed
erate men toward radical Recons
tion; it was the mood which ca
the policy, not the policy which ca
the mood. The condition of the
ern South is thus not the resu
Reconstruction but of Southern
tudes which preceded Reconstruc
But charity bids one remember
no people have yet solved the
lems of a biracial society.

Two Tough Minds . . .

AN AFRICAN BOURGEOISIE: Race, Class, and Politics in South Africa. By Leo Kuper. Yale University Press. 452 pp. $12.50. Paper $2.95.

POLITICS IN THE CONGO: Decolonization and Independence. By Crawford Young. Princeton University Press. 659 pp. $12.50.

AFRICA: A POLITICAL TRAVELOGUE. By Thomas Molnar. Fleet Publishing Corp. 304 pp. $6.95.

Gwendolen M. Carter

Before the Belgian Congo was given its independence in 1960, there were many common features between its situation and that in South Africa. In both, an advanced economy built on the rich returns of mining had drawn Africans from all over the country into its activities. In the Congo, where unlike South Africa there was no sub-
stantial white working class,
were fewer bars to Africans per
ing skilled tasks. But in neither
try did Africans possess pol
rights and opportunities of any c
quence or share in the ownersh
the means of production. To thi
tent, both countries could be sa
reflect a typically Marxist situ
with the means of production an
litical power both firmly in the h
of a ruling minority and, to aggr
the situation, that minority diff
tiated from the majority not onl
wealth and postion but also by

Yet to read side by side two o
most penetrating and significan
tailed works yet to appear on

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*Gwendolen M. Carter is direct
the Program of African Studi
Northwestern University.*

countries — Leo Kuper's *An Afri- Bourgeoisie: Race, Class, and Pol- in South Africa* and Crawford ng's *Politics in the Congo: De- nization and Independence*—is to truck immediately by vast differ- s in the degree of development of cans in South Africa and in the go. Dr. Kuper, in his tightly packed ociological account of the largely n African bourgeoisie in South a, brings out clearly the depth of oots, the extent of its history and ad, its commitment to African ethnic nationalism, and the seed- this group (which is hardly a ;) provides for future leadership hat country in the unlikely event n overturn of the present political m. In contrast, conscious nation- ic thought developed very late in Congo where, until World War II, e was no African elite comparable hat already evident in South Africa re the turn of the century. This is ly because secondary education he Congo hardly existed before) and university education was blished only shortly before inde- lence, whereas by 1961 some 0 Africans in South Africa held ersity degrees. Moreover, freedom he press and association were only lly granted in the Congo in 1959, reas John Tengo Jabavu had es- shed an African newspaper, *Imvo ntsundu (Native Opinion)*, as y as 1884.

It is striking contrasts like these make nonsense of white South can fears that if Africans were ted political rights in that coun- the result would be the kind of oil and continued instability that plagued the independent Congo ublic. Professor Young has given remarkably clear and readable unt of the tangled politics sur- ding and following the most rapid d least well prepared—transfer power that has taken place in ca, a transfer whose character further distorted by the conti- 's most sudden and complete Afri- zation of both bureaucracy and y. The lesson of the Congo is not withhold political rights and ad- istrative responsibility from Afri- , but progressively to provide such rtunities. Particularly in a coun- like South Africa, where Africans already long demonstrated pro- ional and technical skills, such rtunities to share in molding the try's political course are espe- y important. Otherwise there is not only a waste of valuable potential but a gnawing impotence and bitterness among Africans that polarizes sentiment even among the most moderate, and prepares the way for the ultimate—though probably long-delayed—violence which Professor Kuper, like the rest of us who care deeply for the future of that beautiful and richly productive land, still hopes can be averted.

Such careful, detailed works as Professors Kuper and Young have given us sometimes gain added perspective by a more general work like Thomas Molnar's *Africa: A Political Travelogue.* A professor like the others but of French rather than of the social sciences, Dr. Molnar has written freshly and often vividly of what he saw during his African travels in the fall and winter of 1963-64. He does so, he says, to contradict many of the clichés of the international press but, alas, he accepts too easily the surface manifestations in central and southern Africa without going deeply enough into their background causes and their consequences. Thus he perpetuates without adequate research the current views of whites in southern Africa regarding the spread and potency of international communism.

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When he writes that even the Liberal party in South Africa has been permeated by communism, he discloses the extent of his bias. Perhaps the time has passed for these general accounts of the complex and ever-moving African scene. To analyze and understand the background and basic forces at work in the widely varied countries of that continent requires long study, and a perspective resting on intimate knowledge and scholarly analysis. What makes the first two books discussed in this review so important is that they represent the fruit of long study, extensive first-hand exposure and sound use of the techniques of their disciplines.

. . . And a Cold Eye

AFRICA: From Independence to Tomorrow. By David Hapgood. Atheneum Publishers. 221 pp. $5.

Stanley Meisler

I have spent a good deal of the past five years reading reams about Africa, some of it informing, some of it nonsense. David Hapgood's book has more sense than all the rest. This is not unexpected. Those of us who have met Hapgood, or have read his newsletters and magazine articles, have long known that he leaves all the academicians and other journalists far behind. Few Americans understand Africa the way he does.

The university professors who trek through Africa tend to see it through the prism of their own pet theories. The embassy men tend to see it as a giant continent cracked by the cold war into one part that adulates John F. Kennedy and another that cheers Chou En-lai. The newsmen tend to see it through the whispers of the elegant elite, sipping brandy and ginger in the hotel lobbies of the capitals.

Hapgood, a former *New York Times* writer who spent two years in Africa as a fellow of the Institute of Current World Affairs, looks at Africa with a cold eye and tough mind. He enjoys Africa, he feels it, even loves it, but he is not taken in. He sees its crushing problems, and he sees its leaders rushing away from them. His affection for Africa does not stop him from putting down in a relentless way all that is wrong with Africa and, by indirection, all that is wrong with a Western policy that encourages these ills.

Hapgood approaches the continent in three steps. First, he believes that Africa's economic development depends on its ability to change the attitudes of the peasants and transform agriculture. Second, he believes that the ruling elite is so alienated from the masses that it obstructs the agricultural transformation. Third, he believes that this alienated elite has been created in part by an imported educational system that has no relation at all to African society.

"To achieve a better material life," Hapgood says, "African farmers must adopt a whole set of new techniques, and for this to happen, millions of people living in isolation from the urban centers must decide they want to make revolutionary changes in their lives. Agricultural progress does not begin and end with a new tool or a different crop. . . . Change in how a man farms his land means change in how he views the world and himself in relation to other men."

The author shows how most Western agricultural experiments in Africa, with their foreign experts and heavy machinery, have failed. At the
they have created, at high cost,
pockets of privileged farmers.
demonstration value has been
Most Africans look at the results
duly impressed, but regard the
eign techniques as a special pro
of a foreign culture.

Hapgood, following the lead o
French agronomist Rene Dumont,
gests that the transformation of
can agriculture must come thr
small changes: donkeys to turn
wheels and carry food to market,
hand tools that can be produce
village smiths, bins and insecti
to save the corn crop, producti
peanut flour for protein, small
mills costing $4,000, cheap wind
trained dogs to herd cattle.

Such changes will be dif
and Hapgood says their succes
pends on agents of change who
village life and care about it.
likely that the lack of imagin
and real concern on the part of
European and educated African
behind most fiascos on the f
Hapgood writes. " . . . The A
technician, like his European
cessor, typically calls the village
gether and tells them what he,
superior, wants them to do. . .
the elite African, concerned
showing how different he is
rural Africans, to listen to 'prin
peasants without patronizing

Stanley Meisler, a frequent Nation *contributor, spent a year in Africa on a foundation grant.*

'Reverting Still Again'

**Reverting still again to the hatch from a
safe distance maybe it was like this
an engine idling with internal fire
the bones of the mastodon burning in the
red light of its lost imagined heart
rigidity and chaos statehood and anarchy
four meals a day served with a bell
a french sauce to cover the roast paranoia
tick tock the clock two feet in a sock
and virginia creeper flaming in october
trying to consume consume the square walls
where red squirrels are fighting like savages
screaming tooth and claw and none are hurt
a system of dikes walls dividing subduing
the sea that nevertheless still rages
like panthers back and forth in the cubicles
or a harmonica held up to the wind a line
of uniform holes and each one wailing
the time's favorite fellow the chimpanzee
at the typewriter that was where he lived**

**easy to be a poet reconstructing life
hard to live hard to live hard to live**

**easy to be a mad poet in the town's wonder
hard to be a madman far gone under.**

Hayden Carruth

be damaging to his own self-
m."
pgood's conviction is that Af-
ruling elite, despite all their
list slogans, do not believe in
ge, for it might destroy their
eges. "When the Europeans sur-
red the keys of the palace," he
s, "they put the elite in their
shoes. . . . Nothing could be more
al than for the African elite to
nue a system in which they were
ighly privileged; social change
l inevitably reduce their power,
income, their sense of superior-
African capitals brim with what
ood calls the unproductive but
ly visible "monuments to the
quest for prestige": palaces,
s stadiums, armies, air lines,
c lights, television stations. The
would rather spend their energy
the country's money on these
on the peasant in the bush.
he tragedy of the elite today,"
ood continues, "is that it has
ed European ways of consump-
without European productivity.
What Europe displayed [to the
ial Africans] was not the hard-
ing society of Europe but the
olent feudalism of Europe-in-
a. . . . Combined with its Euro-
salaries, low productivity makes
elite expensive indeed to the
an nations."
e colonial attitudes are perpet-
l in the elite by the colonial
l systems still used in inde-
ent Africa. These schools teach
ans as if they were little French-
or little Englishmen. "The
ation of the educated African
Europe's legacy," Hapgood writes,
the school is still teaching the
message . . . the superiority of
at is European-urban over what
frican-rural. Contempt for vil-
culture and its values, and
all contempt for farming and
ual labor, is the lesson instilled
e students."

Hapgood notes that "the method
aching is still rigid memoriza-
the purpose of schooling is to
an examination that gets you
the elite." This kind of school-
reates in the elite "the concern
status rather than production,
igid application of rules without
rn for their purpose and, worst
l, fear and dislike of anything
and risky."
hough it is hard to generalize
an entire continent, Hapgood's
is relevant to almost all of the

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ten Black African countries I have visited. I have a little trouble, though, in applying it to Nigeria, the largest and best known of the new nations in Africa.

This is not because Nigeria has escaped the three problems of agricultural stagnation, an unproductive elite and an irrelevant school system. Nigeria suffers from these just as do the other countries. But Nigeria has another side. Foreign aid and trade are pouring into the country, the pet of Britain and America. All this money has created a heady, get-rich atmosphere, and Nigerians are rushing about trying to get their fingers on the cash. Despite stagnant agriculture, elitism and Western education, can Nigeria develop on the force of greed alone? My guess is that the answer is no, that this country will falter just like the others. But I wish Hapgood had spent some time analyzing the special case of Nigeria.

I also have some trouble with Hapgood's final assessment. The import of his critique of Africa would seem to indicate a coming social and political revolution. How long can society withstand the pressures of a system that makes the elite richer and does nothing for the masses? But the author talks vaguely about the distant future when a new culture may come to Africa, combining both European and traditional African values. It sounds a little lame.

But these are quibbles or suggestions of new topics for another book. I don't want to suggest any serious deficiencies in this tight little work. It's the best one around on Africa.

Formentor Surprise

THE GIANT DWARFS. By Gisela Elsner. Translated by Joel Carmichael. Grove Press. 309 pp. $5.95.

Richard Kostelanetz

Last spring in London, *The Sunday Times* covered the heralded Formentor International Literary Conference in the gossipy, feature column by "Atticus" rather than in the book section. Justifying the switch, the columnist noted that the most memorable, if not newsworthy, aspects of the four previous conferences were not the prize novelists nor their work but the antics of the eminent invited literati; and, as if to write off the possibility of any literary significance at all, Atticus reported that Barney Rossett, head of the American participant Grove Press, said, "We haven't yet made any writer famous. And no writer has made us famous. . . . So I guess so far we score a double zero." The other first-rate Sunday paper, *The Observer*, reported: "Publishers' molls saunter past the swimming pool with the latest novels tucked under suntanned arms . . . desperate critics take refuge in the bar and leaf through half-read manuscripts at the last minute."

The Formentor Conference emerges as precisely the sort of gathering that fails to inspire confidence in its selections and makes one wonder why publishers who seem to have unlimited funds for such junkets turn around and complain that they have so little money to support truly good books. Pity the poor author who should win the prize. As victim of this messy system, he is cast into the literary arena as a product of what Daniel Boorstein calls a "pseudo-event," whose significance is manufactured by publicity rather than achieved by intrinsic worth; in short retrospect, one can judge that the Prix Formentor seems to have crippled more budding careers than it helped.

It was thus, with some surprise, that I discovered that last year's choice, Gisela Elsner's *The Giant Dwarfs* (originally written in German and now translated into English) is a novel with many extraordinary dimensions, one which establishes its author as a definite talent. Rather simple in conception, the book is the first-person narration of a 5-year-old male child's responses to the world around him. In form, it exemplifies that most challenging (to write) and difficult (to read) of modern prose structures: the totally flat, plotless, repetitious—in Joseph Frank's term, "spatial"—novel, sometimes glibly and fallaciously called the "anti-novel." *The Giant Dwarfs* announces both its technique and its theme from its opening pages, and instead of progressing on to other characters, interests or themes—developing a story in the traditional way—Miss Elsner resorts to the more painterly strategy of drawing an outline of the entire
at the start, and then filling i
picture with each successive
and chapter.

Although the child lives, it
in the most normal of German m
class surroundings, he looks a
world with the most jaundice
eyes. Since the reason for his
vision is never explained, the im
theme of the book is that, despi
most favorable of environments,
still possible for a child to gro
neurotic and bleak. The book,
some of Flannery O'Connor's po
als of children, emerges as a F
ian-Christian critique of liberal
raising and progressive educati

The problems stem from Mis
ner's apparent inability to ti
novel together into a seamless
The central improbability is th
of the narrator. The thoroughn
his negative vision becomes som
suspect and, further, his style
considerably, echoing most freq
Samuel Beckett, but also Ge
Stein, Jean Genet, Klaus R
(whose excellent stories, *The*
of Night, 1959, are still regre
little known) and Franz Kafk
nally, some of the events the na
describes are simply not credibl
here as in Günter Grass' *Th*

Richard Kostelanetz is the editor of The New American Arts (*Horizon*).

To a Good Friend at
Rest Home

I know how you feel:
like someone shoved
a heavy barrel against
your body;

like all the flowers in the wor
bloomed
altogether black;

like — put in charge of
running your body's
machine — you jammed
it;

like if Death came you
wouldn't even be there . . .

Even now I know you sit
— gravely —
like a house full of mourners,
trying to remember where
you buried yourself.

And I hear you cry out
without sound
where where where

I know how you feel:
like your heart was a bird
but it flew away . . .

Phyllis Bro

um, much of the specifically Ger-
an satire will be lost on English-
eaking readers.
Still, the major sign of Miss Elsner's
omise as a novelist is how intelli-
ntly she manages the problems of
spatial novel. Of the two distinctly
ntemporary prose forms—the other
ng the totally fragmented, discon-
uous "narrative" of, say, Michel
tor's *Mobile* or William S. Bur-
ghs' recent experiments—the spa-
l novel is the easier, for at least the
velist does not choose to eschew
herent sequences. However, basic
oblems remain, primary of which is
w to sustain the reader's interest.
the most successful examples, style
d character replace plot and any
dence of the author's attitudes or
nsibility as the dominant features
the novel; a novelist's success with
se two aspects goes nearly the
ole way in realizing his work. Per-
ps the most effective recent novels
this mode are Samuel Beckett's,
which the style, particularly in *The
namable*, never ceases to be as
ginal and compelling as the nar-
or's predicament. In *The Giant
arfs*, the character is unusually
eresting and his style, particularly the grotesque descriptions of fairly normal behavior, is brilliant enough to earn the work a place in the genre.

> *My father starts to eat. His belly touches the edge of the table. There is a gap between his thighs wide enough for a head to fit in. His legs are wrapped around his chair legs. He carries big forkfuls to his mouth and chews them with great care, his eyes fixed on the center part in my mother's hair, who is now serving herself a heap that would go into my heap several times over* [which, he remarks earlier, is in turn "a heap that could go many times over into my father's heap"]. *Her head lowered, she sits opposite my father. And while my father is still chewing, he holds the next forkful at the level of his mouth, the prongs so close to his lips I'm afraid he may hurt himself.*

To note that Miss Elsner is capable of pages of high brilliance demands the secondary remark that her materials would have been more artistically successful if she had pruned them down into a short story or a novella. Still, compared to Miss Elsner, now 27, how few young Americans can imaginatively use such contemporary novelistic forms as well.

ETTER from TOKYO

Mary Evans

ere was a time when even the
uffiest foreigner could feel him-
f a somebody in Japan. Though in
ir hearts the Japanese might as-
me that most long-time foreign resi-
nts—those who stayed for more
an six months—were nincompoops
feeble to survive in their own
nd, they granted these cast-outs re-
suring deference—the homage due
ose who convey magic by their
ry persons. Just as it can seem
nost enough to bear a certain
me, so it was almost enough to be
foreigner.
This has become less and less the
se. People are still polite, but then
Japanese do have better public
nners than almost anyone else.
mehow, one has been demoted from
eigner to alien resident. Construc-
n workmen think it quite their
ht to hoot at passing foreign
men. Taxi drivers no longer compulsively ask me, "What do you think of Japan?" The outer signs of status have diminished. It is no longer foreigners who ride in most of the big chauffered limousines but Japanese executives, or their little daughters being driven to the Sacred Heart Convent School. Nor are the limousines necessarily of foreign make: the Emperor has announced that from now on he will ride, not in a Rolls-Royce, but in a vehicle custom-built by a Japanese manufacturer. Most significant of this fall from glory, the social columns in the English-language papers, which everyone reads for a feeling of social solidarity, give more and more of their gushings to the activities of the international set among the Japanese.

There isn't quite a local jet set, but something near to it, what with all the Japanese who have been abroad, who are rich enough to give big international parties, to buy their wives Dior or Balmain dresses (made locally under Parisian supervision), and whose rebellious daughters no longer commit suicide when unhappy in love but instead run away with papa's wallet to Hong Kong. All else being equal—and the Japanese have never doubted their superiority in aesthetics and social conduct—money tends to put people in their places. Japan leads the world in shipbuilding, is second or third in electronics, chemical textiles, steel.

People no longer "talk poor," nor do they live as if they were. Most of the space in the new "Mansions" and "Co-op Villas" is rented by Japanese. My neighborhood meat shop now sells black olives, Vermont maple syrup and Indian chutney. It is the Japanese who buy the $15 tickets to see the Slav opera of Zagreb do *Boris Gudonov*. This past summer the boys and girls who hang out around the Ginza and in the "Champs Elysee" coffeehouse went in for madras. With all the new buildings going up — marble lobbies and fountains — Tokyo is muddy underfoot, but it certainly doesn't look shabby today. The big international hotels, like the Imperial and the Okura, where delegates to the Esperanto Conference share roof restaurants with doctors attending the neuro-physiological seminar, make their big money on Japanese wedding banquets and business parties.

Not everyone is prosperous. Cottage industry workers can barely eat, and the pioneer farmers in Hokkaido—who are forever losing the bean crop to typhoons—can't even do that. The authorities are constantly trying to track down 14-year-old girls who have been sold off to hot spring hotels, prostitution being against the law though destitution is not. As with the American poor, there are odd anomalies: the Tokyo rag pickers, considered at the very bottom of the heap, live in smelly alleys of tin-sided huts, where one sometimes finds a telephone (very expensive to install in Japan) or an electric washing machine among the messy piles of rags and junk which spill out of the tiny rotting rooms.

Still, most of the country is doing well, and there have been interesting developments in national self-assurance. It used to be that exhibitions of Japanese painters never carried identification signs in roman letters. One might as well have been viewing the anonymous works of anonymous painters. Now in the big department store galleries and the government museums, everything is

---

*ry Evans, who has lived in Tokyo
eight years, is film and theatre
tic for the English-language* Japan
nes.

labeled in English. The confidence thus shown is not so much in the artistic discrimination of the foreigners, but in the intrinsic worth of what has been hung.

Japanese men are also beginning to consider themselves as important works of art; they have a new sense of their own sexual value. They have always considered themselves superior to women (a worldly doctor friend says categorically that all women are at least 20 per cent inferior to men in all respects), but they weren't so sure that they held their own with foreign men. After all, they did lose the war, and the American GIs, who were so big, took away lots of their women. Whatever the reason for it —the blandishments of lonely women tourists tired of viewing gardens with other lonely women, the marriage of a young N.H.K. (Japan's B.B.C.) official to "a proud graduate of Radcliffe," Toshiro Mifune's fame—the Japanese male now believes he dominates the erotic dreams of foreign women. A story going around has it that in Yokohama there dwells a lady who came all the way from Oklahoma in order to ride the crowded commuter trains and "molest" the white-collar workers — who say that she is most dignified in her advances and that they look forward to these encounters.

Some of this new general confidence is due to the success of the Olympics. Everything — the subways and the monorail, the bullet train to Osaka and the marvelously beautiful swimming center by Kenzo Tange —got finished in time. That the Emperor read his short opening speech instead of reciting it was typical of the cautious care everyone took to make sure there wasn't a hitch. It was probably the most perfectly organized Olympics ever held. The Japanese didn't win as many medals as they had hoped for, but they collected more than did most European countries. Anyway, the games came off. A handsome boy, born the day Hiroshima was bombed, ran nimbly up the stadium steps to light the Olympic torch. The unhappy past was over.

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The unhappy past is also being re-evaluated. The older generation of nationalists at last feels free to give its version of what happened. A book that came out recently says that the deaths of about 15,000 Allied prisoners of war and natives during the building of the Thai-Burma railroad weren't due to Japanese cruelty. The workers were better treated than the Japanese soldiers (which makes one pity the lot of the Japanese conscript). The Education Ministry, according to the *Weekly Asahi*, has officially approved the release of new history textbooks which give the impression that the Japanese invasion of French Indo-China was justifiable (because of economic pressures and because France had fallen to Germany) and that the term Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere "charmed even those who were not enthusiastic about the war."

Most Japanese remain completely uncharmed by that or any other war. When the United States began to bomb North Vietnam, people wrote hundreds of letters to the Japanese *Asahi*, saying that they were made to remember the terror of the w
time B-29 bombings of Japan.
instructor at the War College tc
what he thought was a private r
on a U.S. bombing sortie but sor
one on the U.S. side released a pl
tograph, and there was national
dignation. One friend said to r
patiently, that the explanations
fered by the State Department of
mission in Southeast Asia reminc
him of statements made by Japan
militarists, who had also claimed
be safeguarding the rights of
natives. And what is the differen
people ask, between the attack
North Vietnam and the attack
Pearl Harbor?

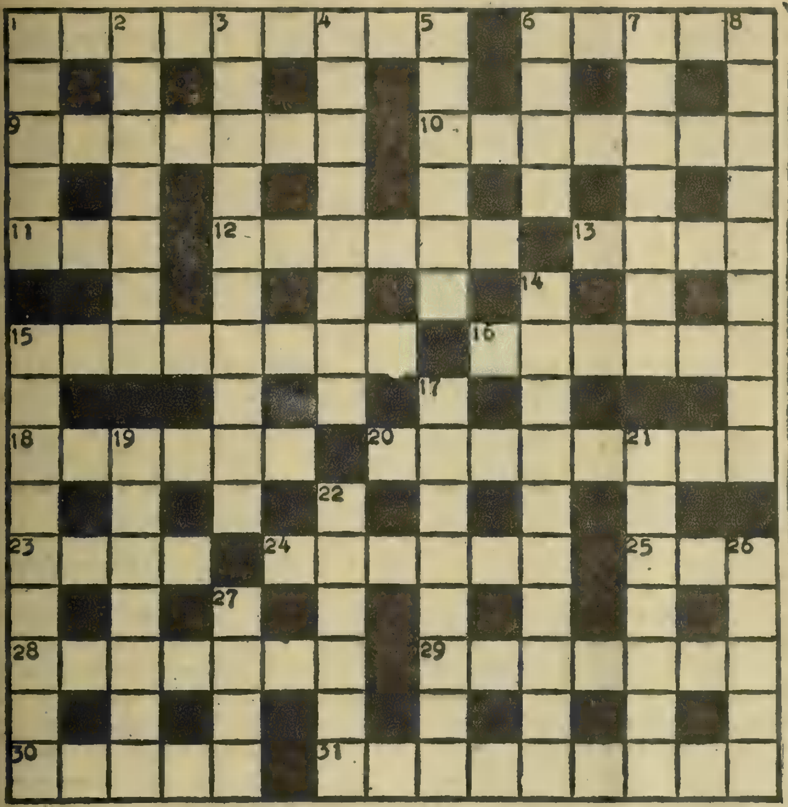
This year's Nika exhibit of mod
painting showed a large oil of
young Vietnamese being comforted,
the moment of execution, by a cy
cal-looking priest, while troops
American helmets shoved their b
onets at weeping civilians. The ar
was doubtless a leftist, yet com
back from a moon-viewing festival
streetcar, I sat next to a young
who was reading the Japanese
sion of *Seventeen*: right after
pages on how to open a sliding d
in the proper manner were p
tographs of peasant children in V
nam clinging to their dead motl
Across the aisle a woman holdin
bouquet of the autumn flowers
is offered at moon-viewing, said
her companion, "We should tell t
American woman what we think
Vietnam."

At least the Japanese are still w
ing to tell us what they think of
Significantly, they have adop
American ways of doing this.
stead of mass demonstrations, th
was a televised teach-in, and a gr
of intellectuals has been trying
raise the money for a big peace
in *The New York Times*. We are
ing treated rather as a foo
younger brother who doesn't rea
how badly he is behaving.

The new sense of familial equa
has its advantages for foreigners.
a performance of the Noh, touri
bored by the unfamiliarity of it
blew their noses during the most l
cal passages and left in the mic
with a clatter of cameras and parc
Yet I was asked by the ladies sit
next to me (all of them amate
who had come to watch their I
master perform) not whether
thought I could possibly ever un
stand the Noh but whether,
them, I was studying it. No lor
magic, one has become individ

Crossword Puzzle No. 1121

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

and 26 down 20 is both, with the spirit obviously weakened. (6, 3, 5)

A worker with the military forces —possibly a driver? (4, 3)

German city types? (3)

The wild mare is sometimes engaged in the field. (6)

Heed the psyche, as the tender might. (4)

Such a fireman might get more attention than such a nurse. (8)

How that "Welcome" is used might show the shape of things to come.

A passing one is not necessarily "move over, ya hog!" (6)

and 10 Men's school rents, claimed to have been observed on the rise? (4, 4, 7)

One of these certainly doesn't sound out customers stopping there. (4)

Is it popular not to have the so-called best class on your property, perhaps? (6)

How to intimidate the female of the species. (3)

Tries an unusual form of what one sometimes does with lawyers. (7)

What one might do to slide a big job, possibly. (7)

Play casually? No, this is a pet scheme. (5)

He is presumably a speeder, but that's his business. (9)

DOWN:

Part of the stock that farmers used to turn over? (5)

Probably responsible for a certain amount of pull in the plant. (7)

3 and 6 across Drawn with ideographs on the hanger? (9, 6)

4 An Athenian in any environment would imply an element of brittleness. (8)

5 However, on the piano one wouldn't want it relatively moist.

6 Sort of indulgent. (4)

7 Is it Tom that threatened to break up someone else's party? (7)

8 Historian who proves to be one of the good guys on the spot, with you and me. (9)

14 Not exemplified by Ma Barker, back in the 30's! (10)

15 A composer starts to make a deposit. Gray, however, finished it in France. (9)

17 Candy, relax! I and Daddy will make it all right! (8)

19 Ironclad lizard—possibly a school pet! (7)

21 Possibly teaches how to give back property to the state. (7)

22 In the course of a dinner party, it looks somewhat like a small animal, but sounds like a much larger one. (6)

27 You might see a starlet in one, but it proves a rather thin protection.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1120

ACROSS: 1 Succors; 5 Gag rule; 9 Austral; 10 Amongst; 11 Tours; 12, 15, 17 and 26 Candid camera; 13 Swami; 14 Cheddar; 16 Dockers; 18 Brooder; 21 Simples; 24 Utter; 27 Tiger; 28 Dormant; 29 Drop out; 30 Rookery; 31 Repasts. DOWN: 1 Spastic; 2 Costume; 3 Orris; 4 Splicer; 5 Grained; 6 Gloss; 7 Upgrade; 8 Entails; 18 Boulder; 19 Ontario; 20 Reentry; 21 Slander; 22 Legions; 23 Sprites; 25 Reade; 27 Troop.

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TO SOCIALISM BY TRAIN: Stefan Heym

THE NATION

October 11, 1965 . . 35c

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Mississippi: SUMMER OF DISCONTENT . . . Elizabeth Sutherland

LETTERS

Backdrop of malaise

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: The atmosphere of the Berkeley nonstudent Left as described by Hunter S. Thompson ("The Nonstudent Left"; *The Nation*, Sept. 27) reminds this effete Easterner of nothing so much as the resort ads in the very establishment *New York Times*. . . . Certainly there are serious basic problems in our society which demand (and are receiving from a section of the New Left) serious consideration and action. But for the persons whom Mr. Thompson describes, the malaise of society is not so much a condition to be changed as a fitting backdrop for the only fulfillment which they seem to know—self-indulgence. That this style of politics can have any lasting significance seems a remote possibility.

Steven Levine

Poet on politics

Santa Fe, N.M.

Dear Sirs: Robert Duncan's "Up Rising" (*The Nation*, Sept. 13) seemed to me the finest political poem I had read in years. Clearly, even in the time of overpopulated empires, if a poet is good enough, he can write well on public themes. The fact is reassuring.

J. C. Fiscalini

Still in print

New York City

Dear Sirs: Alexander Laing, in his most welcome article in your anniversary issue, mentions that a book of Eli Siegel's poems, *Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana: Poems*, was published in 1957. The book is published by Definition Press, 39 Grove Street, New York City, and can at this time be gotten from the publishers.

Martha Baird, Editor

Poverty, Inc.

New York City

Dear Sirs: With the aid of SNCC, the Poor People's Corporation has been formed in Mississippi. The purpose of the corporation, to be run wholly by its members, is to provide a framework for the establishment of a variety of small businesses to be carried on by the poor people of the rural South. Many of these people have lost their jobs through participation in the civil rights movement—all too often merely registering to vote. . . . [See "Mississippi: Summer of Discontent," p. 212.]

Several workshops are already under way, and in a matter of a few months goods will be arriving in the North for marketing. But to realize its potential of providing the poor of the South with a considerable measure of economic independence—to become itself an economic force in the South—the PPC needs money to initiate projects, skilled people who are willing to train others and, of equal importance, ideas for future workshops. Please address correspondence and checks to: Poor People's Corporation, 5 Beekman St., New York 10038, N.Y., or P.O. Box 977, Jackson, Miss.

James Goldman
Poor People's Corporation

Welcome

New York City

Dear Sirs: Good to see Constantine Poulos back in *The Nation*—and with the best thing that has been written on Greece and its present problems ["Greece: What the Palace Fears," *The Nation*, Sept. 27].

T. Tanakos

Art's arrow

New York City

Dear Sirs: The great art of our day without exception favors the Left. André Malraux's fine novel *Man's Fate* is a hymn to the Chinese revolution. Silone's *Fontamara*, Picasso's *Guernica* and Brecht's plays are Left-oriented. The destroyers of the Left (Mussolini, et al.) begot no art.

Still U.S. policy would destroy all Left revolutions, even those independent of China and Russia. Failure is certain. For art is ever the arrow of history and no force can withstand its pronouncements. The pen is indeed mightier than the sword.

David Mandel

Competence

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, denouncing Martin Luther King for his peace proposals relative to the United States, Vietnam and China, said King "has absolutely no competence to speak about complex matters of foreign policy." It might be pointed out that King (not Dodd) won the Nobel Peace Prize.

Harry Cimring

Mechanics of diplomacy

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: From the discussion on the floor of the Senate prompted by the Fulbright memorandum on the Dominican intervention, the hand of the Central Intelligence Agency in setting the matrix for intervention was shown. Credit for this should be given to Sen. Joseph Clark who, while somewhat ambivalent in his views on the intervention at the time, has given wholehearted support to the Fulbright position. Because of the

(*Continued on page 223*)

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EDITORIALS

hither Goldberg?

The General Assembly is in the throes of its annual nial of United Nations membership to Red China d, as usual, the United States is in the forefront of battle against Peking. The spokesman this time s Ambassador Goldberg, but it might as well have n Adlai Stevenson or Henry Cabot Lodge. The script s the same, and Goldberg's reading was inferior, m a theatrical standpoint, to that of either of his decessors.

There may be valid reasons for denying member-p to Red China—or withholding the offer of it, for s by no means likely that the Chinese would accept. e reasons given in the Goldberg (or State Depart-nt) statement are so hypocritical, however, that ne but the child minds of international politics can e them credence. China is accused of designs to ange world order by force and violence" and to re-t "fundamental restraints on the use of force in e UN] charter. . . ." This is quite true, but it is ally true that the United States and its anti-Com-nist allies believe in the use of force and violence resist changes in the world order, and not only be-e in it but practice it without restraint. It is the ited States that is flooding South Vietnam with men l arms, attacking civilians and combatants in both tnams indiscriminately from the air, and making lain to the Chinese that if they dare to come to the of the North Vietnamese they will receive the same atment. The Chinese, as witness Marshal Lin Piao's l for world revolution, are vocally the more bel-rent, but no nation can surpass the United States its willingness to use force—and that holds for the man, Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations as l as the present one. The debate might more logical-turn on a proposal to expel the United States from United Nations, or apply sanctions against it, her than on whether the Chinese should be admitted. f, in the present world order, any nation, with the eption of the Scandinavian countries, forgoes the of force when its rulers find force to be in the ional interest, that nation has somehow hidden its tue from historians. Israel joined England and nce in an attack on Egypt, which had provoked attack by aggressions of its own. The Soviet Union down counterrevolution in Hungary by force. The ited States abetted an invasion of Cuba. As Gold-g was mouthing his lines, India and Pakistan, both ned by the United States, were violating a cease-fire their war over Kashmir. There may be distinctions l degrees of aggression in these conflicts, but ag-ssion is certainly not peculiar to the Chinese.

The script is so hackneyed that it hardly merits this ch discussion, but its delivery by Ambassador Gold-g is a bad augury. The President pulled him out of Supreme Court, and one could assume that the selection of a negotiator of Goldberg's caliber foreshadowed a less sterile policy. One could also assume that Goldberg thought he could serve the cause of peace in accepting the appointment. He is in a position to influence policy to a degree that Adlai Stevenson was not. If he merely reads the kind of drivel Washington furnishes him, he will contribute neither to the cause of peace nor to his own reputation. He is, as Eric Sevareid says, a man of character and proper pride. Let him show it, for only so can he serve his country and himself.

The Crackdown

Dissent is not for milquetoasts. In our time, dissent is especially prohibited when it touches on any of the fighting wars which spring from the cold war. It does not matter how respectable the dissenter has previously been: the instant he finds anything wrong with U.S. policy in Vietnam or, more broadly, anywhere abroad, the crackdown begins.

Over the past several years, Martin Luther King has added luster to the dissenting tradition, as his great namesake did before him. Actually, his dissent was not so much antagonistic to accepted views as a reaffirmation of the principles of the Declaration of Independence in respect of race. Actually, also, Dr. King is a most moderate leader of the Negro people, and a restraining influence in the face of almost intolerable affronts and injuries. Except among homicidal racists, he has been regarded with tolerance even by segregationists, and with admiration by most others.

But this tolerance did not, for the most part, extend beyond Dr. King's civil rights activities. When he applied his doctrine of nonviolence to Vietnam, and spoke out against the Johnson Administration's policies (as well as against violence on the part of the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front), he was deluged by threatening editorials and cartoons, and by slanted news stories. Included among the admonitions was one from his good friend in the White House, who never resents dissent except when it is directed his way.

The case of Senator Fulbright, for all the differences between him and Dr. King, is in the same style. Mr. Fulbright is that rarity among politicians — a thinker and prophet. He is, if anything, too modest; he says himself that he is not a "powerful personality," a disclaimer which, coming from a politician, is almost unprecedented. Among his personal virtues is an acute sense of the value of dissent. In his recent speech on the American big-stick policy in the Caribbean, he succeeded momentarily in undoing, to some degree, the harm that had been caused by our initial intervention in the Dominican Republic. But his critics, by way of public rebuke, proceeded to push Resolution 560 through the House by a vote of 312 to 52. The resolution affirms the right of unilateral military intervention by any Western Hemisphere nation into the internal affairs of any other nation in the Western Hemisphere if, in the sole opinion of the intervener, Communists are involved. Adoption of the resolution promptly raised an even greater protest than this magazine had anticipated (see comments in last week's issue). Initially, neither the State Department nor the White House had opposed the resolution; later, after an informal poll of Latin American embassies, a last-minute effort was made by the Administration to stop the resolution which it had tacitly encouraged. Now the Administration is attempting—with an assist from Senator Javits and others—to repair some of the added damage caused by the ill-tempered and ill-advised rebuke to Senator Fulbright.

When it comes to dissent, neither prominence nor obscurity affords much protection. Although he is well known in California, few Easterners have heard of Si Casady, a former newspaper editor who presently heads the California Democratic Council, composed of some 75,000 of the farthest-left Democrats of the state. Casady has been going about California attacking the Vietnamese war, in the words of *Time*, as "legally, morally and politically indefensible." That might have got by, at least for a while, but Casady went on to tell audiences: "It takes more guts to burn a draft card than to go to war. Some people have the guts to stand and say, 'We will not fight for what we don't believe.' "

The storm broke. Even Governor Pat Brown, who is often praised in these pages, thought Casady had gone too far. Acknowledging Casady's right to speak for himself, he demanded his resignation as president of the council. Casady, after a "family blood-bath" meeting of the council's board of directors, refused. According to Carl Greenberg of the *Los Angeles Times*, President Johnson had already taken umbrage at Casady's speeches and might have communicated with Governor Brown before the latter acted. It does not matter too much. The dissenter must expect trouble, and the time when he should worry about his views is not when he is criticized, but when he is praised by the majority and its leaders. The majority is not always wrong, but it is always wrong when it attempts to stifle dissent.

Sugar Stick-up

In speeches delivered in the House on September 22 and 27, Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.) called attention to one of the more flagrant outrages perpetrated on the American consumer. The domestic price of sugar is in effect fixed by act of Congress or, more accurately, by one very special Congressman, Rep. Harold D. Cooley (D., N.C.), Chairman of the House Agriculture Committee. Findley estimates that the latest sugar legislation sponsored by Cooley would cost American households $3.5 billion in excessive charges over the next five years. What Cooley prescribes is also of great importance in U.S. for relations, particularly in Latin America. It is equ important to the sugar lobbyists, who are paid u $50,000 a year by their clients and who work Cooley to rig the market, all with perfect legality for the most pious reasons: to "stabilize" the p of sugar, to punish the cold-war enemies of the Un States and reward its friends, and to keep dome sugar producers prosperous and happy.

The mechanics of sugar manipulation have described in past issues of *The Nation* by Desm Smith, Boris Swerling and Fred J. Cook, but the byists and their friends in Congress have contin on their own sweet way. The U.S. sugar marke controlled by the Secretary of Agriculture, but enabling legislation is renewed every year by gress. The legislation is extremely complex (per more complex than it needs to be) and it norm comes before the House late in the session. members have neither the background nor the incl tion to inform themselves on the technicalities of sugar industry. It is much easier to defer to Cooley's knowledge and experience, both of which considerable. Mr. Findley's revolt is exceptional. ally the legislation goes through smoothly, and one is the worse for it except the consumers.

The stakes are enormous. The world price of s is more than 3c a pound less than the U.S. p At retail, also, a consumer across the line in ada pays 8c a pound, on this side of the line This may seem a trifle, but the United States sumes 10 million tons of sugar annually, of w 4 million tons come from abroad. Thus when ev minor suppliant like Thailand obtains a 20,00 quota, it is $1,200,000 better off than if it had to that quantity on the world market. Whether it the quota depends on its lobbyist, on Represent Cooley, and on technicians in the Departmen Agriculture, whose advice Cooley may accept o ject as he sees fit.

Of course the other members of Cooley's H Agriculture Committee may also have somethin say but, as Chairman, Cooley has somewhat the s status that Rep. Carl Vinson had in the House A Services Committee. Thus when Findley tried t rect questions at sugar-lobbyist fees, Cooley summ overruled him. It was no one's business, Cooley on what terms the lobbyist worked for his client

The rationale of the sugar program has always that it creates "price stability." So it does. Fi points out that if prices are fixed at a high en level, stability is automatically achieved—as in racket or conspiracy in restraint of trade. Findl not opposed to reasonable regulation in sugar, more than in other agricultural commodities, bu wants to end one-man domination of the Agricu Committee and the exploitation of the public b quiescent Congressmen and the sugar lobby. H serves the support of Congressmen whose intere their constituents is not limited to securing their v

One World

In 1916, David Sarnoff, then 25, submitted a memorandum on a proposed "radio music box" to his superiors in the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America. The company officials, though already aware of Sarnoff's ability, considered this scheme so harebrained that they did not bother to reply. They had second thoughts in 1921, when broadcasting burst upon the Radio Corporation of America, which by that time had absorbed the Marconi Company. Within a few years RCA's sales of broadcast receivers had eclipsed its marine and transoceanic wireless telegraph business, and in another few years Sarnoff was president of the company.

Last September 17, Sarnoff, now 74, delivered an address at the Conference on World Peace Through Law on "Law, World-Wide Communications and World Peace," which people familiar with his career consider fully as prognostic as his radio music box idea. We are already in the era of satellite communications, but heretofore the experts have surmised that intercontinental television would continue to require elaborate facilities like those of the Communications Satellite Corporation, which would channel picture and sound to the TV networks for distribution to home receivers. Thus governments and giant corporations would decide what the viewers in each country could see and hear—and what they were not to see and hear.

Sarnoff, who naturally has access to the latest technical advice, now tells us that this is not the way it is going to be. Within five or ten years, he believes, nuclear-powered satellites will transmit TV and radio programs directly to home receivers. Only the home antennas will require modification, and that presents neither technical nor economic problems. It may be added that with the waves coming in at a steep angle there should be less difficulty with "ghosts" than with the present system, where tall buildings, bridges, etc., often cause multiple images.

But it is the political implications that are most disconcerting, or exciting, depending on the viewpoint. Sarnoff asks: "When, for example, a Russian satellite can broadcast directly to a Kansas farm, or an American satellite can broadcast directly to a Hungarian collective, what will be the reaction in both countries? . . . What rules of conduct are to apply, and who is to establish them? This question evades the jurisdiction of any established body, yet it will affect the welfare of all nations and all people." He adds that "it would be a travesty on the hopes of humanity if this immense force for enlightenment, understanding and social advancement were to be subverted to narrow national ends, or become discredited by the failure of nations to agree upon its beneficial uses."

Not so long ago, Sarnoff's views on the cold war were indistinguishable from those of John Foster Dulles. At the request of President Eisenhower, he prepared a report on psychological warfare measures, using existing means of communication which, had they been applied, could only have worsened U.S.-Soviet relations. Now, both the forum he selected and the tone and content of the address indicate a more sober frame of mind. Sarnoff envisions summit conferences, scrambled or open, in which the principals would confer face to face without leaving their respective capitals, television by the United Nations, international educational programing and, in general, areas of communication designed to "strike a chord of response in civilized man regardless of his nationality or ideological allegiance." For the moment, at least, world peace has supplanted the cold war in Sarnoff's thinking. The outlook for the survival of mankind would be more hopeful if peace should become for him a lasting preoccupation, and if other powerful industrialists and politicians were to follow his lead.

A Presidential Front

On September 9, a handsome advertisement appeared in *The New York Times* and other newspapers announcing the formation of a new *ad hoc* committee—the Committee for an Effective and Durable Peace in Asia, with Arthur H. Dean as chairman. The list of sponsors—Dean Acheson, Eugene R. Black, James B. Conant, John Cowles, Thomas S. Gates, Roswell L. Gilpatric, John J. McCloy, David Rockefeller, and other equally well-known names—reads like an executive committee for the Establishment. And that, it turns out, is what it is. Thanks to Louis Fleming of the *Los Angeles Times*, it is now known that the committee was set up at the behest of the President "as an answer to numerous peace-front groups that have been attacking American involvement in Vietnam."

One would think that the Administration, in possession of almost unlimited access, at all times, to all media, had been given the fullest possible opportunity to state its case to the public. But apparently the President is not satisfied with these facilities. Just how the new committee is to be classified in the spectrum of "fronts" is not clear. It could perhaps be called a "war-front group" or "an anti-peace group" or, more accurately, a "Presidential front." Formation of the new committee is proof, if any were needed, that the decision makers in Washington are sensitive to the teach-ins and other forms of public protest and discussion of the war in Vietnam.

The Marines Have Had It

It used to be that every patriotic American was proud of the U.S. Marines, their ability to bring law and order to small, irresponsible Caribbean countries and to collect the just debts due American corporations. Boys could hardly wait to grow up so that they could join the Corps, see the world, and kill a few insolent foreigners. Although not all of this magic has been lost, the Marines are being overshadowed by the Central Intelligence Agency, whose members, though not clad in splendid uniforms, live lives of hair-raising adventure. The fact that these activities are secret (until they become public) only makes them the more intriguing. We get but fleeting glimpses behind the CIA curtain, but these are enough to assure us that (1) the CIA is everywhere; (2) the CIA can do anything; (3) the CIA is the chief bulwark of the United States against the jackals of communism.

Iran, Guatemala, Vietnam, Cambodia, Cuba, Ceylon, Singapore and other CIA battlegrounds are now joined by Pakistan, and who will be next? The Pakistan story is told, front page, in the *Daily Telegraph* of London, which is noted for the excellence and reliability of its foreign news coverage. The writer is Victor Anant, and the story lacks a dateline, because Anant obtained his material in New Delhi and had to make a getaway before he could cable it uncensored. Anant's account, in his own words, describes "not so much America's commitment to India, but the State Department's urgent desire to cut President Ayub Khan down to size."

To this end, in September, 1963, the CIA stepped up its operations in Pakistan, giving aid to the campaign of Miss Fatima Jinnah, who ran against Ayub Khan in the election of 1964. After Miss Jinnah's defeat, the CIA people in Pakistan seemingly made overtures to the one-time Governor of East Pakistan, General Azam, but without success. However, it was regarded as imperative to punish Field Marshal Ayub for his *rapprochement* with Red China, and the opportunity came when the India-Pakistan dispute over Kashmir reached the flash point. According to Anant, the CIA group informed New Delhi that a *coup d'état* was imminent in Pakistan, that Ayub Khan would soon be deposed, that Pakistan was preparing an attack in Kashmir, etc.

This meddling may well have hardened Indian determination to fight over Kashmir, and later, to open a second front. Anant says it is clear that the Indians had reason to believe that the United States "woul not disapprove of a measured spread of the fighting. He also cites Prime Minister Shastri's remark tha India was now in the same position in Kashmir as th United States in Vietnam, and his answer to a question on what he would do if the Chinese invaded India "We have considered that possibility. If that happen we will not be alone." This could mean only tha Shastri relied upon American aid in a form much mor decisive than was forthcoming when the Chinese invaded India in 1962.

Our State Department promptly denied that it ha possessed knowledge of an impending coup in Pakistan or that it had given such information to the India Government. Such denials are routine. They have bee proved false so often that the CIA, rather than bein held innocent until proved guilty, can be assumed t be guilty of any charges made against it by any perso of repute, such as Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia, Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore or in this case, Victor Anant. As *Peace News* of Londo (September 17) puts it: "The CIA is probably the mos dangerous organization in the world, its only savin element being an infinite capacity for blunder." Fro time to time Sen. Stephen M. Young of Ohio make the same accusation on the floor of the Senate, terming the CIA an invisible government, answerable onl to itself, and calling for supervision of its activitie and, specifically, for a return to its original mission o centralizing the collection and evaluation of intelligence material. But though probably a majority i both houses of Congress secretly agree, few member will stand up and say so. The prospect is, therefore that the derring-do boys in their Ivy League suits wil continue their careers of high adventure.

The Expulsion of Singapore . . . . C. P. FitzGerald

Canberra, Australia

The abrupt announcement in mid-August that Singapore had been excluded from the Malaysian Federation and become, overnight, an independent state, left the world and its press in some confusion. It was far from clear at first whether this was secession, expulsion or mutually agreed withdrawal. It is now all too evident that it was, in fact, expulsion. Tunku Abdur Rahman, Prime Minister of Malaysia, came back from the Commonwealth Conference in London and simply told Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, Premier of Singapore, that his state must go. In subsequent explanations of this unilateral decision it was made plain that the real cause was the Tunku's fear that if Singapore, predominantly Chinese, remained in the federation, the extreme Malay nationalists could no longer be controlled and would press upon the Prime Minister policies leading swiftly to racial conflict between Chinese and Malays. The amputation of Singapore, it was hoped, would alleviate this pressure and deprive the extremists of their principal weapon—the constant denunciation of the Prime Minister of Singapore, and their dangerous clamor for acts of physical coercion against him and his supporters. Up to a point this aim was achieved. Dato Syed Albar, leader of the extreme party, resigned in anger his post as secretary of the United Malay National Organization (UMNO), the Malay party in the government coalition, and bitterly denounced his leader, th Tunku, for getting rid of his favorite whipping boy. A Malay of aristocratic descent, the Tunku perhaps comforts himself with the reflection that Albar is not even Malay, but a man of Arab ancestr born in the Celebes, who did no migrate to Malaya till he was 30 Lee Kuan Yew did not fail to brin these facts to public notice in television interview, pointing ou

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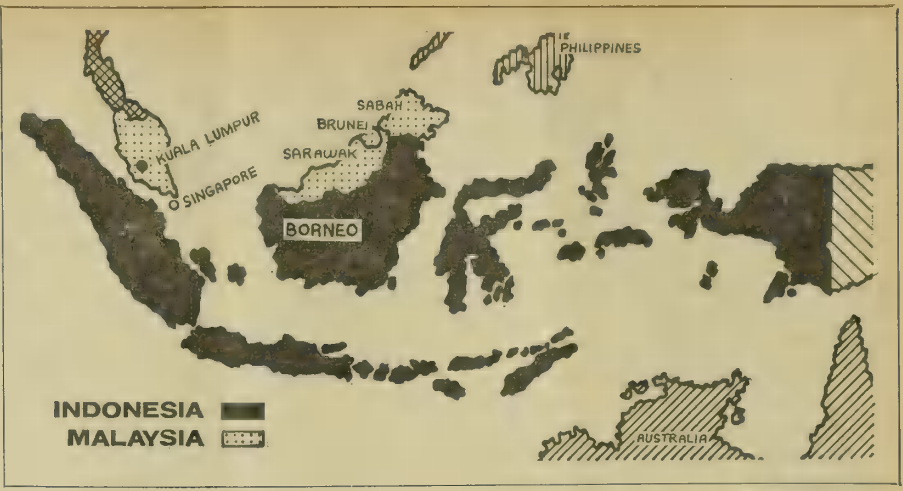
at he, on the contrary, came from
family that had been settled in
ngapore for more than a century.
After the first recriminations, it
as become clear that neither Ma-
ysia nor Singapore wishes to pur-
e the quarrel to the bitter end.
ingapore was promptly recognized
a sovereign state by Britain, the
nited States and other powers,
ut as yet by no means all the Afro-
sian states have followed suit. The
ttitude of Indonesia, above all,
mains ambivalent. The reaction
Singapore, which was one of
joicing, with firecracker celebra-
ons in the streets when the news
as made known, was at least in
art inspired by the belief that in-
ependent Singapore could escape
om the quarrel with Indonesia
which could henceforward be left
"Malaysia") and resume its prof-
able trade with Java, Sumatra
nd the outer islands. Mr. Lee
oon showed that this was too sim-
le an assessment of the new situa-
ion. He cannot, under present cir-
umstances, follow a foreign policy
hich Malaysia would regard as
ositively hostile. He must at least
eel sure that Indonesia has ceased
o make raids and clandestine at-
acks upon Singapore itself, hither-
o a conspicuous feature of "con-
rontation." But it may be assumed
hat Singapore will seek to appease
he quarrel and use what influence
t has to restore normal relations.

Another question arising
rom the exclusion of Singapore is
whether this event does not repre-
ent a victory for President Sukar-
o's policy of "confrontation" and
ts aim, to "crush Malaysia." Cer-
ainly the Indonesians have made
his claim, arguing that the expul-
ion of Singapore proves their con-
ention that Malaysia was an arti-
icial creation of incongruous ele-
nents which should never have
een associated, which were forci-
ly united only by the "neo-colonial
mperialists" (British, in this in-
tance) as an instrument of their
efarious policies. They predict,
nd expect, that the next break will
ome in Borneo, where the states
f Sarawak and Sabah, also non-
Malay, though not dominantly Chi-
ese in population, will soon break
way. That the Malays in Kuala
Lumpur share this prediction is
lear from the vehemence with
which the Tunku has proclaimed
ts utter impossibility and from his



Harry Moss

somewhat premature claim that any such talk was "treason." It can truly be thought that the association of Sarawak and Sabah in Malaysia, originally designed to compensate for the inclusion of dominantly Chinese Singapore, has lost its purpose. There was some economic link between Singapore and the Borneo lands; there is almost none between peninsula Malaya and these countries. The chief remaining function of the federation for the Borneo states is to provide a political framework within which British and Australian military assistance can be provided to resist Indonesian infiltration. Britain is pledged to defend Malaysia against these attacks; if Sarawak and Sabah were no longer part of Malaysia, this pledge might be rendered invalid, or at least would need to be reconsidered. Britain is pressed by financial problems and many influential people there would not be sorry to find a reason for getting out of this onerous commitment.

On the other hand it is not at all clear that Indonesia does gain anything from the exclusion of Singapore, even if this were really a result of confrontation. Mr. Lee knows that Sukarno and his supporters regard the British naval base at Singapore as the chief bastion of the hated neo-colonialism in Southeast Asia; he also knows that the base is of the highest importance to the economy of Singapore; it employs large numbers of citizens of the new state at good wages, brings in welcome money and stimulates commerce. Moreover, whatever the past sins of British imperialism, it is a fact that as long as the British are in the Singapore base the Indonesians cannot hope to crush either Singapore or even peninsula Malaysia. Mr. Lee, in his television interview, reminded the public that the armed forces of the state of Singapore were but two battalions—one of which is in any case still in Borneo fighting Indonesian infiltration. He did, at the same time, gently remind the Western peoples that the population of his country was as numerous as that of New Zealand. Singapore has no intention of becoming the pawn of President Sukarno, and it is also very doubtful that its able leaders have any inclination to seek new alliances in other quarters.

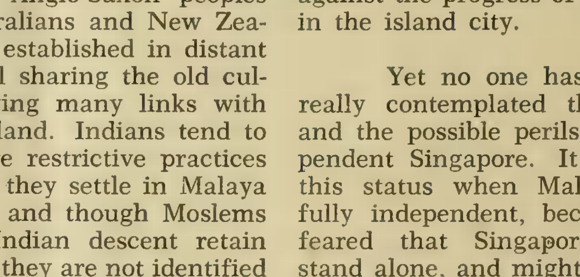
But the real cause of the rupture between Singapore and peninsula Malaya was not confrontation, but the underlying tension between Malays and Chinese which had built up for many years, but which was of no political significance as long as both peoples were equally under British colonial rule. Nineteenth-century laissez faire may have been good for business, but it was bad for future race relations. Malaya needed willing and industrious workers: the Malays were peasant farmers, or their aristocratic masters. The Chinese were glad to come and work at running the village shop, tin mining, rubber planting, distribution, transport, banking, wharf labor and every other urban occupation. Thus was built up a race pattern wherein the Malays retained the land and lived mainly on it, the Chinese built up and inhabited the cities, dominating the economy, while the British reserved to themselves all real political power and the biggest of big business. With the withdrawal of British rule, and once the Communist insurrection had been suppressed, Malays and Chinese were left face to face. Singapore was at first not part of the new Federation of Malaya, lest its overwhelming Chinese population and economic importance should dominate the new state. When it became clear that this separation was inconvenient and possibly dangerous, Malaysia was created with the addition of the Borneo states to balance the Chinese in Singapore. But the tensions were not eliminated by this political carpentry.

The Chinese are not only in Singapore but, up to a 40 per cent minority, in peninsula Malaya also. They are there in great numbers in the cities, such as Kuala Lumpur, the capital; Penang, the main port; Ipoh and Taiping, the tin mining centers. They are politically represented by the Malayan Chinese Association, one of the two partners in the coalition government. But this party mainly represents the rich businessmen, the tin-mining millionaires and the tycoons of commerce. The poorer Chinese, the laborers and the urban petty bourgeois, had little influence in the M.C.A. and were often without the vote, being immigrants, although of long standing. After the formation of Malaysia, the Peoples Action Party of Singapore, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew's party, started to operate in the peninsula states, and although at first it made slight headway, its avowed aim was to create a popular party which would challenge the coalition of Malay aristocracy and Chinese wealth which comprised the federal government. The Chinese, by virtue of their occupations and their derivation from poor immigrants over the past century, are urban, progressive, a relatively classless society; the Malays are conservative, either aristocratic landowners or poor and often illiterate peasants. They have no tradition of, and little aptitude for, business, commerce or industry. Thus social as well as racial tension has undermined the new federation, and bids fair to continue as the chief problem of the peninsula after Singapore has been excluded. This situation was only marginally connected with Indonesian confrontation, and not at all with the problem of communism.

The exclusion of Singapore promises very little for the peninsula part of the Malaysian Federation except, perhaps, a temporary relaxation of political pressures. For Singapore it could mean much more. The aim of the Peoples Action Party, the government, is to create a truly multiracial society in the island. The party includes several prominent non-Chinese: Indians, Ceylonese and others of the numerous small minorities which settled under colonial rule in the prosperous port city. The Chinese are at least 80 per cent of the population, so cannot be challenged by any other group. Strength gives tolerance: it is not true that such communities retain all the characteristics of the nations from which their ancestors came. The Chinese are from many parts of south China, and speak several different dialects. They came from underprivileged families in a neglected, politically unimportant region of the old Chinese empire. They have become prosperous and in many cases very wealthy in their new country. They look upon it as their home, while retaining a pride of race and traditional attachment to the old country. Their attitudes in this respect closely resemble those of Anglo-Saxon peoples such as Australians and New Zealanders, long established in distant lands but still sharing the old culture and having many links with the old homeland. Indians tend to shed the more restrictive practices of caste once they settle in Malaya or Singapore, and though Moslems of Arab or Indian descent retain their religion, they are not identified with the Moslem Malays. Many Chinese, large numbers of south Indians, Eurasians and others are Christian. Malaya, and in particular Singapore, has been a melting pot in which, although the various races have not fused to form a new people, they have rubbed off the sharp edges of their national cultures. It is for these reasons that Singapore has a better chance to evolve a truly equal-status, mul racial community than seems to be possible on the mainland.

Such is the ideal which is f lowed, sometimes with insufficie tact, by Prime Minister Lee Ku Yew. His trouble with the Mala of Kuala Lumpur arose principa from the single-mindedness wi which he proclaimed the doctri that in Malaysia there should only Malaysians—not Malays a others. A man of brilliant gif with an outstanding academic r ord in his own country and later Cambridge, he has the handicap being unable to suffer fools glad —or in silence. Several years ag when still the leader of an unreco nized movement under the colon regime, his mordant criticism a pungent comment on the ruli authorities won him their disli and almost fear. They then used comfort themselves with the beli that Lee Kuan Yew and his su porters were "men of straw": t years later the British in Singapo were very glad to see such so bricks made from this straw, a w which they recognized was the be perhaps the only, sound defen against the progress of communis in the island city.

Yet no one has up to no really contemplated the proble and the possible perils of an in pendent Singapore. It was deni this status when Malaya beca fully independent, because it w feared that Singapore could stand alone, and might succumb Communist influence. Malay seemed to be the answer, and t Peoples Action Party fully accept this solution. It has now been jected by the Malays, so abru ly, and with so little consultati among the other members of British Commonwealth, that it necessary to conclude that this w an act of impulse, a yielding pressure.



The question remains whether, ice the deed is now done, the ngers of an independent Singa- re are as fearful as they seemed be a few years ago. Whether ngapore is viable economically is t uncertain, but it probably is, if unnatural restraint is put upon trade and developing industry. ie political stability of the new ite may seem more in doubt, but e P.A.P. holds a commanding ma- rity of the electorate, has to its edit great achievements in the ld of housing and social welfare r the poor and working class, and s won the respect, if not always e affection, of the business com- unity. But Singapore is more an a great commercial city and rt of call; it is also the strategic y to the eastern seas, a position anifested by the naval base, held ider agreement by the British and so used by Australian forces in e region. In the view of military perts no other base could replace ngapore: if the British cannot use is stronghold, they cannot oper- e effectively in Southeast Asia. either Malaysia nor the Borneo ites could be defended without ngapore. It is also more and more nerally realized that a base in a untry which feels hostility to the reign power which uses the base probably nearly useless. Cyprus owed this fact, and Aden now iderlines it. Is independent Sin- pore going to be tolerant of the itish in the base, or gradually ow hostile to its continuance?

There is no doubt that in Brit- n a large number of people feel at the burden of Eastern commit- ents is too heavy. There was a stinct tendency at the news of ngapore's expulsion from Malay- a to suggest that the time had me to reconsider the whole prob- m and to contemplate withdrawal. any politicians of all parties feel at it will be increasingly difficult justify to their electors the great pense of maintaining British rces in these distant countries hen the people concerned seem at st indifferent to British interests, id frequently opposed to them. It in this context that the remarks ade by Lee Kuan Yew, so sharp in ne toward the United States, must interpreted. Singapore, he said, ould never permit the Americans use the base. If the British went, ien no other power, least of all America, should have it. He added a number of criticisms of American policy and attitudes in east Asia; these may represent his feelings, but they also served to put him on the path of grace in the eyes of many of his Asian neighbors. It may be suggested, though, that this was the sauce: the meat was the threat directed against Britain's disposition to cast off its burden; if you go, we will not let you pass the responsibility, and the base, to America, so you had better understand that you must stay. It is also true that Britain in the base is a very good guarantee of Singapore's safety from Indonesian threats and Malay pressures. So the British were told that their past sins were forgiven, if not forgotten.

The future of the Borneo states, Sarawak and Sabah, remains far from clear. These relatively undeveloped and poor countries were brought into Malaysia both to balance the numbers of the Singapore Chinese, and because it was thought that they were too weak to form a new state of their own. This opinion was not shared by the 30 per cent Chinese minority in Sarawak, who had expected and hoped to become the dominant community in a Sarawak once more independent. They opposed entry into Malaysia from the first, and their left wing has actively cooperated with the Indonesian infiltrators along the frontier. Now that Singapore has been excluded, they ask (and not only the Chinese ask this) why, if Singapore can be expelled from the federation to suit the politics of Kuala Lumpur, they should be told, almost in the same breath, that Sarawak and Sabah can in no circumstances contemplate withdrawing, and that it is "treason," as the Tunku put it, to suggest such a change. To many it seems more logical and quite proper to question the arrangements which governed their accession to the federation, now that its constitution is so radically altered, and at least to state a claim for reconsideration and revision of these provisions. There are also strong doubts that the far-off Borneo states, no longer politically important as a counterweight to Singapore, will receive in the future much care or consideration from the Malay nationalists in Kuala Lumpur, especially if the successor to the present Prime Minister should prove to be a man of narrower outlook.

One possibility which has been mooted is that Brunei, the smallest of the Borneo States but rich in oil, which refused to come into Malaysia, could now become the focus for a new North Borneo Federation. Its oil revenues would underpin the new state and historical tradition supports the idea, for long ago Brunei (from which the word Borneo is derived) was the overlord of all the north coast of the great island. So far, it seems that this suggestion meets with no response from Brunei and is dismissed as subversion by Kuala Lumpur.

Though it is certain that Indonesian confrontation was not the first or even a major cause of the divorce between Singapore and Malaysia, it is far from certain that the result of that change will not be victory for confrontation: it may lead to that fragmentation of the Malaysian Federation which Sukarno so ardently desires. If Borneo becomes so restive that it can be held in the federation only by force, it is not at all plain who is expected to provide this power. The British and the Australians are unlikely to exercise on behalf of the Malays a role which they would not undertake for their own account. If opposition to Kuala Lumpur took the form of Communist insurrection, they might do so, though with widely expanded misgivings; if the opposition were nationalist it would command sympathy and there would be very strong opposition to the use of British and Australian forces to suppress it. Yet unless these forces were so employed there is nothing which the government in Kuala Lumpur could effectively do to intervene. These are the circumstances in which Indonesia could very well score the triumph in Borneo which it can hardly hope for in Malaya or in Singapore.

The Chinese are the one people in Southeast Asia upon whom the creation of an independent state of Singapore may have lasting and profound effects. In the whole region, from Burma to the Philippines, they number about 14 million: a people with a cohesive racial identity, a common culture, a shared way of life, but without a country or a common nationality. Like the Jews in past times, a Chinese in Southeast Asia could always be recognized to be a Chinese, but he was nonetheless a national of the state in which he lived, and very often a second-class citizen in that country. Singapore could change this situation. Here, for the first time, is a Chinese-ruled and inhabited country in Southeast Asia. Small, no doubt, but wealthy, advanced and economically powerful. Its government has no links either with the Communist mainland of China or the Nationalist regime in Taiwan. It could be the nucleus of the "Third China"—and by its very independent existence give a status and security to all Chinese in Southeast Asia which they have hitherto lacked, just as the creation of the state of Israel has raised and secured the position of Jews all over the world. There are dangers as well as advantages in this prospect; in many countries of Southeast Asia the Chinese community is both unpopular and suffers from discriminatory legislation. In some countries these chauvinist policies coul be strengthened by the fear that th local Chinese community was tur ing to Singapore for guidance ar protection. On the other hand, th economic power of Singapore wi make it a state worth respecting ar conciliating. The Tunku's hasty d cision to excise Singapore from M laysia will prove to have injected new and unpredictable element in the already complex mixture Southeast Asian affairs.

Mississippi
SUMMER OF DISCONTENT

Elizabeth Sutherlan

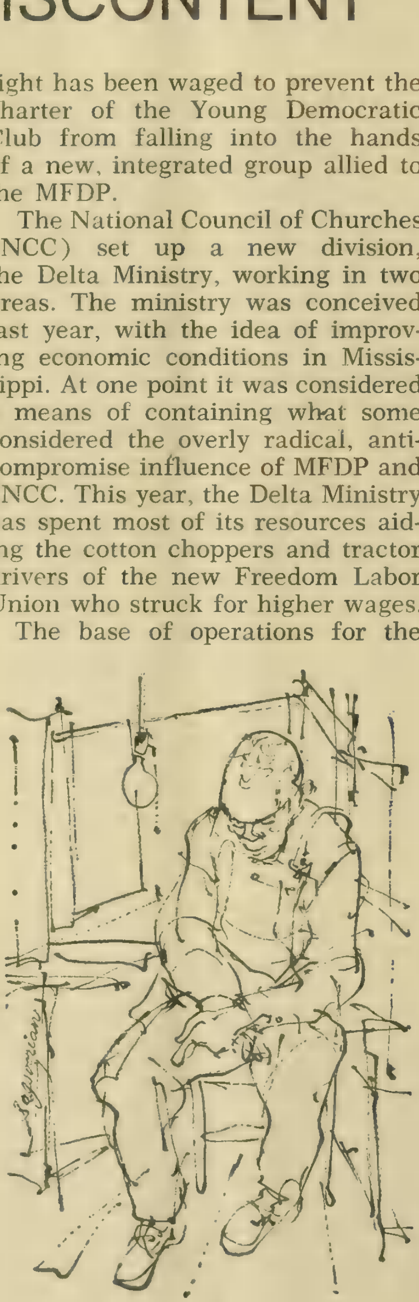
"Mississippi has changed from a reality to an abstraction," said Curtis Hayes, who was McComb Project director last summer. Not that there still isn't plenty of nonabstract hunger and bombs and suffering. But to someone comparing the feel of summer 1964 with the present, this made sense.

Mississippi today seems less a battleground between good and evil, and more a labyrinth where none of the possible paths is a sure way out. It has become fashionable and squabbled-over, almost like Africa in the 19th century. Politicking has nearly outmoded heroism, and the symbol of the Philadelphia martyrs has given way to a huge, curling question mark.

A host of new forces is now operating in the state, with LBJ humming *We Shall Overcome* in the background. The federal government came into the picture this past summer with a million dollars for Operation Headstart, an anti-poverty program to prepare underprivileged children (mostly Negro) for primary school. At about the same time, the National Democratic Party sought to forestall the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party by helping to set up the Mississippi Democratic Conference with Negro leaders unsympathetic to the MFDP, plus liberal white Mississippians. On the junior level, a successful fight has been waged to prevent the charter of the Young Democratic Club from falling into the hands of a new, integrated group allied to the MFDP.

The National Council of Churches (NCC) set up a new division, the Delta Ministry, working in two areas. The ministry was conceived last year, with the idea of improving economic conditions in Mississippi. At one point it was considered a means of containing what some considered the overly radical, anti-compromise influence of MFDP and SNCC. This year, the Delta Ministry has spent most of its resources aiding the cotton choppers and tractor drivers of the new Freedom Labor Union who struck for higher wages.

The base of operations for the Delta Ministry was the Mt. Beul Conference Center, located in th small town of Edwards about miles from Jackson. The Mt. Beul campus has been the focus of a tivity for a surprising variety organizations. It has served as hea quarters for Operation Headsta and has also been host to meetin of the MFDP, whose Congression challenge the NCC has supporte At one point, Washington order Headstart moved to an area le contaminated by the civil righ movement; Headstart's staff threa ened to resign en masse, and t program stayed at Mt. Beulah.



Meanwhile, white Mississip changed some but not all of its b habits. Outside the front entran to the Panola County Clinic, in t northern part of the state, a sta of discarded signs lies on the por floor. They say "White Entranc and "Colored Entrance," and it w good to see them gathering dust the sunlight. In Jackson, an int racial couple told of shopping in white supermarket without hara ment or hostile stares; whites ev chatted with them in a casu friendly way. But that same we a white Jackson minister was sh for the mildest of civil rights tivity. In Gulfport, on the tour coast, a Negro assigned to test r taurants complained of so mu compliance that he had had to seventeen full dinners in one d but another Negro was refus service and almost beaten up wh he ordered a hamburger. Amo "responsible" whites, the preval attitude seemed to be that expres in a sign at a drive-in; it had re

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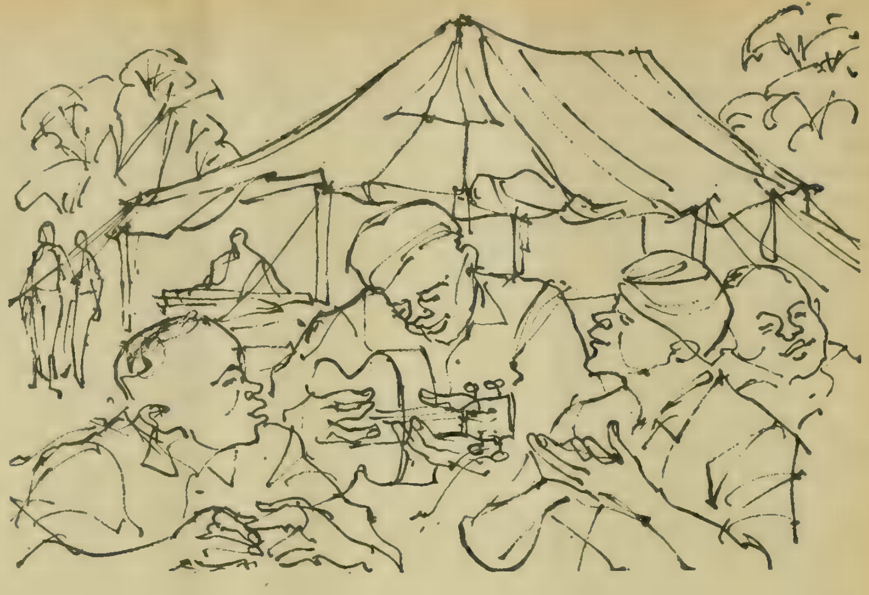
Elizabeth Sutherland, editor of Letters from Mississippi *(McGraw-Hill) traveled recently in Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama and Tennessee. She directs the office of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in New York.*

RIVATELY OWNED BUSINESS — WE ESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE ERVICE TO ANYONE but was bitter- ' scrawled over to say ONCE WAS A RIVATELY OWNED BUSINESS—WE AVE NO RIGHT TO REFUSE SERVICE ANYONE.

Up in Cleveland, Miss., the Holi- ay Inn motel gave a room without estion to two women, one of them egro, when they arrived at night. t breakfast, however, the manager me to their table before they had rdered and demanded immediate ayment for a long-distance call mpleted only five minutes earlier. uestioned, he explained that the rocedure was normal "for particu- r people"—but said he did not ean Negroes, he meant "single omen." When the women refused pay at once, he moved to call the lice. His anguished Southern soul ad compelled him to indulge in arassment—but with a sharp eye what was now legal.



Thus Mississippi finds itself ripped by the confusion and ten- on of new forces at work. Daily fe is not improved; the "new outh" is still almost invisible. In e counties where there are federal gistrars (nine out of eighty-two) ter registration has generally gone ell, but how much will that ange? As with school integration, e burden is on the Negro to go gister—and risk his child's neck his own. Civil rights workers feel ustrated. The extreme danger hich often bound them together 1964 is lacking now; security stems have dissolved. At the same me, a number of local Negroes ave died under sinister circum- ances, but the Justice Department ys it can do nothing "unless it's civil rights case." In this atmos- here of fragmented reality, the ovement searches for a grip on e future.

Beginning last March, cotton oppers went on strike in a suc- ssion of delta areas, seeking $1.25 hour instead of the standard $3 r a 10-to-12-hour day. Tractor ivers demanded raises from $5 $12 per day. The decision to strike as sometimes taken at a meeting ut rarely, if ever, by formal vote); metimes a group would simply t show up for work and others ould then join them. Strikes have iled because adequate measures ere not taken to supply the partici- nts' needs. But the idea spread quickly from the delta to McComb, where Holiday Inn maids making 39c an hour walked out (to be replaced by others at the same wage), and to other states. The birth of the Mississippi Freedom Labor Union caught the imagination of Americans everywhere who had always felt that the vote was no cure-all.

There are two versions of how it all started. A representative of the Delta Ministry in Greenville has stated that the strikes originated in the small settlement of Tribbett when he went there with gifts to distribute last Christmas and found the people had not been reached by civil rights workers. They began to talk and out of this came the decision of several tractor drivers to strike. But according to George Shelton, state president of the MFLU, the strike began on the Seligmann plantation near the small, depressed town of Shaw. A Freedom School class had finished reading Howard Fast's *Freedom Road* and began to talk about what could be done to improve their living conditions. A number of cotton choppers then struck.

At one point, 1,000 to 3,000 persons were not working. Today in Tribbett, five large tents with wooden floors stand in a field behind a little store; these are to house the eight families thrown off their land who form the hard core of strikers there. A sign nearby proclaims STRIKE CITY—LOCAL NO. 4, MFLU. No one seems to know why this is No. 4, or where are 1, 2 and 3, but the encampment has clearly been readied for a long siege. A total of 300 workers intend to stay on strike through the winter and an all-out effort is planned for the spring.

The grim truth is that by 1966 many choppers will probably have been made obsolete by chemical spraying, and many pickers by machines. "The whole delta would strike tomorrow," said a SNCC worker in Shaw, "if they knew there would be something to eat. But they don't."

Although small increases have been granted in some areas, the MFLU demand for $1.25 an hour instead of $3 a day is hopeless if human hands are no longer needed. For this reason, some people in the movement believe that the issue is not wages but land ownership. Curtis Hayes, a former SNCC staffer, is investigating the possibility of buying a large chunk of plantation land with the aid of a government grant and setting up a communal operation based on an Israeli model. Sharecroppers thrown off their land for striking would be given a tract for agricultural or small business use. Hayes talks about raising half a million dollars privately, to be matched by a government grant.

This kind of thinking may surprise people who have known SNCC, the pioneer organization in Mississippi, as distrustful of the federal government and suspicious of money which may have strings attached. But they overlook SNCC's diversity of viewpoint and the experimental spirit of many SNCC workers.

The fact is that white Mississippi

has been driving the Negro out of the state. This has been going on for years, but now the pace seems to have accelerated. The radio carries a stream of announcements about domestic jobs in the North. On the plantations, machines are pushing Negroes off the land.

Last month, a more subtle way of forcing emigration emerged when school integration began. In Tallahatchie County, and a number of others, a Negro child who did not have at least one parent living in the state could not transfer to the formerly all-white public school this fall without paying "tuition" which ran as high as $263. This cuts out the hundreds, if not thousands, of children whose parents have moved to the North for better jobs, leaving their young with relatives. The relatives pay taxes, but no matter. A child can be adopted, but when the relative goes to take out papers he finds that the fee runs around $100. The only choice left is to send the child to his parents or have him continue at the Negro public school. But here comes the final twist: if the child is not living with a parent or legal guardian, he must now pay tuition to attend the Negro school! Such fees run from $100 to $275 in Amite County, a rural area where good jobs are hard to find and adults often leave for work elsewhere. They may send money to support their children, but they cannot afford such tuition fees. Thus the white authorities penalize the Negro child and drive Negroes from the state. The more who leave, the less trouble for the whites—and a lot can leave before the supply of maids and janitors runs out.

The Negro's economic situation is desperate; new jobs must be created, sustenance provided. And so the black Mississippians talk more about getting jobs with Operation Headstart than about voting. All across the state, people grasp for ways to create work that pays and ways to get more for their work. A new okra cooperative in Batesville (the only legal co-ops in Mississippi are agricultural) aims to cut out the white middleman; a new sewing firm has sprung up in Canton, another in Indianola. This is not an entirely new development; Ruleville has had a quilting group for several years. But the proliferation is new as is the Poor People's Corporation which aims to help establish such enterprises.

Jesse Morris, a SNCC staffer, set up the corporation last spring. It conducted a training program during the summer at Mt. Beulah where, because of limited funds (raised privately), training was restricted to three skills. On August 29, the corporation held its first meeting. Members came together to consider requests for grants from representatives of the okra cooperative, the Canton sewing firm, the three new firms which will make leather and suede handbags, belts, pouches, as a result of summer training. Softly and sometimes inarticulately, spokesmen talked of their enterprises and asked for grants of $400, $1,000—nothing very large. They passed around sample goods while members of the audience asked detailed questions about production and marketing. It was easy to invoke nightmare visions of bad management and laughable bookkeeping, but people were going to learn by doing, and that was something the white boss had never encouraged.

Another new project, also with its base at Mt. Beulah, is the Freedom Now Brick Company, conceived by SNCC worker Frank Smith. The purpose of the company is to provide housing for Negroes kicked off the land. The company's function is to be three-pronged: a foundation will be set up to extend the necessary funds, a factory is to provide the materials, and a contracting service will supply the technology. Funds are to be raised privately, with hopes for a supplemental loan from the Small Business Administration. The company's board of directors is thus far drawn from the co-ops and new businesses of the Poor People's Corporation. It plans to sell 15,000 shares of preferred stock at $10 a share and 5,000 shares of voting stock at $1 a share.

When he went to open a bank account for the brick company's development fund, Frank Smith was asked by the teller: "Are you the president of the company?" Smith had been an outspoken foe of "leadership" and excessive structure within SNCC, but this time he simply said "yes." The game had changed; you can't fight bankdom if you're going to start a company.

Perhaps none of these enterprises will get off the ground. And even if they do, the dent in Mississippi's poverty will be slight. They may however, compel other, richer an more powerful agencies to tak steps. The Delta Ministry has already announced the formation o the Delta Opportunity Corporation which would seek federal assistanc on economic development, jobs an housing for ten counties. The Delt contains Mississippi's richest lan and its poorest people; one suspects that the problem can trul be solved only by massive federa action.

Meanwhile, some of the civi rights people have recognized th need to attack economic problem and to utilize federal money wher possible. SNCC workers, for example, can help get government grant to those who need them most b providing the necessary information and contacts. It may not quit be possible "to radicalize the OE (Office of Economic Opportunity)," as an MFDP worker in Jackso put it, but it isn't necessary to assume that the movement will b bought off if federal money is used In any case, the movement can' compete with $1 million. A Freedom School can't compete with Headstart School. In the past, to many civil rights workers — pa ticularly middle-class Northerner both Negro and white — hav sought to impose their justifie alienation from American materialism upon Southern Negroe who just don't know what they ar talking about. To a sharecropper' wife with eleven hungry kids, a pai of shoes *is* freedom—unless she i a Fannie Lou Hamer, with a love o freedom so deep that it will abid with her through both trials an satisfactions of the flesh.

Most of the economic developments mentioned here, pa ticularly the Mississippi Freedo Labor Union, would not have com about without the 1964 Summe Project and the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. Both catalyzed the strength and desire o black men to speak out, to d something about their deprivatio

The MFDP does not yet have unified state program of action o local issues. It has concentrated i attention this year on the Congre sional challenge to unseat the fi Mississippians. To many Negroe it is therefore a structure of leade and little more: the complexities o political struggle in Washington a

ote, baffling. When there has
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it has sometimes been taken
the name of the MFDP, some-
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en the MFDP runs candidates
state office in 1966, as it now
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missed by a vote of 228 to 152,
not without shaking up Con-
ss and white Mississippi. MFDP
ls that was only the beginning.
he MFDP has been unable to
the vacuum created by the de-
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anizations last winter. In the
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COFO projects around the
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sonnel and funds, plus 650 vol-
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ough a week of well-planned
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m. It didn't work. This past sum-
r's crop — about 200 — was re-
ited at the last minute amid
at confusion. Few of them had the skills specified and no one seemed to know where they should be assigned to work. Orientation was cut short by the emergency in Jackson: the new workers went there to join the mass demonstrations and were thus oriented in jail. The volunteers seemed to me often of a poorer quality than last year's; less inspired, more frustrated. In fairness to the MFDP, it should be said that SCOPE's summer workers in Alabama — recruited by the Southern Leadership Conference — seemed no better off. Their orientation had been orderly but abstract; they learned some Negro history, little about what to do when beaten or jailed. In any case, the time for massive numbers of white volunteers has passed.

Also gone from Mississippi this year is Robert Parris Moses, director of the 1964 project. Having dropped his last name in an effort to break the hero worship and leadership role he had acquired, Parris worked this year on a new approach to Mississippi's problems [see "The Question of SNCC," *The Nation*, July 19]. He acknowledges the importance to the Negro of material well-being, and the effect this can have on his political behavior. He believes that if the grass-roots movement is to retain its vitality and keep on pushing for change to benefit not merely the teacher but also the sharecropper, that movement must gain strength by hooking up with other protest groups around the country. These include elements of the peace movement, the student movement, the civil rights movement and community organizations such as the Students for a Democratic Society project in Newark. An attempt at bringing them together was the Assembly of Unrepresented People in Washington, August 6-9, which held workshops and declared peace in Vietnam. George Shelton, president of the MFLU, was there from Shaw, as were the two young men from McComb who created a furor with their flier urging Negroes not to serve in Vietnam. "We talked to a lot of people in McComb about the idea before we put out the flier," said one of them, "and they liked it. So we did it."

Across Mississippi and outside it, people grope for answers. Ask a SNCC worker where the movement should go and he will usually say, "I don't know." Ask an LCDC lawyer about the dynamics of change and he will see no solution within our system as we know it. Ask a sharecropper like Mrs. Miller, in her delta shack. Mrs. Miller decided to send all seven of her school-age children to the white school in town this fall. Her home was shot into shortly after she registered them. Their going to school means the loss of seven cotton pickers, and that much less food. The planter has already indicated his displeasure, and she and her family will probably be thrown off the land. Mrs. Miller knows every corner of her trap. She should be brought to Washington, to testify about economic oppression, in the same way that Negroes have come before to tell of political oppression. If the government listened and acted, it would break the plantation system. But it won't. So Mrs. Miller doesn't know the answer either.

Meanwhile, Negroes from Mississippi continue to go north in search of some small improvement. They go to Watts, and Watts will be repeated. Northern liberals may be appalled to learn that Los Angeles gave a certain satisfaction to the nonviolent Negro of Mississippi. He regretted the toll of black lives; he sympathized with the spirit of insurrection. He too has been on the verge of armed "riot"—in Greenwood last year, in Natchez this year when an NAACP worker's car was booby-trapped. For today he feels, simultaneously, the hope of change and the depth of racism in this country.

Ferment in the Churches

The New Christian Soldiers . . . . . . Harvey Co

There is a good deal of talk in church circles today about a new division in Christendom. This may sound strange to those who believe the churches are still riding the magnificent wave of ecumenical euphoria activated in part by the Vatican Council. But open discussion about a fast-approaching period of disruption and dissension is growing among both Catholics and Protestants. Archbishop Andre Pallier of Rouen recently conceded publicly that he foresees a schism in Roman Catholicism, led by the ultraconservatives, if the Vatican Council accepts the controversial sections on "Religious Liberty" and "The Modern World" now before it. There are other strains in the Catholic Church and in Protestantism that no one is yet talking about publicly. A prominent Protestant church leader told me recently that at the rate the altercation between the young turks and the old guard is now developing, we can look for a major split in Protestantism within five to ten years.

Let me make clear at the outset that the split people are discussing now is not one *between* Catholics and Protestants, where it once cut most deeply. Nor does anyone expect the main Protestant sects to diverge further from one another. Many so-called "church unity" proposals will probably develop and come to fruition in the next ten years. The schism now being talked about runs straight through churches and denominations. When it comes, so the predictions run, it will find Catholics and Protestants, clergy and laity, high and low churchmen, on both sides.

Nor will the issue in this split be explicitly theological. It is mainly one of praxis or church strategy, with very important theological overtones. It is the question of *how the churches should respond to the revolutions of color, opportunity and power now sweeping the world, both at home and abroad.*

This, and not the Virgin Birth, the infallibility of the Pope or the Bible is what Christians argue about most heatedly today. On the one hand, there are those in all churches who want the church to play its customary social role as the guardian of the values and institutions of the past. They usually couch their attitude in terms which suggest that the church should "stay out of politics." On the other hand, there is that growing group of laity and clergy, mostly young, which insists that the church should play a direct role in social change. The nub of the question is the secular significance of the church. Jesuit Thomas Clarke was probably right when he wrote in *America,* his order's weekly periodical, that the future image of Vatican II probably will not be either collegiality or even ecumenism but "Christian secularity." It is the coming theological mode of the era: Christians plunging into the social order to struggle for justice and peace. But it is not a mood which everyone accepts with enthusiasm. Protestant theologian Martin Marty writes in a Methodist publication:

> *There is a hushed-up revolution abroad in our land. One side of the revolution says that the Christian church should be involved in the struggle of today's poor in city and on farm; at the side of the delinquent, the racially oppressed, the politically exploited. The other si*
> *says the church should love the*
> *people but should not become i*
> *volved in the politics of their pro*
> *lems.*

Tensions set in motion
this hushed-up revolution are
reaching. They simmer just be
the surface at the national m
ings of denominations, chu
agencies and church organizatic
They erupt in city councils
churches. They distress the vest
and deacon boards of local cong
gations. It is not that these dif
ences have not always been the
they have. But recently, the you
turks within the churches have
an increasing strength. The c
rights movement helped. In ma
instances it brought together p
ple who had felt the same on
number of issues, but because th
served churches in different cit
never had a chance to get to kn
one another. Just as the Gre
slaves in Rome were forbidden
wear a distinctive garb—lest th
recognize their number and rev
— this group has been kept
aware of its potential power by
sociology of church division. Th
came the March on Washingt
and the ecumenical convergence
Selma. "When I got to Brow
Chapel," confessed one young Me
odist minister, "I was shocked
see how many of *us* there were
the church." In short, the "Ch
tian underground" has surfaced.
rather amorphous, generally you
mostly Northern and urban gro
of clergy and laity has come o
the scene and is now learning
strength. And the church will ne
be the same again.

It is important to realize that
present controversy is not just
old "social Gospel" fight wearing
new hat. There are differences
tween the current crop of socia
militant churchmen and the ea
19th-century followers of Wal
Rauschenbusch. The socially act
churchmen of today, for examp
lack the confidence of their fo
bears that one more big push
bring in the Kingdom. They te
less to identify particular idealis
schemes, such as socialism or pa
fism, with the Gospel. They see

Harvey Cox, associate professor of church and society at Harvard, is the author of The Secular City *(Macmillan).*

urch and its members more as
pporters and strengtheners of a
ovement already under way than
a vanguard. The passion and
dication are similar, and there can
no doubt that in the new genera-
n of Christian activists the spirit
the social Gospel is with us again.
t unlike the social Gospel move-
ent, the secular Christians of to-
y work from a broader interde-
minational base, have a higher
gree of theological sophistication,
d are determined not to disap-
ar until their militancy has
rked some major alterations in
e life of the American churches.
Under the leadership of the new
litants, the churches have begun
play an unprecedented role in
me aspects of American society,
role once played by labor unions.
ul Alinsky, the controversial head
the Industrial Areas Foundation,
id in two recent interviews: "The
ions are now the haves—they're
rt of the *status quo*. The Chris-
n churches are now taking the
dership in social change." The
w mood in the churches has de-
loped rather quickly. A telling in-
x of the shift can be seen in the
dical metamorphosis the public
age of the American clergyman
s undergone in the past few years.
decade ago, the clergyman was
en depicted in cartoons and
ries as a pompous bore, a dis-
reeable zealot or a genial incom-
tent. These images still persist in
me places. But the average man
now just as likely to think of
ns, priests and ministers leading
otest marches or standing on
ket lines. The new image may
wilder or even infuriate him, but
is undeniable that the popular
w of the clergy has undergone
eeping revision. The changing
blic stereotype has also affected
e minister's own self-image. It
s marked off the new breed from
e old. Among the clergy, the
ar demarcation is between those
o have participated in direct ac-
n and those who haven't. It
signates the frontier along which
y new division is apt to erupt.

The debate within the church
out how deeply it should be in-
lved in the secular order has
rred up things in every area of
urch life. The most crucial issue,
wever, and the one which will
ve most significance for the fu-
re of the churches themselves,
s to do with the nature of churchly authority. It may or may not have been important for the racial scene in Los Angeles that some Roman Catholics wanted to get involved in civil rights. It is highly important, however, that Father William DuBay—frustrated by the caution and inaction of his superiors—finally resorted to writing the Pope and urging him to remove Cardinal McIntyre from his office as archbishop because of "malfeasance." Cardinal McIntyre was not removed, but neither was Father DuBay. He was not even publicly reprimanded; his punishment was to be exiled to a posh parish far from the Negroes and impoverished whites with whom he had been identified. It is hard to imagine any priest getting off so lightly ten years ago. One cannot help wondering if even Cardinal McIntyre has not had second thoughts on how far the Church should go to resolve the racial mess in his diocese.

The same sort of thing happens again and again. When the Roman Catholic bishop of Birmingham and Mobile, Thomas J. Toolen, told the nuns and priests who were marching in Selma to go home and tend to "God's business," they not only refused to go but 300 of them signed a press statement spelling out their disagreement with the archbishop and stating that they would return to Selma, or to other racial crisis spots, whenever Martin Luther King asked them to.

Here is a situation almost without precedent in the history of the Church. Some 300 Roman Catholic clergy refuse to obey a bishop's request and, at the same time, pledge obedience to a Baptist minister who ironically bears the name of the main leader of the Protestant Reformation. (King became a *de facto* Catholic bishop in Selma.) Yet not one of these 300 was defrocked.

The role of the Catholic Church in the racial revolution in America has precipitated something like a crisis of authority in the Church itself. The Pope has publicly criticized the declining respect for authority, and Paul Emile Cardinal Leger of Montreal, who is known at the Vatican Council as a "progressive," recently deplored a "growing climate of opinion hostile to the whole idea of authority, much less its exercise." But the diagnosis is not quite accurate; the Catholic clergy at Selma had not rejected the idea of authority. They had chosen, in this instance, to submit to another authority, realizing it could mean danger or even death. They had chosen to obey Dr. King rather than Archbishop Toolen.

The authority problem in the Roman Catholic Church is in no sense confined to the clergy. Readers of the Catholic press have become aware in recent months of an increasingly strident and insistent criticism by laymen of Church policies and personages. The vexed issue of contraception is now open game for disputation, and such Catholic writers as Michael Novak take open and sweeping exception to the Church's teaching on the subject. Lay student groups have picketed chancellory offices on racial issues. A year ago, Dennis Clark published a withering attack on Archbishop Kroll of Philadelphia and the failure of that city's Catholic leaders to face up to its racial crisis. But the present bête noire of this critical crackling in the Church is a young California convert to Catholicism, Edward Keating. He is editor of the magazine, *Ramparts*, easily the most controversial publication within American Catholicism today. Keating, whose technicolor covers and vivid reportage attract numerous non-Catholic readers, even from the newsstand trade, has ruthlessly attacked such Catholic cultural heroes as Dr. Thomas Dooley ("Hang Down Your Head, Tom Dooley") and Pius XII (in a spirited defense of Hochhuth's *The Deputy*). He cheerfully acknowledges that ". . . if McGucken (Joseph T., archbishop of San Francisco) could figure out a way to do it, he'd shut us down tomorrow." Keating's recent book, *The Scandal of Silence*, has outraged Catholics from coast to coast. More considerate critics, such as the editors of *Commonweal*, view Keating and *Ramparts* in much the same way as Roy Wilkins must often view the shenanigans of SNCC. Yet Keating certainly dramatizes the new vigor and openness not previously thought possible in American Catholicism. And his main battle is pointed at precisely the decisive point, the freedom of laymen to participate vigorously and with minds of their own in the secular realm. "The continued supremacy of the hierarchy and priesthood over the laity in temporal affairs," says Keating, "is the most serious obstacle to the fulfillment of the Church's mission in the United States." Once again, the sore point of tension clearly emerges; it is the collision between Christian secularity and traditional notions of churchly obedience.

The United States is not the only country in which the Roman Catholic Church is wracked by problems of authority growing out of clerical participation in political action. The talk of Colombia today is a young Roman Catholic priest, Father Camilio Torres, who recently defied his bishop, the Most Rev. Angel Maria Ocampo Burrio, Archbishop of Tunja, by openly supporting a revolutionary solution to Colombia's bewildering social problems. When Father Torres' ideas were attacked by his superiors, he asked to be relieved of his priestly duties if he could not be a priest and a revolutionary too. He was joined in his request by a fellow priest, Father Martin Amaya Martinez, who said in a newspaper interview, "I believe the Colombian Church should rout the misery of hunger and superstitious ignorance of our people. . . . In fact," he added, "since the Emperor Constantine, the Church has become more of a business corporation than a messenger of Our Lord Jesus Christ." When questioned directly about his attitude toward ecclesiastical authority, Father Torres replied that he would always obey his cardinal "except when it runs contrary to the ideas of Christianity and my conscience." It requires only a modicum of historical imagination to detect in Father Torres' reply a distinct similarity to the words of a rebellious priest in a Council at Worms some 400 years ago, who told his superiors, "Here I stand, God helping me, I can do no other."

But conditions differ significantly from the 1500s. It is noteworthy that the schism Archbishop Pallier of Rouen expects, if the Vatican Council moves too far on religious liberty or on the relation of the Church to the modern world, is appearing on the Right, not on the Left. The Vatican itself, under John XXIII, and to a lesser extent under Paul VI, is often viewed by the young turks in the Church as their ally. This re-creates a climate reminiscent of certain moments in the 17th and 18th centuries when the Jesuit order, with its loyalty centered in Rome, was able to take radical positions in some countries, frequently opposing the local diocesan clergy. It is why a Father DuBay in Los Angeles appeals to the Pope to remove his archbishop and an Edward Keating can suggest, apparently in all seriousness, that the whole Los Angeles archdiocese may be out of communion with Rome and therefore not be a truly Roman Catholic Church at all.

Archbishop Pallier's opinion is also confirmed by the fact that a considerable conservative Catholic backlash is already gathering steam. The backlashers have found their hero so far in the rather unlikely figure of a mild-mannered professor of Canon Law at tiny Mt. St. Mary's Seminary in Emmitsburg, Md. His name is Gommar Albert DePauw, and he leads something called the Catholic Traditionalist Movement. Presumably this group was organized mainly to oppose liturgical reforms in the Catholic Church and to fight what its members call the "Protestantizing" of their Church. But the movement doubtless represents a growing apprehensiveness among conservative Catholics about the number of trends at work in the Church, which to them must appear quite ominous. Recently, its representatives picketed at the National Catholic Liturgical Conference in Baltimore, carrying signs which extolled Father DePauw and denounced the "novelties" now being introduced into the worship life of the Church (vernacular masses, congregational participation in the liturgy, etc.).

Another rallying point for the Catholic conservatives is William Buckley's weekly journal, the *National Review*. Buckley, a Catholic layman, has been nervous about the way things have been going in his Church ever since Pope John assumed the throne of Peter, but his unease has been multiplying in recent months. A few weeks ago, he announced the publication of a thick booklet entitled "What in the Name of God Is Going on in the Catholic Church?" with contributions by Evelyn Waugh, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen and others. The title of the brochure gives eloquent voice to the anxiety felt these days not only by conservative Catholics but also by non-Catholics who have relied on Rome and its minions always to provide a dependable ally for the *status quo*.

Despite all the talk, however, the possibility of a significant schism within Catholicism is a minor one. Though potent here and there, t real reactionaries in the Catho Church add up to a tiny band the world scene. The progressiv on the other hand, are now doi well. If they cannot get conser tive cardinals sacked, at least th keep themselves from getting communicated. Here and there Catholic interracial councils, e menical action groups and a vari of lay apostolates, they keep pu ing, and the general climate of t Catholic Church is, if not wil responsive, at least not inquisiti al. Besides, the uncanny flexibil of the Roman Church, its alm unerring capacity to make room diversity and inner tension, w probably pull it through the comi crisis relatively united.

But does talk of new divisi carry a greater threat for Prot tants? Whatever happens to Pr estantism will happen to a religio community that is already ba fragmented. Though "Protestan are usually mentioned along w Catholics, Jews and agnostics as o of the four socio-religious groups America, the classification is m leading. Despite much talk a some action about church union recent years, and considerable terchurch cooperation, Protestan are still wastefully and catastro ically divided into more than 2 denominations and sects. Futh more, there has been a histori tendency among them to separ if the situation seems to warrant rather than to preserve unity at price of burning conviction.

Where then do the strains pear in Protestantism? Protesta in America have not often be troubled by excessive clerical c trol over their activities in the se lar realm. The battle therefore is no sense a battle for the freed of laymen and activist clergy agai a dominating hierarchy. But Protestantism, it has freque happened that activist minist must contend with the socially c servative laymen who sit on boards and committees that r the churches. This is a particula interesting phenomenon in view the vocal demands among Cath laymen today for a wider respo bility in the governance of th Church. Protestantism in Ameri at least in its main-line denomi tions, is far from being complet lay controlled, but it is often wh lay control is most powerful t the opposition to social action has been most vociferous. Studies have shown that ministers who do not serve a local parish, and hence are somewhat more insulated from direct lay control, are much more likely to demonstrate and become involved in direct action than pastors of local churches. Of the hundreds of clergymen who flew to Selma, a disproportionate number were denominational and interdenominational staff people, college and university chaplains, and ministers of mission churches not directly dependent on a congregation for their financial support. It is worth noting that not one of the three Protestant ministers who have lost their lives in the civil rights struggle in the past two years was a parish minister. Bruce Klunder, who was killed by the bulldozer in Cleveland, was on the staff of the Student Christian Union. James Reeb was working for the American Friends Service Committee in Boston when he went to Selma. Jonathan Daniels was a theology student.

Still, in the South and also in metropolitan areas, it is the parish minister who may soon find himself on the firing line whether he chooses to be or not. The denominational executive can fly to Selma or Hattiesburg for a couple of weeks and then return to his office. The minister in a city parish lives every day with the tensions of race and social change swirling around him and forcing him to make costly decisions. Although the suburban minister has not had to face this kind of pressure as steadily, he soon will. As Negroes move to the suburbs, as fair-housing committees accelerate their activities, as groups try to modify zoning laws to bring lower-income housing to the suburbs, the minister will find himself just as inescapably involved as are his inner-city colleagues. The next decade may see scores of ministers from Northern suburban churches join the hundreds of Southern ministers who have been forced from their pulpits by congregations angered by their attitudes toward race and the social involvement of Christians.

The crisis in city and suburb, North and South, usually emerges over an issue which may at first seem minor. It usually has more to do with what the minister does than with what he says in his sermons. Even deep South congregations have been known to accept large doses of "brotherhood" talk in sermons. The flame point comes, however, when a group asks for permission to use the church building, or the minister participates in a community organization of which his congregation does not approve. The issue of use of the building varies between North and South. In Dixie, some ministers were ousted by angry congregations when they opposed using church buildings as private schools to evade the Supreme Court decision. In the North, ministers reap the wrath of conservative laymen when they permit the church building to be used by groups the deacons consider radical or disruptive. In the South, a parish minister may court forced retirement by agreeing to serve on a community relations council or a biracial committee. In the North, the same thing happens when he joins a group protesting *de facto* segregation, or supports the picketing of a discriminatory business.

In almost all instances, ministers who can avoid retaliation by boards controlled by laymen are the ones willing to take larger risks. Ministers of mission churches are the clearest example. Such churches are frequently located in slum areas and usually receive only a small part of their income from the local congregation. The rest comes from city, state or national mission boards. The minister of a small missions congregation can therefore move with much less hesitation into controversial community and national issues.

Not only do supra-local agencies support staff involvement in controversy but they often initiate things a local church would not usually undertake. A prime example is the Mississippi Delta Ministry sponsored by the National Council of Churches. Begun in the "Freedom Summer" of 1964, as an effort to help train and orient volunteers, the program was continued at the end of the summer and is now one of the most decisive forces at work in Mississippi. In cooperation with Mary Holmes Junior College, the Delta Ministry received a $1,460,748 Office of Economic Opportunity grant to run a Mississippi Headstart program last summer. Besides the summer people, the Delta Ministry now has a permanent staff of more than a dozen seasoned veterans of clerical activity in civil rights. It works in projects all over the state, using an abandoned college campus at Mt. Beulah in Edwards as its headquarters. When the cotton choppers in Leland went on strike late last spring, *The New York Times* rightly singled out Rev. Laurence Walker of the Delta Ministry staff as a key figure in the astounding walk-out by one of the most exploited groups of workers in America.

The Delta Ministry is a dangerous and ground-breaking mission of direct participation in social change. It proceeds, however, only in the teeth of the bitter and determined opposition of many of the white church leaders and probably the majority of their churchgoing laymen in Mississippi. Efforts have been made by Mississippi ecclesiastics to persuade the National Council to call off the Delta Ministry, to force the Delta staff to confine their efforts to relief work and literacy, or to turn the whole program over to Mississippi churches. To date all these attempts have been resisted. The Delta Ministry stands as a particularly dramatic symbol of supra-parochial and ecumenical "presence," persisting despite determined local opposition. The fact is that mission agencies not only tolerate controversial activities by their staff but even encourage them, while the average local lay board opposes such involvement. But this still leaves two important unanswered questions. The first is why national boards and agencies, and in some places city mission societies, often lean toward the side of secular involvement, while local congregations are more hesitant. The second is what effect this growing militancy and activism at national levels will have on a possible split within Protestantism over the direct involvement issue.

The reason why the agencies are often sympathetic is apparent. A growing number of people on their staffs have come from a formative experience in an inner-city slum church. For ten years following World War II some of the most capable and militant young ministers avoided suburban congregations and went into the Harlems and West Chicagos of America. There they quickly saw the futility of a strictly "spiritual" ministry and also learned how to deal with institutional politics and structural problems. Many had their baptism of fire in racial issues and tough city politics.

During the past ten years these men have moved into the hierarchies of the Protestant churches and agencies with an unusually strong determination to lead the church into the political struggle and to engage it on a larger scale with the issues they once faced locally. By now the period of apprenticeship for these secular actionists, who are no longer really "young" turks, is over. They are assuming the reins of power all over the church. Robert Spike, who leads the National Council of Churches Race and Religion Department, got his start in the slums of lower Manhattan. George Todd, director of the Presbyterian Church's urban work; Don Benedict, who leads the Chicago City Mission Society; and Archie Hargreaves, who recently left the United Church's urban mission division, all began their careers in East Harlem. Suffragan Bishop Paul Moore of the Washington Episcopal Diocese and Kilmer Myers, Suffragan Bishop of Michigan, both began in the tenements of Manhattan's Lower West Side. Jitsuo Morikawa, the Baptists' main agency pioneer, served a church in the racially tense Hyde Park-Kenwood section of South Chicago.

There are dozens more of the New Breed of Protestant church leaders. They are still a minority but no longer a battered one. Their influence will probably continue to expand, and since they are all inside the structures of the church, this diminishes the possibility of the rupture some predict. Why pull out of the church when there is some chance of taking it over? Thus, increasingly, goes the logic of the New Breed.

But this still does not preclude the possibility of a schism. Since there was a rather wide, if somewhat grudging, consensus in the churches on the moral aspects of the civil rights movement, the insurgents found themselves fighting on an ideal battlefield. But wha will happen when the focus shifts as has already happened to some extent, from race as a narrow issue to injustice and the need for decisive social change in the North and all over the world? It is becoming clear that while the churches action in Selma drew kudos from many laymen, similar involvement in Syracuse elicits sharp criticism Church leaders who try to swing into action in Saigon and Santo Domingo find the going much rougher than it was in the March on Washington. As more G.I.s are killed in the rice paddies of South Vietnam it will become harder for church leaders to support even verbal criticism of our policy, to say nothing of direct action protests.

Will the question of Christian secularity force a new division in the churches? For Catholics the answer, I think, is a clear no. For Protestants the answer depends on a number of imponderables. Wil the militant young turks grow flabby and complacent? Positions in church hierarchies have been known to cool the fire of zealots Will the New Breed cause the churches themselves to assume a new and creative role in our society? Will everyone settle for a kind of ecclesiastical two-party system with spiritual Christians and secular Christians ruling in uneasy coalition? Nothing is resolved, bu whatever happens, American church history will be well worth watching in the next few years.

The Politics of Pollution . . . .

Gladwin Hil

Los Angeles

"The books," the old-timer from Capitol Hill remarked, "say that water is two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen. Actually, it's one part economics and one part politics. . . ."

This should come as no surprise to anyone who has watched the long-time bureaucratic scramble in Washington to get aboard the water wagon. In the fastest growing parts of the country, water has been inextricably linked with votes. For decades, Interior, Agriculture and the Corps of Engineers have trampled on one another's toes—and projects—in a stampede to bestow liquid bounty on the common man, and orient his legislative representatives toward bigger appropriations for their respective agencies. Logrolling and water have a historic affinity, too.

This merry jousting had geographic limitations, however; water was primarily a concern of the West. Stetson-hatted, string-tied members of Congress from the cactus country had to preface appeals for Eastern support of their pe projects with explanations of wha water was. And as far as the lowe echelons of politics—the governo of North Carolina, the attorney general of Ohio, the mayor of Duluth—were concerned, the folks ou West could have been drinking pulque, and voting accordingly.

But now suddenly the arena ha

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become vastly enlarged. The big new subject of pollution has turned water into a game any number can play—indeed, that most people are being drawn into willy-nilly. Pollution is nation-wide; protests about t are arising from the Androscoggin in Maine to Lake Tahoe in California; resistance to remedying it is equally ubiquitous; and everyone with even a tax-paying interest in politics finds himself somewhere in he rumble. The tip-off, if one were needed, came last February when he President, while refraining from accustomed personal reference to he Pedernales, teed off on water pollution.

Alleviation of water pollution promises to be one of history's classic tests of Democracy At Work. t is a predicament we got ourselves nto through a tacit national policy of using waterways for the disposal of waste, municipal and industrial. The waste load has now become intolerable. Yet the clamor for a clean-up finds vested interests in pollution in every hamlet of the country. f a community doesn't have inadequate sewage treatment—which is likely—or a factory discharging noxious fluids, it at least has stockholders in the steel, chemical, oil, paper or textile industries, which are among the biggest polluters. This conflict of interest at the citizen level is what brought pollution to its present aggravated state.

Political pussyfooting with pollution has a long history. The International Joint Commission, a six-member United States-Canada board that deals with boundary problems, first went after pollution on the Great Lakes in 1912, and still is nominally pursuing it. But the commission's function is purely advisory to the two governments, and its purview is limited to subjects which, after interminable travel through diplomatic channels, are formally referred to it by agreement of the two governments. On the Great Lakes, inquiry has been carefully confined to the waters connecting the lakes, rather than the lakes themselves. When it has found pollution, the commission has had authority only to hold hearings and remonstrate politely with the offenders. Withal, the commission claims to have effected, down the decades, some reduction in pollution at the points under its surveillance. Meanwhile, Great Lakes pollution has been getting steadily worse—to the point where Sen. Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin said of degenerating Lake Erie: "It's no longer a body of water—it's a chemical tank."

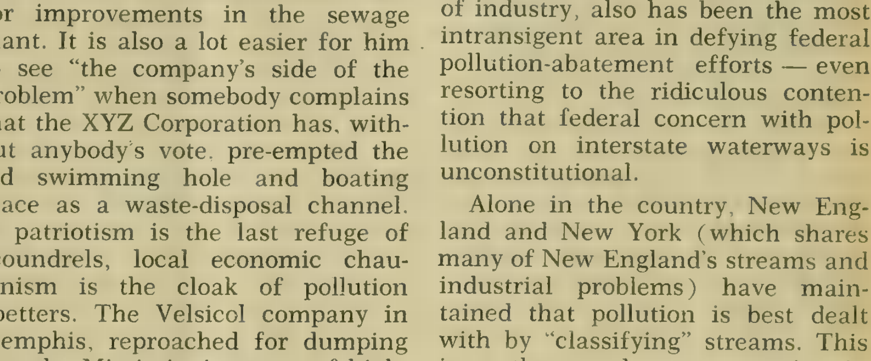
All states have laws against water pollution, but with a few exceptions enforcement has been weak, not to say cowardly. Hidden away in the files of the average state will be hundreds of permits to municipalities and industries to violate pollution laws, pending vaguely projected improvements in facilities that haven't materialized. The New York State Health Department in 1936 ordered the city of Utica to stop polluting the Mohawk River, giving it four years to clean up its discharges. Nearly thirty years later, Utica is still pumping 15 million gallons of untreated sewage into the river every day.

Sewage is an unglamorous subject, lacking political appeal. It is far easier for a local officeholder to get the community to pony up $10,000 for a useless statue than for improvements in the sewage plant. It is also a lot easier for him to see "the company's side of the problem" when somebody complains that the XYZ Corporation has, without anybody's vote, pre-empted the old swimming hole and boating place as a waste-disposal channel. If patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels, local economic chauvinism is the cloak of pollution abetters. The Velsicol company in Memphis, reproached for dumping into the Mississippi masses of high-powered agricultural chemicals that killed millions of fish, staged a civic dinner whose keynote was a sarcastic: "We understand you don't want our industry in your city. . . ."

There is no instance on record of an industrial concern's carrying out a threat to move if required to meet acceptable water-quality standards. The National Association of Manufacturers reports that American industry last year spent $100 million on waste-treatment facilities. That is exactly one-sixth of the amount that *one* company—U.S. Steel, repeatedly cited, along with most other steel companies, as a polluter—plans to spend on new *production* facilities in the next year. It is less than 5 per cent of what the steel industry alone plans to spend on capital expansion in 1966.

Rather than cracking down on pollution, there is evidence that some states have been misguidedly using it as a come-on for industry. Anti-pollution efforts in the United States started in 1886 in a laboratory on the Merrimack River at Lawrence, Mass.—the area of some of the nation's earliest industry. Nearly a century later, the Merrimack is still one of the worst polluted rivers in the country. New England, which has suffered more than any other part of the country from an exodus of industry, also has been the most intransigent area in defying federal pollution-abatement efforts — even resorting to the ridiculous contention that federal concern with pollution on interstate waterways is unconstitutional.

Alone in the country, New England and New York (which shares many of New England's streams and industrial problems) have maintained that pollution is best dealt with by "classifying" streams. This is a three-card-monte exercise in which up to fifteen years have been frittered away in "studies" and hearings that resulted in various degrees of pollution being approved for various segments of rivers. Ostensibly this is to provide goals for improvement. In reality it freezes existing pollution, and begs the question of

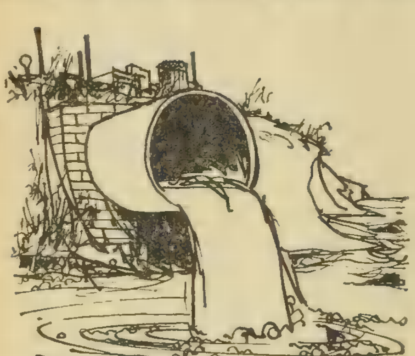


Schwering

a real cleanup by presupposing that pollution is inevitable and that certain interests have a right to commit it.

New England industry hasn't conspicuously flourished from this approach. Industry needs clean water, and with rivers from the Androscoggin to the Connecticut woefully polluted, there are lots of better places for manufacturers to settle.

The South, equally avid for industry, got the message some time ago. In many places, industries once had almost a free hand to pollute. Portions of the Savannah River in Georgia and the Coosa, running into Alabama, are among the shocking results. But now usable water is getting scarce, and Georgia, in particular, has started a big cleanup campaign in which, leaders frankly acknowledge, considerations of health and aesthetics are coupled with the realization that availability of clean water is more alluring to industry than easy disposability of dirty water.



This sort of enlightenment reaches its apogee in California, where agriculture overshadows industry economically, water is scarce, and state authorities feel they can be tough about effluent standards in respect to both industry and municipalities. Thus, when the Kimberly-Clark paper company, casting about for a Western mill location with a good water supply, chose Anderson, on the Sacramento River, California in effect said: "We'd be delighted to have you, but only on this basis: the Sacramento is one of our priceless natural treasures, and if you're going to sluice waste into it, that waste is going to be so clean that baby salmon (more sensitive to water quality than people) will thrive on it." The company judged it well worth while to spend upward of 10 per cent of its $20 million investment on waste-treatment equipment. This spectacularly contradicted the notions that lax enforcement is the key to fat local payrolls and that, industrially, cleanliness is next to bankruptcy.

Other states are starting to show gumption. Federal intervention in water pollution is limited by statute to interstate situations, except where a governor *asks* for help on an intrastate problem. Michigan invoked such federal aid in 1961. Its water officials had prided themselves on pollution enforcement throughout most of the state, but Detroit was another story. There the combined political and economic power of the automobile industry was evident both in outrageous discharges from plants and in a horse-and-buggy sewage system to serve 3 million people. Detroit has only "primary" sewage treatment, which in the inelegant phrase of sanitary engineers means just "settling out the lumps" before the remainder is flung into the public domain. Standard treatment nowadays includes "secondary" processing of waste with chemicals, filters and sometimes electrolytic gear that remove up to 90 per cent of pollutants and leave a fairly innocuous residual fluid. At federal hearings last spring, Detroit's sewage director, Gerald Remus, lamented that secondary treatment facilities would cost the city the inconceivable sum of $129 million—which, amortized over a nominal twenty-year period, would amount to less than $3 per capita per year.

The achievement of an explicit agreement between state and federal officials on a pollution cleanup program—enforceable by federal court action—usually requires a certain amount of horse trading on terms, with the state people going as far as they feel they can in commitments without the risk of being lynched by their constituents. In the case of Detroit, the U.S. Public Health Service negotiators, having gotten on the record official acknowledgments of the automobile companies' atrocious discharges (Chrysler being a notable exception), settled for a semantic compromise on the city's sewage. Instead of categorical "secondary treatment," it was agreed that Detroit would install "a degree of treatment sufficient to protect all legitimate uses [of waterways]."

The previously mentioned conflict in the public mind is suggested in the paradox that, at the time when Michigan state officials were accepting federal backing to clean up pollution, the Michigan State Chamber of Commerce was trumpeting alarums about "the threat of a federal take-over" in water pollution.

Along with many other representatives of states and industry, the Michigan Chamber was bucking the Muskie-Blatnick bill, the major pending piece of nationa water cleanup legislation. The Chamber depicted fundamenta liberties as being jeopardized by the bill's proposal to make water pollution control a separate division of the Department of Health Education and Welfare, instead o being an offshoot of the subordinate Public Health Service. This was purely an intra-departmenta change paralleling what had already been done with air pollution it did not give the department a jot more statutory power than i had already. The reason for making the change—and the reason the pollution lobby opposed i —was that it promised to make the department's existing powers more effective. Water-pollution control evolved as a side line of the Public Health Service's original preoccupation with disease. This work had involved a lot of friendly collaboration between Public Health field personnel and state health officials. When water-pollution personnel moved into states to enforce cleanups, this long-standing relationship got in their way; the old line Public Health people didn't like the inevitable frictions with state officials. So it seemed a good idea to draw an administrative line between the two activities.

What agitated the pollution lobby even more was the Muskie-Blatnick proposal to establish nationa water-quality standards. This seem no more illogical than having uniform national standard for aspirin or minimum wages. It take the same concentration of bacteria in water to make a person sick in Delaware as it does in Oregon, and the same amount of phenols t dirty a boat hull in Lake Erie a in Lake Texoma. Furthermore, i is obviously inequitable for a low

ndards upstream state to impose
th on a more conscientious state
wnstream. Yet in the Michigan
amber's nightmare, the proposed
tutory innovations would em-
wer the secretary of Health, Edu-
tion and Welfare to control even
e expansion of subdivisions in
r state" through manipulation of
ter regulations.

Of such chimeras *The New York*
mes commented:

> *The complaint about "invasion*
> *f states' rights" has been heard*
> *oo long. It is the rallying cry of*
> *he chemical, leather, paper, steel,*
> *ower and other industrial firms*
> *hat oppose Federal action because*
> *hey find it much easier to put*
> *ressure on state and local govern-*
> *nents. There is no need to defer*
> *urther in this field to the states.*
> *f they had not defaulted in their*
> *esponsibilities for decades, pollu-*
> *ion would not be a major prob-*
> *em today. Too many states have*
> *oo often winked at serious pollu-*
> *ion by cities and by local indus-*
> *ries.*

The League of Women
ters, the Izaak Walton League,
e United Auto Workers, and
ores of similar organizations—
ong with LBJ—are on the war-
th against water pollution. Pub-
pressure is plainly becoming
ore distressing to some officials
an the old pressures. Protests
om hundreds of thousands of
ioans virtually pushed Governor
mes Rhodes into requesting a
deral proceeding to abate inter-
ate pollution of Lake Erie.

This represented a tactical vic-
ry for New York's Sen. Robert
nnedy in protracted dueling with
vernor Rockefeller over water
atters. The Governor, promoting
$1.7 billion six-year state-cleanup
ogram, sought for a long time to
stain the idea that New York pol-
tion was entirely an intrastate
fair that called for no federal
terference — except federal sub-
lies. At an emergency gathering
governors at Cleveland on May
, about the Lake Erie mess, Mr.
ckefeller talked expansively
out problems of pollution, while
most avoiding mention of Lake
ie—or the tons of corruption
at pour into it hourly from
ound Buffalo. Hence there pre-
mably was some head snapping
Albany a month later when Gov-
nor Rhodes' Lake Erie applica-
n to Health, Education and Wel-
re inexorably involved New York as a co-polluter along with Michigan, Pennsylvania and Indiana.

Even then Governor Rockefeller resisted the prodding of Senator Kennedy that New York should avail itself of federal assistance in intrastate pollution problems. The latest round in the skirmishing culminated on September 1, when—New York's water shortage having called attention to the grievous pollution of the Hudson — Health, Education and Welfare started an abatement action there, tactfully stating that it was being initiated "at the request of" the governors of New York and New Jersey *and* Senator Kennedy. The Senator, incidentally, has been giving industrial circles some qualms with proposals to charge big-water users higher rates, to discourage waste, and to tax industrial plants for pollution. The system has worked well in Germany.

New York City's water shortage appeared to be a glaring illustration of ineptitude on the part of officeholders. Mayor Wagner has insisted that the city's water-storage *capacity* has increased greatly under his administration (even if unkind vagaries of weather prevented that capacity from being filled). If we look into the little-publicized credentials of the city's appointed water commissioner, Armand D'Angelo, who has been perspiringly dispatching rain-making students to California and trying to keep up with Rep. William Ryan's bodacious wading in water leaks, we find that he is bringing to bear all the experience of a career as a draftsman and union business agent. Under the circumstances, it may not be surprising that a lot of New York was parched while the Hudson River was sweeping past at a rate of 1 million gallons a second. The Hudson is polluted, but now that the grass has dried up and New Yorkers have sweltered through the summer with partial air conditioning, means are being found to use its water.

An adequate supply of clean water is still a matter of money—money to pipe it in, money to depollute it, or in the final extremity, money to buy it in tank cars and bottles. As long as there are liquid assets to be juggled, there will be people eager to juggle them. Money talks, they say. So does *vox pop*. Recently, *vox pop* has been talking louder.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

importance which I feel should be attached to his remarks, I quote them in full: (*Congressional Record*, Sept. 17, p. 23366):

> . . . *I understood that the Reid Cabral government had fallen for reasons which we do not need to go into. The government under Moreno Urillo, who was the legitimate successor of Bosch, thinking it was defeated, had taken refuge in other Latin American and foreign embassies. At the instance of the CIA—I believe it can be documented—a new junta headed by a certain Colonel Benoit had been formed, although it was pretty well confined to the San Isidro air base.*

This junta, as Senator Clark shows, sent Ambassador Bennett word calling for American troops "because a Communist take-over threatens." Bennett wrote back saying that Washington, in effect, would not send troops for that reason because "the evidence is not clear," and suggested to the junta that they request intervention "in order to protect American lives." This was done with results that are now all too clear. Such are the mechanics of diplomacy in the Great Society. *H. Lore*

Tough echo

Virginia, Minn.

Dear Sirs: It is surprising that some liberal paper has not remarked upon *unconditional negotiations*—the most absurd phrase to come out of Washington for some time. Logically, it is a howler . . . and its only meaning comes probably from its being a sort of echo of *unconditional surrender* and sounding tough.

Truman Griffin

Now, not later

Santa Ana, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Although many voters feel that President Johnson has betrayed them, it seems probable that he will become the Democratic candidate in the next election. It occurs to us that we are wasting our time writing and sending telegrams to a man whose actions show so little regard for public and world opinion, and less for the sanctity of human life. We have therefore come to the conclusion that the selection and development of a candidate who could successfully oppose another "Johnson-Goldwater choice" would be the most vital and practical use of our time and efforts. Party labels should not be a factor in this selection, but ability to gain support of all segments of the electorate is essential. Now, not later, is the time to begin!

Mr. & Mrs. Lloyd Seibel
Dr. & Mrs. Roy K. Heintz

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Clashing Old and New

Robert Green

> *The tradition-directed society is a relatively static one, because such a form of control must be dependent upon rules and customs which retain their validity over long periods of time. Tradition controls all aspects of behaviour minutely, and from birth to death each member of society knows exactly what is expected of him in all situations. Science (such as it is), religion, law, economic life, and custom are all in accord, so that there exists what Fromm has described as a universal frame of orientation and devotion. Of this type of society Karen Horney has pointed out that the possibilities of mental conflict are much fewer than in the case of a society in transition, which inevitably has a relatively fluid ethical system full of potential conflicts. Although individuality is undeveloped, each person in a tradition-directed society "belongs." . . .*
>
> J. A. C. Brown: *Freud and the Post-Freudians*, Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1963, p. 174

The psychologist, who is quoted above, sees the problem of social displacement largely in terms of public malaise, but clearly a novelist or poet or playwright will narrow his focus when he comes to treat the same theme. He will be less interested in aggregates of men, whether the division be clan, tribe, nation, race or continent, than in the results of the tensions on individual lives. Certainly this would be true in a discussion of African literature where the question becomes one of how the African treats the dissolution of the old tradition-directed society and analyzes what this new, fluid society is doing to its individual men and women.

The most important working out of this theme in African literature occurs in a novel by a young Ibo writer: Chinua Achebe's *No Longer at Ease* (1960). His first novel, *Things Fall Apart* (1958), is by any standards a considerable achievement, and his third and last novel, *Arrow of God* (1963), has many solid virtues, but in *No Longer at Ease* he has undoubtedly written a book of major importance. It manages to capture most strikingly the clash between traditional and Western values and to present most honestly the virtues and vices of both sides of the argument. A book that manages to be a debate without ever losing its artistic form, it never fails to remain, at the same time, a very readable novel.

Briefly, it is the story of Obi, a young Nigerian who returns from a university education in Britain with great ideals for dealing with the problems of his homeland, but who falls a victim to the lure of bribery, is dismissed from his post as scholarship secretary in the Ministry of Education, and ends up with a stiff prison sentence. *No Longer at Ease* gives the impression of lassitude and of stylelessness, but this quietness of tone and matter-of-factness is the very center of Achebe's main theme—the tragic dilemmas of the "white African," the man stretched on a rack between the whirling, bright lights of Lagos and the attractive stability of the village and its communal living. As Achebe explains:

> [Obi's] *real tragedy is never resolved. It goes on hopelessly forever. Conventional tragedy is too easy. . . . A real tragedy takes place in a corner. . . . The rest of the world is unaware of it.*

Thus, Obi falls because of irreconcilable internal pressures, and it is Achebe's triumph in *No Longer at Ease* that he has taken the reader behind the scenes and shown him the tragedy that takes place in the dark corner, and can never be resolved. The judge at Obi's trial told him that he just could not comprehend how a young man of such high promise could stoop to the sordid crime of bribery: but by the end of the novel the reader, knowing more than the judge, can explain the inexplicable.

The first five pages of the novel show us Obi's predicament in miniature; he is a man whom both Europeans and Nigerians think they have the right to judge. We start by he
ing what the judge said at the tr
which serves to emphasize the
evitability of Obi's fall. His count
men, on the other hand, are equa
sure that they too have the right
criticize: "a very foolish and s
willed young man," they call hi
His trouble is that he cannot shr
off either judgment: although
has received a European educati
and shares the white man's intell
tual views, he is still emotionally t
to his own Ibo community. Likew
he fully accepts the "European" s
ual morality that a man's relati
ship with a woman is a private m
ter and not to be dictated by
tribal superstitions:

> *It was scandalous* [Obi though
> *that in the middle of the twentiet*
> *century a man could be barred fro*
> *marrying a girl simply becaus*
> *her great-great-great-great-grandf*
> *ther had been dedicated to serve*
> *gód, thereby setting himself apa*
> *and turning his descendants into*
> *forbidden caste to the end of tim*

And yet, despite his intellect
emancipation, when faced with t
time-honored and the irrational,
discovers that he is not armed w
the strength of his convictions a
consequently, he finds that he c
not disregard the traditions of
parents and tribe and marry the o
cast.

So while Obi thinks he has ma
these Western values his own, th
are, in fact, only a veneer. At t
crisis of his life he finds he is l
with no deep inner convictio
neither Pagan nor Christian, Nigeri
nor European:

> *He was amazed at the irreleva*
> *thoughts that passed through h*
> *mind at this the greatest crisis*
> *his life. He waited for his father*
> *speak that he might put up anoth*
> *fight to justify himself. His min*
> *was troubled not only by what ha*
> *happened but also by the discove*
> *that there was nothing in him wit*
> *which to challenge it honestly. A*
> *day he had striven to rouse h*
> *anger and his conviction but he w*
> *honest enough with himself to r*
> *alize that the response he got, n*
> *matter how violent it appeared, w*
> *not genuine. It came from the p*
> *riphery and not the centre, like th*
> *jerk in the leg of a dead frog whe*
> *a current is applied to it. But h*
> *could not accept the present sta*
> *of his mind as final so he searche*

Robert Green teaches in the Department of Literature in the University College, Dar-es-Salaam. He has done work on English folk drama and 19th-century American fiction.

lesperately for something that would rigger off the inevitable reaction. e is an African equivalent, with fferent particulars, of our Western ollow man."

Both a psychological triumph and narrative of extraordinary strength, e pace of *No Longer at Ease* never ngs. With no irrelevancies, we are ver allowed to relax. Thus the de- ands upon Obi, to be an enlightened esterner and also to be a traditional o like his father, come so quickly nd are so interwoven that we feel e inevitable push of these forces as ey grasp and throttle Obi. And as e have seen, because of his own ck of deep conviction, he is un- le to cut these tentacles quickly and declare his identity, immediately and nequivocally. How can he make a noice when he no longer knows the lor of his own skin? Achebe's great at is to present both sides of these mands so fairly that he neither ealizes the traditional Ibo society r simply canonizes the modern, estern values. And he succeeds in nlisting our sympathy for Obi and l the other intellectuals and students his generation who, through no ult of their own except a desire for lucation, have a "black" heart and "white" mind—organs which often nd quite contradictory messages to neir brains. It is not without signifi- nce that *No Longer at Ease* is a rst-year text in more than one Afri- n university.

And now, very briefly, a look two other versions of the same neme: a Camerounian novel, Mongo eti's *Mission to Kala* (1957), and a igerian play, Wole Soyinka's *The ion and the Jewel* (1963). Beti's ero, Medza, an educated town boy, is nt to a primitive village to retrieve kinsman's erring wife, in the course which much Rabelaisian comedy is rung from the contrast between the nexperienced Medza and the village's xual virtuosos. But *Mission to Kala* more than a rambunctious sexual medy, for after Medza has seen the itality and freedom of the unedu- ated villagers, he begins to make ndamental criticisms of the Western od of education and progress to hom he has been unwittingly sacri- ced. *No Longer at Ease* is a tragedy ithout an end and, in the same way, nere are no simple answers to Medza's ew bewilderment. *Mission to Kala* nds not on a note of high comedy ut with these despairing words from ne young hero:

> *The tragedy which our nation is suffering today is that of a man left to his own devices in a world which does not belong to him, which he has not made and does not understand. It is the tragedy of man bereft of any intellectual compass, a man walking blindly through the dark in some hostile city like New York.*

In the last pages Medza has the courage to break this vicious circle, and he renounces his home, his education and his girl-wife. Thus he refuses to allow himself to be offered as a mute, unprotesting sacrifice to the ravenous, alien god of ambition and education. Medza's is a brave gesture but the problem is unaltered and the god still remains lusting for sacrifice, even though one of his scapegoats has decamped.

The Lion and the Jewel is an uncomplicated comedy without the tragic backlash of *Mission to Kala*, and in this play Soyinka shows only the comic possibilities of the confrontation between the traditional and the modern. Lakunle, the pompous village schoolmaster, wants to marry Sidi, a simple and uneducated beauty, and then has great plans for "Westernizing" her. However, the flighty Sidi goes to bed with the village chief, a thoroughly corrupt old reactionary, because she has been told that he is impotent, and she is keen to torment his incapacities. But the Baroka's alleged impotence is only a ruse to seduce Sidi and the latter finds his lovemaking so overwhelming that she rejects out of hand Lakunle's plan to make her a proper white memsahib. The slavering, lecherous old chief and the pompous young ass are comic statements of a serious theme; but *The Lion and the Jewel* is a delightful, bubbling play, and with its dance and mime makes an exciting theatrical performance.

In this brief introduction to African literature, it is necessary to omit mention of the tangled, Gothic imagination of the Nigerian novelist, Amos Tutuola, and the fascinating symbolism of Camera Laye's *The Radiance of the King* (1956). And, of course, there are many novelists, poets and playwrights who are not concerned with this theme of the clash between the old and the new in the Africa of today. Yet with all qualifications made, it is possible to see that current African writing is serious, vital and markedly relevant to the continent's predicaments. And it is only at their peril that educators, politicians and dispensers of aid ignore the problems that Achebe and company are raising with such wit and honesty.

Declining, Bewildered, Frustrated

THE URBAN NATION, 1920-1960. By George E. Mowry. Hill and Wang. 278 pp. $5.

Frederick Gutheim

With the inevitability of an unregulated mechanism, Mr. Mowry's history of our recent times starts brilliantly but gradually runs down. Its main idea —that the United States is characterized in this period by its increasingly urban nature and the influence of its mass-production, mass-consumption economy—commences with great clarity and strength. But in the end one is overcome with doubts, unimpressed with the author's facts and arguments, and looking elsewhere for explanations of this complex and elusive period that still remains so much with us.

There can be little argument with the fact of an increasingly urbanized nation. The difficulty is establishing what urbanization means. Perhaps one of Mr. Mowry's chief problems is that during this period the rural-urban dichotomy evaporated. Not merely did the agri-producer population decline to an absolute number of some 2 million. The nature of agricultural life itself became industrialized, and the farm population embraced urban living standards and ways. Urban migration swelled the population of cities and was strengthened not only by the technological developments that released surplus farm populations but even more by the loosened ties to the land itself. Not the rural-urban balance so much as interregional balances thus becomes the key issue. The movement of surplus population from the wheat regions to the West Coast in the twenties, the exodus from the dust bowl in the thirties, from the cotton states to the Northeast and

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Frederick Gutheim, former president of The Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies, is now part of a Guggenheim project studying recent architecture in Finland.

West Coast in the war and postwar period, with their distinctive regional and racial characteristics has stamped our urban evolution as much as did earlier immigrations. As a Southern Californian, Mr. Mowry is keenly aware of these developments. The mushrooming cities of the West Coast perfectly illustrate the scientific-technological roots of postwar economic expansion, the significance of higher education and research, the defense-oriented, nationally supported economic stimulus, not to mention the global perspective of our foreign policy and, finally, the attraction of surplus population to these new opportunities.

The concentration of urban development in a relatively few very large metropolitan areas, located in but a few favored areas, further intensified the regional significance of these changes. Many older regions and particular cities were declining, bewildered, frustrated. Rather than the humorless version of rural America as the primary source of political reaction and bigotry, some consideration of what was happening in Cincinnati might better explain the attitudes of such a pivotal figure as Robert Taft, and Wisconsin's distrust of the new cosmopolitan centers offered the perfect seedbed for McCarthyism. Indeed, given the nature of the Senate, and the overwhelming significance of the resurgence of Congressional government in the postwar period, even such figures as Arthur H. Vandenberg, Harry S. Truman and Lyndon B. Johnson acquire new meaning as they respond to new constituencies, new economic and industrial orientations, new sources of political funds, new federal interests in urban problems, and the new ethnic politics of the big cities. Not the absolute gains or losses in population are significant in urban areas, so much as their meaning to cities which saw this performance in the light of former expectations, and found here their anxieties for the future.

The nature of the great city began to change about 1925, and the automobile was the decisive factor in creating its decentralized form and suburban character. In the free housing market choices of a totally mobile population a wholly new social and economic fragmentation of the metropolitan city appeared in which entire districts of homogeneous income, status and race were formed, and new relations with the older central city and with one another created new issues and apprehensions. That the suburbs have become today the prime beneficiaries of state legislative reapportionment, with the resulting significance both within states and in federal-urban relations, makes one regret still more Mr. Mowry's neglect of their growth and change during this period.

Somewhere in his excellent discussion of the dislocation of the war and postwar years, Mr. Mowry observes that in 1941, 45 per cent of all defense contracts had been given to just six corporations. What this meant to Detroit, Los Angeles, Seattle and a few other big cities—and to their politics—we are not shown, but it would appear a prime consideration to the urban interpretation of history. Indeed, it is history's greatest contribution to urbanism. If Houston was th fastest growing metropolis during th period, the source of its growth shou be found in national rather than sta and local factors. But the urban e florescence that distinguished M Mowry's period eludes his historic interpretation. That other historia must return to it we cannot doub When more is known about the in vidual actors in the historical dram and more known about individu cities, we may be able to answer son of the questions raised in this stim lating and intelligent historical i quiry. Meanwhile, for those who not expect all the answers, and wh seek a thoughtful account of the po tics, foreign policy, economic evol tion and intellectual history of th period, this is a rewarding book.

A Neglected Genre

Richard Kostelanetz

The Modern Image: Outstandin Stories from The Hudson Review Edited by Frederick Morgan. W W. Norton. 288 pp. $4.50.

The Fetish & Other Stories. By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Angus Davidson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 285 pp. $4.95.

Soul of Wood & Other Stories. By Jakov Lind. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Grove Press. 190 pp $3.95.

The Invention of Morel and Othe Stories. By Adolfo Bioy Casares Translated by Ruth L. C. Simms University of Texas Press. 23 pp. $5.

Women and the Sun. By Pierr Gascar. Little, Brown & Co. 25 pp. $4.95.

The Night of the Giraffe and Othe Stories. By Alfred Andersch Translated by Christa Armstrong Pantheon Books. 179 pp. $3.95

Of all literary genres, none seems nowadays as neglected as the short story. Although agents may encourage writers to produce stories "to keep their names before the public," and many of the best American novelists have produced their most perfectly realized work in this shorter form (Bellow's "Looking for Mr. Green," for example, or Mailer's "The Man Who Studied Yoga"), stories take as long as poetry to be translated, unless their author is already a famous novelist. Indicatively, a major modern writer whose work has been dominantly in shorter forms, Jorge Luis Borges, is still hardly known outside his native Spanish America.

Moreover, one encounters little serious discussion of the modern short story, although we have all sorts of critical surveys, often comparative in orientation, of the modern novel, theatre and poetry. The few books we have are either unilluminating, such as William Peden's on recent American stories or, by standards for discussion of the novel, limited in scope and superficial as criticism, such as Frank O'Connor's *The Lonely Voice.* Even anthologies of criticism of modern literature hardly touch upon the short story—the Penguin *The Modern Age* has nothing specifically on it nor does, I'm ashamed to say, my own *On Contemporary Literature.* Nonetheless, writers continue to approa the story with serious and imaginati intentions and any reader of stor has sensed that the form has had own evolution, though critics ha shied away from defining it.

The five collections and one a thology of stories under discussion, modernist authors of various cultur suggest several common tendencies the contemporary story. The ma shift is away from the single ima story—occasionally characterized the "epiphany"—in which a uniq

Richard Kostelanetz is the editor of The New American Arts *(Horizon) and* On Contemporary Literature *(Avon).*

oment, scene or image clarifies all e other actions and locks the story's eme into place. In Hemingway's 'he Clean Well-Lighted Place," as at a model of the form as any, the rd's Prayer, with "Nada" substituted r all the important words, defines e oppressive feeling of nothingness nveyed everywhere else in the story. yce, Kafka, and Babel are among e masters of this form.

As the single-image story reacted ainst the classic narrative story, ifting the point of emphasis from e end to a point near but not at the d, so the contemporary story moves e emphasis even further forward, reading it evenly throughout until e theme is literally present in every ragraph. That is, rather than deloping a plot or theme, the conmporary author intensifies the atosphere or situation presented in the ening lines. The story's conclusion more a reflection of the author's bitrary decision to terminate the le than of any intrinsic necessity climax.

Just as a trend as contemporary d "new" as "The Theatre of the bsurd" has its predecessors, so e contemporary story has its own cestry of experimental evolution. aditionally, most short fictional poraits of madness have approximated is form, such as Maupassant's "The orla," Gogol's "Diary of a Madman" Chekhov's "A Boring Story." Peraps the first great exponent of this tally flat form is the Argentine, rge Luis Borges, one of whose *Ficones*, entitled "Pierre Menard, Auor of Don Quixote," is among the rm's modern masterpieces.

Borges' story is essentially a paroed critical article about a writer hose "admirable ambition was to oduce [out of his own mind] pages hich would coincide—word for word d line for line" with *Don Quixote*. hat makes this story so profound that Borges—very much like Nakov in *Pale Fire*—at the same time at he parodies the absurdity of some erary values and styles also makes s narrator into an artist-hero. After l, like the writer himself, Menard as literally made something, a story, t of nothing; and Borges sustains th these themes—heroism and foolhness—through every sequence.

This overall structural shift lls the genre of the short story furer away from its roots in narrave and realistic portrayal (which, in r time, has been more successfully ppropriated by history and reportage) and pushes it closer to the nonlinear spatial form of modern poetry. Within this shift there are several secondary tendencies. First is the complete absence of an authoritative voice; neither the author nor a spokesman-character speaks a theme or perception directly to the reader. First-person narrators are invariably unreliable authorities; indeed, their unreliability often becomes the prime discovery and thematic key of the story. Second, many of the developments of the modern novel have parallels in short fiction, such as the structure of discontinuous scenes rather than continuous narrative; shifts in the point of view (brilliantly done in Jakov Lind's "Soul of Wood"); and a heightened prose style, achieved either through the use of a rich and unclichéd dialect or through foreign words, ellipses and sheer elegance. Take this example from the third page of "Soul of Wood," where the mastery of the elliptical style is sustained and impressive:

> *Even at night Anton Barth lay with his eyes open, for like the rest of him his eyelids were paralyzed. He wore dark glasses. For sixteen years he had been waiting for his head to die too. That was the most he could do for his parents.*

At once, Lind conveys quite a bit about his character as well as his own vision of life.

Third, the favorite subject of the modern short story is the madman *in extremis*, either from neurosis (Gascar), alcoholism (Blattner), narcotics, psychosis (Lind), sexual obsession (Moravia) or sheer arrogance. The most brilliant exploration of this psychological subject is H. W. Blattner's "Sound of a Drunken Drummer," included in *The Modern Image*, a collection from *The Hudson Review*. Mrs. Blattner, Argentine-born of Swiss parents and now writing in English, presents in Elise a woman who is completely demoralized and constantly on the verge of losing her self-control. Apparently incredibly beautiful, she passes through marriages and numerous affairs until she now subsists as a kept woman, capable of driving as ruthless a bargain as she is of giving middle-aged men their pleasures. Among the exploited, she cannot win favor or contentment, except from her dog, so personified that at first we think "Rob" is a man. As a portrait of drunkenness, Mrs. Blattner's story has the intensity of Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano* but with none of his excesses.

A natural subject of the new flat short story is the madness of delusion. Borges is the master; and here his Argentine disciple, Adolfo Bioy Casares, blessed with the Master's preface, executes a marvelously comic variation of the form in "The Invention of Morel." The narrator, apparently stranded on an island, imagines that a voluptuous girl, occasionally accompanied by a male friend ("Morel"), is its other inhabitant. Although he never works up enough courage to make her acquaintance and only once records her words, he portrays himself as falling in love with her and, once she disappears, closes the story promising to devote himself to the eternal contemplation of his beloved. What is remarkable is Casares' narrator's ability to impose his mentality upon reality, so that he is capable of stating that he sees "not two copies of the same book, but the some copy twice." Like Menard, Casares' narrator is a hero-fool, the latter because he is "an inventor [doomed to be] duped by his own invention," the former because he admirably makes his existence more interesting than it really is.

Contemporary story writers have continued the development of

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symbolism; but whereas the modern story writers tried to create a symbolic character or situation (Gregor Samsa felt *like* a bug that day), recent writers have made the story into a total symbol. Perhaps the best example of this is Thomas Pynchon's "Entropy," seemingly about an aimless wild party in Washington until one recognizes that Pynchon, through numerous references to the constancy of the outside temperature (37°), is portraying a human analogue (symbol) for the physical concept of Entropy. Alfred Andersch attempts something similar in the disjointed narrative of "The Night of the Giraffe," but giraffes are too imposed a symbol to achieve sufficient resonance. Likewise, in Pierre Gascar's "The Asylum," the symbol of the world as madhouse is at once too forced and too hackneyed to please contemporary readers. The most realized example of the total symbol here is Lind's "Soul of Wood"—a quality which describes not only every character in the novella but also the Creator of this universe that permits such cruelty to exist.

As much as these books have in common stylistically, they vary greatly in quality. The most wholly satisfying writer is the German Jakov Lind—invariably intense, politically serious and capable of consistently realized work. Among other things, his "Soul of Wood" is enormously terrifying without ever sinking into cheap effects. His countryman, Alfred Andersch, creates less universalized tales, often overloaded with specific references, especially political, that may escape the American reader.

Gascar, a Frenchman, skirts between pure sensitivity and outright preciousness. His prose, deftly executed, is sometimes flaccid and self-indulgent and his intellectual resources are correspondingly thin. Bioy Casares seems to write too much in the shadow of his countryman, Borges. Possessed of a similar imagination, he lacks the erudition and sheer nuttiness to equal his master's richly complicated comedy. Of the five, he is the most enjoyable; but the sense of sophisticated triviality ("camp," perhaps?), only faint in Borges, is irritating.

Moravia is a curious case of a potentially great writer who does a considerable amount of hack work; and one of the reasons why his artistic reputation is higher in America than in his native Italy is that up to now most of this *schlock*, largely Sunday supplement stories, has not previously been translated. *The Fetish & Other Stories* presents Moravia at his most facile, inclined toward clichéd characterization, trick endings (a device now almost cheap), spelling out his themes, and many of the other hallmarks of the popular magazine writer. Aside from an occasional perception into the nature of sexual feeling, one would hardly believe this same Moravia wrote such gems as *Agostino* or *Conjugal Love.*

Although it hardly favors the most experimental of contemporary story forms—what we are more likely to find in *Genesis West, Evergreen Review, Art and Literature* or *Paris Review*—*The Hudson Review* has a strong taste for complexity and seriousness; and although some of the inclusions in *The Modern Image* struck me as tediously heavy, it does contain, in "Sound of a Drunken Drummer" and William Carlos Williams' "The Farmer's Daughters," two of the grea est American stories of our time.

In all, the story form is hardl declining; interesting, imaginati things are happening on an intern tional scale. The flattened, spati form admittedly entwines disadva tages with its advantages. It discoun adventure and narrative for scen and moments; it minimizes the deta ed depiction of personality and soci milieu for more elliptical and myth portraits; it favors certain theme such as the narrator's madness, to tl exclusion of others; it sacrifices leisurely style to an intense one. Y nearly all the excellent contemp rary stories I know embody this fl tened form, because, I suspect, fir that the old form with its standa plots and gimmicks has simply wo itself out and, conversely, that tl new form is particularly appropria to the contemporary imagination.

I Arrive at Socialism by Train

Stefan Heym

I left the United States in the early fifties. Senator McCarthy was on the rampage, the Korean War was distorting the political and literary judgment of the people, writers were jailed under the pretext of being in contempt of Congress, the black list was the essential tool of the motion picture, radio and publishing industries. My position as a naturalized citizen made me particularly vulnerable to persecution; my exodus had been preceded by that of Charles Chaplin, Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht.

I probably could have gotten along by compromising. No one was forcing me to continue to write the kind of books that had previously brushed against the neuralgic points of the Establishment. *The Crusaders*, while stressing the democratic effort of World War II, illustrated the big-business, Fascist angle built into the American power apparatus, besides putting the finger on the coming alliance with the very forces which had created the German concentration-camp regime; *The Eyes of Reason* stated the historical justification of the Communist take-over of power in postwar Czechoslovakia; *Goldsborough* demonstrated the conspira of business, government and corru union officials against the Penns vania miners during the 1949- coal strike.

But here lay the conflicts whi interested me. The clash of cl against class, whichever way it m ifested itself, made for the drama element which I felt the big no needed. The social texture of a ch acter's background determines a forms the character's psyche. So had to depict the social texture; a if I did this as I saw it, I had to d with class conflicts, themes wh were poison to publisher and criti at least in the United States of fifties.

I couldn't compromise my work didn't want to compromise my pol cal integrity. Jail and possible portation, the logical follow-up of tilt with Mr. Roy Cohn of the Carthy committee, were not conduc to writing books or getting them p lished. My income depended on sale of the books I wrote. If they longer sold, I would have had to cept an unskilled laborer's job, wh would have precluded all writing

So I left.

I was born in that part Germany which is now the Gern Democratic Republic. And though

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Stefan Heym is the author of several novels, the most recent of which are The Eyes of Reason *(Little, Brown),* Goldsborough *(Blue Heron Press) and* The Lenz Papers *(Cassell's, London).*

er was an organized Communist I still do not belong to any party, political sympathies tended there her than toward the West German ime. As a United States Army of- er, editing some of the first news- pers published in the U.S. occupa- zone, I had been in on the begin- g of that regime and knew what s behind the trappings.

Settling in the German Democratic public, I was aware that I hadn't ne to a land of milk and honey. that time, the place was rife with ns; food was rationed; two sets prices gave the economy a crazy- ilt pattern; above all, the minds of people, as in Western Germany, re warped by twelve years of zism and by the crash of the am of the German *Ubermensch*.

But in Eastern Germany one thing d been done by the Soviet army d by the German Socialists and mmunists who had trickled into ninistrative positions — one thing ver seriously attempted by the nerican Army: power had been ested from those who were respon- le for Nazism and war. The landed ates had been expropriated and ided among small farmers and m hands; the banks, the mines, big plants no longer belonged to capitalists.

This was new. This had never be- e been done in Germany where workers, in 1918 and 1923, had ngled their chance to come to wer.

To the writer, this was a highly eresting, new situation, a field un- ped, pure gold if you only could it up.

The writer himself was placed in new position. He was becoming a ial force, his word a factor in pub- discussion, his work "a weapon in struggle."

I don't say that the writer is not ng taken seriously in the West. at a committee of Congress troubled put a dozen or so behind bars ves my point. But literature in West is generally understood and en as entertainment; it is not ex- cted that the writer will help to ld and change people's minds; the phasis on his function differs in West and East.

I have always sought contact with people. I have lectured in Amer- , I have lectured in East Germany. eel that the intelligence level of audiences is the same; but the itudes are different. Here, the estions put to me emphasized the fact that the people somehow wanted to apply the lessons of a book to their own lives; the questions went beyond the literary and came from audiences which only recently had begun to acquire books—questions by people who were seeking.

This kind of contact stimulates the writer. Or at least it did me. But it also puts a responsibility upon him which in the West he need not necessarily shoulder. Sartre, recently in Prague, said that the writer today has three duties. He must side with the revolution—the social or the national revolution, whichever is on the agenda. He must be disciplined. He must criticize. The two latter duties conflict with each other; the solution of this conflict, Sartre said, is the writer's daily task. This certainly applies to the writer in a Socialist country.

Settling in the German Democratic Republic, I had to decide whether I wanted to continue writing in English. I am bilingual, as are a number of writers from the former colonial countries who write in their native language as well as in English or French.

I decided to stick to English—but not as a secret protest against the government of the German Democratic Republic and its cultural policies, as was stated in *The Atlantic Monthly* not long ago. Were I moved to protest, I know more efficient ways to express my opinion than to boycott a language. I write in English because its strict rules of sentence structure require clear thought. German lends itself to muddleheadedness, as Mark Twain observed. When I use German in journalistic pieces that are written for the day, the English sentences shaping up in the back of my mind help me to avoid the roundabout formulations of the German.

My Soviet publishers have urged that I state whether I consider myself a German or an American writer. The question is of some importance to them because their paper allotment for my books depends on whether they can take it from their "German" or their "American" quota. For myself, I don't trouble over the problem. I believe that my literary roots lie in American and English literature more than in German. Hemingway, Twain, Dickens have been my teachers rather than Thomas Mann or Fontane.

A writer grounded in both the capitalist and the Socialist worlds has an obvious advantage over one who knows only the former or the latter. It is easier to find your way around in capitalism; it's been the same track for centuries. Socialism is new, untried; even forty-five years of it isn't much in the eyes of history.

You can enter socialism by revolution, at the side of the people who are making it and at the time it is being made; or you can arrive there by train, as I did. In either case, you set your foot on uncharted territory which, if that's what you like, can be quite exciting.

From theories and books, from reports and brief preceding visits East, I had tried to chart at least a provisional course. Its main feature was the idea that the revolution having done away with the power of the bourgeoisie, the classic conflict of class versus class, which had been underlying the themes of my books, no longer applied. Of course there were the remnants, pretty big remnants, of the old classes and the old conflicts; but they were remnants, I believed, and on the whole the new society was over the hump and on a pretty straight course toward con-

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ditions in which the only conflicts to concern the writer were boy-meets-girl, or two-boys-meet-one-girl, or vice versa.

It didn't take long to find out that I was wrong. On my third day in East Berlin I ran into a man I had known for years as a staunch Communist, a founding member of that party in Germany, who told me he had been removed from membership. I tried to say something of an administrative error; he didn't even answer that one.

Then came June 17, 1953, in Berlin: workers striking against a workers' government, workers' tanks rumbling through workers' streets. I threw myself into newspaper work, ran a weekly column in Berlin's largest paper, stayed close to people, received thousands of letters, visited plants, lived anonymously in refugee barracks, was in touch with men from the chief of state to shipyard and building workers, students, farmers, clergymen.

And I began to see that there were conflicts — *new* conflicts — of which there was no mention in the Marxist classics: a few hints, perhaps, in Lenin, and strangely enough in the early Stalin; hints, but nothing more. These conflicts were no longer based on the old antagonism of bourgeoisie versus working class; although in a divided country like Germany, two-thirds capitalist, one-third Socialist, you could not rule out past patterns of collision. At any rate, in the Socialist sector an earthquake had taken place; what was down had come up, what was up had fallen, but the new mountains had by no means settled into place.

The revelations of the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party threw a glaring light on some of the crevices; yet even the Khrushchev speech posed new questions rather than furnished answers.

Observing these new conflicts and taking part in them, defining the new questions and searching for answers to them by using the resources of fiction is a thrilling challenge. The writer may have a tough time of it; his findings may not agree with official requirements, he may even touch a neuralgic point—this does not change the writer's duty nor detract from the fascination of the job.

I know that up to now relatively little of this has been reflected in novels, plays, poems. I don't believe that censorship, Stalin and post-Stalin, is entirely to blame for the situation. While the unexplored conflicts have shaken up people for years, their outline, their component parts, their roots have only lately come into focus, and we still don't know too much about them.

What about discipline, party and otherwise? What about democracy under socialism? What about the power structure, what checks and balances must be found? What about freedom? What about art, its role, its function under socialism? Such questions quicken the pulse of the writer. These questions and conflicts are not the theoretical matters restricted to the ideological commissions of the party apparatus or its cultural committees. They are bread-and-butter questions. When people are no longer subject to big-business rule and their minds no longer shaped by big-business policies, art and philosophy enter daily living; the correct or incorrect interpretation of scientific theories means space flight or not; a ma thought and his word translate th selves directly into a moving force

I feel that as a writer in a cialist country I am now embar on a tremendous spiritual vent The Stalin mold—one fountainhe one wisdom, one solution—has b broken even where a few vest-poc Stalins try to keep some of the pie patched together.

We're on the track of someth new; we've got hold of it and won't let go. A day at the typewr can mean the first blocking out o new discovery, another step forw into the uncharted territory. Of cou — as in any social system — writer has to have the courage his conviction, the integrity to w the truth as he sees it, the patie to fight his way through petty sometimes not so petty obstacles.

I wouldn't want to change pla with any writer in the West. I'm ing an exciting time.

RECORDS

Benjamin Bore

SOME 20th-CENTURY CLASSICS

STRAVINSKY: *Apollo* (1928) Columbia Symphony; *Orpheus* (1946) Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6046/MS 6646.

These two works are mong the most specially treasured by "inside" Stravinskyans: unsensational in surface, but spectacular in the subtlety and richness of their details and formal designs, especially in the direction of the restraint and precision that are so powerful in Stravinsky's recent music. In *Apollo*, this is centrally evident in the incredible variety of sonority drawn from the string ensemble, and in the unique phraseology generated by a stunning revaluation of the formal meaning of a "lyrical" continuity. And in *Orpheus*, the selection of timbres around the initial harp sound (a process that actually "happens" as the harp is gradually surrounded and submerged by the mounting overlap of pitches sustained from its own steadily unfolding line) creates sonorities that resonate through later works from *Agon* to *Movements* and beyond. Here, too, a filmic intercutting (it becomes a "dissolve" in the slower tempos at either end, the most wonderfully "deliberate" passages all of Stravinsky's even-note conti ties) is the articulative basis fo total time-sense that, even for Stra sky, is singularly original—especi as he hears it on these extraordir recordings. Indeed, this soon-to nonagenarian remains his own n discerning interpreter; the *Apollo* conducts, for example, is a revela in the replacement of the "sweetn of every other performance by a sh "edge" and muscularity that is most belligerently un-*Siegfried-I* like. The playing by the Colun Symphony strings is precise eno though not as clean or unforce the Chicago Orchestra's perform of *Orpheus*, which is as close to i for the sonority of the piece as need imagine.

SCHOENBERG: The Music of Ar Schoenberg, Vol. III: Chamber phony No. 1 (1906); Five Pi for Orchestra (1909); *He waechse* (1911); Bach: *Komm* and *Schmücke Dich* (1922); B. "St. Anne" Prelude and F (1928); *Kol Nidre* (1938); C ber Symphony No. 2 (1939); *mal Tausend Jahre* (1949). R

Craft, cond. Columbia M2L/M2S 709.

The Columbia Stravinsky and Schoenberg series are the most important recording project ever undertaken, for they represent the only sources through which, at last, the principal musical literature of this century is becoming available for repeated, or even initial, listening. For that reason, to attempt a single "review" of even a part of the series, would be ludicrously inappropriate, beyond noting and exulting in its existence. Thus I shall just mention the most revelatory of the Schoenberg works that may be experienced in this and the earlier volumes on records (or elsewhere) for the first time: *Die Glückliche Hand,* in Vol. I, the *Genesis* Prelude in Vol. II, and the Four Orchestral Songs, the Bach orchestrations, and the choral *Dreimal Tausend Jahre* in Vol. III; those whose performances under Craft in this series are superior to others in print: *Pierrot Lunaire* with Bethany Beardslee and Robert Helps in Vol. I, along with the *Survivor from Warsaw,* both Chamber Symphonies, *Kol Nidre, Pelleas and Melisande;* the performances that are considerably superior to Craft's own earlier versions: Variations for Orchestra, *Herzgewaechse,* Five Pieces for Orchestra, and those renderings that are disappointing: mainly the *Erwartung* in Vol. I, because of Helga Pilarcyk's multiple inaccuracies of pitch.

The accompanying notes, written by some of the best musical minds in our midst, are for once genuinely informative on a level appropriate to the stature of the music itself. I suspect that it will be impossible to avoid constant references to this album in years to come, since, like Craft's own earlier pioneering Webern album, but on a far more significant and mature level of musical accomplishment, these recordings will themselves become part of the important musical history of our time.

BARTOK: The Six String Quartets. The Juilliard String Quartet. Columbia D3L 317/ D3S 717.

The string quartets remain *the* Bartók literature, the source of almost everything original and significant in his compositional thought. Even the First Quartet is in striking contrast to the rather superficially "moderne" music Bartók was producing in other media at about the same time. Indeed, the First is already quite clearly the work of a serious and probing deployer of

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notes, especially in terms of linear interrelations — the special "counterpoint" of the traditional string-quartet texture — although the resultant harmony seems to discover rather too little ramification for all the complicated activity out of which it arises.

But one is also ever more aware, and particularly in these most important works, of all the inconsistencies and limitations that make Bartók the *petit maître* among the authentic early 20th-century giants. In particular, there remains an occasionally disturbing eclecticism, the sudden appearance of familiar sounds unsubsumed within an overall context—the Liszt added-sixth chords in the First Quartet for example, or the hurdy-gurdy music in No. 5.

Of the other quartets, the Second also predates Bartók's rather late-arriving compositional maturity. Nevertheless, it explores the dissociation and merging of (in the first movement) simultaneously and (in the second) successively occurring planes of texture, rhythm, tempo and register, with some arresting results, if again an ultimate sense of overall incompleteness and conceptual uncertainty.

The Third and Fourth Quartets, on the other hand, reveal a sustained compositional intensity that creates, out of an amalgam of "heard" string-quartet contexts from Beethoven to Webern, an articulative universe of its own and is the focal achievement that really justifies the continued currency of the entire set. The Third's remarkable idea of sonority and organization is apparent from the outset; perhaps for the first time in Bartók's work, the event-succession seems totally generated out of a comprehensive internal procedure, and the result is an immediately fascinating web of association in a palpable totality. In this context, all of Bartók's prodigious inventiveness in string-quartet sonority focuses on the articulation of important relationships, and this functionality gives the famous "effects" their real brilliance.

The Fourth is a "fourth quartet" in the Schoenberg sense amid Bartók's work, the *locus classicus* for any observations about his attempt to reconstruct a new syntactical coherence by nontonal means. It is, surely, the most concentrated and directed of all Bartók's works, certainly the one that most rewards repeated and attentive listening — particularly to progressive expansion of the interval-spans that form the melodic core of each successive movement, and the descending curve that ends with the return to the interval vocabulary of the opening.

The last two quartets appear to retrench from the resources and control evident in the Third and Fourth (whose qualities, in fact, seem to have undergone no real further development in Bartók's later music). Ir stead, there is often a facile effec tiveness, an apparent willingness t settle for the association that aros most immediately and improvisa torily. The Fifth is thus a somewha diluted statement of elements of th Fourth, while the Sixth takes th direction of a kind of wanderin lyricism that, for all the external ir genuity of its progressively fulle harmonization of a "basic line, fails to convey any powerfully moti vating structural concern.

The Juilliard Quartet first recorde these works some sixteen years agc and the superiority of the perform ances has never been challenged. Th group has by now discovered in th quartets a range of variety and nuanc that considerably modifies the unre lieved aggressiveness of the earlie approach. At the same time, the Juil liard has acquired a security in ever detail of the scores that results in level of mechanical ensemble hardl ever encountered even in the mos familiar traditional literature, an marred only by an occasional wan of timbral finesse. Given the excel lence of the recorded sound as well there would seem to be no furthe need to look for a definitive recordin of the Bartók quartets. For this rea son, one especially regrets the sub stitution in the new album of som pretentiously silly program notes fo the illuminating remarks that wer included with the old set.

Sunday to a Close at Gritman Hospital

i rest here for nerves: someone beserk
inside (the rub is he looks like me)
is blowing bubbles that rise and pop
along the surface of my skin — i jerk

like a puppet. Early evening, and for veins
iced, listing on poles of ice,
while neighbor walls tan themselves, they break
the jam with nitro. A chain-saw close-by

backs a black tree against sky, teeth murder
and into blue — an hour glass spills its sand.
A voice reels along corridors, i open my hand:
"8 o'clock and visiting hours are now over."

How we let the world smoke down fuel-sick,
pouring our oils into private lamps.
Yet one cannot say it's over: Here
light and needle both pause to hover.

A hungry moth carrying gold-pin eyes
thumps the window frontier, picks at ice
with his hatpin. In, he excites the air
with predictions
pogosticks across the ceiling
kissing reflections.

Edward Auert

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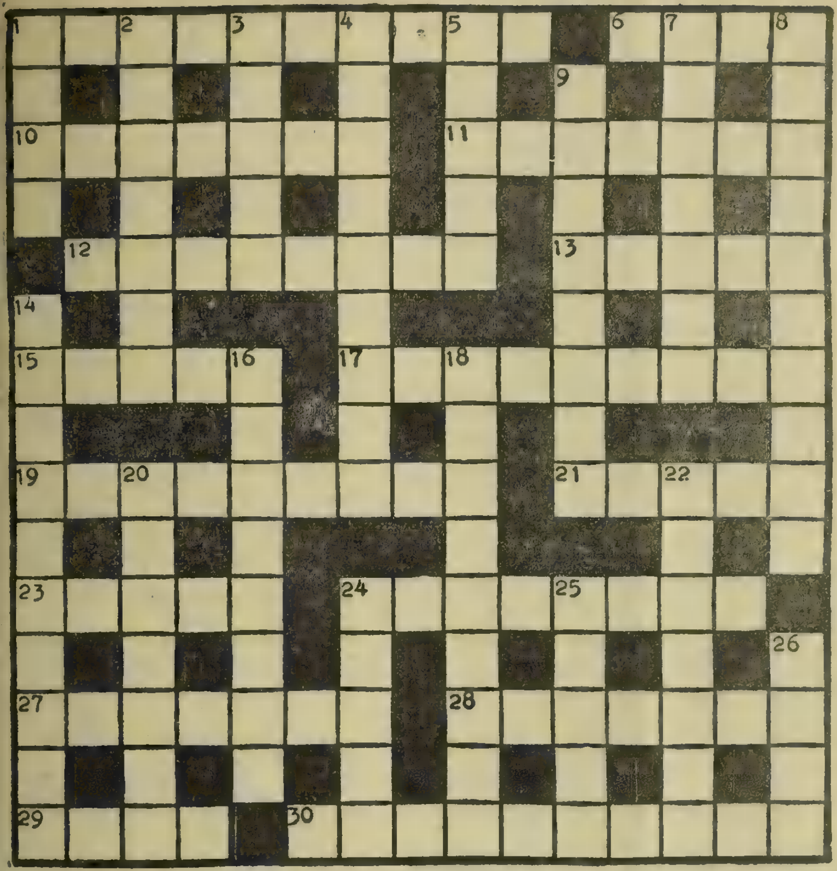
Crossword Puzzle No. 1122

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 They don't run true to type for little fishes. (10)

6 Proving at least part of the B-B shot goes out this way. (4)

10 What one does to 13, perhaps, as one does to make a killing. (4, 3)

11 No finer way to get a spot of heat! (7)

12 Ill-gotten gain does, as a doctor might try to prove. (8)

13 Remove a point beyond time. (5)

15, 25 and 20 down It might take a couple to set it up, but a different split might call for a large beam. (5, 12)

17 Affect with folly. (9)

19 Start to do what you might when the ramp is crowded. (4, 5)

21 See 3 down

23 Pathological condition of the demagogue? (5)

24 It should be recognized that James had admirable qualities — Barrie did! (8)

27 First impression of a signet, perhaps. (7)

28 Victoria didn't find it so, when someone tried to imitate her. (7)

29 Do they keep one from telling jokes? (4)

30 One didn't take the pledge if it is. (10)

DOWN:

1 Do the British dislike to change this old seaport? (4)

2 Trying to get one's goat inside the structure? (7)

3 and 21 across Dingo, perhaps, characteristic of the 30? (5-5)

4 Empower. (9)

5 Evidently Macheath was quite a blade. (5)

7 A couple of drinking spots with a girl? (7)

8 He gets none of the famous rocks there. (10)

9 Brought about. (8)

14 "Lay not that .... unction to your soul". (Hamlet) (10)

16 Sat up with great enthusiasm for the place. (8)

18 A strange seat can, if cast under a spell. (9)

20 See 15 across

22 What some used to believe in is sort of solid, when I'm around. (7)

24 Two points of the city? (5)

25 See 15 across

26 Should be getting along — how's your best whisky? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1121

ACROSS: 1 and 26 Scotch and water; 9 Army ant; 11 Ems; 12 Armies; 13 Mind; 15 Visiting; 16 Format; 18 Remark; 20 and 10 Loch Ness Monster; 23 Inns; 24 Poplar; 25 Cow; 26 Retails; 29 Project; 30 Strum; 31 Expediter. DOWN: 1 Share; 2 Osmosis; 3 and 6 across Character sketch; 4 Antimony; 5 Damper; 6 Kind; 7 Titoism; 8 Herodotus; 14 Motherhood; 15 Verdigris; 17 Lollipop; 19 Monitor; 21 Escheat; 22 Mousse; 27 Film.

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THE
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October 18, 1965 . . 35c

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Why the Outs Want In

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The Exiles Return

Jose Yglesias

LETTERS

Mission to Hanoi

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: In response to the letter you published (Sept. 27) regarding the Swedish Vietnam Committee and their aim, "To undertake a humanitarian action for the people of Vietnam," I suggest the following:

Send five to ten responsible Americans to North Vietnam as a peace group. The practical purpose would be to aid in rebuilding bombed-out hospitals, schools and other public-service buildings, along with other appropriate work that lent itself to a humanitarian purpose. The symbolic purpose of such a group working for peace would be tremendous. . . .

To those readers who might be inclined morally to such a project, but disinclined to support it because of its illegality, I can only cite a recent incident with the Rev. Martin Luther King. When informed that his attempts to contact foreign governments concerning the war in Vietnam were illegal, he replied, "That's unfortunate."

I would appreciate correspondence from any interested Americans.

Lawrence H. Geller
1004 Huntingdon St.

Hopes and fears

Albany, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I must take exception to much of Antonio de Figueiredo's "Portugal: Imperialism on Credit" [*The Nation*, Sept. 13].

(*1*) "The facts that only 556 of the 582 members of the [electoral] college turned up, and that there were thirteen blank votes cast in protest" when the President was re-elected really do *not* seem to indicate that "long-dormant consciences . . . were pricked." Unfortunately, absenteeism of 4.7 per cent seems readily explained by, say, illness, and a protest vote of 2.3 per cent would be of minimal significance even in a roll-call vote, which this apparently was not.

(2) It is inexcusable for an economist to list a few foreign "investments and public and private loans," without relating them to total investment, GNP, etc. The lack of context is particularly unfortunate when the thesis is that Portugal is practicing "imperialism on credit."

(3) More than enough real horrors seem likely in Portugal's future without such wholly imaginary ones as that Salazar's death might be "the white settlers' golden opportunity to follow the example of Rhodesia in proclaiming their own unilateral declaration of independence." . . . Portugal's colonies already face guerrilla warfare, and they are much more dependent on the home country and much less likely to receive economic, diplomatic or military support. Yet even in Rhodesia, severe difficulties will result from a unilateral declaration. In Portugal's colonies, the likely results seem so much worse that serious consideration by even semi-rational whites is improbable.

Scott Keech

Cover stories

Hamilton, Ohio

Dear Sirs: The evening paper brings the news that the CIA is revealing a Soviet plot to slander and discredit the CIA and the FBI. . . . We seem to be coming face to face with one of the difficulties involved in superimposing a secret government on this nation. How many Americans will not wonder if, the CIA being what it is, this is not its way of putting itself above all criticism? How many will not ignore all documentation on the ground that the CIA can—and does—forge all the documents that it needs for any occasion?

Admittedly, the Russian equivalent of the CIA will be equally capable of doing anything that is charged, and falsifying any records necessary. When the smoke clears away, therefore, we shall probably ignore all "evidence" and act on the basis of whether we think that countries are best run by secret police, or otherwise.

W. P. Taylor

African defense

New York City

Dear Sirs: South Africa has developed a complicated maze of laws to bolster separation of the races and subjugation of the nonwhite races. Those who stand in opposition are almost certain to figure as defendants in the continuing—and numerous—trials. Figures released by the Minister of Justice on April 21, 1965 show that some 3,000 persons were hailed for political reasons from January, 1964, through December, 1965.

The high rate of release in a police state which is paranoic about advocates of racial equality is largely due to the efforts of a courageous band of South Africans operating the South African Defense and Aid Fund, to provide legal defense for those charged.

We urge all who sympathize to send funds to: Africa Defense and Aid Fund (for South Africa), Room 705, 211 East 43 Street, New York 10017.

A. Philip Randolph, Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Dr. Donald Harrington, Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen.

THE
NATIO

Monday, October 18, 1965 .
Volume 201, No. 12

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APR 16

EDITORIALS

The President's Chance

' President Johnson and his UN Ambassador sought e assurance against domestic political blackmail 'the peace issue," the Pope's visit was the answer heir prayers. Indeed, one can imagine that a man Ir. Johnson's political acumen might have solicited visit for the express purpose of making peace in nam politically possible (in fact, the credit must o Secretary-General U Thant and to the Pope him-). But who originated the idea and pressed it to a clusion is unimportant. The opportunity is now e open, and it may never present itself in this form in.

aul VI's message was unmistakable, and more spe- : than could have been anticipated. Obliquely, he hed on the desirability of China's admission to UN; on the flight west, asked by Barrett McGurn he New York *Herald Tribune* if he would be willing nclude Peking in his travels, he answered, "Cer- ly." Catholic support for a settlement in Vietnam implied. The speech gave unstinting praise to the , and Catholic nationalists will be hard pressed ceforth to make common cause with Protestant emists in attacking the world organization.

'o be sure, the message may not get through to the nds and hearts of those American Catholics who e been in the forefront of the advocates of a harsh cy in Vietnam. From the outset, the Catholic in- st in Vietnam has been a major aspect of the prob- . The Catholic minority in South Vietnam has been ominant concern of every U.S. President since the nch defeat and General Eisenhower's decision to rvene. *The Nation* pointed out editorially, during n F. Kennedy's brief tenure, which coincided with n strife between the Buddhists and the Catholics, the latter must be protected against reprisals in settlement of the civil war. But the idea that Viet- n should be the site of a Catholic crusade received support from Pope John XXIII, and Paul VI's ap- rance before the UN negates it further. Catholics, clergy and laymen—Sen. Thomas Dodd, for ex- ple—should have got the signal loud and clear.

'resident Johnson did not embroil America in tnam; the war was bequeathed to him. Harkening he war hawks, and apparently hoping for a decisive ory before the 1966 elections, he has enlarged the to the point where it has become intolerably dirty shameful. Mr. Johnson now has a chance to rid nself of some of the odium which he has brought himself. All he need do—and he has the power— o declare unilaterally the cease-fire which the UN ught about in Kashmir. Neither in Vietnam nor in hmir can such an action bring lasting peace by lf, but it is an indispensable step toward a solution. President is commander in chief of the armed es. He can order the admirals and generals to silence the guns and ground the planes. The troops can stand their ground and, if fired on, return the fire, but the chances are that the fighting would stop and the way would be open for negotiations.

As this is written, the President is about to undergo surgery. Together with all Americans, *The Nation* wishes him a speedy recovery. *The Nation* wishes also that Mr. Johnson might use this enforced vacation from daily responsibilities to weigh the stature and the possibilities of Pope Paul's "appeal to the moral conscience of man."

The Bigger War

What the President should do in Vietnam, and what he will do, are not likely to be the same thing. If the Pope's visit to the UN had come before the massive escalation of the war, the odds would likewise have been against peace, but for a different reason. At that time we were losing. In effect there have been two wars, the one before February, 1965, which we lost, and the wider war which succeeded it and which, by sheer weight of air power, we are winning. To quit while we were behind would have been intolerable. To quit while we are ahead, while we are in a position to negotiate from strength, is almost as difficult. We lose enthusiasm for negotiation in proportion as the balance of military strength shifts to our side. The goal then becomes total victory, with little regard for what may follow.

The recession of peace as American force in Vietnam approaches the Korea level is accelerated by the fact that the Vietnamese, North and South alike, are only pawns in the game. The real, the important enemy in the American military viewpoint is Red China. Secretary Rusk made this plain in his speech of October 5 before a group of editors and publishers. From beginning to end, the address was a tirade against "Peiping" (as though he were a pre-World War II Japanese militarist, the Secretary cannot bring himself to say "Peking"), which was held solely to blame for all the trouble in Asia. Mr. Rusk was supplying the diplomatic justification for a build-up of American strength in Vietnam of enormous proportions. *U.S. News & World Report* (October 11) carries an article by staff correspondent K. M. Chrysler on the base at Cam Ranh Bay, 200 miles northeast of Saigon on the South China Sea, which is being converted into "the mightiest U.S. military complex in Asia." Cam Ranh used to be a fishing village. It will be one of the world's largest military harbors and supply centers. Warehouses containing nearly 4 million square feet of dry storage space are under construction. A tank farm for gasoline and oil storage, connecting pipe lines to a tidewater ammunition depot, and other elaborate—and permanent—installations are being built. The base will be operated by

5,000 U.S. military personnel, who will be housed, fed and entertained in the usual American fashion of making war pleasant except for the actual moments of combat; and across the bay 2,000 South Vietnamese civilians will be quartered. More than 7,500 of our troops are there now, working around the clock, and a few miles to the north a private contractor is building what will be the biggest air base in the Far East. If anyone thinks that these gigantic operations, which are going on at a number of sites, are directed against the Vietcong, he is underestimating the prescience of Secretary McNamara, Gen. Maxwell Taylor and the Joint Chiefs of Staff,

Argentina's Friend

Once Robert S. McNamara sold automobiles, and he was very good at it. Now, in addition to his other duties, he sells arms, and he is just as good in that line. He has announced that since mid-1961 the United States has sold $9 billion worth of arms to free-world nations, and intends to keep up the pace indefinitely. The great peace-loving power of the West used to give away arms; now, with McNamara in charge, it sells them. Give or sell, the result is the same, as witness the outburst in Kashmir.

Mr. McNamara justifies America's role as a merchant of death—in the quaint phrase of the thirties—on the ground that since 1961 it has brought nearly a billion dollars of profit to American industry, and eased the balance-of-payments problem by some $5 billion. This is the economic side of it, but of course McNamara always has a moral reason for what he does. In this case the arms exports buttress the free world's defenses against communism. These defenses are internal as well as external; that is, the free nations must not only be in a position to fight Communist nations (or other free nations) but they must also be well armed against any of their own citizens who may have revolutionary designs.

One of these grievously threatened nations is Argentina. Here McNamara saw to it that the Argentinian generals got a real bargain. The French were trying to sell them Mirage jet bombers, which are rock bottom at $600,000 apiece. Instead, Argentina will receive fifty A4-B Douglas jet attack planes at about $250,000 each, a saving of more than $7 million which, conditions in Argentina being what they are, is no small consideration.

Of course critics who lack Mr. McNamara's inside knowledge and solicitude for the strength of the free world may ask why Argentina needs these aircraft at all. Who threatens Argentina? Red China, perhaps, or Ecuador? Neither seems very plausible, nor does any other probable enemy arise, yet we know there must be one, since Mr. McNamara surely would not be pushing these aircraft if there were nobody to shoot at. There *is* somebody, however, and Jack Scott, the Latin American correspondent of the *Toronto Star*, has discovered who it is.

Argentina, to no one's surprise, is to be saved from communism once again, and once again by the a navy and air force. A military coup is in prepar by the armed forces, supported by business gr industrialists and, says Scott, right-wing element the Catholic Church, who have evidently not h Pope Paul's plea for peace. A 55-year-old retired general, Edgar J. Landa, has been designated as savior. "The majority of our citizens," he annou "are clamoring for a dictatorship in the hope th will impose order, discipline and morality." An course, prevent a Communist take-over. In Ge Landa's book, President Arturo Ilia is little better a Communist, while his predecessor, Arturo Fron was an authentic Communist. Nor is there any nificant difference between Communists and "radical-liberal element."

What are we to conclude? Obviously, that Argen or at least the upper crust there, has no better f than Robert McNamara. And the same goes for American arms manufacturer.

The Real Conflict

We trust that Roger Stevens will soon be reli of Congressional harassment on the ground tha former activities as a theatre producer suggest a flict of interest with his present position as Chair of the National Council on the Arts. The notion Mr. Stevens would somehow use his government tion to assist the fortunes of productions in whic had an investment is ludicrous. The Stevens re tion is based precisely on the fact that the show chooses to back become bonanzas; he need sca resort to malfeasance to support the tottering fort of such properties as *West Side Story, Mary, Ma* *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

The reason (beyond simple justice) for relie Mr. Stevens of this suspicion is that his appoint involves a different conflict with the public inte which the question of financial probity obscures. Council on the Arts was established, after many of struggle, because of a growing dissatisfaction the quality of art that is nourished by our comme enterprises, and particularly by our commercial the Problems of the market place, it was thought, stunted America's aesthetic vigor. If those wer moved, its art would flourish.

Granted, this is a theory, and the Council is a periment. But it is an experiment handicapped the start by the fact that President Johnson has fit to place at its head a man whose professiona has been shaped by the very situation the Coun designed to relieve. Roger Stevens is the symb Broadway success; his world is that of the box o the weekly gross, movie rights and the biggest n in the brightest lights. He is good at his job, an has given playgoers some excellent evenings i theatre. But it is inconceivable that he is the best available to free art from the shackles of comm To Roger Stevens, commerce is no shackle; it i backbone of his life's work.

Civil War on Madison Avenue

“You must know,” said the speaker, “. . . that among lucated Americans, and particularly among today's llege students, advertising is highly suspect; its ex- sses have made it so; and there is no indication at there is the slightest effort being made currently the part of the guilty advertisers to curb these.” It as not some black-hearted enemy of the advertising dustry who made this charge but one of its brightest minaries—Fairfax M. Cone, chairman of the execu- e committee of Foote, Cone & Belding—and he was eaking not to some assemblage of eggheads, but to e Chicago chapter of the Public Relations Society America. Mr. Cone is one of those admen who, ithout conspicuous success, have tried to prevent eir colleagues from killing the goose that lays the lden eggs. The goose is killed in two ways. One is preposterous claims that leave a trail of disillusion- ent; the other, which perturbs Mr. Cone and other ges of the industry even more, is an increasing ndency to disparage the competition.

It has been a rule of decorum in modern advertis- g that, though you may puff up your product to e bursting point, you must not openly attack a rival roduct. If once the ad profession started on that ath, what scandalous revelations might not be laid efore a still partially trusting public? And besides, ow impolitic to run down the product of another gency's client when, with all his frailties, he may e your client next month.

This prudent policy has in fact been incorporated the codes which guide the ethical adman. Since the ient who foots the bills has something to say about ch matters, and the adman's ethics are perforce bject to some modification by the practical demands business, these commandments are a little vague their wording. Section 10 (6) of the National As- ociation of Broadcasters TV code, for instance, says that advertising copy “should contain no claims dealing unfairly with competitors, competitive products or other industries, professions or institutions.” But what is unfair? For years the gas and oil interests, and lately the electric utilities as well, have been disparaging one another's products in the home heating markets. By claiming that gas is clean, for instance, the advertiser implies that oil is dirty; by urging the customer to “move up to electric heat” the advertiser implies that if the customer selects either of the other fuels he is buying a backward technology and degrading his family's social status. However, the oil, gas and electric interests have not, for the most part, named the allegedly inferior fuel.

This gentlemanly restraint is now vanishing. A Western distributor of Renault cars has been picturing Renault running circles around Volkswagen. American Motors intends to employ a “friendly giant killer” theme in an upcoming campaign and to name General Motors, Ford and Chrysler. A Gillette TV commercial displays Personna, Schick and Wilkinson blades—not, one may be sure, to the disadvantage of Gillette. Procter & Gamble claims that its Safegard soap will deodorize the user better than the “leading deodorant soap,” which everybody in the anti-body-odor industry knows is Armour's Dial, incidentally handled by Foote, Cone & Belding.

All these campaigns Mr. Cone deplores in a tone of moral indignation, but he rests his case on the argument that overt disparagement in advertising will be bad for business. Perhaps so, but what about the public? When advertisers fall out, isn't it possible that honest men will get valuable information? Mr. Cone concedes that some advertising is outrageous, an insult to the intelligent buyer. One would expect that in this sector the bloodiest battles will be fought. The good guys will be separated from the bad guys, and the gullible section of the public may begin to see that a lot of advertising is plain imposture.

The Nuclear Club

WHY THE OUTS WANT IN

. . . . . Milton Viorst

Washington

here was surely oversimplification, not a touch of hyprocrisy, in Pres- lent Johnson's statement last Au- ust that the proliferation of nu- lear weapons is the “gravest of all nresolved human issues.” It is not e spread but the use of nuclear eapons that can wipe out the orld; and while the United States has been pious in the cause of limiting nuclear spread, it has been strangely silent on the subject of limiting nuclear use.

By ignoring the problem of nuclear use, the treaty on proliferation proposed by the American representatives at the disarmament conference in Geneva would affect only the nonnuclear powers. It contains no suggestion that halting nuclear proliferation might somehow be linked to restraining nuclear use. The American proposal, said the President, “demonstrates that a treaty can be drawn which meets the legitimate interests of nuclear and nonnuclear powers alike,” but to an outsider the draft treaty looks like an offer by one state to give away the prerogatives of others. It could have no conceivable impact on American policies and practices. There is little reason for surprise, then, that the President's statement, along with the proposal itself, was received around the world with stony silence.

By proposing limitations on proliferation before reaching agree-

---

ilton Viorst is the author of Hostile llies: FDR and De Gaulle *(Macmil- in). He is currently working on* The ecline and Fall of the Republican arty.

ment on use, the United States puts the cart before the horse. If the nuclear powers could agree upon terms governing the use of their weapons, the nonnuclear powers would be relieved of much of the incentive for joining the nuclear club. The United States, however, has shown no inclination to make any agreement that would replace total anarchy with a set of rules, even very limited rules. As long as Washington persists in this position, it seems delusive to believe that other nations of the world will voluntarily forswear all opportunity for nuclear weaponry.

The American differences with France illustrate most vividly the national confusion of cause and effect on the subject of nuclear proliferation. Sen. John Pastore of Rhode Island, commenting on Sen. Robert Kennedy's June speech on proliferation, declared that "much of our trouble with de Gaulle today is due to the fact that he is trying to become a prominent member of the nuclear club." But Pastore had the situation precisely reversed. De Gaulle is trying to become a prominent member of the nuclear club because we have had trouble with him. He wants his own nuclear force because French and American interests in certain vital areas are so different that he feels unable to depend on American weapons when he thinks France may need them.

As Pastore's statement indicates, America attributes de Gaulle's position to an excess of French nationalist ardor, to a quest for national prestige. It finds no merit in France's reluctance to put its fate in American hands. It regards as unreasonable the French Government's demands to make—or, at least, to share fully in making—its own life-and-death decisions. It recognizes no legitimacy to the argument that a nation cannot surrender to another nation the power to determine its own interests. Americans largely believe that a country need only rely on the United States to be assured of security. De Gaulle does not so much doubt America's integrity as its willingness to violate its own national interests when those of France are at stake.

The draft treaty submitted at Geneva says nothing about American guarantees to the nonnuclear powers. Senator Kennedy proposed that the United States put all countries which agree to withdraw from the nuclear race under an American "nuclear umbrella." Kennedy would have the United States say to the nonnuclear states: "You give up your right to acquire your own nuclear weapons and we will take care of you with ours." But Ambassador Goldberg, in a speech to the UN on September 23, did not go nearly that far. He promised simply that the United States would support the General Assembly in devising means to prevent nuclear blackmail. Goldberg's statement seemed to make quite clear that the United States is not willing to mortgage its own security in return for another government's consent to forswear nuclear arms.

But assuming American adoption, at some future date, of the Kennedy concept of a "nuclear umbrella," there is no certainty that it would attract the nonnuclear powers. Kennedy stipulated American guarantees would apply only to cases of "nuclear aggression." He declared that "such an umbrella . . . must be divorced from and superior to the other policy aims of the nations involved." But how can a sovereign, self-respecting nation accept a control over its fate that is "divorced from and superior to" its policy aims? One of its policy aims might be to save itself from nuclear blackmail, such as Hitler, for example, practiced with less sophisticated instruments on the Czechs in 1938. Another of its policy aims might be to save itself from a force that is not armed with nuclear weapons but otherwise vastly superior. Under such circumstances, would the American "nuclear umbrella" be of any service? Presumably, it would be up to the United States to decide. The very premise of the American proposal is that the United States is morally and intellectually, as well as militarily, competent to look after the well-being of the rest of the world. The rest of the world is not persuaded that the premise is valid.

India is a classic example of a country that is not unfriendly to the United States, has philosophical objections to nuclear weapons, does not want to go to the expense of building or buying them, but might, nonetheless, be forced by considerations of national security to seek membership in the nuclear club. Under an American "nuclear umbrella," India would be reasona certain that the United States wc retaliate in kind if Commu China exploded a nuclear bo over New Delhi. But if Chin hordes—to say nothing of Pakista —begin pouring over the front the United States will not star nuclear war in India's defe Since the recent border fighting, mestic pressure on the Shastri g ernment to initiate a nucl weapons program has been alm irresistible. India's dilemma ill trates the problem of the nucl bomb as deterrent against "conv tional" war. India would feel more secure against Chinese atta nuclear or nonnuclear, if it had own nuclear weapons to rat They would have far greater g eral utility than any conceiva American guarantee.

The situation governing defense of Western Europe is once more simple and more co plicated. It is more simple beca the United States has alre pledged itself under the NA treaty to defend Western Euro with nuclear weapons if necess But it is complicated by Ameri statements on strategic plann which suggest that the response a nonnuclear Soviet attack wo be a nonnuclear defense. Af twenty years of peace and p perity, Western Europe appears l than satisfied with this arra ment. France and Germany, countries best able to influe strategy, see little generosity America's willingness to save world — and the United States from nuclear destruction by s mitting Europe to "conventio destruction. They indicate that t would rather gamble on a lightn nuclear war than acquiesce in extended bloodletting such as suffered in the two most rec conflicts. De Gaulle's *force frappe* strategy is founded on gamble. To many Europeans, a clear arsenal is more important a deterrent to conventional than nuclear war.

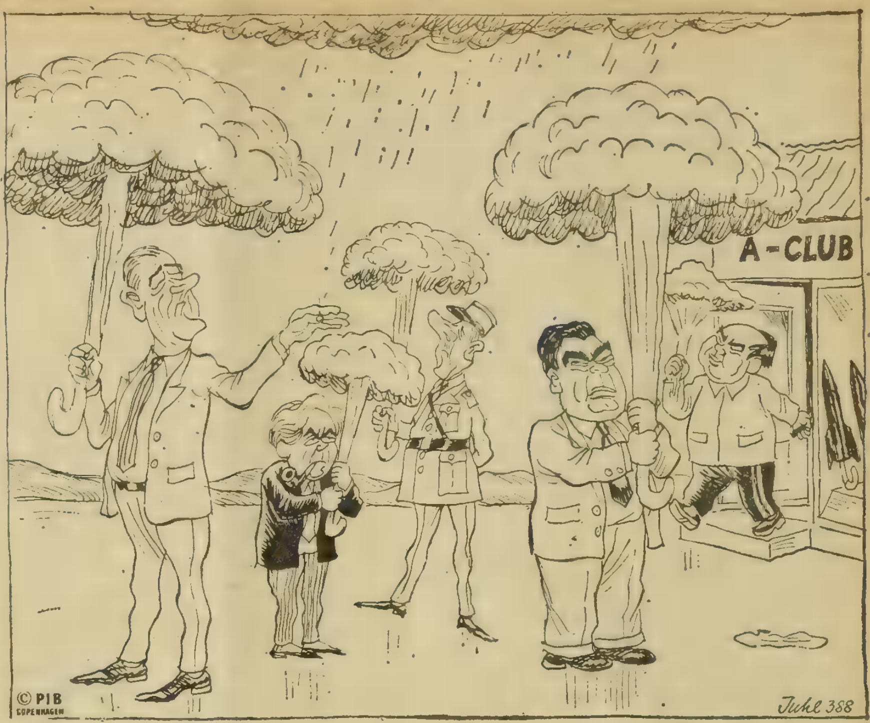
The Western European situa is further complicated by Bo interest in German reunificat which is, presumably, the most portant of its "policy aims." In past, Germany has indicated it would not seek nuclear weap in order to achieve it; more rec ly, government officials have at Germany would agree to re- ain a nonnuclear power only if ngible progress was made toward unification. Since de Gaulle un- ertook his nuclear-weapons pro- am, the United States has ac- pted the view that Germany could ot be kept indefinitely in a state nuclear inferiority. To forestall national nuclear force, Washing- n invented the Multilateral Nu- ear Force (MLF). It was designed give Germany some theoretical cess to nuclear decisions but ould, in reality, retain American ntrol. Nevertheless, MLF has be- me the Russians' bête noire; they e in it a German finger on the ATO nuclear trigger. The Ger- ans are willing to accept the MLF mpromise but other major powers NATO are not. Meanwhile, Bonn cognizes the anxiety it can create nd has quietly begun a game of uclear blackmail with the avowed m of unifying Germany.

India and West Germany are vo of the twelve countries named a 1960 study as being capable manufacturing nuclear weapons. wo of the remaining ten coun- ies—France and China—have al- eady become members of the club. ll that they needed was an in- entive to make the effort. The sraelis, whose incentive is defense gainst the Arabs, may have the apacity and may be using it. The wiss, in a 1962 referendum, in- tructed their government not to ake an anti-nuclear pledge. In- onesia's Sukarno insists, in the ace of much skepticism, that his ountry will explode a nuclear de- ice by the end of the year. The nited States may invoke the vir- ue of abstinence in perfect sin- erity, but as matters stand it has ittle chance of talking countries uch as these out of manufacturing heir own bombs.

The United States is awkwardly laced to mount an anti-prolifera- ion campaign because of its own se of the nuclear threat. A coun- ry that will not accept temperance or itself can scarcely urge prohibi- ion on others. The United States as never gone even as far as hina or Russia in swearing never o be the first to use nuclear weap- ns. Washington has never con- ented to any of the nuclear inhibi- ions that it now asks others to ac- ept.

On its own, the United States rought the world to the threshold of nuclear war during the Cuban crisis of 1962. It was, to be sure, severely provoked by the Soviet Union. Perhaps Russia was even guilty, by some definition, of that "nuclear aggression" which Senator Kennedy regards as justifying a nuclear response. Still, it was President Kennedy's decision, made unilaterally, that the Soviet missiles upset the international balance of power. Many who were friends of the United States thought, even while backing Kennedy, that the missiles merely subjected this country to the same dangers that its allies had long experienced. Kennedy's decision, while it may have been correct for the entire West, was made in the national interest of the United States. As Sorensen wrote, President Kennedy had determined upon "going ahead, regardless of how the allies reacted." Millions who live within range of hostile missiles had a right to wonder if the circumstances justified the risks to them.

The tacit American threat to employ nuclear weapons in Vietnam raises even more serious questions. There, the United States does not rattle its bombs openly. Instead, it declares a policy of escalation, then declines to renounce the nuclear ultimate in escalation. The American role in the Vietnamese war, unlike the Cuban crisis, has not won widespread sympathy. Washington's allies are, at best, cool to it, and the government cannot claim that it acts for the non-Communist world. "Nuclear aggression" is not involved. But the United States nonetheless employs the threat of nuclear war as an instrument of its own diplomacy. It can scarcely ask other countries to abjure such weapons while it makes use of their power, real or potential, for its own "policy aims."



Ben Roth Agency

The Soviet Union has already rejected the American draft treaty at Geneva, although Moscow opposes proliferation at least as strongly as does Washington. Since their first bomb was exploded shortly after World War II, the Russians have pursued a policy of sharing their knowledge of nuclear weaponry with no one. If they are angry about the American draft, it is not because they object to its goals but because they mistrust its proponent, who has left in its provisions a conspicuous loophole to permit Germany and other NATO countries to participate in a Multilateral Force.

The remaining nuclear powers appear to bring somewhat different approaches to Washington's draft treaty. Great Britain is as committed as the United States and the Soviet Union to restricting membership in the nuclear club, but it is not convinced that it should replace its own nuclear force with that of MLF. The French and the Chinese claim no aversion to proliferation as acute as that of the other nuclear powers. Neither, of course, signed the test-ban treaty. However, there is no evidence that either France or China has provided information on nuclear weaponry to any would-be nuclear powers. It is conceivable, though not considered likely, that Peking is somehow behind Sukarno's nuclear boasts. It is far more probable that all five nuclear powers want to halt nuclear spread, even if they cannot, for various political reasons, agree on a treaty that would ban the dissemination of weapons technology.

More than any other, it is the nonnuclear powers—friendly, neutral and enemy—that stand in the way of an anti-proliferation treaty. What the United States has asked them to accept at Geneva is not a bargain, in which some *quid pro quo* would be involved, but a self-denying ordinance. It is true that these same nonnuclear powers voluntarily limited their capacity to develop weapons by signing the test-ban treaty in 1962. But under that treaty, it was not they alone who accepted limitations. All the signatories, nuclear and nonnuclear, agreed to refrain from further tests in the atmosphere. The treaty not only retarded weapons development among the signers but saved the atmosphere from further fallout. The draft treaty on proliferation burdens only one group of signers, without any demonstrable benefit to all.

Goldberg sketched areas in the September 23 speech on which the United States might be willing to compromise. In terms hedged with limitations, he avowed that the United States was interested in freezing the manufacture of delivery vehicles, halting the production of fissionable materials for weapons use and dismantling, on a one-for-one basis with the Soviet Union, a reasonable number of nuclear weapons. Goldberg sounded pious enough but it is no secret that the United States is already far ahead of the rest of the world—the Soviet Union possibly excepted—in its stockpile of delivery vehicles and fissionable materials. As for the weapons themselves, even the Pentagon acknowledges the possession of a substantial "overkill" capacity. Once again, the nonnuclear powers might legitimately ask of the American overtures, what's in it for them?

It is not impossible to think of concessions that the nuclear powers might offer to make an anti-proliferation treaty more palatable to the nonnuclear powers. The concessions, presumably, would have to take the form either of increasing the access of nonnuclear powers or decreasing the access of nuclear powers to existing nuclear arsenals. Certainly no agreement can be completely satisfactory to all nations and probably none can be devised that might not, under certain circumstances, actually increase the chances of war. Nuclear weapons are credited by some with having thus far prevented World War III. They may, at this point, be more a mixed blessing than an unmitigated curse. Nevertheless, it is hard to imagine a riskier way to preserve civilization than to place bets on its obliteration. Few sane citizens of the earth would not feel safer if agreement could be reached for reducing the possibilities of nuclear war. Few believe that the present anarchic system is the best that can be devised.

The nuclear powers could, of course, go all the way and agree to scrap their bombs. Nuclear disarmament, quite apart from general disarmament, would certainly make a persuasive argument against proliferation. It may ultimately prove to be the only argument. But would the Western powers, fearful of being outnumbered by the Eastern hordes, ever agree to surrender their most potent defense? A strong argument could be made that the nuclear weapon is the West's last line of defense. Even if the argument is refuted, the mutual distrust of the nuclear powers appears to preclude any meaningful disarmament agreement in the predictable future.

As an alternative concession, the United States could make some provision to extend the concept of the "nuclear umbrella" to the very "policy aims" that Senator Kennedy would divorce from it. The institutional technique would, at best, be complicated. It would require that a mechanism be established by which potential nuclear powers could influence decisions that affect their fate. There must, of course, be safeguards against the deployment of nuclear weapons "policy aims" that are in any w aggressive, but countries such India or Israel must be permit to share in decisions on wh their defense depends. Such co tries might agree to step under American "nuclear umbrella," they could be assured that United States would not walk to leave them standing in the ra

The institutional mechani could take a variety of forms. T nonnuclear power might make bilateral arrangement with United States, the Soviet Union conceivably, both. A multilate system might be devised, within apart from existing diplomatic strumentalities. Careful organi tion and established rules co avoid the paralysis that consul tion normally generates. Above the mechanism must provide means whereby a nonnuclear pow need not throw itself upon mercy of a nuclear power if it lieves that a threat to its integr requires some sort of nuclear sponse. The way must be open a government to plead its nation interest prior to any nuclear de sion.

Perhaps Moscow's deep hostil to MLF signifies that any arran ment to "democratize" nuclear de sions will be regarded as a fo of proliferation. The Soviet fear not groundless, but a carefully co structed mechanism need not me more fingers to pull the trigger; could mean more fingers to stop from being pulled. At its best, su an arrangement could produce greater spread of the nuclear ve

The system would, necessari deprive the United States of co plete nuclear independence. On own, the United States would longer be free to drop a bom whether in the defense of Euro or South Vietnam. In more pra tical terms, Washington would required to give up the threat nuclear war as an instrument national diplomacy. But this wou probably be the most convinci demonstration it could make.

Still another alternative ava able to the nuclear powers to tard proliferation would be to lin the use of their weapons to certa very specific circumstances. T least that the nuclear powers cou give, in return for an anti-prolife tion agreement from a nonnucle power, would be a pledge never nuclear weapons on that power. h of the nuclear powers could a step further in the cause of -proliferation by pledging to re- in from being first to use their nbs. These pledges would have overwhelming advantage of nplicity. They would require no pection. They would not impose armament on suspicious nuclear vers. To be sure, they would not isfy a nonnuclear power that ked to nuclear weapons as deter- its to conventional attack, but they would reduce the nuclear have-not's fear of nuclear neighbors and thereby eliminate a strong incentive to proliferation. Such pledges would have the additional advantage of applying to weapons that already exist and not simply to those which might exist at some uncertain time in the future.

It is clear, above all, that the current system possesses the very lively dangers of both nuclear proliferation and nuclear use. "The threat to peace—and to human life itself" —said President Johnson, in submitting his treaty, "is universal. If the response is universal, the threat can be met." But the draft treaty that he proposed represents no significant step to meet that threat. Surely the United States can come up with a plan that is not so singularly self-serving, that contains some suggestion of understanding, that will genuinely reduce the possibility of nuclear war. The seriousness of the situation demands further reflection.

EW CURRICULUM FOR TEACH-INS

Christopher Lasch

e organizers of the teach-in move- nt, most of them professors at University of Michigan, still m a little dazed by their unex- ted and almost inadvertent suc- ss. They tell you with a mixture pride and uneasiness that teach- have been held, in imitation of one at Michigan, in England, Australia, in Japan, in South Viet- m itself. At the same time they e the impression of shrinking ck from some of the implications the position into which events ve thrust them. They talk about need to move on from "mere" iticism to "constructive sugges- ns," as if they were groping to- rd a more acceptable posture an that of moral outrage, a pos- re which would not expose them the charge of being fuzzy-minded ealists who know nothing of the mplicated issues involved in Viet- m; a posture, moreover, more nsistent with the academic self- age. Protest, accordingly, gives y to the "study group" earnestly arching for "alternatives." Specif- lly, on September 14-18 at Ann bor (scene of the first teach-in st March), it gave way to an in- rnational conference on "alterna- e perspectives on Vietnam."

The teach-in movement has been vided from the start between those the one hand who see themselves as protestants and who wish to broaden the base of protest by reaching out to the student community and the civil rights movement, and those on the other hand who see themselves essentially as expert advisers to the government. The desire for a "confrontation" with McGeorge Bundy, which was finally consummated last summer in a televised debate between Bundy and Hans J. Morgenthau, is a good example of the latter line of thinking. The failure of the televised debate gave point to the objection of a minority within the teach-in movement: that debates with the government inevitably take place on the government's ground and degenerate into quibbles among experts about the facts of the situation in Vietnam, thereby blunting the moral issue raised by American involvement and by the progressive enlargement of the war. In their call for the Ann Arbor conference, the Michigan group appeared to have made certain concessions to the protestants within the movement. They spoke of the importance of the moral issue and held out the promise that "by approaching these questions from the moral perspectives of all great religious and philosophical systems, we may find solutions that are more consistent with fundamental human values than current American policy in Vietnam has turned out to be." They also expressed the hope that by making the teach-in movement genuinely international—the Ann Arbor meeting stressed its international character—they could "approach American policy from fundamentally different perspectives." These statements seemed to imply that the conference would devote itself not so much to finding specific alternatives in Vietnam as to looking at America itself—American foreign policy in general, and beyond that, the society of which it is an expression—from perspectives which transcend the American "consensus."

Judged in the light of these expectations, the conference was a disappointment. Several "study groups" met in closed sessions for three days and then reported the results of their labors in a public session in Hill auditorium, a cavernous place in which a large audience—mostly Michigan students—sweltered patiently in unseasonable September heat. After the reports, the meeting, with two hours out for dinner, heard a succession of speeches, ending, late in the evening, with an address by Arthur Miller. The conference then broke up—in accordance with the "Michigan teach-in tradition," we were told—into a number of simultaneous seminars, each running far into the night. The next and final day was devoted to "action workshops" charged with generating specific proposals for protest and/or "confronting" the government. There were a few bright spots in this lengthy program, but the general effect was dreary. Indeed, the terminology itself, together with the appeal to the "teach-in tradition," suggests that spontaneity has already given way to a certain amount of bureaucratization — inevitable,

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perhaps, in any organization, but depressing nevertheless.

The "alternatives" generated within the "study groups" struck one as platitudinous. "We examined the assumption," one group reported, "that threats are more effective [in reaching some kind of settlement in Vietnam] than positive incentives." After painful consideration, the group had decided that incentives were more effective than threats. Too much of the discussion was on that level. Furthermore, too much of it turned on narrow questions of fact. Was the National Liberation Front representative of the popular will? Was it primarily a nationalist or a Communist movement? Did it practice terror? Was the terror employed by the other side worse than our own?

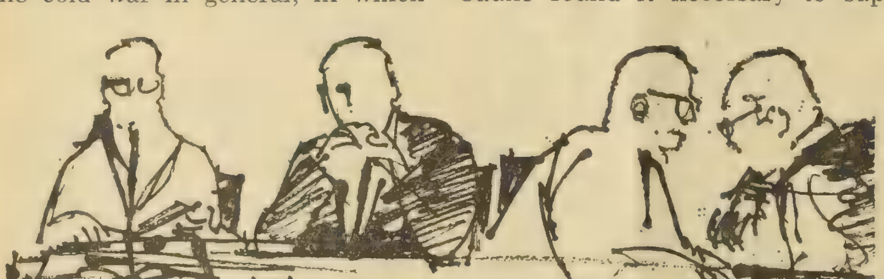
At the end of a long afternoon, Robert Parris, field secretary of SNCC, pointed out that this excessive preoccupation with facts defeats itself. For every fact on one side of the debate it is possible to produce facts on the other side; and the government, in any argument over facts, necessarily has the last word, since it can claim to have more facts than its critics. The debate over Vietnam, Parris argued, should revolve not around facts but around theory—the theory, for instance, that American atrocities in Vietnam are not chance violence but part and parcel of a criminal war. Theories, he said—the theory of racism in the South, the theory of American benevolence in Asia—are notably resistant to change. They can absorb contrary facts and explain them away. Theories must be confronted with theories. The theory of American benevolence must be confronted with the theory of the dirty war (and beyond that, I would argue, with a theory about the cold war in general, in which the whole myth of American benevolence would be tested against the theory that Americans are not exempt from the corrupting influence of great power). One of the most puzzling features of the teach-in movement, however, remains its unwillingness to open up a larger debate about American foreign policy. On the contrary, the sponsors of the movement argue that it is useless to debate the larger issue until the war in Vietnam is brought to an end.

What can be done, then, to bring it to an end? The assumption of the teach-ins seems to be that the government must be persuaded, by a combination of argument and orderly demonstration, to end the war. It must be made to see that other alternatives exist, that it is possible to negotiate a settlement, that the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front are ready to negotiate. But what if the government chooses to remain deaf to such appeals? We have been told that at least one approach from North Vietnam was rejected by the Johnson Administration because it came during the Goldwater campaign, and Johnson was afraid to appear before the voters as an "appeaser." I did not hear a single reference, during the entire conference in Ann Arbor, to the domestic political implications of a settlement in Vietnam. I heard many references to the fact that France had been able to withdraw from Algeria without losing its international prestige, but no one pointed out the obvious differences between the French case and the American.

France was able to remove itself from Algeria because a national hero coupled withdrawal with an appeal to glory; and even then, de Gaulle found it necessary to suppress the opposition by force and impose on the country a regim of repression which has not bee lifted yet. Johnson is not a nation hero, nor is he in a position to su press the Republican Party; and h political vulnerability—the vulner bility of any Democratic Presiden on cold-war issues—opens up t prospect that we may have to wa for a Republican President, anoth Eisenhower, to put an end to t war in Vietnam. (By that time the will be nothing left of Vietnam Appalling as this prospect is, it one that critics of President Joh son would do well to take in account.

Those critics would do well, i short, to consider the possibility th no amount of persuasion wi change the central fact of America politics—the fact that there is n opposition party, no political o position at all to the rhetorical b enormously effective demand th we stand up to the Communist resist "aggression," avoid anoth "Munich." Until the political com plexion of the country is radicall changed, the political liabilities liquidating the cold war will co tinue to outweigh its advantage As long as the appeal to anti-com munism brings automatic and u failing success, we shall continu to be faced with the phenomeno superficially so hard to explain, "liberal" Presidents who execute th policies of their most outspoke critics on the far Right. Thing would be different if the America Left had not long ago committe itself to outdo the Right in its ant Communist zeal; but once the Le itself accepted anti-communism the *sine qua non* of political respec ability, it became the prisoner its own immediate success, survi ing the postwar hysteria only to fi that hysteria had become a pe manent feature of the politic scene.

These facts, so notably al sent from the discussions at th University of Michigan, so indi pensable to any consideration American policy in Vietnam or an where else, explain why it is futi to reason with the present Admi istration, or indeed with any a ministration. The Administratio cannot be persuaded, it has to *forced* to change the direction American policy. The real questio which critics ought to be conside

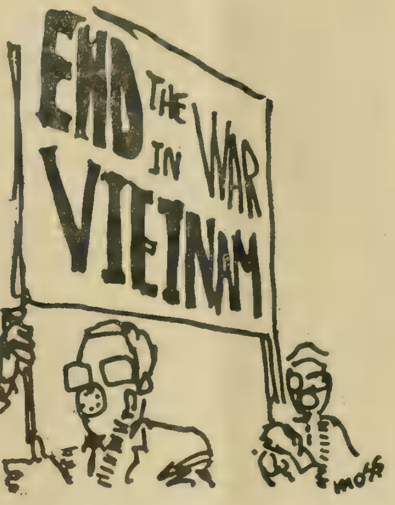


is what kind of force promises
earliest success.

here would seem to be two pos-
lities, not necessarily incompat-
but difficult to pursue at the
ne time. One is mass civil dis-
dience, the weapon of the civil
nts movement; and it is interest-
, in this connection, that Robert
ris and a few other leaders of
civil rights movement were pres-
in Ann Arbor. One of them,
lton Goodlett, editor of the San
ncisco *Sun-Reporter*, cited the
e-speech movement at Berkeley
an example of the possibilities
civil disobedience; and one could
all many such examples—begin-
g with the Montgomery bus boy-
t—from the civil rights struggle
the South. Whatever the moral
plications of civil disobedience,
atever the importance of making
witness" against arbitrary power,
essence of civil disobedience, as
odlett tried to show, is coercion.
bringing the normal processes
government to a halt (as, for in-
nce, when more arrests have to
made than the normal agencies
law enforcement can possibly
ndle), masses of demonstrators
n sometimes force authority to
ld on a given point. And mass
il disobedience is a tactic that
nceivably might be used in the
ace movement as well.

So far, civil disobedience in the
ace movement has figured only
the form of isolated acts of con-
ence, possibly educative but hard-
coercive. If civil disobedience
re to be really effective, the move-
nt would have to become much
ger than it presently is. That is
e of the difficulties in the way of
ing civil disobedience as an in-
ument of agitation against Amer-
n foreign policy. The other dif-
ulty is that the situations in
ich civil disobedience has been
ccessful are not precisely analo-
us to the foreign-policy crisis. In
e case of Montgomery and Berke-
, civil disobedience was effective
cause it could be used against
al authorities who were fully im-
icated in the policies under dis-
te. Those policies—racial discrim-
ation, free speech—were issues of
tional importance which never-
eless had a local dimension and
local impact. Questions of foreign
licy, however, rarely present
emselves as local issues; and even
hen they do, as in the case of the
ening or closing of military installations which have local significance, so much of the ultimate power of decision lies in Washington that it is hard to bring nonviolent coercion to bear. Some people have been predicting for several months that the power of the civil rights movement will shortly make itself felt in the agitation for peace, but these predictions still seem to me somewhat unconvincing, because of the inherently different nature of the two issues.

The other alternative, the other means of forcing a change in American policy, is to build an effective opposition along traditional lines—a body of opinion, translatable into votes, which will be resistant to cold-war clichés and skeptical of anti-Communist crusades. Communism has too long been an obsession of American politics; it is time some drastic therapy laid it to rest. I do not propose a direct assault on the radical Right or even on the Center. It is the anti-Communist Left which most needs to be purged of its obsession with the menace; for it was the failure of the Left, its failure to function as an opposition, which in the forties and fifties made possible the emergence of the "bipartisan" foreign policy from which we still suffer. Even now the political climate is beginning to change, for a new generation is emerging for whom the trauma of Stalinism is a dead issue. But older liberals, with their tremendous emotional investment in the disappointments of the past, assume toward the new generation an irritating condescension, and assure them that they will live to suffer the same disappointments and learn the same bitter lessons about the incompatibility of freedom and revolution. The new Left, in reply, denounces the old as "irrelevant"—the fate of all middle-aged people in America. The generational split on the Left thus mirrors a deeper sickness of American life, the absolute discontinuity between youth and age; and to attack the problem at the political level might suggest the possibility of attacking it at other levels as well.


END THE WAR IN VIETNAM
moth

The importance of the generational issue is what made the device of the "teach-in" initially so suggestive as a technique of agitation. Teach-ins represent precisely the mingling of age groups which has to occur before an effective Left can take shape—for the students alone do not constitute an opposition, whatever some of them may say about the irrelevance of their elders. Unfortunately, the very political crisis which created the teach-ins—the war in Southeast Asia—prevents them from becoming an effective instrument either of opposition or of education; the leaders of the movement have subordinated everything to the effort to stop the war in Vietnam. Quite apart from everything else, stopping the war in Vietnam is not a subject worth "teaching." It has very little intellectual content; a certain number of points can be made, and the subject is quickly exhausted. The real subject that needs to be "taught" is the history of the cold war and of the relation of the American Left to communism. The Left needs to reconsider its own history, as a patient therapeutically reconstructs his past. It needs to reconsider the origins of the cold war; it needs to reconsider what it means to have "chosen" the West; it needs to reconsider Stalinism itself—was it an aberration or a historical necessity?—in order to get some perspective on the history of the 20th-century revolution.

These are subjects, as distinguished from "alternatives" in Vietnam, worth teaching. Until the "teach-ins" begin to teach, they will be politically useless and intellectually boring. It will be interesting to see whether the failures of higher education—the confusion of education with expertise, the idea that students are a needless obstacle to "research"—will now repeat themselves in the political agitation to which teachers find themselves so unexpectedly committed.

Atomic Insurance

The Ticklish Statistics . . . . David E. Pesoner

San Francisco

There exists considerable evidence that the Atomic Energy Commission, under pressure from the private utility industry and the manufacturers of nuclear reactors, has recently suppressed a report that could profoundly affect the course of the atomic power industry. The report deals with the theoretical consequences of a major accident in a large nuclear power plant.

In 1954 Congress passed the Atomic Energy Act "in the hope and belief that the substantial entry of private industry into the atomic energy program would speed the further development of the peaceful uses of atomic energy. . . . " However, industry was discouragingly slow in the development and installation of large nuclear power plants, and the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy (JCAE) initiated an inquiry into the causes of the delay. It found that "the problem of potential liability and the inability to obtain adequate insurance from commercial sources in connection with the operation of nuclear reactors constituted a major obstacle to further private industrial participation in this program. . . . "

The JCAE requested the AEC's Brookhaven National Laboratory to study more precisely what the effects of a major accident would be. The resulting report has come to be called the Brookhaven Report; its official title is WASH-740. Released in limited supply in 1957, it has become widely available, over the intervening years, mostly by word of mouth and Xerox machine.

The Brookhaven Report laid great stress on the low probability of a major accident. (Six months after its release, the infamous Windscale incident occurred in England. Some experts believe that evidence from Windscale, which resulted in heavy radioiodine (I-131) fallout, has "changed the parameters" of the original Brookhaven Report.) Despite the small chances of a big accident, the report concluded that the consequences of such an occurrence would be catastrophic — far beyond normal industrial experience or ability to indemnify: 3,400 fatalities, 43,000 radiation injuries, $7 billion property damage spread over an area of 150,000 square miles.

Consequently, the JCAE drafted, and Congress passed on September 2, 1957, the so-called Price-Anderson Indemnity Act. The basic provisions of the act were: (1) the federal government assumed liability for major nuclear accidents, up to the amount of $500 million; (2) reactor owners were required to obtain an additional $60 million coverage from one of several special syndicates of private insurance companies; (3) a ceiling of $560 million was placed on public liability. If claims by survivors exceeded that amount, the total coverage was to be parceled out to claimants on a pro rata basis. The legal and procedural machinery for so massive and tragic a cutting of the pie are far from clear.

In recommending passage of the act, the JCAE reported:

> *The provisions of this bill provide governmental indemnification to those licensees who obtain their licenses* [from the AEC] *within the next 10 years. The indemnification agreement is to run for the life of the license. During the 10-year period* it is hoped that there will be enough experience gained so that the problems of reactor safety will be to a great extent solved *and the insurance people will have had the experience on which to base a sound program of their own.*

The act was to remain in effect for ten years, at which time the committee would review its effectiveness.

As the expiration date of the first Price-Anderson Act approached (August 1, 1967), the utility industry, the manufacturers of reactors, the AEC and the JCAE began preparing to extend it for another ten years. The AEC reported to the committee this year that "it is possible to postulate extremely unlik ly, theoretical nuclear acciden which, under certain circumstance conceivably would cause damag considerably in excess of [the] $6 million [currently available fro private sources]." And the JCAE i turn reported to the full Congres that:

> *The experience in this field is not yet sufficiently great nor the technology sufficiently developed, that it is possible to deny the theoretical possibility of such an accident. . . . Accordingly, the principal reason for enacting the Price-Anderson legislation—the need to assure the availability of funds for the payment of claims arising out of a catastrophic nuclear incident—still persists.*

In anticipation of hearings on tl extension, the now seven-year-ol original Brookhaven Report wa scheduled to be updated, to take in to account the increasing sophistication of reactor designs and protective measures, as well as the subsequent operating experience wit reactors in existence in 1957, o built soon thereafter. The repor was also to consider that reactor being planned today are both muc larger and closer to population centers than those contemplated te years ago. Whether these factor balance out in their effect on public safety would be of considerabl interest to citizens who may soo face the prospect of having a larg nuclear power plant in their vicin ity.

There is some reason to believ that the factors do not balance— that today's reactors pose a mor severe threat to public safety tha was anticipated in the 1957 Brookhaven Report. At the February 1965, meeting in Los Angeles of the American Nuclear Society, Cliffor K. Beck, deputy director of regulation for the AEC, made the following remarks in an address on "Reactor Siting Criteria and Practice in the U.S.":

> *What is really troubling the nuclear community now in the siting of power reactors is the desire to move to a substantially different pattern for choosing reactor sites; at the same time major alterations and size increases in the reactors are taking place. . . . Pressures to*

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ove reactors closer to load [population] *centers and nuclear technology at the same time has presented us with reactors of 5 times he power level and 3 or so times he fuel lifetime of reactors three ears ago.*

Let me mention just one technical act to point up the significance of he changes that are occurring. here is a very large difference in he implications of a major meltdown in a 3,000 MW [megawatt] *reactor as contrasted to that in a 300 MW reactor. For the small reactor, t may make good sense to surround t with a leak-proof, concrete "thermos bottle" containment, and, in ase of accident, just walk away nd let everything inside settle down nd cool off. For the 3,000 MW reactor all the thermal phenomena inside are greatly increased in magnitude and accelerated in the rate of ime-sequences. If you walk away* rom that *"thermos bottle," its temperature curve, after perhaps a momentary decline, will rise continuously and will simply heat up until it bursts, so a reliable cooling system must be added.*

Thus, as reactors become larger and larger, as their fuel cycle lengthens, and as they are simultaneously moved toward population centers, the demand on the containment becomes much more exacting and the necessity of other systems working, besides just the containment vessels, becomes more urgent.

On December 3, 1964, at the annual meeting of the Atomic Industrial Forum (AIF), the principal rade association of the nuclear industry, AEC Commissioner John G. alfrey delivered an address titled, The Price-Anderson Law and afety," which began as follows:

My assignment today was to review with you the updating of the Brookhaven report on the theoretical consequences of major nuclear accidents, and secondly, the AEC's report on extending the Price-Anderson Act. Well, the Brookhaven study is not ready yet and the Price-Anderson Report is still in draft form, and has not been reviewed by the Commission. . . .

I think I should beg off on the Brookhaven study because my guesses on what it will say or should say could be irresponsible chatter on a ticklish subject *that needs accurate reporting. All I will say is what you probably know, that seven years after the first study one is considering theoretically conceivable accidents in a reactor which is considerably larger than in 1957, located somewhat closer to population centers, with the confidence of increased operating experience and constantly improving design and engineered safeguards. My guess is—well, I just said I won't guess.* (Emphasis added.)

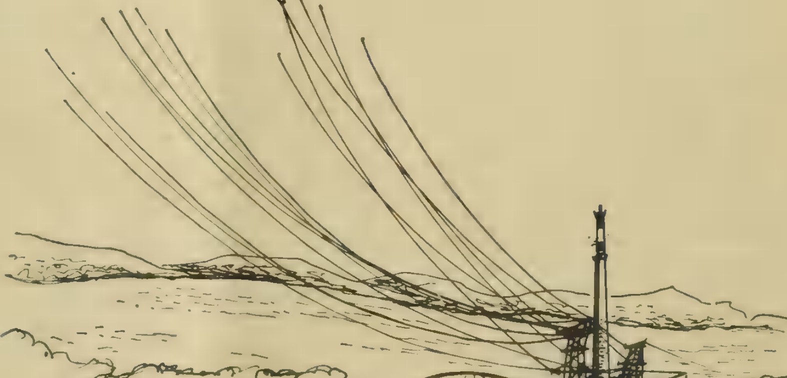
Attending this meeting in San Francisco was one Hal Stroube, atomic information specialist (i.e., in charge of public relations for atomic power plants) for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the nation's largest private utility. Stroube and his company were fresh from defeat in one of the bitterest battles in the company's sixty-year history, the battle of Bodega Bay. [See "Outrage on Bodega Head" by Gene Marine, *The Nation*, June 22, 1963.] On October 30, one month before the Atomic Industrial Forum conference, PG&E had abandoned plans to build a 325 MW atomic plant at Bodega Head, a scenic peninsula about 50 miles north of San Francisco. The AEC had expressed some doubt as to the safety of the reactor (it was on an earthquake fault) after the utility had already invested $4 million excavating the foundations. This humiliating development was a familiar topic of hallway discussion of the AIF meeting.

About three months later, in a conference on reactor siting of the American Nuclear Society, a professional association of reactor engineers, PG&E's Mr. Stroube advised the AEC on ways to make his job a little easier next time:

My task here, of course, is not to poke fun at the AEC, and I don't intend to do that. I have simply pointed out several areas which I believe they could consider improving in order to make it easier for us to get on with our chore of public understanding. One last suggestion along these lines would be to do us a great big favor *by* cancelling *the now-in-progress up-dating of the Brookhaven Report. I've eaten a steady diet of WASH-740 in the past three years as it became the bible of the anti-Bodega crowd, and no amount of pointing to the disclaimers in the three-page covering letter in the front of the report could overcome those chilling words. "3,400 people killed, 43,000 injuries, $7 billion in property damage" which rolled so glibly off their tongues from the depths of this theoretical study of the possible consequences of a major accident—and so forth. I agree with Mr. Lowenstein when he says that these figures are damaging when taken out of context, but simply putting them back into context as he suggests is about as easy as trying to unscramble an omelet and return it to its several shells.*

And at the end of the printed proceedings of this meeting (published by the AEC's Division of Technical Information), under the heading "Summary of Discussion," occurs the following paragraph:

Two more ideas were proposed as means of helping to gain public acceptance of nuclear power. One was the suggestion that the public be made aware of how the hazards of various industries and various other aspects of daily living compare with atomic energy experience. The other was that the planned updating of the Brookhaven report, WASH-740, be dropped. The opinion was expressed that the original report has already caused serious problems in gaining public support



Con Edison Nuclear Plant, Indian Point, N.Y.

> *of nuclear power and that the revision would tend to begin a new cycle of problems.*

The proceedings indicate no formal resolution requesting the AEC to abandon the Brookhaven revision: but both the ANS and the AIF are extremely powerful influences on the AEC and the Joint Committee. Indeed, many AEC personnel are members of the professional association, and the meetings of the trade association are studded with AEC participants.

However, in June, 1965, six months after AEC Commissioner Palfrey had told the AIF conference in San Francisco that the Brookhaven study "is still in draft form," JCAE Chairman Holifield wrote AEC Chairman Seaborg, and asked him to bring the committee up to date on (1) Price-Anderson indemnity, and (2) the Brookhaven Report. In his reply of June 18, Chairman Seaborg proceeded for two pages to skirt any mention of a specific *report* from the restudy of WASH-740. With studied vagueness he summarized the *findings*, in the following paragraph, which would seem to suggest that a report does exist somewhere in the closely guarded AEC catacombs:

> *In answer to the second question, a restudy of the theoretical consequences of hypothetical accidents by our staff and that of Brookhaven has led us to fairly predictable conclusions. Reactors today are much larger than those in prospect in 1957, their fuel cycles are longer and their fission product inventories are larger. Therefore, assuming the same kind of hypothetical accidents as those in the 1957 study*, the theoretically calculated damages would not be less and under some circumstances would be substantially more than the consequences reported in the earlier study. (Emphasis added.)

The computations required to arrive at these conclusions are quite complex, and Seaborg would have been unlikely to state them without a completed report to back him up.

All of these facts indicate that a restudy was begun of The Theoretical Possibilities and Consequences of Major Accidents in Large Nuclear Power Plants. Either the completed study or a preliminary version reached the following conclusions:

> (1) The chances for a major accident are low but greater than zero.
>
> (2) The consequences would be substantially greater than anticipated in 1957—i.e., greater than 3,400 fatalities, 43,000 radiation injuries, and $7 billion property damage.

But the mathematical conclusions of the new study—its chief reason for being—have been suppressed. Why? Is the utility industry's public relations "chore" the only explanation?

On June 22, 23 and 24, the JCAE held hearings on Price-Anderson extension. There were four witnesses from the AEC (including Commissioners Palfrey and Ramey) who supported the legislation (H.R. 8496). The "views of industry and the public" were given by two public witnesses (a former JCAE staff member, who supported the legislation, and a civil engineer from Madison, Wis., who opposed it) and twenty-one other witnesses in the following categories:

In favor—4 insurers of nuclear reactors
In favor—7 electric utilities or utility trade associations
In favor—7 reactor manufacturers or trade associations
Opposed—3 coal companies or coal trade associations

The motives of witnesses from coal companies and associations were naturally looked upon with some suspicion by the committee—a suspicion, one might add, that was not extended to witnesses from interests who supported the legislation. The coal industry has never exhibited a conspicuous concern for human welfare, but it appears that on this matter the self-interest of the coal industry coincides with the public interest. With respect to the elusive new Brookhaven Report, Joseph E. Moody, president of the National Coal Policy Conference, testified:

> *It is also rather curious to us that, with full knowledge that this hearing was coming up in this session of Congress, and that the Joint Committee was to consider this important piece of legislation, a little special effort on the part of the Brookhaven Laboratory people could not have produced their new, basic evaluation for determining potential damages in the event of a nuclear accident. . . .*
>
> *I have the impression that there are doubts as to whether the extension of Price-Anderson in its present form is, indeed, good for the nuclear power industry. In fact,*
> *it was stated that it tended to p*
> *sent a massive façade to the pub*
> *indicating a lack of confidence*
> *the part of Congress and, indeed,*
> *the utilities themselves in the*
> *tremely complicated machines us*
> *to produce nuclear power.*
>
> *The alternative would be to ta*
> *a strong positive approach and*
> *Price-Anderson expire, which mig*
> *well develop an industry guided a*
> *operated only by those who h*
> *confidence in it.*

The utility witnesses we
unanimous that they would ab
don plans to build nuclear po
plants, unless the governm
indemnity were extended. Th
argument was a curious o
although they were confident t
atomic power plants were perfec
safe, and they wouldn't dream
risking the lives and property
their many good customers, nev
theless, *if* a big accident were
occur they would not like to b
the responsibility. And this c
sideration was great enough to
decisive in future choices betwe
coal and nuclear fuels. The follo
ing exchange, for example,
curred during the testimony
George C. Kinsman, vice preside
of the Florida Power & Light Co
pany:

> Representative Price: *If you fe*
> *that your company could not secu*
> *its construction permit before th*
> *expiration of the Price-Anderso*
> *Act of 1967, would you continu*
> *your interest in the building of a*
> *atomic power plant?*
>
> Mr. Kinsman: *That is a decisio*
> *that I don't know that I can spea*
> *to entirely. I think our directo*
> *would take a very hard look befor*
> *they went ahead, Mr. Price.*

And with an eye to the cu
tomers for their reactors, the man
facturers echoed the utilities' po
tion. As Charles H. Weaver, vi
president of the Westinghou
Electric Corporation, testified:

> *There is no inconsistency betwee*
> *saying, on the one hand, that atomi*
> *power plants are safe for locatio*
> *in large cities and that, on the othe*
> *hand, Price-Anderson protectio*
> *should be extended. There is onl*
> *recognition that some men continu*
> *to feel concern. If Price-Anderso*
> *were not extended, we might wel*
> *encounter the argument in reverse*
> *namely, that we cannot locat*
> *atomic power plants in large citie*
> *because there is no Price-Anderso*
> *protection.*
>
> Chairman Holifield: *In your opin*
> *ion, what would be the effect o*
> *the delay until next year in acting*

n the proposed Price-Anderson ex-
nsion?
Mr. Weaver: *Mr. Chairman, I*
iink the problem there is simply the
ınger you delay the more difficult
is for people to formulate their
lans with any degree of finality.
articularly in the commercial area,
he electric utility industry is cer-
ainly actively considering what
hey are to do. I would feel that
hey would question the desire to
ontinue the development of atomic
ower to the extent we have indi-
ated is our wish to date if we were
ıot to act on this promptly, once
ıaving brought it to the table the
vay we have.

It is hard to say what effect re-
ase of the new Brookhaven Re-
ırt might have had on these hear-
gs and subsequent Congressional
bate. The Price-Anderson exten-
on passed the Senate without de-
ıte and cleared the House on Sep-
mber 16 by a 337-to-30 vote. Dur-
ıg the one-hour limited debate,
veral Appalachian states vainly
ised constitutional objections to
e ceiling on indemnity and object-
l to the unseemly haste in renew-
ıg the act two years before it ex-
res. What might have been the
te had the AEC not withheld the
w report indicating potential dam-
ges of perhaps $35 billion over
50,000 square miles? Only two
ongressmen raised the old Brook-
aven Report in House debate—
nd that just in passing. After all,
ıe only figures they had to work with were more than seven years old.

In a speech to the Atomic Industrial Forum, in October, 1957, a month after the first Price-Anderson Act was passed, AEC Chairman Lewis L. Strauss made these points:

> *In line with the established, time-proven American tradition of free competition, as opposed to government control, and in conformity with both the letter and the spirit of the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, we seek to bring about the development of nuclear power within the structure of private enterprise.*
>
> *We seek to establish at the earliest feasible time, an independent nuclear power industry—independent in all its stages from concept to operation — independent from government domination or government subsidy.*

The AEC has proved itself most dexterous in defining the term "subsidy," as its support of the Price-Anderson Act suggests. And it has also shown enthusiasm for suppressing information that might prove inimical to its objectives. Perhaps the most celebrated instance occurred in the so-called PRDC case. Faced with a lawsuit brought by the United Auto Workers, against the granting of a construction permit for a reactor to be constructed at Monroe, Mich., by the Power Reactor Development Company, the AEC suppressed a report that doubted the safety of the installation. The commission's Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards had recommended that a permit for the plant be denied. Their report, forwarded to the commission on June 6, 1956, was immediately classified "Administratively Confidential." On August 4, 1956, the AEC granted a construction permit to PRDC to begin work on the reactor. Immediately thereafter, Chairman Strauss announced that he would attend the ground-breaking ceremonies and give a speech. But after word leaked on the confidential report, and after considerable pressure from the Joint Committee, the AEC released the adverse report in October. By that time, site preparation was well under way.

The evidence bearing on the latest updating of the Brookhaven Report strongly suggests that a comparable situation now exists with respect to Price-Anderson extension.

The 1957 Brookhaven Report has been a serious public relations liability in the promotion of nuclear power installations. For public relations reasons, as well as for legislative success in extending Price-Anderson, the AEC appears to have abandoned or suppressed the updated report—a major research project of potentially widespread public importance.

HOSPITALS WITHOUT NURSES

. . Jean Martin

ſike Nichols and Elaine May have
rought out a record in which they
id the medical profession on a
ariety of levels. On the last band,
ſike and Elaine are in rehearsal,
orking up a new skit. Mike tells
laine, "Be a Jewish mother"; and
ıen, as a young son, he comes to
er with the news that he has de-
ided what profession he wants to
nter. "It will take a lot of work, a
ot of sacrifice on all our parts," he
arns. But the mother is entranced
y the prospect of this kind of suf-
ering, for she has the burning ambition of all Jewish mothers: a son who is a "professional." "Mother," Mike confides to her, lowering his voice rhapsodically, "I have decided what I want to do with my life. I want to be a nurse." Whereupon the two comedians dissolve in laughter, this being after all only a rehearsal.

The skit is strangely prophetic, but the joke is ephemeral, for the same scene may soon be played in all seriousness. The United States now suffers a shortage of nurses so severe that an incredible number of good nursing positions are going begging. One-fifth of all hospital nursing jobs were vacant in 1962 (in the South it reached an unbelievable 50 per cent). And the first stumbling blocks to remedying the situation are the additional facts that in 1963, 58 per cent of those entrusted with training new nurses lacked graduate degrees considered essential for good teaching, and that 11 per cent of budgeted faculty positions were vacant. Yet if nursing is to keep up with the rise of hospitalization, it must increase by 75 per cent the number of registered nurses to meet the needs of 1970.

The new comprehensive insurance plans, plus the growing population with its rising percentage of old persons with long-term nursing needs, have made immense demands on nursing; the new complexities in the practice of medicine, the added responsibilities delegated to nurses because of the doctor shortage—all

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ean Martin is a free-lance writer,
iving in Chicago. She reviews fre-
uently for the Sun-Times *and writes*
rimarily on cultural topics for vari-
us magazines.

these have changed the pattern of the profession. But the salary—average $84.50 per week — has scarcely changed at all. If nursing schools can somehow induce 6 per cent of all high school girl graduates to enter the nursing profession, the supply of RNs will still reach only the minimum demand for 1970. It is considered desirable that nurses should provide 50 per cent of direct patient care in a hospital, but the highest goal realistically obtainable for 1970 (according to the Surgeon General's Consulting Group on Nursing) will provide only 38 per cent.

How does the nursing shortage make itself felt? While the situation has long been obvious to hospital officials, who often must close wards or reject patients because of a lack of nurses, it comes to public awareness as what appears to be hospital inefficiency. "I never see a nurse," says the patient, and the patient is the one who feels the shortage in terms of real, physical deprivation. The sick person, for example, who has an untrained aide instead of an RN attending him may experience a drug reaction that is not reported as speedily as it should be; he may go through a respiratory crisis which could be alleviated by the presence of better-trained help. Or, to take a more widespread example (somehow nursing lends itself to statistics, probably because it is the most studied and thoroughly documented of professions, and the statistics abound), there are 718,000 patients in psychiatric hospitals in this country, a number that exceeds all other hospitals combined. For these there are employed 16,300 nurses, 9,600 practical nurses, and 101,000 aides and orderlies, the nurses managing to deliver a bare 10 per cent of direct patient care as contrasted to the 30 per cent now being given in (also understaffed) general hospitals. For the psychiatric patient, whose need is not only for the tranquilizer but for the knowledge that the person giving it to him *cares* about him, this is tantamount to withholding medication. And a similar shortage of human sympathy exists on every level in every hospital and is felt by every patient, rich or poor. The resultant lessening of patient-nurse respect, compounded by the deterioration of doctor-nurse respect (the doctor shortage has resulted in a blurring of what a nurse should be expected to do or not do) has tainted the old Florence Nightingale-Clara Barton image. Nursing, which is fundamentally a "calling," has lost its greatest reward. For (as yet another study of nursing has indicated), contrary to all ideas that girls go into nursing to marry doctors or meet rich patients, the fact is that 80 per cent become nurses out of a desire to serve. But while nursing appeals to the humanistic emotions, nowadays it also requires a better than average mind. For admission to most nursing schools, the applicant must be in the upper third of her high school graduating class. Paradoxically, while the nursing shortage is severe, the lack of unsuitable applicants is not. And so strong is the "call" of the profession that these rejectees suffer deeply when they are turned down.

The applicant for nursing has a choice of training programs. She may get a degree from a college or a diploma from a hospital school. She then takes a state exam and, if pronounced "safe to practice," becomes an RN. There are also two-year programs which turn out "practical nurses," these in increasing numbers of recent years. And hospitals are employing a growing number of unskilled nurses' aides. But while the jump in the number of licensed practical nurses has been large, a considerable percentage work part time, and among the nurses' aides (who lack background and education) the turnover is enormous. The real need is for very highly trained nurses and for nurse educators. Fifty years ago a nurse did everything for her patients; her ward was one big bedroom. Now she is increasingly an executive who must decide which of her too-numerous patients may be entrusted to the practical nurse, which to the nurses' aide. The nurse today is entangled in mountains of paper work and a complex of drugs to be dispensed and kept track of—some hospitals are experimenting with IBM machines to release the nurse from this clerical activity and free her for human contacts. But somehow, amid all this growing complexity of duties, the RN manages to receive a salary somewhat less than that of the average secretary.

Lately, there has been some talk of a union for nurses, but most of the profession look askance at suggestion. Most of the power salary bargaining has already b removed by a standing agreem made tacitly between nurses and states that the nurses will not stri But raising the salary would at le bring back to the profession a nu ber of married nurses who do otherwise choose to return. Od enough, these married nurses te to prefer the "lobster shifts," wh are otherwise so difficult to fill. Al salary increases and the addition fringe benefits enjoyed by m other workers would attract to profession older women ready return to work, minority grou eager to get ahead, and (as so experts maintain) a greatly ov looked possibility—men.

While the number of nurses traditionally tied to the number teen-age girls, there are indicatio that men may begin entering t field. At present 40 per cent nursing schools do not admit me but they are changing with the p fession. It is true that the wo "nurse" is too deeply involved feminine connotations to be appli with grace to men in hospital wo but with the shift in nursing duti with the need for administrato and educators, men may come in nursing under other titles.

The young nowadays are r notably realistic in their goals— striking example being the juven delinquent school dropout who co fided in a TV interview that h ambition was to be a "nuclear phy cist." Perhaps with some coaxing film narrated by Pat Boone is rected to high school boys and girl teen-age boys may join teen-a girls as nursing candidates. At lea under the Surgeon General's Co sultant Group on Nursing the si of the nursing shortage has been a praised, the nature of the proble realized—and diagnosis is half t cure.

Meanwhile, the profession loo for quick solutions: a Catholic ho pital in Texas sent its nuns to Ir land with a color film about th hospital to recruit nurses for i staff; an air line offered to f nurses in from the Philippines. B these solutions are deplored by r sponsible nursing leaders who kno that the shortage is not only in th country, but everywhere in th world — including Russia, whe they still keep babies in swaddlin clothes.

Teachers' Unions

RIFT WITHOUT DIFFERENCES . . . Stanley Elam

uggest in a partisan group that ducation's two warring employee organizations should merge and you are likely to be hooted from the room. "Their outlook and programs are poles apart," it will be said. But his reply ignores the facts, some of which are recent developments.

Privately, leaders in both factions admit that rivalry between the American Federation of Teachers and the National Education Association must eventually end in merger or alliance. Too much money and energy are being wasted that might better be directed toward common goals, and bitterness is building up which can be exploited by the enemies of both groups for decades to comes. Michael Moskow, a labor economist with the Drexel Institute, says: "Merger will definitely occur, but probably not for about five years." He notes that already some NEA and AFT affiliates have made overtures for merger at the local level.

Until recently, the rivalry between the NEA and AFT may have served some useful purpose. For example, AFT successes, particularly in New York, forced the NEA to intensify its teacher-welfare efforts [see "Organizing the Teachers" by Stanley Elam, *The Nation*, June 29, 1964]. The Urban Project, which has promoted scores of "professional negotiations" agreements between local associations and boards of education, was a direct result of the concessions and written contract that AFT Local No. 2, the United Federation of Teachers (UFT), won from New York City's reluctant board. The state-wide sanctions program, so effective in Utah and now on trial in Oklahoma (a more difficult state) is the NEA's alternative to the strike, on which AFT locals depend as a last resort. Sanctions may involve a variety of actions by the local, state and national units: boycott, publicity, political action. Usually, after lengthy investigation, a school system will be declared "one where no professional person would want to seek employment." Depending on the loyalty of teachers to their organization, it can close a school—but only after teachers have met their contract obligations. Because the AFT has few effective state organizations, the NEA has been sponsoring legislation which favors state-wide professional negotiations as opposed to AFT-sponsored collective bargaining in Washington, Oregon, California and Connecticut. An aroused NEA can eventually dominate the teacher-welfare field everywhere except in the big cities—where, however, unionism is a way of life.

The AFT, suddenly aware that its membership is not growing as rapidly as hoped,* decided at its August convention in Los Angeles to emphasize state organization, research and publications. The new program will involve a considerable increase in dues, making them higher than the NEA's annual $10—and that will be one more point of similarity between the two bodies.

Are there real and important differences between the AFT and NEA? AFT rank and file, for example, are accused of being less devoted to the professional aspects of teaching. Not true, says William T. Lowe of Cornell, who cites the fact that AFT members are actually more likely than NEA members to belong to professional associations (the American Historical Association, the National Council of Teachers of English), even though these groups have a working relationship with the NEA.

The most easily recognizable difference between NEA and AFT members is that a significantly higher percentage of men than women join the AFT. Related to this fact, perhaps, is a difference in morale. AFT members tend to be dissatisfied, and would choose some other career if they could make the decision again. The single salary schedule is widely accepted in teaching, and a man can hardly support a family on the average salary of less than $6,000—at least not on the level college graduates and professionals have come to believe is their due. Thus they are activists and give the AFT its reputation for impatience and militancy. They are likely to be younger teachers at the junior-high and high-school levels, where men tend to concentrate in the public schools. (That, incidentally, is probably why many of them join professional organizations, which are more important for high school than for grade school teachers.)

AFT members, then, are the people who prefer a rapid and more or less clean solution of salary squabbles (the strike) to a slow, cumbersome and messy procedure (sanctions). But beyond this difference of attitude, what ideological, programmatic and structural differences between the NEA and AFT might prevent or delay merger? Only two are usually regarded as crucial.

First, within a month of its formation in 1916, the AFT became affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. It now pays AFL-CIO dues and makes much of the "mutual benefits of affilation." NEA literature emphasizes the theme that by affiliation AFT teachers lose the independence of action that is important to professionals committed to objectivity and responsible to all the public. As NEA Executive Secretary William G. Carr puts it, "American teachers must remain free and independent of entangling alliances with any one group in society."

But what entanglements actually occur? In August, 1963, the UFT was on the verge of a strike in New York City. It was generating as much political pressure as possible against Mayor Wagner and the city administration. When Harry Van Arsdale, head of the Central Labor Council, threw his complete support behind the UFT, a settlement was reached which the union found acceptable. It didn't produce much money the first year, but it got some for the second. The questionable result, so far as the UFT is concerned, was the political debt contracted, for that debt is now being called. According to the New York *World-*

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*Current AFT membership is about 110,000, up 50,000 from 1961 when the UFT won exclusive bargaining rights in New York City. Almost half this increase has been in New York City itself. Meanwhile, the NEA has grown from 714,000 to about 943,000.

Telegram of April 17, the UFT as part of its annual contract proposals asked the New York City board to agree not to buy textbooks, teaching materials or equipment transported or handled by any company with which the AFL-CIO has a dispute. If this can be done, it is not fanciful to suppose that the AFT might, as the price of AFL-CIO support, be asked to boycott a textbook critical of a position the trade unions have taken in resisting new modes of production.

In the past two years the AFT and the NEA have locked horns in a series of big-city elections to choose exclusive bargaining agents. One of the first of these occurred in Milwaukee. At the time (early 1964) it was thought that direct intervention by the AFL-CIO would help the AFT cause; hence the election was not run by the AFT but by the director of organization for the AFL-CIO's Industrial Union Department. Walter Reuther, president of the IUD, made a personal visit just three days before the election on February 12. However, the Milwaukee Teachers' Education Association (MTEA) won by a 600-vote majority out of 4,012 votes cast. The MTEA campaign stressed independence for teachers and freedom from ties with organizations outside the profession. Clearly, teachers resented the AFL-CIO "invasion," and since the Milwaukee debacle the IUD has remained in the background of bargaining elections.

The experience of the organized profession in England and Canada is instructive on this point. In both countries, the leading teachers' organizations have passed through a stage of labor affiliation. The National Teachers Union in England dropped the connection some years ago. In Canada, where teacher groups are far stronger and more experienced in collective negotiations than in the United States, none is now affiliated, although at one time—before provincial groups became effective in themselves—they were in the national union movement. The reasons given are primarily economic: it is believed that the considerable sums once spent in affiliation fees can be used more effectively by the Canadian Teachers Federation itself.

It can be persuasively argued that should the nearly 2 million U.S. teachers band together, their economic strength would be such that the disadvantages of affiliation with organized labor would far outweigh the advantages.

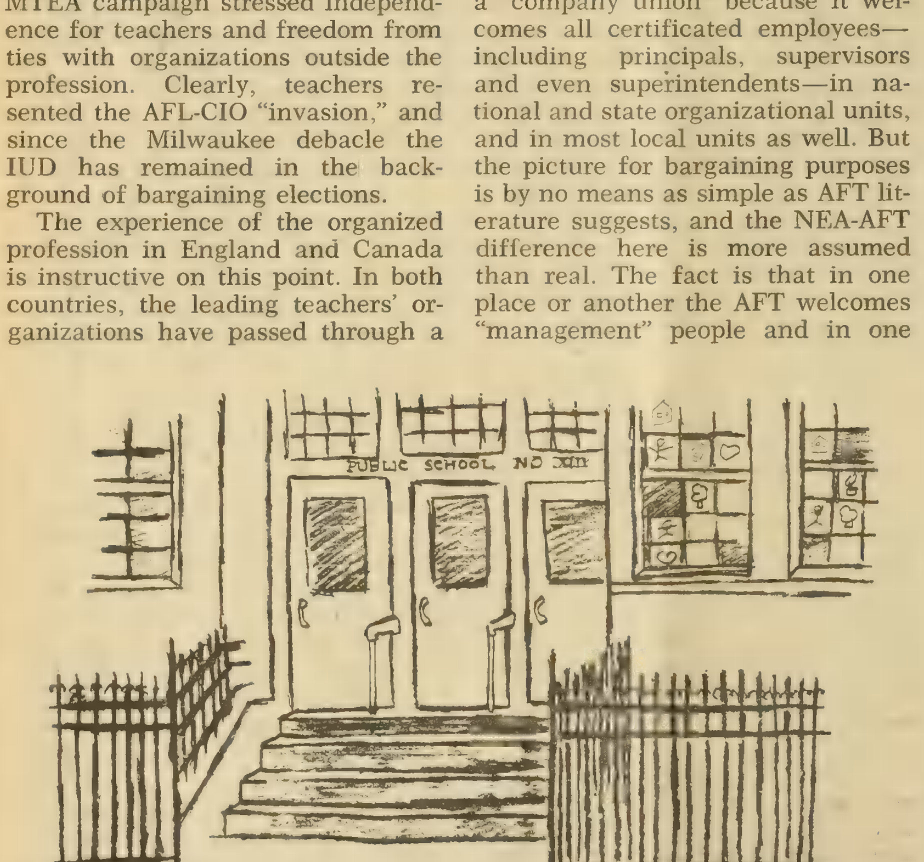
A second much discussed point of difference between the NEA and AFT concerns membership in the bargaining unit. A basic labor-relations tenet is that management employees should not be in the same unit as nonsupervisory employees. Accordingly, the NEA is routinely dismissed by the AFT as a "company union" because it welcomes all certificated employees—including principals, supervisors and even superintendents—in national and state organizational units, and in most local units as well. But the picture for bargaining purposes is by no means as simple as AFT literature suggests, and the NEA-AFT difference here is more assumed than real. The fact is that in one place or another the AFT welcomes "management" people and in one place or another the NEA exclud them. Overall, the NEA seems hold the more flexible and pra matic position on this question· the AFT would call it equivocal· because NEA policies vary with l cale, with job descriptions and wi leadership qualities of individual

Donald H. Wollett, a labor lawy serving as a consultant to the NEA Urban Project office, says that wh holds a unit together is communi of interest, which is not the same identity of interest. In the printin and building trades, he points ou everyone who possesses the skill organized, whether supervisory not. He adds: "I would wish th in structure and membership eve teachers' organization could be lil the Utah Education Associatio There, in an outrageous breach faith over a year ago, Govern George Clyde refused to follow th recommendations of his own con mittee with respect to state aid fo education. A two-day walkout b teachers resulted, and it was led b the UEA president, Moroni I. Jense Jensen is a high school *principa* The teachers didn't complain abou administration domination. Th complaints were leveled by schoo boards because their administrato were dominated by *teachers*."

Wollett reminds teachers that big advantage in having an all-in clusive bargaining unit is that som of the most effective leadership ma be found in the ranks of the supe visory personnel. The UFT itself di covered this when it chose Charle Cogen for its leader in early Ne York City negotiations. At that tim he was a department head, and in eligible to vote in the election force by his own group.

As a matter of fact, the AFT po sition on administrative personne membership is by no means as co sistent as the official line suggest According to Wollett, the AF wanted department heads exclude in Newark but included in Phila delphia, although Philadelphi heads had more of the duties o supervisors than did their opposit numbers in Newark.

From the foregoing it would ap pear that the facts do not suppor those who say there are two insupe able ideological barriers between th AFT and the NEA. Certainly labo affiliation is not essential to effec tiveness for a national teacher or ganization. And the ancient diffe ence over administrative membe



Mel Weinstein

ip in the bargaining unit is more agined than real. It is true that e AFT won't permit superintend- ts to be members at any level, ile the NEA will. But the NEA s learned that certain administra- rs cannot be accepted in the local it when the time comes for hard rgaining. And NEA teacher oups are apparently learning how make use of leadership skill from e administrative branches when nflict of interest is not disabling.

If within the next few years erger is seriously considered by T and NEA leaders, what could e AFT bring to the marriage that e NEA doesn't already have? Be- des some very energetic and ef- ctive leaders, it could bring a ructural change which has made e AFT more responsive to its embership than the NEA has usually been. This change is the caucus system.

At AFT conventions two very lively parties are in action, each with a well-defined program, a slate of officers and a mechanism for presenting both to the delegates. This means that there is always an organized group in opposition to the people who run the federation, a group looking for issues on which to embarrass those in office, and offering a platform to dissidents and minorities.

Myron Lieberman, a frequent critic of both organizations, points out that there is nothing like the caucus in the NEA. In an organization of almost a million members, he says, there is no political machinery, no center around which a systematic, continuing basic policy can be developed and then brought back to the organizational machinery. If merger with the AFT should politicize the NEA, then democracy would be well served within this huge, cumbersome organization.

Speaking before a national institute on collective negotiations in public education at Rhode Island College in July, AFT President Cogen said: "Increasingly, educational commentators have proposed that the AFT and the NEA merge into one organization. We would not rule out such a possibility." He went on, of course, to say that there are fundamental points at issue between the two organizations, but we are still waiting to hear an NEA spokesman come as near as Cogen to recognizing the need for merger. Perhaps, like the U.S. Government in Vietnam, NEA leaders are waiting for military success. At that point the teachers' new-found negotiating skill can bear fruit.

The Westchester Gorillas . . . . David Cort

ll the news is not bad in the ani- al kingdom. As man and the other ammals both get more sophisti- ated, they have grown more tol- ant of each other's company. Re- ntly we have had new and over- ue researches showing that wolves, orillas, and even tigers are really uite decent and sensible creatures. And apparently the animals have one some research of their own, tisfying themselves that in some ses man can be comfortably ved with. For an abundant wild fe has been found to be co-inhabit- g prosperous metropolitan sub- rbs, especially those, as in New ork's Westchester County, Minne- polis-St. Paul, or San Francisco's utskirts, which are backed by large mpty areas. Some of the animals ctually prefer cultivated suburban over to the forest. Westchester ounty, for example, now has re- pectable populations of raccoons, possum, weasel, fox, mink, skunk, oodchuck, muskrat and deer. ome of the larger estates invite in rchers to shoot the surplus deer, irearms being forbidden.

Most animals, of course, are noc- urnal and generally try to avoid uman attention. Of the night birds, Vestchester has five breeding species of owls—great horned, screech, barred, barn, and occasionally long-eared. This past summer the county was finally exasperated by a population of 1,700 Canada geese. They were charged with committing nuisances on golf courses, attacking children, and being health hazards at reservoirs and swimming sites. The penalty for attracting human attention was that 300 were captured by game agents and deported to Maine. They are perfectly capable of returning to the very pond from which they were shanghaied.

Still, a lesson in unintentional conservation had been taught by Westchester's respectful use of the land. A still better use is a well-managed sanctuary, and the best use a swamp. Incredibly, within New York City limits, the Jamaica Bay Sanctuary has had breeding glossy ibis, black skimmer, American egret, snowy egret, Louisiana heron, least bittern, pintail, ruddy duck, redhead, shoveler, blue-winged teal, gallinule, coot, piping plover, quail and others, some of them exotic in the area.

Man's tolerance of other species met its most severe recent test in the gorilla, the last big ape to be discovered by science. The gorilla has always had a terrible press; everybody agreed that it was "ferocious to a degree" and lost no opportunity to tear people to pieces. Then George B. Schaller spent a year fraternizing with various groups of them—in perfect safety, as he described in *The Year of the Gorilla* (University of Chicago Press). He found them peaceful and social animals with only occasional twitches of nervousness, relieved by roaring and breast beating.

The mountain gorilla barely survived the first good press relations it had ever had. As *The Nation's* reviewer, W. S. Merwin, wrote, the new governors of Uganda, Ruanda-Urundi and Congo saw "no practical merit in the gorillas," which chiefly occupied a limited section of the Albert National Park in the Virunga volcano region. Gorillas spend their lives moping through the forest, stripping off vegetation and munching it. They are not even a tourist attraction, because they don't want to be. Cattle were moved into their range, rapidly ruining the herbage. In final contempt, hunters were allowed in. The mountain gorilla may very well now be extinct. There remains the West African lowland gorilla in the area from Nigeria to Rio Muni, and inland as far as the Ubangi River.

Since the gorilla is fairly closely related to us, this episode should seem to us tragic. But the question

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avid Cort is a frequent Nation *con- ributor.*

naturally suggests itself: why not move the gorillas from Africa to Westchester County? First, the gorillas wouldn't like it since they need year-round vegetation and are subject to pulmonary diseases. Second, even ganders make Westchester nervous. For gorillas, Africa has advantages over Westchester.

But the principle of moving animal species is far from fanciful. A number of species survive only or largely in zoos and preserves. On the Russian steppe where the tarpan, the wild horse, was exterminated, the Russians run eland and zebra from Africa. And protection also works, even sometimes when the prognosis seems hopeless. The Russian antelope, the saiga, was down to a few hundred animals in 1930 but, with protection, has come back to 2 million and furnishes 6,000 tons of fine meat a year. The Alpine ibex was extinct except for sixty animals in the Italian Alps when King Victor Emmanuel II made its habitat a royal hunting park By 1938 there were 3,000. Hunted savagely by the Germans in World War II, but now back at 3,000, they are recruited to repopulate the mountains of Switzerland, Germany, Austria and the Carpathians. For another example, the European bison has been rescued from extinction and is being redistributed to its old European ranges from stock in Poland's Bialowieza Forest.

A curious fact is that it is far more considerate of the land to graze wild-meat animals than domesticated cattle, sheep and goats; domestic herds eat everything while the wild ungulates specialize, leaving much of the herbage intact. The goat is said to have ruined all southern Europe. Its old pastures are now naked, eroded wastes. The terrible word, "overgrazed," is rarely applied to country inhabited by wild animals with their accompanying predators.

It might be suggested that man has corrupted his domesticated cattle, sheep and goats into the vice of overgrazing. And certainly this vice is irreversible. Nor do I hope to revolutionize the ranching business, or introduce eland meat to the American public. Still, the vast herds must take their toll of the American landscape, and also of the African landscape.

There now remain such protected enclaves as Westchester County. Europe in particular gives us contrasting examples of Westchesters and also of the ruined lands, brilliantly described and pictured in Kai Curry-Lindahl's *Europe: A Natural History* (Random House).

The Mediterranean shores were badly overworked by the ancient empires. During the neglect of the Dark Ages, they made a partial recovery. They are now in trouble again and "the ruin of the Mediterranean countryside" is at full gallop, from Portugal to Greece. Within a hundred years the Sahara Desert will almost certainly have leaped the Mediterranean to southern Europe. The soil has departed from hillsides; sand dunes are overpowering forests; in large areas no small bird sings. It would be surprising if the economies and politics of these nations did not somehow reflect the grim, and not invisible, process.

Against this background, Curry Lindahl describes four great wilc life sanctuaries in southern Europe They are all deltas, meaning tha they are the accumulation of th debris from the heartland of Eu rope. One is Las Marismas at th mouth of the Guadalquivir; the sec ond the Camargue at the mouth o the Rhone; the third the Danub delta into the Black Sea; the fourth the vast Volga delta into the Cas pian. (However, this last is dryin up, as is the Caspian, because o upstream dams. The shallow north ern section of the Caspian is shrink ing faster than the cartographer can change their maps.)

All four deltas serve as indispen sable winter quarters for million of birds from the north. The Danube delta is even more important as a breeding paradise, and has a rich mammal population of wild boar badger, otter, brown hare, fox,

(Continued on page 260)

Cuba's Bestseller: A Gusano Returns

Jose Yglesias

wever committed revolutionary
ba may be to the Communist camp,
literary life is wide open: everyone
eing published, and an old Marxist
tic like Jose Antonio Portuondo can
challenged in his estimate of Robbe-
llet by a young writer like Ambro-
Fornet and the debate go on for
eral issues of one of their literary
gazines. The Biblioteca Para El
eblo, a publishing venture specializ-
in foreign classics, brought out a
this year which included Proust,
fka, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Mann.
t nothing has excited as much talk
the big bestseller of the summer,
nonliterary work by a middle-class
man about the twenty-eight months
spent in exile in the United States
ore she decided to return. *Bajo Pa-
ra* — "on parole" — came out in
ril, and the first edition of 10,000
s sold out in three days; by mid-
mmer, another 100,000 copies were
d. Castro has worried aloud about
ors committed in 1959 and 1960
ich resulted in so many middle-
ss professionals leaving, but that
s two years ago and no concerted
ort has been made to woo anyone
ck, or to convince those on waiting
ts not to leave. Marta Gonzalez's
ok on the life of a refugee in Miami
y do the trick.

Marta Gonzalez's father was dean
the College of Education of the
iversity of Havana. She attended
bilingual Ruston Academy, and
nt on to the University of Havana
a degree in foreign studies to pre-
re her for a diplomatic career. She
s a typical member of that liberal
ddle class who welcomed the revo-
ion at the beginning, and even
rked in the Ministry of Foreign Af-
rs until she left Cuba in April, 1962.
e did not have a bank account in
United States, as some of the
althy exiles did, but like all of them
left with the intention of return-
when the Castro government is
erthrown. She knew that the United
ites encouraged this temporary emi-
ation—it *is* our best argument that
Castro government has alienated the people—and was convinced, as are all in Cuba waiting to leave, that in Miami there would be a warm welcome and useful, temporary work.

In Miami, she immediately learned that, under United States immigration laws, she held the status of a parolee: her passport was taken from her and a card issued, saying: "Your admission cannot be authorized at this time. You are PAROLED INDEFINITELY." This card reproduced on the jacket of the book has an explosive effect in Cuba: a symbol of the humiliations that the exiles suffer. Card in hand, she went to the Refugee Center and there underwent experiences similar to those of any American on relief, but which at every turn wounded the sensibilities of people who came full of illusions about their worth. For the $100 a month that a family group received (Miss Gonzalez came with her husband) she submitted to all the humiliating investigations that even a trained social worker cannot soften. In the case of the exiles, however, the investigators in the Miami Refugee Center were in the main Batista followers, and the first to get the plums. She had many complaints, not the least of which was that she was often hungry, for the monthly check was not enough to cover both rent and food, and jobs were not to be found.

The Cuban colony in Miami had, in 1962, hardened into a miniature replica of Batista Cuba: corruption and prostitution; scrounging for jobs and positions; frustrations turned inward, so that spying and denunciations became rife, with people suspecting one another of treachery when, for some, the monthly check was stopped. By 1962, also, there were no more TV interviews at the airport when they arrived, and the natives were becoming restive about the Cubans who had flooded the area; the Negroes' resentment was the most obvious, for they had begun to lose their menial jobs to desperate refugees. The proud rejoinder to the revolutionaries' epithet for the exiles, "*Yo soy un gusano*" (*gusano* means worm), had already begun to sound self-lacerating.

The book's popularity in Cuba is due, no doubt, to the many vignettes on the staples of life in the exile colony: the items in the monthly issue of surplus food; a visit to the Refugee Center; a Sunday at the public beach in Miami; the ruses worked out by family groups to get more than the $100 a month; the children's home in Florida City where those whose parents had sent them on ahead were cared for; the dentists practicing clandestinely in the colony. There are portraits of people well known in Cuba, so that the book serves as a kind of gossip column for, say, what Rolando, the famous dancing partner of Ana Gloria at the Tropicana, is now doing; or what the home life of Miro Cardona was like before he resigned his position as head of the exile Revolutionary Council, and what it turned into when he resigned. No wonder that during the period when the first edition was sold out and a second had yet to reach the bookstores it was known as the most borrowed book in Cuba.

Unfortunately, these vignettes are frequently imbedded in moralizing chapters. The author means to describe and analyze the values and mores of Americans as seen in Miami, but her observations are sometimes unfair, even for those of us who may rival Humbert Humbert in our reactions to fat women in curlers and Bermuda shorts. She is worried about young Cubans growing up in the atmosphere of sexual freedom that she thinks Americans enjoy, and she writes about boys in a public-school toilet playing with one another as an example of sexual experimentation which is encouraged. One passage deals caustically with the "American weekend"; the frenzied activity we go in for—from shopping to playing—on those two days seems unnatural to her, but she gives no indication that even popular American magazines have long been worried about how we use our leisure. Nor does it occur to her that the two-day weekend was won by American workers at the cost of strikes and picket lines sometimes as bloody as those of the civil rights movement.

In an interview after the book's publication, Miss Gonzalez explained that she had set herself only one stricture: to keep the chapters short and simple so as not to tire the reader.

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*se Yglesias is a novelist and trans-
or of modern Spanish fiction.*

And it may be this is the reason for its remaining on the surface of her experiences. More likely, it is her middle-class tastes that make the book irritating at times; certainly her language has the afflatus that afflicts so many middle-class Latin Americans, and it is symptomatic that when she arrives in Boston and gets a job at the Widener Library, and feels she is among some real human beings at last.

However, a book on the exile's life in the United States which would have been unsparing to all responsible for the mess in Miami very likely cannot be written by a Cuban who left home. The rub constantly is that while she is compassionately describing the ill-treatment the exiles receive at our hands the reader is coldly responding: "What did you expect!" Yet, with all her limitations, Miss Gonzalez has the best of the argument: the exiles are in Miami because we wanted them there, and our responsibility to them is as great as to the men we landed at the Bay of Pigs. I suspect that they are such a great irritation to us because they remind us of our arrogance and failure in our dealings with revolutionary Cuba.

Now that we are no longer playing that game, our only solution has been relocation to communities which might be able to absorb the exiles in their labor pool, and we have again felt put out that they have resisted this so strongly. It is on this point that Miss Gonzalez is most convincing: relocation means to every exile in Miami that they cannot go back to Cuba. We like to pretend now that they came here as if to mecca when they only came to that tip of our nation nearest to their own in order to be escorted back quickly once we had dealt with Castro. What we extend as an unparalleled reward is to them the final betrayal. All of them felt so, and Miss Gonzalez, who in Miami had already had great doubts about having left Cuba, felt it no less than those who did everything to avoid it. Yet, for her, relocation was a catalyst to sanity; in Boston she was able to look back at the Cuban colony in Miami and see that, despite the meanness, corruption and humiliation, the lies they concocted for the folks back home were self-inflicting and helped to buoy one another in their illusions. It was a great surprise to her that at Harvard, when she made statements which went unquestioned in Miami, she convinced no one.

What the book does not cover is how she got back, and this is the point with greatest relevance for us, for those who want to return ought to be helped to do so. As a parolee, she revealed later in an interview in Cuba, she could not get a passport to leave, only a permit, after much waiting, to go on vacation to Canada for ten days. In Canada, a travel agency sold her a ticket to Paris without asking for her passport, and at Orly airport she called the Cuban Embassy because she had no entrance visa: a road that others are unlikely to take without help. At the time she wrote, 13,000 exiles had returned to Cuba, and anyone who has had any contact with exiles during the last two years knows there are many more who would follow them.

A year and a half ago, I had an experience at La Fonda del Sol, that expensive Latin American exhibit in the form of a restaurant in the Time-Life Building in New York, that made me feel compassionate toward the exiles in a way that Miss Gonzalez has a hard time doing in her book. I had dinner there with a Cuban member of his country's United Nations mission, and we immediately noticed that the many waiters and bus boys who hovered around our and nearby tables spoke Spanish with a Cuban accent. When coffee was served, the Cuban delegate, who had just come back from a Christmas leave Havana, took out his pack of Ag rios, a brand of post-revolution ci rettes, and laid them on the table all to see. What occurred was traordinary and, for me, unexpect We were immediately approached every Cuban working at that end the restaurant; word even got to kitchen and a dishwasher came to ask for an Agrario. In that setti the delegate was taken for a w heeled, newly arrived exile, and was respectfully asked about a th sand things in Havana. Finally, af many pleasantries had been exchan and I had counted up to a dozen v tors, the delegate told them who was. With one exception, they unb dened themselves to him, told him h bitter was their disillusionment a when we left, those who had o just found out followed us through t dining rooms to shake hands w him. A bus boy, no more than said, "I was a *miliciano* and I wo not be here, enduring these winte except for my old man who wan to come. I would give my life just a peek at Cuba to see what the revo tion accomplished last year."

The great majority are not this b they were as willing to come and ma mischief as our government was ea to have them. We had a honeymo going there for a while, but Miss G zalez's book is a sure sign that it dead on both sides.

Cityscape at Tahoe

THE DESTRUCTION OF CALIFORNIA. By Raymond F. Dasmann. The Macmillan Co. 247 pp. $5.95.

Kenneth Lamott

The Destruction of California—what a splendidly evocative title it is! It calls up those sickening pictures on the TV screen of Watts in flames and, for those of us with longer memories, Nathanael West's hallucinated and prophetic vision of the burning of Los Angeles.

As it happens, none of these nightmare visions of destruction is what Mr. Dasmann has undertaken to write about. He is a biologist and a conservationist, and he has organized a methodical and useful survey of the despoiling of the land by carele indifferent or greedy men since colonization by the Spanish. T dominant tone of *The Destruction California* is not, as the book's pu lisher would have it, "elegiac ange Rather, the author, who teaches at state college in the forested northe extremity of California, writes plain dryly, and straightforwardly abo matters that are close to his prof sional interests. He puts the matt plainly and concisely: much of Ca fornia's land surface is rapidly bei turned into a desert of one sort another while many of its waters a being turned into sewers.

Two or three years ago, I went to Lake Tahoe to write a magazi piece telling how this once isolat vacation spot had been invaded by steady, year-round stream of gamble heading for the Sears, Roebuck-sty casinos on the Nevada side of

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Kenneth Lamott is a novelist and has been an editor of Contact *magazine. He is a long-time resident of California.*

ore. The editor of the local paper ld me then of some concern about creased demands on the sewage sys- ms of the local communities, which ould soon nourish algae that, once tablished, could never be destroyed. the brief time since then, the gov- nors of California and Nevada have lemnly conferred on this matter, id various commissions and com- ittees have been appointed. The gae are no longer a threat; they are, stead, a present reality. The latest port I have in hand is from a bi- ogist who, last summer, discovered flourishing colony of algae that re caused, as he delicately put it, "human enrichment."

This is the sort of destruction at Mr. Dasmann is concerned with. did not, of course, start with the trepeneurs of gambling, nor with ose state highway engineers who erish a religious passion for build- g freeways. When, starting in 1769, e Spanish monks began to establish chain of missions that reached from n Diego in the south to Sonoma in e north, California supported 130,- 0 Indians, more Indians in fact an lived in any comparable area on e continent. Now it supports almost million people, few of whom have e modest demands of the Indians, id is adding to its population at a te of something better than 1,500 ople a day. The consequent rape of lifornia's countryside, its waters, id its animals and growing things Mr. Dasmann's theme.

The high points of the book have do with the overgrazing permitted e sheep farmers on public lands, the ear cutting of the Douglas fir and dwood forests, and the extermina- on of the grizzly bear, pronghorn telope, tule elk, beaver, bighorn eep and the California condor. He scribes the perpetual problem of rnishing increasing supplies of po- ble water to the masses of Los ngeles who insist on living in a land hose natural endowments are ap- opriate only for a sparse and un- manding population. He writes, fur- ermore, about the railroads, logging mpanies, public utilities and other ee-enterprisers whose activities have too often provided a stench in the strils of Jehovah. Mr. Dasmann is at rarity, a conservationist who is so a lover of cities, and not the least his concerns is the state of Cali- rnia's cities. Finally, he writes with oomy distaste of the chamber-of- mmerce cast of mind that rejoiced when California's population surpassed New York's, and can see the future only in terms of increasing bigness.

Some of the troubles of modern California are matters of general knowledge and differ only in degree from what is going on elsewhere in the country. Even as an adopted Californian of some years' standing, however, I was taken by surprise by parts of the dismal story.

The grasslands that we see today, untouched so far by the real estate developer and freeway builder, have little resemblance to the fields of tall grass that provided abundant pasture for the horses and cattle and sheep of the Spanish 200 years ago. The grass itself is different, for in the wool of the Spanish sheep and in the droppings of their cattle were the seeds of weedy plants exotic to California. In the place of its needle grass, wild rye, June grass and blue grass, California has inherited poverty grass, tarweed, Medusa's head, foxtail and thistle. (An ingenious piece of scientific detection has a place in the story: the original vegetation was so thoroughly displaced that it had to be identified by examining the adobe bricks used in the missions and other buildings of the Spanish era.)

The original settlers' ignorance of any notions of range management is understandable. So, alas, are the motives that brought the miners here in '49, and it is entirely appropriate that California should have become an American province through the workings of undiluted greed. I recall my own puzzlement on first driving through a moon landscape of barren fields covered by boulders. On inquiry, I was told that this land had been worked by hydraulickers, industrialized miners who washed down small mountains with high-pressure streams of water in order to extract ounces of gold from tons of soil.

To cope with California's many problems, Mr. Dasmann suggests not only that we systematically apply the lessons of the science of conservation but also that we take deliberate and radical steps to discourage future growth:

> *This means not encouraging new industries to move into an area. It means not developing our water resources to a maximum. . . . It means not building those new power stations or those new freeways. No real-estate development will be built in an area where electricity and water will not be provided. No industry will come where it will not receive space, power, or water. Peo-*

Cycle

SPIN
the whirling motion
the pressure of the
cyclical return:
earth around the sun,
around, around,
the beginning dance
TUMBLE
the roughness, hitting
of word against word,
syllable against syllable,
the tension between phrases,
to sing and not to separate
WASH
to clean the sound of errors,
pierce through the merely smooth,
create the true texture
that the glistening shines
dimensional with depth
DRY
out of the damp mystery
to dry the final language
on the bodiless page,
the word without water, air, earth
that speaks and cannot die

as the action
becomes the poem

James Schevill

ple will not come where there are no new jobs or new housing. . . .

Hear! Hear! But I am obliged to add, sadly, that I can't imagine my friends and neighbors standing still for a moment for a program that so completely outrages the conventional piety of all right-thinking Californians.

Illuminating and intellectually satisfying as Mr. Dasmann's study is, I have an uneasy feeling that even if his recommendations were promptly put into effect, California would still be a dreadful and bewildering place for many of its citizens. Did the last-minute reprieve of Bodega Head (which was threatened with a nuclear power plant) make Watts or San Francisco's Hunter's Point a better place to raise one's family? In the long run, it surely did, but it is difficult to see an immediate connection.

What I should like to see next—not as a substitute for *The Destruction of California* but as a complement and companion piece for it—would be a book by a biologist of the spirit, a conservationist of the collective psyche. Together, the two books would tell us a great deal not only about what has happened in California but also about what can be expected elsewhere in the country. The winds of change are blowing from west to east, and what is true in California today may very well be true in your state tomorrow.

The Journey to Identity

COMING OF AGE IN AMERICA: Growth and Acquiescence. By Edgar Z. Friedenberg. Random House. 300 pp. $5.95.

Michael Vincent Miller

Brooding, like Edgar Friedenberg, about how a society runs its schools tends to get one entangled in the intricate meshes where social psychology meets political theory. After parents, it is the schools through which society perpetuates itself by inscribing its moods on the psyches of the young and shaping their behavior to its styles. Ever since Freud, we have been aware that our individual natures take a beating for civilization's sake. The relationship, which compulsory education helps monitor, between individual freedom and the social organism, hinges on a delicate balance if both are to flourish; but there is every indication that in the modern industrial world the scales have tipped much too far in society's favor. Professor Friedenberg's aim, in his new book, is to analyze the part our high schools play toward maintaining this imbalance in America.

Friedenberg is one of those rare hybrids — a social scientist blessed with a muse. In *Coming of Age in America* he writes with compassion and irony about the clashing encounter in the high schools between the adolescent, bristling with vulnerabilities and experimental stances, and the values of our relentlessly manipulative mass culture. His prose is fired by an extraordinary sympathy for the ordeal of growth, combined with anger at a society he feels is mangling the chances for a rich individual life. With Erik Erikson, who appears to be one of his chief influences, Friedenberg regards adolescence as the point of no return on the journey to identity. Adolescence is, or should be, the period when the rapidly growing youngster begins to test deeper emotions and explores ways to give meaningful shape to his private experience. A social atmosphere that encourages the teen-ager's subjectivity and permits him to select and reject various life styles is an essential precondition if he is to develop into a mature adult capable of passion, independent judgment and creativity.

There is little sign, however, that America is interested in producing adults with these character traits; if anything, they would pose a grave threat to the social order. Why should this be the case? "The essence of our era," Friedenberg writes in the first chapter, "is a kind of infidelity, a disciplined expediency." By infidelity he means a mode of role playing which springs from an invasion into all walks of American life by public relations and a vulgar pragmatism. The roles in which we choose to cut a figure are presented to us as the safe and easy means to successful personal relationships and achieving status. They make for smooth sailing through the society, but at the cost of genuine confron
tion with oneself and with othe

A society which depends on ke
ing its members aligned in extern
ly defined roles cannot afford
leave its young too much to the
selves. The main impression one g
from Friedenberg's portrayal of
American high school is of a co
tinual vigilant busy-ness on the p
of faculty administrators engaged
shaping, restricting, rewarding a
punishing student behavior. Fried
berg depicts the overregulated soc
landscape of our high schools w
a novelist's attention to nuance a
detail. He has little to say about c
riculum, as his interest centers
other matters. For instance, he wri
about a typical small-town sch
with a predominantly working-cl
student body: "Milgrim High's m
memorable arrangements are its c
ridor passes and its johns; they do
nate social interaction." Milgrim
a frighteningly totalitarian wo
where even the students' natu
bodily functions are subject to regu
tion; the lavatories are locked
cept during brief periods betwe
classes. There is no refuge from t
sound of buzzers, the steel gates li
ing and closing in the cafeteria,
the scrutiny of teachers on gua
duty. Free time simply doesn't exi

At other schools, the methods
controlling students are subtle an
on the surface, benign. High sch
administrators often draw on p
psychoanalytic notions to justify i
tervention in students' private liv
When a student violates the cano
of established behavior patterns,
is promptly hauled on the carpet
fore the school psychologist or cou
selor to be straightened out. Psych
therapy is stood on its head: inste
of fostering self-knowledge, its effe
is to brutalize the privacy and se
respect of the young.

In order to examine the sch
system's effect on student values a
attitudes, Friedenberg and two c
leagues went into several high scho
to test the reactions of 250 st
dent volunteers to six narrative tal
about situations arising in an ima
nary high school. Accompanying ea
tale were nine cards which describ
alternative possibilities for evaluati
or dealing with the situation. St
dents were to arrange the nine
ternatives in a hierarchy rangi
from best to worst. Friedenberg di
plays and interprets the results in
long central chapter which, althou

Michael Vincent Miller has edited Revolution at Berkeley (*Dial Press*) *and will be teaching American literature and a poetry workshop at Stanford University next spring.*

it is highly intriguing, strikes me as the least convincing section of the book.

The trouble is that one can see how the language in which some of the narratives are framed could limit the students' responses in content and depth. For example, one episode goes something as follows: A king from a foreign country is arriving on a visit and wishes "to meet with some interesting and representative high school students during his visit." It is suggested that the students chosen to meet him "should be persons to whom the school could point with pride as expressing what was finest and best about their school." The cards offer descriptions of nine student types as candidates for the job. Considering the quoted phrases, t doesn't seem very revealing about he volunteers' personalities to discover that they picked candidates who conformed most closely to conventional images of model high school students. Such candidates are obviously ones "to whom the school could point with pride." Mostly, what we earn from the kids' choice of cards s that they know exactly what the school expects from them.

Take another episode: Mr. Clarke, a teacher, finds a student named Johnny Barto smoking in the men's room in defiance of school regulations. Johnny is "a somewhat notorious character around the school." Moreover, "Mr. Clarke knows that Johnny should be in class this hour and furthermore, that he is a troublemaker, is having difficulty with his courses, is on probation, and that he s old enough to quit school." The alternative that Friedenberg's students like best, to his chagrin, involves having Mr. Clarke send Johnny o the school psychologist for counseling. Since school psychologists end to be administration finks, this amounts to selling Johnny out to the system which will try to adjust him o its imperatives. Friedenberg would ather see Johnny given more leeway o find himself. However, here again think that Friedenberg is looking or more richness of response from his group than the information he provided them merits. All that the kids are told about Johnny is that he is notorious, a troublemaker, on probation, and so forth. In other words, he is presented to them only n terms of an official school role, lthough a negative one (elsewhere n the book, Friedenberg points out that "troublemaker" is a school administrator's catch-all category for students who don't conform to code), and they respond in kind.

I am not taking issue with Friedenberg's thesis that high school students learn to think along utilitarian and public relations lines. His research results for the most part do bear out this thesis. But if it is true that the responses of the group being tested are conditioned by expectations that the tests themselves create, then these results do not add very much to what is said elsewhere in the book. Friedenberg the social critic, who dominates most of *Coming of Age in America*, seems to me far more perceptive and interesting than the Friedenberg who puts in an appearance as a professional research sociologist.

What Price Discount?

THE GREAT DISCOUNT DELUSION. By Walter Henry Nelson. David McKay. 237 pp. $4.50. (Discount house price: $3.69.)

Victor Lebow

The laissez-faire tradition commands obeisance to the virtues of competition, but the plain fact is that businessmen generally abhor and fear it. Competition is sacrosanct, but competitors who stray from the accustomed ways are heretics; and in spite of still another tradition, which glorifies enterprise and ingenuity, they are assaulted on pseudo-ethical and quasi-theological grounds. Each new species of competitor has received this treatment: chain stores in their time, and the cut-price stores, the manufacturer-owned stores, and many more have had to face this special form of pious disapproval.

It is now the turn of the discount houses. This book not only declares holy war on them, but also accuses the bargain-hunting shopper of being downright subversive. *The Great Discount Delusion* claims to be a defense of independent retailers, branded-line manufacturers, non-price-cutting establishments and, of course, the consumer, that most precious asset of the American economy. As consumers we are flattered, tempted and seduced by salesmen and ad men. Credit terms, ever more generous, enable us to gratify every whim. At a price, we can buy the products of 300,000 manufacturers and 3 million farms in 2 million retail establishments.

But at what price? Mr. Nelson wants to know: list price, discount price, "fair trade" price, off-price, trading-up price? Most consumers prefer to pay as little as possible. The discount house claims its prices are the lowest. The "fair trade" lobby wants to put the discounters out of business by requiring all retailers to sell their goods at manufacturers' list prices.

This is not to say that discounters are not guilty of misdoings. The author has compiled many instances of cheating, misbranding, overpricing and dishonest claims by discount stores. This, too, is in the holy-war tradition—only the sins of the heretic are recounted. The author is appalled at the thought that discounters may be bringing back the era when the injunction was: "Let the buyer beware."

He is, of course, doubly naive. *Caveat emptor* is still the safest guide. Examples of every one of these "sins"

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Victor Lebow is a New York marketing consultant and a member of Columbia University's seminar on the Economics of Distribution.

can be compiled for all the other classifications of retailers from the records of the Better Business Bureau, the Federal Trade Commission, the Food and Drug Administration, local inspectors of weights and measures and district attorneys.

At the door of the discount house, this author lays the high rate of destruction of independent retailers. But well before we saw the postwar emergence of the discounters, the Temporary National Economic Committee monograph on the problems of small business, in 1939, pointed out that "in the first thirty-nine years of this century, 19 million enterprises opened their doors and 16 million closed them." Since retail stores comprise by far the largest proportion of business establishments, this statement reflected a perennial phenomenon.

Like most assaults on one type of business practice on behalf of ananother, this is a silly book. It is a mishmash of propaganda for retail-price maintenance, March-hare economics, and a purely medieval concept of competition. The author apparently does not know that practically every new form of retailing made its start as a price cutter—the chain drug stores, the supermarkets, the basement departments, even the department stores themselves. (Who was it that proclaimed he sold for "6 per cent less"? R. H. Macy & Company, no less.)

There are, indeed, real problems to be faced in this consumption-oriented society and its distribution system. "Waste! and want not," appears to be the prescription. There is waste in the duplication of products and the multiplication of brands. There is the built-in obsolescence of myriad products, from nylon hosiery to automobiles. There is the enormous cost of advertising, now probably well over $20 billion a year, if we take into account not only the conventional media but also such advertising materials as packaging, direct mail, displays, coupons and all the devices our ingenious promotion people devise.

Why is it that the farmer receives only 18c out of the consumer's dollar spent for bread and cereals, or only 29c out of the dollar paid by the housewife for her fruit and vegetables? How account for the fact that between 1957 and 1965 the wholesale price index for all commodities went from 99.0 to 100.4, while the consumer price index rose from 98 to 110?

We have been told that competition tends to lower prices. The best proof that it does not is provided by the supermarkets. When they first made their appearance, during the depression years, they operated on a margin of 11 or 12 per cent. Today they require double that percentage, and in July the index of food prices reached an all-time high of 110 per cent of the 1957-59 average.

The poor and the affluent together pay about $80 billion a year for the upkeep of the retail distribution apparatus, plus about $25 billion for the running of the wholesale establishments. Obviously, such rich plums will attract entrepreneurs, and since all newcomers to retailing use price as their chief lure, the discount house came to flower in the lush postwar economy. What helped make their success possible was the establishment of manufacturer-owned distribution warehouses by the big appliance makers. The infant discounter needed to carry no stock on his own floor; he shipped from the manufacturer's warehouse.

Mr. Nelson's opus arrives late. The discount house is fast becoming respectable. It has more than doubled its margins of gross profit, it has located its stores on the best streets and in the best shopping centers. nd it has not solved the basic prob m.

It is now almost thirty years s ce the publication of the Twentieth n-tury Fund study, "Does Distribu on Cost Too Much?" That report ti-mated that close to 60c out of e ry consumer dollar went to pay for he cost of distribution. Surely, it is gh time that the Fund published the ol-low-up, the up-to-date study prom ed several years ago.

But Mr. Nelson is not really n-cerned with the cost of distribu n. And one must, indeed, question is knowledge of the economics of di ri-bution as well as his understan ng of the nature of competition. H is shocked by the sentiment expre ed by one former discount-house ex u-tive and places this quotation at he head of one of the chapters of is book: "I have not found that pe le go into business for holy or m al reasons." Evidently, Mr. Nelson r st feel that such a statement could c ne only from a heretic, a discounter. d he read Adam Smith he would su ly have come across that now fam us sentence in *The Wealth of Nat ns* (published in 1776): "It is not f m the benevolence of the butcher, he brewer, or the baker, that we ex t our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest."

ART

Max Kozl

MOTHERWELL

In the history of 20th-century American art, it is difficult to find a major painter who was *not* decisively held in thrall by the spectacle of European modernism, abstraction in particular. Perhaps the one among our artists whose longing was the greatest, and whose attitude toward this tradition became the most complex, is Robert Motherwell. Youngest of the original Abstract-Expressionists, he shares their achievement — and their self-consciousness about it. In the forthcoming catalogue to his retrospective, now at the Museum of Modern Art (directed by Frank O'Hara), is included a slew of his writings. They are lofty speculations about the role of the artist, and of creation, as defined by our epoch. No one talks as voluminously, and with such lack of embarrassment, as does Motherwell of the problem of emotional continuity in art. It is as if Delacroix had been an Exis tialist, erecting defensive, poetic ages of himself under the cloak aesthetic theory.

Yet, had I lacked the curiosity read the artist, I would still h seen in his work the resonance his cultural situation, and, in tu discovered some special pleasu This is not to speak of the ic graphical baggage of his painti nor even of their obvious connect in their immense scale and reduc simplicity, with the grand manne the New York School. However r vant, such matters are, I think, sec dary to a larger issue. To fuss c problems in words is one thing; to f them on canvas is quite another. I career edited at the Modern with c summate finesse, and installed w extraordinary grace, there crystalli a tension between celebration of senses and a pessimistic awareness

ie limitation of sense. Time and
gain, one witnesses a frustrated he-
onism—frustrated not by physical de-
ciencies, but by the perception that
njoyment is only one aspect of crea-
on. ("The drama of creativity is that
ne's resources, no matter how un-
sual, are inadequate.") Motherwell's
uter consciousness works against ar-
stic realization, but cannot be sub-
ued; his inner unrest can generate
reat feeling, yet is not easily sum-
ioned. And, in my view, this so hu-
ian predicament gives off an aura,
ither than establishes the presence,
passion in the show.

But auras can have their life,
ieir exquisiteness even. Perhaps this
ems scarcely the right word to de-
ribe a host of very large, flat and
ry paintings which play off only
vo or three colors, and which are
ned to purvey some quite elemen-
ry looking shapes: ovals, vertical
abs, curved loaves. There is an arid,
mpered quality about these images
hich is yet not to be confused with
landness or faintheartedness. Had
e wished, Motherwell could easily
ave plunged into the indulgent,
ftly luminous pastose Impression-
m of Philip Guston. Or he could
ave gone sexy and visceral-bio-
iorphic, like Gorky. Or he could
ave latched on to the aristocratic
ysteria of de Kooning. Instead, while
ffected by them all, he saw his chief
roblem as expressive constriction
ither than expansion of pictorial ma-
rial. That is, he saw the forces at his
isposal—even the colors to which he
as the greatest attachment—as an
natomical source for invoking his per-
onal responses rather than as a phys-
al enactment of them. Invocation
nposes a spareness upon the artist's
ocabulary, and a deviousness upon
is performance. It therefore fell to
otherwell to synthesize all the my-
iology, eroticism and automatism of
ie forties by the condensation of
rms, and the discovery of ciphers.
ut simultaneously, he had to effect
iis goal through the heightened ar-
culateness of pigment, demanded by
ie *avant-garde* ethic to which he sub-
ribed. More than any of his peers,
otherwell sublimates his conflicts,
which the paintings themselves are
sual embodiments.

As an example, let me take a 1962
invas, "Chi Ama, Crede" (Who
oves, Trusts), in which a recurring
aw, a disproportion of the general-
ed over the particular, is held at
iy. It is a 12-foot frieze of wandering tan zones, surrounding two utterly eccentric, squirming turpentine blots of cool rusts: all this laid on in very close values. Basically, the picture posits a contrast between restful opaque fields which hold the surface, and uneven stains, which, with their shifting shadows, open up a translucent space, and suggest a watery, organic agitation. But these rather hormonal blots are hemmed or even locked in by the ground at every stop of their fading perimeters. Here the artist reveals an overloaded liquidity that has dried up and been absorbed, and a mat, diffident façade that discloses an unsuspected strength. But suddenly, at one point, he withholds the paint tissue, and in an irregular glimpse of white canvas, flicks a whip of splatters that are almost electric, under the murky circumstances. The whole thing glows as a vicarious pageant of his psyche.

Oppositions of this nature are not difficult to discover throughout Motherwell's career. An amorphous spasm is found to eat away at some band or block, and yet be contained by it. In order for such struggles to seem truly serious, they must never appear urgent. This even applies to the seemingly brutal "Elegy" (to the Spanish Republic) series, which has become the trade-mark of his entire sensibility. On a wall in which five of these canvases (from the fifties) display their giant black silhouettes against white grounds, in one of the most magisterial ensembles I have seen in a long time, the "Spanishness" and obsessiveness of Motherwell come forth in about equal measure. Considered on one level, they are a monotonously decorative juxtaposition of vertically oriented black ovoids and thick bending pillars. On the other hand, they are all variously configured images of the same horizontal pressure, in which the ovoids are gently crowded or sometimes squeezed together. If these forms were meant to convince as individual structures, then there might be cause to view their more than seventy versions as redundant. As opposed to this, I judge them to be affecting proxies, occasionally brittle, at times relaxed, of the artist's deepest apprehension, unfolding in the slow, full beats of a pictorial pavane.

To any visitor of the exhibition, it should be obvious that Motherwell deals constantly in polarities. If black and white is one extremity, then barely differentiated value changes, accruing large fields, is another. This is not an art of small incident or variegated transitions. The same is true of his color, which impresses often enough by the absence of basic

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hues, rather than by chromatic imagination. When, as in the thirty-fourth Elegy, he adds a deep blue, grayed yellow, and red with orange next to his dark-minded anagram, the effect is of an unparalleled elegance. But only once, in the magnificent "Je T'aime," IV (1955-57), does he really plume a vision of painting which otherwise is quite Franciscan in mood and guise. In general, the alkaline palette runs toward sandy ochres, discreet siennas, olives and a powder blue, oddly piercing when he wants it to be, but more typically sulky. And all this is manifested by a declarative, yet thin brushing that neither pauses to ingratiate nor to skimp the weight of any area. Like Jules Renard, Motherwell seems to care for "cakes that taste a little like bread." His cool handling and subdued color not only act as a foil for his hieratic forms but conserve an energy that does not have to test itself.

Historically, finally, the retrospective has considerable interest. Here, for instance, are the important early collages (how congenial they seem to his temperament): "Pancho Villa, Dead and Alive," 1943, or "In Yellow and White," of 1949. They are fresh, unstudied works that yet, in the first, pull Cubism and Surrealist calligraphy tightly together in a decorative linear compound; and, in the second, demonstrate a new painterliness—in paper. Here also, is the small-scaled "Beside the Sea" series of 1962, in which an arabesque of lightly flung paint is permanently suspended over a bar of shore. Then too, one has the mammoth current works, whose direction is yet too problematical for me to gauge. At any rate, what is distinct about Motherwell among the Abstract-Expressionists is the muted, distraught echo he alone gives of the Mediterranean tradition. For him, a, shape does not exist to be exploded or to be employed decoratively, but as an instigation of ancient memories. It is not so much the look of his pai ngs as it is their romantic premise tha brands him vividly of his time Be- tween the turbulent Expressi ist and the monolithic color-field in ers, he reiterates a third altern ve provocatively hard to describe. A the moment, his paintings have to ak their way in a world in whicl ar is not sacred. If I at one time f re for their staying power, I now se that, contrary to Motherwell's wi doubt, their resources are ade at after all.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurma

HAPPY DAYS

The alternant performances of Beckett's *Happy Days* at the Cherry Lane: Madeleine Renaud in French, Ruth White in English, offered a contrast not simply in languages but of acting styles. One might say that Madeleine Renaud and Ruth White, being separate individuals, would naturally differ in their presentation of Winnie, the lady who speaks with very little interruption by her husband for an hour and twenty minutes in Beckett's play. But the difference extends beyond personalities. There is a difference of approach that is related to national character, to tone and techniques characteristic of the actresses' cultural backgrounds.

Renaud's interpretation made the impression of a remembered performance. She herself does not seem fully there! By this I mean that the French actress went through the part, studied the meaning of its every phase and phrase, and perfected every device of voice and gesture which she might use to convey those meanings. These signs or indications of the character's traits and of the author's intentions are rendered with sharp accuracy, intelligence and polish. The result strikes one as a duplication or copy of something initially conceived and perhaps felt. It is a superb demonstration or explanation, but none of the original impulses seem to be *present.*

This is classically French. For the French — as Diderot once preached and Coquelin practiced—believe that the actor first experiences or recognizes the emotion of his part and then, observing its manifestations, fashions a form that will most attractively embody it. There is of course an intimate correspond ce between the actor's first inspir tion and the means by which he cho se to reproduce or imitate it. Still, the attempt is made to forge them nto an organic unity. This gives the prac- ticed French actor—and Renau is one of the most accomplished e m- plars of the tradition today—a er- tain objective quality which ind es in the spectator a sense of se ng the finished portrait at a dista ce.

An American actor will aim to make his chacracterization hap en, so to speak, immediately and af sh at each performance, to make i an event being born and living at he very moment we witness it. W en the French actor is inferior, we et a disillusioning artificiality or er ti- ness; when the American actor ils he becomes strained or self-indulg nt.

Happy Days changed with he alternation of cast. Renaud made he play crisper, harder, more iro c. Ruth White lent it greater hu r, humanity and much more var y. The play thus acquired a tender ss which adds to its stature by ma ig it more complex or, at any rate, ss pessimistically unilinear.

If Beckett is at all like Gork n this respect, he might say, as e Russian dramatist did, of two pro c- tions of one of his plays which v e produced in Moscow at about e same time: "Both are right." But y own preference is clear. Ruth W te is one of our most talented actres s. Only the sorry state of the New Y k theatre situation in general has e- vented wide recognition of this f t.

After seeing its first productio n 1961, then reading the play, t n seeing it twice again in the surprise "repertory" scheme of the Cherry Lane, I thought I had had a surfeit of *Happy Days.* I suspected that it was more suited to performance on radio or to disk recording than to the stage. This I now realize is not at all true. Just as there is in its spare writing a wealth of subtle allusion, so every image and stage property—the use of pistol, parasol, lipstick and reticule, etc.—becomes strangely telling, indeed vital to the play's total effect and meaning. It is a bitter, funny, touching work — gratifyingly inconclusive.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE MARRIED WOMAN
MICKEY ONE

Jean-Luc Godard uses the screen less as a blackboard on which to outline a story than as a canvas on which to compose idiosyncratic montages of contemporary experience. Thus *The Married Woman* is built up from fragments of action; even fragments of people. Its time pendulum fluctuates wildly, its encounters are often enigmatic, and it is set against a background of social typography (primarily advertising) that is symptomatic of, rather than relevant to, the events under observation. The film is also punctuated by the visual puns (the camera zooms in on the word "danger" to produce the word "*ange*") which with Godard amount almost to a tic.

The woman of the title is trying to choose between her lover and her husband. The camera finds her in bed with the one and then the other—these are fine scenes of lingering sensuality; the camera itself seems aroused. We see her fleeing swiftly across Paris from rendezvous to rendezvous; we look over her shoulder as she thumbs anxiously (though it is implausible that Macha Meril should feel anxiety on the subject) through pages of brassiere ads and bust-development brochures; with her, we eavesdrop on two schoolgirls discussing intercourse. Once, briefly, we see her as an ironic, sophisticated hostess entertaining her husband's guest, but overwhelmingly she becomes, by Godard's ellipses, a woman in heat.

And that, it seems to me, is where Godard's method hobbles him. Lurking behind his flash-bulb pinning of people to the screen there is a story, and the viewer tries to piece it together. We learn that the husband is besotted by memory, that the wife suppresses the past in order to play in guilty irresponsibility with the present, that the lover is an actor who is made irresolute by an inability to know when he is acting. But Godard merely teases with his data of characterization, and one is forced back on the carnality of his people (in which they are much like everyone else) and never comes to terms with the minds and habits through which they might achieve some individuality.

He has not quite contented himself with a tableau that might be called "Modern Venery" and not quite given us the narrative for a story of modern love. The ambiguity is disagreeably pornographic (pornography being the sexuality of characters in whom otherwise we take little interest) and in grotesque contrast with the wit, elegance and invention of the supporting milieu.

Mickey One, in Arthur Penn's film of that name, is K from Hamtramck—a young stand-up comic of Polish extraction on the run from a trial to which he has not been summoned, for a crime at which he can only guess, presided over by judges he cannot identify. Is it real or in his mind? Given the flare and cut, wipe and jump style of slightly portentous photography, I believe we are meant to understand that, as for him, it may be largely in his mind, but for the rest of us it is real enough. Mickey is on the lam from the gangsters who hunt us all for the sins we forget having committed. And at the end comes an apocalyptic moment when, it seems, K at last meets Godot.

This is a very heady metaphysics that Penn has framed in slightly quaint Prohibition-era gangland. He has brought some flamboyant actors to it: Warren Beatty in the title role, Hurd Hatfield as an epicene nightclub proprietor, Franchot Tone as Mickey's angel of doom. His camera work and editing have a slapdash energy that is invigorating. I enjoyed watching it — enjoyed particularly Beatty being as emotionally hair-trigger as Marlon Brando, and Hatfield engaging with Jeff Corey (who plays his partner) in fragments of Ionesco absurdity. Afterwards, though, *Mickey One* seemed to me less an organized creation than a quick run through of all the "in" devices of contemporary letters — the idea being that if you spin enough of them, and make it fast and noisy, *something* is bound to happen.

The picture sums itself up in a night scene wherein a mad artisan cavorts in front of a huge outdoor mobile that is engaged in destroying itself, to the delight of its creator and an attending crowd, when the process of pyrotechnic entropy is interrupted by the arrival of an indignant fire department. If this means that Penn sees himself as firing off in all directions for the innocent pleasure of lighting up the sky, it is a disarming admission. It would have been still more disarming if he had found a way to give Jean Tinguely credit for the self-immolating mobile, and had otherwise acknowledged that he was making sport with a vaudeville of borrowed ideas and techniques.

'English'

If she stood with you where the men playing
"bocce" roll the lead ball so it thumps on
the hard sand then twisting aim their bodies
like tight dancers along the subtle planned
invisible line it must cleave to to
win, would she then at last know why you in
that double-jointed fear of telling her
and not telling her will sit hours over
coffee sometimes pressing your hands around
the hot cup, and not look at her, and then
touch her long hair like some affectionate
brother or old man, never what you are?

Richard Lourie

GORILLAS

(Continued from page 250)

tree-climbing wolf, steppe polecat, marbled polecat, European mink, raccoon dog, etc. Even better than Westchester.

But unlike Westchester, the virtue these wetlands have is their unsuitability for man. Certainly they could be filled, drained, and turned into golf courses. Then they would be dead; now they are the most biologically alive and productive kind of country on earth.

The European model for the Westchester way of treating the countryside, according to Curry-Lindahl, is of course England. There is only normal erosion and plenty of room for wild life, though not for wolves, wild boars or gorillas. England far surpasses Westchester in intelligent love of the flora. Even Scotland, though largely deforested, has kept its moors from erosion, and has a good game population.

Belgium, to my surprise, is another Westchester. A single Belgian town park holds more birds of more species than an area in Sweden twenty times as large. The Ardennes Forest, grimly famous as the strategic key to the Battle of the Bulge, is more graciously a splendid game sanctuary.

France, though careful of its flora, is much less sympathetic to its fauna. Its first national park was created as late as 1914. Even in he Camargue reserve, shooting is oen heard, and often at night! In he latter case, most of the game wold escape, wounded, to die in the dk.

Naturally, animals do ot want to live with people like that n contrast, the Swedish moose as learned to adapt itself to farmlad, which it shares with the decat Swedes. The American moose, hvever, still boycotts people.

The obvious fact about Amerca is that with mechanized agricultue. less and less land is needed to fd its people. A program of removg surplus land from the tax rolls d letting it revert to its wild, virgial condition would seem perfey feasible. This is happening anywy. unsystematically, without premitation or coordination, in New Egland, Appalachia, parts of e. Rocky Mountain plateau and otr marginal areas. The land goes p for tax sale and is not bought.

Man has two opposite choices n dealing with the land. One is to ce for it, as in Westchester. The otr is to let it alone, as in the wetlans. In the United States, the lettg alone should be extended to lae parts of southern Florida and Losiana, the salt marshes of the Soueast coast, such as the Disrd Swamp, the Texas coast, the wland behind Charleston, S.C., Nv Jersey's Mullica River salt mar, New York's Montezuma marshs and those along the Hudson Riv, the swamps near Ipswich, Ma, the Illinois refuges along the Missippi, upper Minnesota, and Cfornia's Petaluma and Suisn marshes. To a politician's or a retor's mind a marsh is so much lt development and lost taxes; a man sorely needs the protection of pple who really like this count. Sometimes one wonders how may of them there are.

Some citizen groups have alreay been formed to persuade local gernments to grant tax forgivens to such abandoned land, or to move it entirely from the tax rol Since local government is never thusiastic about renouncing tax, such a program probably needs feral support. Meanwhile, throu such organizations anybody w really likes his country can go work saving some of it right no or at least tomorrow morning.

Now, where do we put th gorillas?

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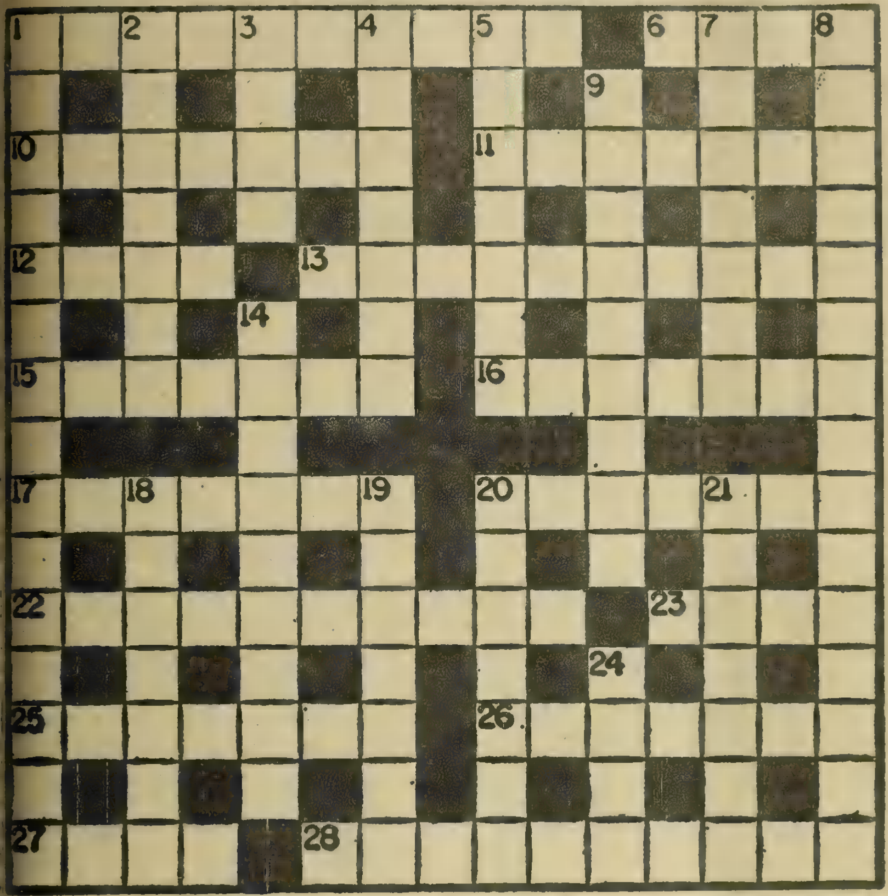
I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

GEORGE G. KIRSTEIN, Publisher

Crossword Puzzle No. 1123

By **FRANK W. LEWIS**



ACROSS:

1 By the way, the children's toys are capable of holding us up! (10)
6 See here! You might have to do it to your clothes, if you do it to your clothes! (4)
10 Calm content. (7)
11 Magnify. (7)
12 Evidently father is at home, suffering. (4)
13 Need import of it? Try saving. (10)
15 That mechanism which turns the cart? (7)
16 How one might be entitled to have company coming and going, if hot, dry, and uncomfortable. (7)
17 Might one get sainted in place of it? (7)
20 You might find a favorite around as an accompanying figure for a poet, musically speaking. (7)
22 Take care not to be guilty of it.
23 Just a little water! (4)
25 Casca-like? (7)
26 His barber certainly had a lot of side-lines. (7)
27 A late spell for the hunter, possibly. (4)
28 Water hole? Quite the opposite, in Oregon. (6, 4)

DOWN:

1 Is more rent to be confused with 2 down, having posed a problem concerning certain Congressmen? (15)
2 Top problem with 12, set apart. (7)
3 Pack animal stand? (4)
4 Food stuff? (7)
5 People who find things to be so, traditionally? (7)
7 Chief city of Michigan. (7)
8 Where the carriage returns, or the station wagon might meet you. (3, 3, 2, 3, 4)
9 A sort of larch found around a normal, but different growth. (9)
14 Paper press? (5, 4)
18 Spanish city artist. (7)
19 For a literary man, his tragedy was national. (7)
20 Desert when on deck, or does one just steal away? (4, 3)
21 The place referred to in 19's clue. (7)
24 Is what he should be doing exhausting? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1122

ACROSS: 1 Throwbacks; 6 Ebbs; 10 Rubs out; 11 Inferno; 12 Diagnose; 13 Erase; 15, 25 and 20 Light housekeeping; 17 Infatuate; 19 Take steps; 23 Edema; 24 Crichton; 27 Initial; 28 Amusing; 29 Gags; 30 Unredeemed. DOWN: 1 Tyre; 2 Ribbing; 3 and 21 Wrong-doing; 4 Authorize; 5 Knife; 7 Barbara; 8 Stonehenge; 9 Effected; 14 Flattering; 16 Tasmania; 18 Fascinate; 22 Idolism; 24 Colon; 26 Aged.

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THE NATION

October 25, 1965 . . 35c

The Best Torture: A Vietnam Dialogue

'ONCE YOU'VE BROKEN HIM DOWN . . .'

Marshall Sahlins

British Peace Movement: LOOKING FOR THE MARCHERS

Theodore Roszak

Moscow Restoration: THE DRAGON OF BUREAUCRACY

Isaac Deutscher

HEMINGWAY'S LAST LAUGH

Kermit Vanderbilt

LETTERS

China coverage

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: An editorial in your October 4 issue, titled "The No-Enterprise System," makes this statement with regard to the reports of Charles Taylor from China:

"The articles have appeared frequently in *The New York Times,* and occasionally in *The Washington Post,* the *San Francisco Chronicle* and a few other papers, but the bulk of the American press has ignored them."

Regrettably, your statement as regards "the bulk of the American press" may be true—but you have overlooked completely one of the largest newspapers in this country, *The Philadelphia Evening and Sunday Bulletin.*

The *Bulletin* . . . has printed every article Taylor has written and has used as much as a full page at a time of pictures taken by him in China. . . .

William B. Dickinson
Managing Editor

Frost and The Nation

Port Credit, Ont.

Dear Sirs: It is with mixed feelings of dismay, anger, incredulity and depression that I note the absence of even the barest reference to Robert Frost in the article by Alexander Laing, *"The Nation* and Its Poets," in your One Hundredth Anniversary issue. . . . Since you did not publish Frost during his and your long lifetime, the first question is, why didn't you? If your answer should be that he didn't offer you his poetry then the next question is, why didn't you go after it—at least some of it? If you did go after Frost and he turned you down, then say so, and if you know why he turned you down say that also. If you just didn't like his poetry then why didn't you say so? If you regret not having paid him any attention, then say so. . . . I think you and Alexander Laing owe your readers an explanation.

Byron A. Waite

Hanover, N.H.

Dear Sirs: Robert Frost first appeared in *The Nation* in 1921 with "The Pauper Witch of Grafton." "The Armful," "Blood" and "The Bear" followed in 1928. Since I wanted the objectivity that comes from using only the public record, I have seen nothing in your files that might tell us why poet and publication got together so tardily and parted so soon. Frost was first brought to wide public notice in *The Independent,* in 1894. It had published seven of his poems by 1908. *The Atlantic Monthly,* beginning in 1915, and other notable journals, have published many more over a longer period. Thus, in a piece on *"The Nation* and Its Poets," there is not much reason for claiming Frost as one of "its." . . . To meet a space limitation, I gave priority to an adequate treatment of the poetry prizes of the twenties and regretfully substituted one phrase — that the magazine, in that decade, "honored the stronger established poets"—for a large amount of material that I had hoped to include. Frost's four appearances all occurred in that excised period. . . .

Alexander Laing

Moral bomb

Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: At the Vatican Council it was the "ultraconservative" Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, secretary of the Holy Office and *éminence* most *grise* in the eyes of Church reformers, who led the fight to outlaw atomic armaments. He said *all* forms of violence, nuclear or conventional, should be condemned. The American "progressives" meanwhile were arguing that nuclear weapons are morally acceptable when used for deterrence. They emphasized the distinction between "offensive" and "defensive" arms.

God spare us from the forces of enlightenment! Their radiance burns the skin. *George Koski*

Puppet press

Racine, Wis.

Dear Sirs: As I read "The Crackdown" [editorial, Oct. 11] I suddenly realized that Marthin Luther King has become completely absent from news copy and television reporting since his statements about our Vietnam policy. In addition to the fact "that the decision makers in Washington are sensitive to the teach-ins and other forms of public protest and discussion of the war in Vietnam" ["A Presidential Front," editorial, Oct. 11], it appears that they exercise an extraordinary degree of control over the news media. Is our "free press" free only to write what is acceptable to the leaders and some of the followers?

Charles Conrard, III

Rant

Lincoln, Neb.

Dear Sirs: David Mandel's statement, "The great art of our day without exception favors the Left" [letter to *The Nation,* Oct. 11] parallels the bigoted nonsense I am used to seeing in newspaper letters-to-the-editor columns. I am a profound admirer of Malraux, Silone and Picasso. I also admire such great modern artists as Conrad, Hesse, Stevens and Rilke. . . . Must *The Nation* print rant in order to remain a democratic forum?

Mordecai Marcus

THE
NATION

Monday, October 25, 1965
Volume 201, No. 13

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EDITORIALS

Africa on the Verge

Since World War II, European countries have with few exceptions allowed recalcitrant colonies or members of commonwealths to go their own way. If Rhodesia were a united country in quest of independence, Britain would no doubt be prepared to accede. But "independence" in this instance is only a front for tyrannical racism. The freedom which Prime Minister Ian D. Smith demands is the right to maintain the control of some 217,000 obdurate whites over 4 million blacks, so that the exploitation of the blacks may continue. Smith and his followers, like the white racists in neighboring South Africa and the white racists in our own South, are living in the past. To them, "independence" means the right to balk the forces of the 20th century.

By all indications, time will run out on the white dictatorship in Rhodesia before it runs out in South Africa or in the United States. After his last meeting with Prime Minister Harold Wilson, Smith emerged from No. 10 Downing Street white-faced but resolute. He now has more reason for the qualms which showed on his face. Out of 117 member states of the United Nations, 107 supported an Assembly resolution calling upon Britain to "take all steps necessary" to prevent or end the threatened Rhodesian rebellion. The only dissents came from Portugal and South Africa, where white minorities are in the same situation as the whites in Rhodesia. Britain took no part in the proceedings, on the ground that Rhodesia was a constitutional problem for the United Kingdom, and the UN had no right to intervene. This was a necessary technical move. Actually, the British welcomed UN support, which may have been the last hope of bringing the rebellious Rhodesians to terms.

The U.S. stand must have been particularly heartening to the British and dismaying to the Rhodesian die-hards. Ambassador Goldberg pledged that we would "take the necessary concrete steps, in concert with others" to balk a unilateral declaration of independence. The sanctions which Prime Minister Wilson has threatened include cutting off Rhodesian tobacco purchases, freezing sterling reserves, refusing to recognize Rhodesian passports, and corollary measures. If these do not avail, military action will follow. It would hardly be easier for Ian Smith and his followers to prevail in such a war than it was for Cheddi Jagan to prevail against London's intervention in British Guiana. The difference is that morally Jagan had a case; Smith has none.

If Smith is frightened, so is Wilson, and with good reason. The white minority in Africa, to use an outdated metaphor, is sitting on a powder keg. The black majority in Rhodesia might be the first to suffer if civil war should break out, but all Africa could be set aflame. White enclaves might resist for a time, perhaps for a long time, but in the end white domination of Africa "South of the Sahara" is doomed. It would be far better if Smith's followers, and the racists the world over, could learn this lesson without a blood bath.

Poor Karl Mundt, Poor GOP!

Sen. Karl Mundt is so conservative that one finds it hard to conceive of anyone to his right. Imperturbable and happy, he sat at Joe McCarthy's side and assisted in the inquisitions of the Senate Internal Security Committee. Before that he was one of the luminaries of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Denouncing atheistic communism and baiting labor were the foundations of his political career, along with supporting farm prices, which is of course essential in South Dakota. He has a plaque from Americans for Constitutional Action certifying to his hyper-Americanism. He supported Barry Goldwater.

In the face of all these good deeds, poor Karl is getting hell—from the Right. Richard Murphy, a member of the John Birch Society who says he was born and reared in Huron, S.D., has returned to his native state from Orange County in California, a Birch stronghold, where he practiced law and managed the successful state Senate campaign of another Birchite, John Schmitz. Mundt is not conservative enough for Murphy, who has announced his intention of running against the old fellow in the Republican primary. Mundt, it is reported, cannot understand why the Birchites should pick on him. He does not think that he is in danger in the primary, but he acknowledges that Murphy may cause enough dissension among the Republicans to throw his Senate seat to a Democrat in the general election next year.

Mundt is not alone in his fears. Somewhat belatedly, Sen. Thruston Morton, for years a big wheel in the GOP, declares in stentorian tones that the party ought

The Nation takes pleasure in announcing that with this issue Warren Miller joins the staff as literary editor. Mr. Miller is the author of six novels, notably *The Cool World* and *Looking for the General*; in 1961 he published *Ninety Miles from Home*, a report on Cuba based on his visit there. His short stories have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Paris Review* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Miller is a graduate of the University of Iowa, where he taught for a time in the English Department, and the recipient of an award from The Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Grandin Conover, the previous literary editor, has resigned from the magazine to accept a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation.

to kick the John Birch Society "square in the tail." No one saw him booting members of the Society at the 1964 Republican convention, although there were plenty of them around. Senate Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen and House Minority Leader Gerald R. Ford join in reading the Birchites out of the GOP. Even Barry Goldwater, writing in the *National Review*, puts the Society on probation. Either Robert Welch should resign or the members should, Barry advises.

All these staunch advocates of traditional Republicanism should have begun the purge of Birchites earlier, if they meant business. Their chance of success now is rather slim. The Republican organizations in the five states that went for Goldwater are for the most part firmly in the grasp of the Birchites. The Republican organization in California soon may be. The top leadership of the GOP can invite the unwelcome rightists to leave from now to 1968, but the invitation will probably be declined. The moral is that if party crashers are allowed to stay and dance with the girls, it is difficult to oust them at the stroke of midnight.

New York's Newspapers

Washington may be the political capital of the country but New York comes closer to being the information capital, partly because *The New York Times* is published there. The primacy of the *Times* was handsomely acknowledged by David Lawrence in his syndicated column, which appears in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Mr. Lawrence pointed out that the *Times* presents daily a comprehensive record of public events and, in full text or only slightly abridged, pronouncements on governmental matters of incalculable value to historians. When the *Times* is blacked out, historians of the future, and commentators of the present, are proportionately handicapped. Yet this calamity in information gathering and recording has occurred twice in less than three years, lasting twenty-five days in the labor-management battle which has just ended, and 114 days in the even more woeful showdown of 1962-63. And as matters now stand, when the present contracts expire in less than eighteen months, New Yorkers will again be deprived of their newspapers for an indefinite period.

There must be a better way to run an industry! Daily and weekly newspapers, *The Nation* included, advise and comment on everything under the sun Nothing escapes their omniscience, except perhaps how to run their own business. Nor is this failing confined to the New York sector of the industry—newspaper strikes occur in other cities, and some have lasted not for months but for more than a year.

If a cure, or at least a palliative, can be found in New York, it might be applied elsewhere. Some fumbling attempts have been made. The trouble is that they are started but never carried on. In the last three labor-management confrontations of the New York press, Theodore W. Kheel has been the mediator. Mr. Kheel bears the scars of a quarter century of industrial peacemaking, and his ideas must be given due weight. He is quoted as saying that he has never en a worse mess than that which has been created by the joint efforts of the newspaper publishers nd unions in New York. Yet Mr. Kheel has made on-structive proposals which, had they been followed up might have averted the last strike and could a ert the next one.

After the 114-day shutdown Mayor Wagner, at Mr. Kheel's behest, set up a Joint Industry Board for he discussion, on a continuing basis, of automation nd other issues which trouble the industry. The prop ed board has never functioned. The basic reason is at there is a lack of unity among the publishers on he one hand and among the unions on the other In 1963 the *Post* defected, in 1965 the *Herald Trib ne.* On the union side, the rivalry between the Newsp er Guild and Typographical Union No. 6—the printe — is another stumbling block to any rational solu on of the industry's problems. On both sides, the atti de is basically that every unit must strive for its n advantage, and the devil take the hindmost. In s ne New York industries, the garment trades for insta e, a wiser attitude has succeeded this invitation to ch s. One can only hope that after this last costly lesso a concerted effort will be made to put Mr. Kheel's rec n-mendations to practical use. If discussion of the ne s-paper industry's problems can be started now d carried on resolutely, a less costly method of sett g disputes may yet be worked out. The alternative is fewer papers and fewer jobs, and more revenue r the television networks.

The Nonprofits Again

The Nation's editorial of May 24, 1965, "Is A o-space Corp. Necessary?" was a pat on the back c n-pared with the blistering report of the Subcommi e for Special Investigations of the House Committee n Armed Services, of which Porter Hardy, Jr. (D., V), is chairman. Aerospace Corporation is a "nonpro " auxiliary of the Air Force which got out of con l to such an extent that even an aerospace trade jo -nal refers editorially to "the Aerospace mess" d agrees that the blame must be laid at the door of e Air Force. Apparently what the Aerospace preside t, Dr. Ivan A. Getting, was trying to establish wa a novel type of institution which would give its exe -tives all the privileges of a profit-oriented corporat n together with the advantages of working for the g -ernment, but without the responsibility of a corpo -tion to its stockholders or of a government age y to the Congress and the Executive. And until l . Hardy's subcommittee caught up with him, he v s not unsuccessful.

It is no secret that one purpose of a nonprofit c -poration of the Aerospace type is to get around g -ernment salary restrictions. The subcommittee poi out that a vicious circle is in the making here. Ir message to Congress in May, 1965, President Jol son gave support to the argument that federal sal rates should be kept in "appropriate relationship" w rates prevailing throughout the economy. Then the government sets up nonprofit corporations as a means to pay higher salaries to the aerospace elite, with the result that federal salaries must be raised to make them competitive with those of the nonprofits, and so on, around and around.

Dr. Getting himself is an example. At the Raytheon Corporation, which is no niggardly employer, Dr. Getting's salary as vice president for engineering and research was $45,000 a year, plus stock options. Aerospace hired him at $75,000 a year, plus "incentive compensation" of $15,000, making a total of $90,000; there were also fringe benefits. His relocation expenses were $7,840.14, including $3,133.02 for trucking his 40-foot yacht from Gloucester, Mass., to San Pedro, Calif. The cost to Aerospace of a banquet Dr. Getting gave for eighty-eight people in 1962 was $1,981.76. A premium of $1,800 a year was paid by the corporation for his group life insurance of $350,000. Nor does this exhaust the list of benefits.

However, it would be unfair to pillory Dr. Getting for what everybody else in Aerospace was doing to the best of his ability. They may have turned out some valuable work for the Air Force—as Gen. Bernard A. Schriever, the founding father of Aerospace, claims — but the upper managers were riding the gravy train for all it was worth.

Nor was the life of the intellect neglected. A 44-year-old executive was granted a leave of absence to work for his Ph.D. at Princeton in theoretical research on statistical quantum mechanics. During his year of learning he received a stipend of $16,000 and $14,000 of his $40,000 salary, or $30,000 in all—perhaps a record for completing one's education in comfort.

Of course, these sums are trifling when compared with Aerospace's business expenditures, the results of which the Hardy committee did not attempt to evaluate. In the five years of its existence Aerospace's contracts have amounted to $309 million and its fees, which correspond to profits among the unregenerate, have totaled about $16 million, or nearly 5.2 per cent of sales. This corresponds to a net of more than 10 per cent for a private corporation, since the nonprofit is exempt from income tax. The fee is what gives a nonprofit latitude in spending, since expenditures which cannot be charged to disbursement, which are itemized, can be taken out of fees, which are not. One Air Force contracting officer asked 200 times for data on the disposition of Aerospace fees and was turned down 200 times, on the ground that it was none of the Air Force's business. The contracting of-icer's superiors, right up to General Schriever, did nothing about this gap in fiscal control, which was corrected only after the revelations of the Hardy committee.

The new Secretary of the Air Force, Dr. Harold Brown, has the obligation to see to it that such lapses do not occur again. And it would be prudent for Secretary McNamara to reconsider whether nonprofit corporations are the best means of carrying out the broad functions which have been entrusted to them.

Atomic Water vs. Atomic Power

Whether nuclear control can be achieved at all is extremely doubtful. It calls for a degree of international trust and cooperation that does not exist and probably cannot be created in time to avert a free-for-all, with another dozen nations muscling into the nuclear club. The difficulties will be compounded by the inevitable development of dual-purpose nuclear plants for desalting sea water and generating electric power. Some of these plants may become triple-purpose, openly or surreptitiously turning out explosives for nuclear bombs. This additional complication points up the folly of U.S. State Department policy, supported so far by President Johnson and Prime Minister Harold Wilson, in clinging to the multilateral-force concept, which is a primary obstacle to even a token eighteen-nation agreement on measures to halt, or at least retard, nuclear proliferation.

Small nuclear water plants are in the design stage or beyond, and large ones are under intensive study, both in the United States and abroad. New York State, with federal aid, will have a small plant in operation near the eastern end of Long Island by 1968. It will generate 2.5 megawatts of electricity and produce about 1 million gallons of fresh water daily. American Machine and Foundry Company has been selected as the contractor. For New York City, staring a water famine in the face, a million gallons a day, even if it were available now, would be a drop in the bucket, but the city is discussing with federal officials a nuclear plant capable of desalting about 250 million gallons a day, or approximately a fifth of normal consumption. On roughly the same scale, the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California, the Atomic Energy Commission and the Office of Saline Water are considering a plant which would generate 1,800 megawatts of electric power and distill 150 million gallons of sea water daily.

In the United States the chief problems in connection with such plants are siting and disposal of radioactive wastes. Presumably weapons-grade plutonium would be separated and sold back to the government, but it already produces more than it needs. Abroad, the situation is different. Israel, for example, has a 24-megawatt research reactor, built with French help, which by the rule-of-thumb figure of 1 gram of reclaimed plutonium per day for each megawatt of capacity could produce perhaps 7.5 kilograms per year or, in something over a year, enough for a "small" or Hiroshima-type bomb. The United Arab Republic has only a 2-megawatt Soviet-built research reactor at present, and it may be that the 150-megawatt desalting reactor on which Nasser had been receiving bids from American and West German firms would likewise be used only for peaceful purposes, but the Israelis might have their doubts. Yet the entire Middle East is in a chronic state of water shortage, and both Israel and Egypt are justified in planning to convert sea water for domestic and agricultural use.

In Brussels, talks between our Atomic Energy

Commission and the European Atomic Community (Euratom) have considered a heavy-water reactor cooled with organic materials for desalting sea water, generating electric power, and producing fissile material. All this technological progress is in contrast with the utter lack of political progress in the nuclear sphere. Preventing proliferation is a forlorn hope at best, but any remaining chance of control is dashed by the British-American insistence on "strengthening" NATO with atomic weapons, primarily to satisfy V st German demands. The Russians will not consen to what they feel would ultimately put atomic weap is under independent German control. With Polaris b-marines already congesting European waters, i is hard to see what added strength a multilateral f e would provide, but right-wing British Labour, d Mr. Rusk's static State Department, are solicitous ly for NATO and the importunate Germans.

MOSCOW RESTORATION

The Dragon of Bureaucracy . . . Isaac Deutsche

The Soviet Union has just become the scene of a gigantic economic and administrative upheaval. At its last session, the Party's Central Committee decided to undo and obliterate most of the Khrushchev reforms of the 1950s. The whole structure of the Soviet economy is to be overhauled, and Prime Minister Kosygin has made it clear that it will be two or three years before the resulting disarray is brought under control. The overriding purpose of the changes is to reinvest in Moscow the strict central control over the economy that was once, before Khrushchev's days, exercised from there.

Eight years have passed since Khrushchev struck a heavy blow against Moscow's bureaucracy, ordered the disbandment of scores of central economic ministries, and set up more than a hundred *Sovnarkhozy*, or Economic Councils, each of which was to manage the affairs of the hundred or so economic regions into which the country was divided. That reform was intended to break the rigidities of the Stalinist super-centralization, to do justice to local interests, and to release local initiative and social energy. In the years 1957 and 1958, Moscow bade farewell to its managerial aristocracy, whose members were leaving the capital for more modest posts in remote provinces. In vain did Molotov, Kaganovich and Malenkov then try to rally the industrial "barons" and to preserve the central management of the economy. That was the heyday of de-Stalinization and Khrushchev appeared to be the Soviet St. George slaying the dragon of bureaucracy.

Now, a year after Khrushchev's downfall, the dragon seems to be reviving and returning in triumph. The central economic ministries are being re-created, the regional *Sovnarkhozy* are disbanding. A new migration of the bureaucracy is beginning: after a diaspora lasting eight years the barons are about to return to their old seat of power in Moscow. Meanwhile, there is an interregnum in the immense realm of Soviet industry: the *Sovnarkhozy* have lost power; the central ministries are not yet formed; and for the time being the *Gosplan*, the State Planning Commission, which has no experience in the practical management of industry, is supposed to wield authority.

It is with some obvious misgivings that the Soviet Prime Minister has launched this counterreform. Between the lines of his long and grim speech at the Central Committee he tried to reassure the country that what it is experiencing is not a relapse into the absurdities of the Stalinist bureaucracy. While he insisted on the necessity to restore central control of industry, he also dwelt on the need to restrict that control to a few selected but crucial areas, and to guarantee the rights and prerogatives of local managers and producers. A special Charter of the Socialist Factory is to rationalize the system of management on the spot and to protect it against arbitrary interference from the top. The new ministries, unlike their Stalinist predecessors, are to avoid pressing managers and workers for mere quantitative production recor . They are to judge the work of a factory not so much by its indi s of gross output, which often conc l inferior produce, but by the indi s of actual sales, which measure m accurately the socio-economic va of the output. In this respect, K sygin has intimated, Soviet ind try should move even further aw from the Stalin era than it has do so far.

The state, he has further a nounced, will gradually stop payi subsidies to all industrial concer working at a deficit; hencefort every industrial unit should produ at a profit. This does not amou to the "rehabilitation of the pro motive" predicted by some Weste Sovietologists in connection with t the so-called Liberman Debate. F one thing, there has hardly been t need for any "rehabilitation profit." In each of the last two yea for instance, profits shown by S viet industry amounted to som thing like 40 billion rubles, betwee 20 and 25 per cent of the net n tional income. At present, half the national investment funds ar other government expenditure provided by industry's profits ar half by indirect taxation. The ba ance between the government's rev nues from these two sources ha decisive economic, political and cu tural significance. Throughout t decades of forced industrializatio Stalin obtained most of the accum lation funds from heavy indire taxation, which served to keep dow popular consumption, to subsidiz deficit industries, and to expand i dustries which were growing muc faster than their own accumulatio funds. With the progress of indu trialization, indirect taxation ha

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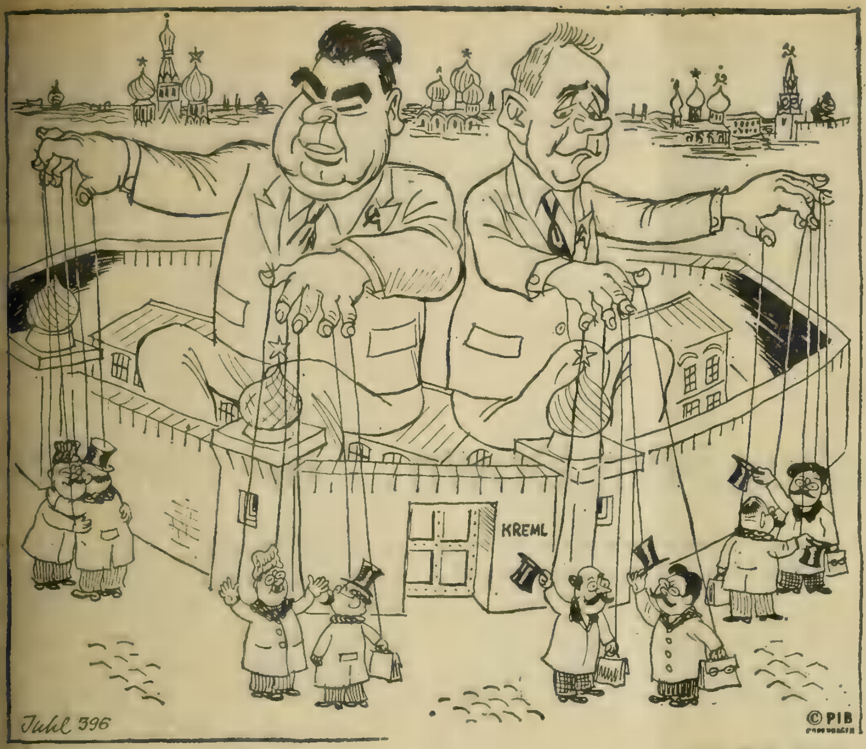


Ben Roth Agency

played a decreasing part and industrial profits an increasing part in financing further economic development. (Therein, to put it in technical Marxist terms, consists the transition from "primitive" to "normal" Socialist accumulation.)

Kosygin has now stated that the government is going to carry this policy a long step further. Henceforth, industry is to insure its continued expansion by means of self-finance, that is, by drawing on its own profits. This implies a further relative reduction in indirect taxation and a relative increase in the population's purchasing power, which must find its outlet in an increased volume of available consumer goods.

In a state-owned economy, however, the question of whether any industry can draw on its profits is often a matter of bookkeeping, for the profitability of an industry may depend on the prices it can obtain for its produce, and the government fixes the prices. A new Price-Fixing Commission is now therefore to revise the entire price structure of the Soviet economy, with an eye to enabling producer industries to become financially self-supporting and consumer industries to expand faster than hitherto.

Eager to justify this overhaul of the industrial machinery and the new policies, Kosygin spoke emphatically about the slowing down of Russia's rate of development in recent years. This has shown itself in the not-quite-satisfactory results of the Seven Year Plan now coming to a close. Although gross industrial output has risen by 84 per cent since 1958, this growth has been, according to the Soviet Prime Minister, far too slow in relation to fixed capital investment; and, similarly, the rise in productivity per man-hour has been sluggish. The continued crisis in agriculture—this year has again brought poor harvests—limits the volume of available consumer goods and affects badly the morale and the efficiency of industrial workers. All this, Kosygin concludes, compels a recentralization and a rationalization of economic management. The Soviet administration, he claims, has not been able to cope with its mounting difficulties because Khrushchev, in his zeal for decentralization, deprived it of the means of effective economic action.

There is undoubtedly some truth in all this. It has been clear for quite a long time that the Khrushchevite reforms, far from curing the Soviet economy of the ills of too rigid bureaucracy, have added to these the drawbacks of extreme decentralization. The regional *Sovnarkhozy* have developed their own local interests and particularisms and have thus weakened the cohesiveness and the momentum of the national economy.

Yet it is exceedingly doubtful whether the present return to central control will prove to be the remedy. The curse of a bureaucratic regime is that it cannot strike a sound balance between central control and local initiative, and Soviet management has periodically floundered between the extremes of despotic over-centralization and particularist-bureaucratic anarchy.

There is also in Kosygin's counterreform more than a mere reaction against the excesses and disappointments of the Khrushchevite decentralization. The Soviet Premier has made a special appeal to the managerial groups, with whom Khrushchev had been in some conflict. He promises to raise them up again and to restore their privileges and prestige. He has pledged himself implicitly to resist the egalitarian trend that has been stirring in the post-Stalinist USSR. His Charter of the Socialist Factory is to be, above all, the Charter of the Factory Manager, who is now given the right—unprecedented in the USSR—to hire and fire workers. He also gains wide discretion in distributing his wages fund among the workers. Nothing, apart from a repetition of the much overworked promise of consumer goods in future abundance, is offered to sweeten the pill for the mass of the workers. It remains to be seen what the reaction to Kosygin's policies will be at the factory level and in the trade unions.

The adoption of these decisions has been a maneuver of some political delicacy. It is not clear just how much support Kosygin has obtained for his moves either in the Presidium or in the Central Committee. His most influential colleagues have behaved in a noncommittal manner. He obviously feared considerable opposition within the Central Committee, and he reduced that opposition to silence by the simple device of inviting many outsiders to the Central Committee's session, a procedure which Khrushchev once favored and which was held against him when he fell. Nor is the postponement of the Party Congress till next year, which is beyond the statutory time limit, a good augury for the present ruling group. Disregard for the Party's statutory rights has, in recent years, been denounced all too often and all too loudly as the hallmark of Stalinism!

There is indeed a distinct flavor of Stalinism in some of Kosygin's moves, and the country will hardly relish it. The workers are certain to look askance at the increased powers of the managers. In the capitals of the non-Russian nationalities, people will resent the return of economic power in Moscow. The country as a whole may suspect a shamefaced attempt at something like a bureaucratic Restoration.

It seems quite implausible, despite the failures of Khrushchevism, that the Soviet people should be in a mood for such a Restoration; and if they were, Molotov or Malenkov, rather than Kosygin and Brezhnev, might be the men to preside over it. (Incidentally, there are some signs that Molotov is to be rehabilitated, while Khrushchev remains an ‘n-person.”) And in any case, Kosyg's performance has been politicall so ineffective and unconvincing – it has indeed been such a strange n ture of bureaucratic obtuseness d recklessness — that it only un lines the fact that the crisis in viet leadership, which opened w h Khrushchev's downfall a year a , is still unresolved.

THE BEST TORTURE

‘Once You've Broken Him Down...’

Marshall Sahlin

Marshall Sahlins, professor of Anthropology at the University of Michigan, was one of the organizers of the first teach-in, held on the campus of that university. As a result of this activity, Mr. Sahlins visited South Vietnam as a representative of the Inter-University Committee, which sponsored the National Teach-in in Washington on May 15, for debate on foreign policy.

Under these auspices, Mr. Sahlins spent some time last August in Saigon and American outposts in the provinces. This article is a segment of the data he brought home with him.

Advanced anti-communism trades places with the enemy. It becomes opposite-communism, and “opposites” are things alike in every respect save one. The final stages of American dissolution in Vietnam will be marked by imitation of the enemy's techniques. I have heard it foreshadowed in the talk of Saigon officialdom: *discipline*, a senior American civilian officer told me, is what the South Vietnamese government needs; *power*, he said, is the only thing the Chinese can understand; *history*, he said, will prove us right. In a remote provincial outpost I found two Americans who had appropriated to their own use draconic Chinese methods of interrogation and indoctrination (“motivation,” in the American newspeak). The forced destruction of people's beliefs can no longer properly be described as something “they” do. Torturously exacted confession and conversion are no longer things we fight against. These are now part of our own arsenal, weapons of our own struggle.

The two Americans were leaders of a “motivation” team working among Vietnamese Popular Forces. The team included four Vietnamese instructor-cadres, two of these ex-Vietcong. The dominant of the two Americans was a field representative of a civilian agency; he was assisted by a Special Forces officer. Both were competent in Vietnamese language and custom, and dedicated to Vietnam and their vision of its future. Their program was anti-Communist revolution; they were training Popular Forces as revolutionary cadres. The texts were classic Communist handbooks on revolutionary warfare, books these Americans studied and clearly admired; it does not go too far to say they were disciples, at least revisionist disciples, of Mao Tse-tung, Ho Chi Minh and Che Guevara.

I lived with them during a night and a good part of a day. They briefed me and allowed me to see the work for myself. But it is not of this guerrilla program that I write. It is of a discussion I had with the Americans about torture and the transformation of Vietcong prisoners to anti-communism. The two Americans made clear that they had some experience with it, and some ideas of how it is properly done.

The interrogation methods, as the Americans themselves explained, are copied from those used most effectively by the Chinese. (Of course, there are other precedents —for example, the Inquisition.) The treatment seems a compressed and abbreviated version of the procedures used on American POWs during the Korean War. The interrogator has at most four or five days before he must send the prisoner on. Physical torture is p cluded. A special type of “men torture” (their term) is instead flicted. But it aims not merely eliciting military information. T prisoner's disclosures are at same time a betrayal of his ca and a confession of his errors, a nunciation of belief.

If the technique really is eff tive, and the Americans claim th it is, I think it must be because some rather special qualities revolutionary warfare and warrio It must be understood that a Vi cong prisoner comes in with certa comprehensions and expectatic that are deeply entwined with revolutionary (“Communist”) co mitment. A guerrilla movement pends decisively on secrecy. members are visible daily to t enemy, but must be unknown him. They maintain a hinterla conspiracy of silence, and a sing traitor wrecks the organization a whole village, perhaps a distri The guerrilla thus understands th secrecy is a first principle of t revolution. But by the same toke intelligence becomes a first prin ple of the counterrevolution. T prisoner, therefore, expects to tortured for information and ul mately killed if he remains stea fast. He meets his interrogators pr pared to resist the worst: it is test of his revolutionary soul.

Something must be said well of the two Americans who d scribed the interrogation metho to me. First — and it is a thi seriously to consider — these me are not strangers, not people wh have been metamorphosed by son satanic forces to a point beyor ur understanding or recognition. let on a college campus or in a usiness office, they would not at-act unusual attention. Their at-tudes toward Vietnam are indeed iore scholarly than demonic. They 'ant to involve themselves in the ountry. They profess with sincerity ieir respect for the people — so iuch so that they actively wish iem a better fate. After I left them had the sickening feeling of "there ut for the grace of God. . . ."

The main protagonist—identified s "Mr. X"—describes himself as n "agnostic atheist," but clearly he elieves in the Devil if not in God. 1 fact, his is a holy work: to exor-ise the Communist devils possess-ıg the Vietcong. He undertakes the risoner's "conversion" for the pris-ner's own good; he is "helping" the ıan, saving him. I ask, "What gives ou the right?" "Your belief," he nswers. It gives him the right to roselytize."

And now consider this interview, 'hat they said and what they re-ealed of themselves. What follows re excerpts from the tape record-ıg I made of our conversation. 'hree asterisks in the transcript ıdicate that a portion of the inter-iew is skipped over; three dots, ıat a portion of an answer is lided; and a word in parenthesis ollowed by a question mark indi-ates an imperfect rendering on the ıpe and my guess of the word in-olved.

Ir. X: At this time [the prisoner] kind f feels an emotional dependence upon ou because for two days you've been rotecting him from the big outside gly world that he doesn't understand: eeding him good chow, talking with im, calling him a (*kambelo?*) of the ILF, not the derogatory term of Viet-ong. . . . Then you indicate that this ice treatment that he's had so far ıas] not been disinterested good treat-ıent, that we expect his cooperation. Ve're cooperating with him in a sense; 'e expect cooperation from him. This gain reintroduces the whole issue of ıe big ugly outside world. What's go-ıg to happen to him now? Well, he ıight tell you a couple of things, be-inning with rather innocuous things. Vell, you can imply that you know ıat already, what you're really after re better things and this might rather uncalm?) him. Then you might say, Jeez, that scrape you got on your houlder . . . it obviously needs atten-on; we'll have to give you some penicillin." And while you're giving him the penicillin, you're telling him that, "You know, there are these other types of people who just. . . ."

* * *

Mr. X: Actually again, this is the technique that Captain [Y] . . . and myself have been trying to promote in an advisory relationship. Again, it's a technique that's been used most effectively by the Chinese, in which you've pulled the man out of his familiar environment: he's dependent . . . upon you for his continual well-being. And even though the prisoner may (resist?), it's kind of an emotional interdependence that's created, and what you try and do is (use?) this emotional interdependence in such a way that he comes to the point where he *must* tell you what he knows.

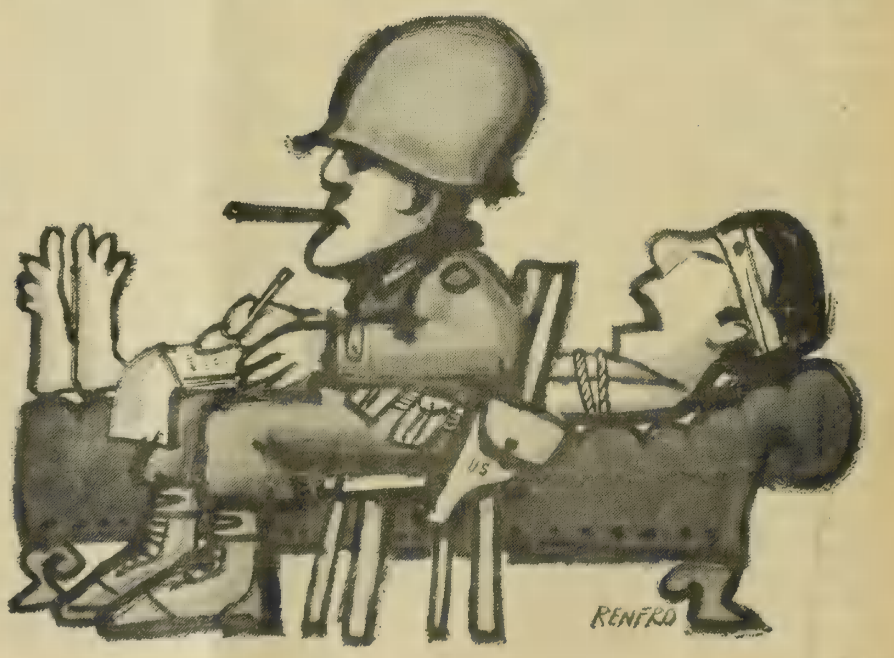
Sahlins: It's in effect brainwashing—is that the point of this?

Mr. X: No, what it is is breaking him down. But . . . once you've broken him down, it comes to the point where he wakes up in a sweat one morning and tells you, "All right." Then he tells you the names of the two people in his cell; or, he gives you the location of the camp that he just recently came from. Then you're through with him, in practical terms. You've got what you needed to continue operating. But at this point, if you really believe in anything yourself, what you've got to do is give him something to hope for before you send him back for further processing. Because you have just brought this individual to the *lowest point in his life* in terms of human meaning and existence. So at that point, that's when you've got to stress that, "Well now, we're releasing you for further processing. But for you, what you've just told us is the beginning of a positive affirmation. We just can't process you right into our unit now, because you don't know what we stand for and what we're fighting for, but we hope that some day you will be joining us." See, we don't have time to get any brainwashing. The Chinese can do that because they have POWs for months and months and months. If we get a guy, we've got him for two to five days, and then he's out of our hands. In that two to five days, we've got to get the information we need. But we will not get the information we need by physical torture. We've got to get it by an emotional and mental torture. And you can do that because that's what they're least adequately prepared for. It's what Americans are least adequately prepared for when they find themselves in the other side's hands.

* * *

Sahlins: What kind of control do you have over Arvin [Vietnam army] types of interrogation [i.e., physical torture]?

Mr. X: Well again, that's an advisory function. And what you're trying to do is—this is just a traditional, feudal Asian society; mainland style—and what you're trying to do is change the course of warfare in Asia. To some extent this has been done: the Chinese People's Liberation army; it's happened probably in the Japanese army, the Japanese Self-Defense and



Home Defense armies. But until the end of World War II, we always thought of the Japanese army as a real cruel, vindictive bunch of cutthroats. Well it turned out in post-World War II analysis that the Bataan Death March was something that they handled to the best of their ability, given the available transport and the way that they would have handled their own prisoners. They just moved them, and they moved them as fast as they could. People who couldn't keep up the pace in some cases were helped and in some other cases—just according to the individual guard—were bashed and thrown aside. Vietnamese to our eyes seem rather cruel sometimes to prisoners, but they're not doing this with any ideological vengeance. They're doing that because that's just been the bent of warfare in Mainland Asia for a thousand years, and what we have got to try to do is sophisticate it, and tell them, "Look, that's just not the way." It's a slow process; we're attempting a reformation of a whole society.

Sahlins: What practical is being done to discourage this kind of thing?

Mr. X: Well, guidance on the spot—

Captain D (Sahlins' escort): It's up to the individual advisers—

Mr. X: The individual adviser giving guidance on the spot.

Captain D: Sometimes it's successful, sometimes not—

Captain Y: In most cases, it's not.

Sahlins: From what you say about mental torture, you wouldn't make any distinction in the morality of either kind [i.e., physical vs. mental torture]?

Mr. X: Hell, no! I don't make any distinction in morality at all: torture is torture, and when you fuck around with a guy's mind and his whole basic *raison d'être*, you're *really* hurting him —especially when he's prepared mentally, spiritually, for the physical torture.

Sahlins: Then the attempt to discourage Vietnamese water torture . . . is just because the other type doesn't offend American sensibilities as much?

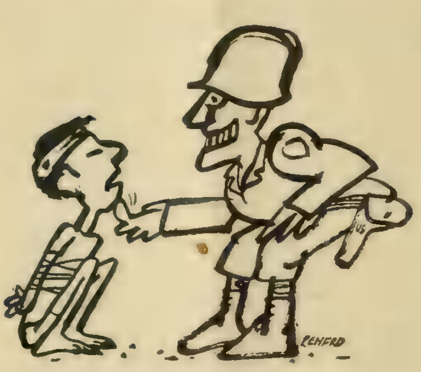
Mr. X: No, it's not because of that. Because we don't concern ourselves here with American sensibilities. We concern ourselves with what will work.

Captain Y: It's relatively ineffective.

Mr. X: It's ineffective. It may sound hard-boiled to say that we don't concern ourselves with American sensibilities—but we don't. We're concerning ourselves with Vietnamese sensibilities.

Sahlins: What about the sensibilities of the Americans who are involved. . . . the person who's torturing?

Mr. X: To most of the Americans, to most of the simple-minded Americans who get involved in Vietnam—that's all the *boobus Americanus* that H. L. Mencken spoke about — undoubtedly they think that the mental and emotional torture we're talking about is the least objectionable, because they've never really paused to seriously reflect about it themselves; or perhaps they did not go through the experience of being a POW in the Korean conflict themselves. And they can probably tell you, "Oh, Jesus, I'd try and stop that physical torture, because I know it's just wrong"—you know. But we think that we're looking into it a little more deeply, and we see that the mental and spiritual torture that we bring a man through to the point where he voluntarily gives you the information is pretty rough stuff to get involved in too. But it works.



Sahlins: How do you offset the damage to yourself?

Mr. X: Your belief. Your belief: you have to sincerely believe that in the long run you're helping this man. It's like an AA cure. If you're just breaking the guy down for the sake of getting a poor helpless alcoholic who's hipped on NLF propaganda to admit that he was wrong and give you the information, then you're going to send him out in the street a crushed derelict, then there's something wrong with you. But you have to really believe, as we do—although we get discouraged sometimes by our [Vietnamese] counterparts—you have to really believe that you're *helping* this guy to something better.

Sahlins: Conversion from communism is involved in the torture.

Mr. X: Conversion from anything anything involves a certain degree self-torture. We just accelerated process because we need that fucki information.

Sahlins: This is better for him?

Mr. X: He's alive, and you can s help him. . . .

* * *

Mr. X: Most Americans, unfortuna ly, don't bother to think deeply abo the stuff they get involved in and th make superficial judgments: "We it's wrong to torture this guy physic ly because we're all part of the sar (background?)"—

Captain Y: If you ask you'll get pro ably 80 per cent of the people [U. military] will say, "Well, I didn't g involved in it. When they captu them, when they capture the Vie namese Communists, I just turn n back and go and have a cigarette

Mr. X: They take a drink from the canteen and light up a cigarette. Ar that's discouraging. . . . I'd rather g —not get involved in it, not in th actual physical torture myself—bu I'd rather be right there and see done, and then laugh like a hors when it doesn't work and they don get the information. And then in th long run you're affecting the situatio when you just laugh at this guy an say: "Look, you think he's gonn break? So you cut up his stomach little bit and his insides fell out. . . He got the last laugh on you, becaus he didn't talk a bit." And maybe it' make the guy think, you know, an ten times later, after ten more peopl have faded out because he physicall tortured them, maybe he'll say: "Okay wise American adviser, what woul you do?" . . . We have a moral re sponsibility, it seems to me, once we'v stepped into this country to involv ourselves in the complete fabric of th country, and to understand it, an then try and help the Vietnamese t look at some different alternatives . . . We should be acting as a catalyst as a thinking catalyst in Vietnam. Bu you cannot be a catalyst unless you know the entire fabric of the thing And lighting up a cigarette when they bring a prisoner in for questioning is —well, that's an immoral—

Captain Y: It's just like saying, "I doesn't happen."

Mr. X: That's just about the height of immorality, I think. To think that you can just absolve yourself. That's saying that every man *is* an island;

at least when it is comfortable, hen it's comfortable for me to be island unto myself, then I am; d the bell's tolling for that poor cker under the knife, not me. That's al bad. And again, it's a simple-inded approach.

* * *

r. X had mentioned that one of the les imparted to the cadres in train-g was "be kind to prisoners." I asked that wasn't a rule he disobeyed.]

R. X: Well, if the final result of it —it's a cruel process—but the re-lt of bringing him closer to you, of nversion—it's a tortuous process of nversion—but the result is a kind ne. . . . If you believe in your pro-am, this is what you do. . . .

AHLINS: Do you believe in breaking eople down so they agree with your rogram? And breaking them down stifies the end?

R. X: No. . . . That's why we would ot take a guy who's been broken di-ctly into our unit at this time. . . .

AHLINS: Either you will rehabilitate im by converting him to your be-ef or you're going to leave him a ental wreck. . . . Can your ends be God-given as to give you this ght among humanity to do this?

R. X: I don't know. I don't really elieve anybody's hands are God-given. m an agnostic atheist.

AHLINS: No, your ends. I'm not ask-g you for religious beliefs. What I'm sking is, do you believe you have e right to impose by this method—

R. X: I think I've got the right to y. Nobody's got the right to succeed -guaranteed. But everybody's got the ght to promote and proselytize what ey believe.

* * *

APTAIN Y: If we do not break this uy, if we do not attempt to change is ideas, then in essence what have e done? We've said that basically e's right!

AHLINS: No, that isn't so. One agrees disagree as a matter of principle a democratic system.

R. X: Oh wait, this is [where] we egan. . . . I've had some tremendous onversations with these guys, and e begin by agreeing to disagree. But ou can soon get this guy so flustered nd so shaken up that before he knows , he's agreeing with you—because is assumptions to begin with were ather vulnerable.

SAHLINS: But that isn't the issue here. The issue here is whether you will impose your will by this technique, which is—

MR. X: We don't know what our will is yet.

SAHLINS: You will impose your ideas by this technique—

MR. X: What ideas?

* * *

SAHLINS: . . . I asked the question, how do you justify the effect upon yourself of acting in this way? And you said you're doing the guy a service. Now, I'm asking you, do you believe you have the right to impose your will on somebody, impose what you believe—

MR. X: We are not imposing our will. We are not imposing will. Even after you've broken him and gotten the information, he's still a free agent.

* * *

MR. X: Not impose will—if he fails to accept . . . an alternative. And not *our* alternative; there are a number of alternatives. Because in essence that's what we're trying to show him.

* * *

SAHLINS: . . . So as a matter of fact by this process you either transform him from that belief into one of a range of acceptable beliefs, or you will leave him a mental wreck—

MR. X: But we don't leave him this way. We have brought him to a point where he realizes that the faith he placed in his previous system was essentially not powerful. He has volunteered the information. At this point he's got to find a new way. He's got to have a way out of his dilemma, and the people at the training centers should be skillful enough to point out to him a number of alternatives.

SAHLINS: We come back to the question: whether you have the right—by these techniques, which are external to him—to deny him [the] belief that he came in with in his hand, and only accept a set of alternatives which you propose?

* * *

MR. X: Listen, I've met guys. . . . We had a guy in Phu Yen Province in the summer of '63 who was the propaganda director for the NLF in that province; and boy, we just worked ourselves literally ragged in four days trying to bring that guy to the point where he'd tell us a few things, and he was tremendous—just tremendous. Didn't tell us a thing.

SAHLINS: You admire this guy?

MR. X: Tremendous—tremendous.

SAHLINS: So you admire more a person who will not acquiesce to the thing that you say is right than one who does?

MR. X: No, not true. I didn't say that at all. I admire a guy who will tortuously admit—if he really believes—that, "Oh Jesus, I never thought about that before. Those guys [NLF] they told me something else; and you're really doing something else." A guy like that who will examine his previously arrived conclusions and change his mind, I admire that—

SAHLINS: That's very admirable, but it doesn't describe the process you went through, which was to leave him in a situation where either he takes this set of alternatives which you give him, or he is a mental wreck.

MR. X: Remember, this was an act of *affirmation* on his part, where he yields the information voluntarily. But it's only a beginning; it's only a beginning; and it's not fair to leave him at the point where he's just made the beginning.

* * *

MR. X: It's just like an alcoholic. An alcoholic can attend the meetings and he can see everybody else get embarrassed; and if he doesn't want to join them he can just back out again. But once a guy begins to join this little society of alcoholics—

CAPTAIN Y: These cadres we have [as instructors]—these ex-VC, ex-NLF, ex-Viet Minh—they all in some way or another gave up something in their own mind when they turned, came to the government.

* * *

MR. X: . . . what we're trying to show these guys when we're interrogating them, through this tortuous process, is that you're not better [off] under the NLF. "Your whole series of assumptions has got to be re-examined here, and we're here to help you re-examine them. And, Jesus, there's some guys here have got some more basic ideas of how they'd like to examine you, but we're just holding these guys off . . . and we'll take good care of you." That's kind of a dirty trick—[but] when you've only got four days. . . .

SAHLINS: Have you done this with Vietcong?

MR. X: We don't do anything because we're advisers—in every sense.

PLAYS AND POLITICS . . . . Harold Clurma

To the question, "What has the American theatre to say at the present time about the state of American politics?" the answer is "very little." The question which might then more pointedly be put is "Why?" Those who ask either of these questions are usually more interested in politics than in the theatre. Still, they are good questions for people devoted to the theatre to ask themselves. The effort to answer will momentarily make them ponder politics and also induce them to think a little less superficially about the theatre.

In any discussion of the theatre one of the first things to inquire about is the nature of the audience. On Broadway, where most new plays originate in America, the audience never pays less than $2.50 for the poorest seat, and often more than $6.90 for the best. One can hardly call this a representative audience, even in the era of affluence. It excludes most teachers and students, many professional people who are not in the high income brackets, and what used to be called the "working class." It is an audience of the business community: manufacturers, buyers and moguls of the plushier trades. It demands titillation. Hence musicals and light comedies are almost the only shows which sell out. The economic setup of the New York theatre makes it extremely difficult for plays that don't sell out to return a profit. And what doesn't make money soon disappears. What is believed likely to disappear doesn't get produced.

This facile explanation tells less than half the story. To proceed beyond it leads to perilous ground. I have no statistics, but I venture to say that Americans are not genuinely concerned with politics.

The ordinary American might define politics as something to do with elections and graft. He is convinced that China is a menace, that communism is evil, that taxes are too high, that juvenile delinquency is outrageous, that while the atom bomb is dangerous it is necessary, that our way of life, being the best, must be defended. Politics is something to which one lends oneself for a few minutes a day on TV, or can be disposed of by a cursory glance at the headlines and by gossip about "personalities." Politics is a sort of sport, and no one except a politician needs to devote himself to it.

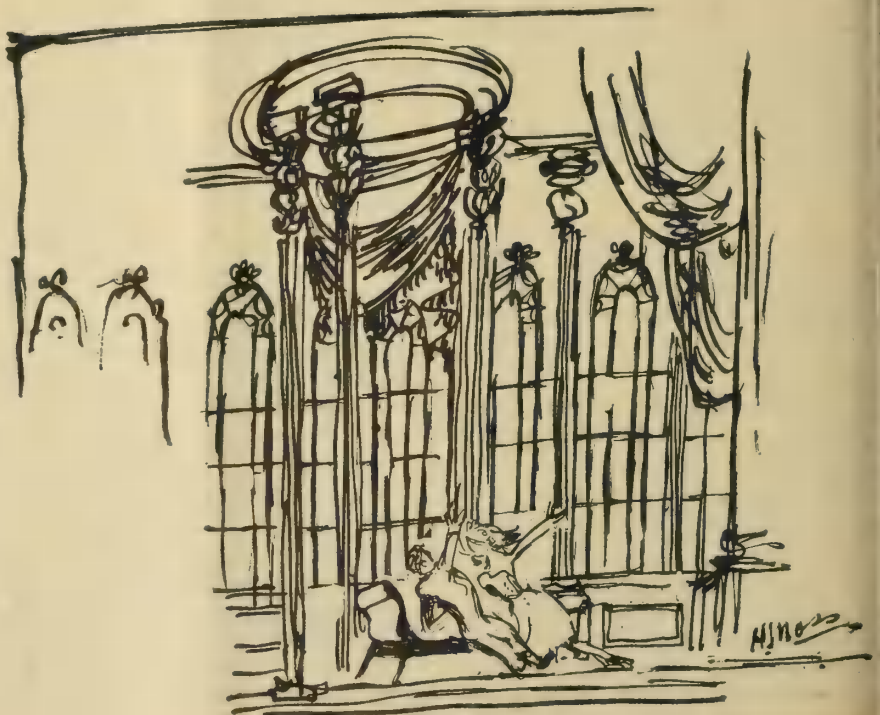
This view is understandable, given our history. There have been very few deeply disturbing political events since 1865. Compared to its effects on Europe, the First World War was for us a mere scratch. Such scandals as those of the Harding administration or of the Jimmy Walker regime were jokes. A mere handful of people were aware of the implications of Franco's assault on democratic Spain. To judge by the aspect of our big cities at the time, the Second World War was a happy occasion. We disapproved of fascism because of its bluster, and we heartily disliked the Nazis because they produced sick-making sensations in our stomachs. The cause of the war, our own or our Allies' responsibility in its outbreak, were obscure to us.

The depression of 1929-39 shook us up. For a time we responded politically although, the crisis once passed, many of us grew impatient with Roosevelt and his reforms. But the depression was a condition no one could overlook, and our theatre gave striking evidence of the fact.

Came Eisenhower, the new n
malcy and McCarthy. The Sena
scared the wits out of us before
destroyed himself, and we have r
yet recovered from the infecti
he spread. For years, now, not o
political discussion but all disc
sion of vital issues has been tim
ous or feeble. Such discussion m
lead to dissent. Nowadays we ha
ly know what to dissent from
cept such enormities as totalitaria
ism, the insults of inimical powe
narcotics and teen-age killers. D
sent usually involves criticism
our country, than which there
none better on earth. Dissent, mo
over, smacks of softness toward f
eign ideologies. We had enough
that in the thirties.

Today the civil rights strugg
—especially in its painless forms-
stirs a great many people. B
when prejudice of this stamp
dealt with on the stage it is in
musical like *West Side Story*
in a sentimental play like *A Rais*
in the Sun. Nearly everybody, a
especially those who are peculiar
touchy about aesthetics, shudde
at the hate in LeRoi Jones's play
I myself am frightened and mo
tified by it, but we occasional
need to realize its presence and
see it dramatized in full terror.

We hear that there is a ne



The Apple Cart

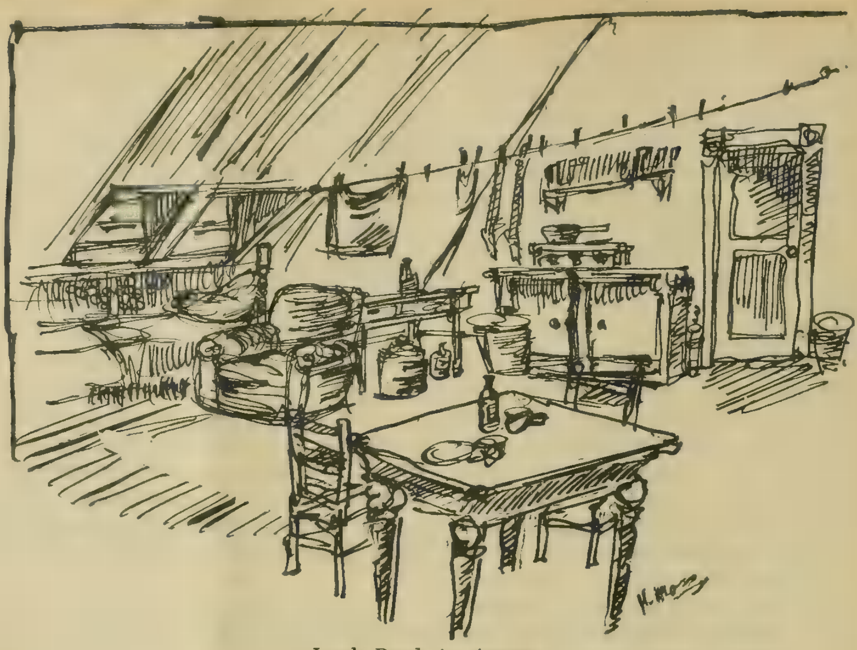
dicalism in the colleges and nong the young who are exasrated by the flatness, the inexessiveness of our lives. Though e manifestations of this trend e sometimes raw and foolish, it ould be viewed as a hopeful sign it leads to the discipline of study, ought and firmness of convicon. Nerviness is not enough.

The fighting in Vietnam troubles ; and we are becoming increasgly vocal about it. The majority our countrymen react automatally, either approving the governent's policy as a matter of sime patriotism, or denouncing it ithout facing the central issue: hether or not the possible victory communism in Asia is someing that non-Communists are epared to accept.

If I am only partly right in iese assertions, politics as such in hardly be expected to prove a roper subject for American therical entertainment. But should I e thought mistaken there are still ther phases of the question which ie liberal mind often overlooks.

Granted that plays dealing with olitics on our stage usually are educed to such convivial dramazations of columnist chatter as *he Best Man* or to empty melorama like the play made from llen Drury's *Advise and Consent*, ne must also recognize that very ew political plays of more than iomentary value exist in dramatic terature generally. What we someimes name political plays are more ccurately plays of social signifiance or historical plays of broad olitical application.

Shaw wrote several political lays — *The Apple Cart*, *Geneva*, *n the Rocks* — but they are hardy among his best. Shakespeare's Histories possess general political ieaning, but they are political only y extension and analogy, as is the ase with Miller's *The Crucible*, herwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, ingsley's *The Patriots*. There are lso social-political "allegories," vritten in various veins, like most f Sartre's plays or Genet's *The alcony* and *The Screens*.



Look Back in Anger

Not long ago a play about the Iiss case was produced on Broadvay but, like most such accounts f recent events, it was an inconiderable piece. Only the Germans nd French have thus far accepted stage version of the Oppenheimer case. Even Kingsley's dramatization of Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, cited as the Best Play of the Year 1950-51 by the New York Drama Critics' Circle, remained largely inoperative. I could name several other similar plays, like Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson's *Gods of the Lightning* (about the Sacco-Vanzetti case) or John Wexley's *They Shall Not Die* (about the Scottsboro boys) which flashed by without attracting anything but the most limited attention.

Far more effective than any of these were the documentaries presented by the Federal Theatre Project at low prices — *Triple-A Plowed Under* and *One-Third of a Nation*—which produced audience impact through their novel staging and immediacy. But for the popular treatment of topical subjects the movies and television are more appropriate media. Even Odets' *Waiting for Lefty* (about the taxi drivers' strike in the thirties) proved forceful not because of its political message but because of its colorful idiom and youthful fervor. For the rest, with the exception of his anti-Nazi *Till the Day I Die*, Odets' plays are not political at all but social, akin in this respect to O'Casey's early work.

A social play stems from a particular environment which to a degree is a reflection of a political condition. Chekhov's plays and Shaw's *Heartbreak House* are examples. Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* has English social connotations though its political direction is by no means clear. Gorky's dramatic work, rightly held to be inflammatory in Czarist Russia, was not at all propaganda for a particular party or a guide to an unequivocal political solution.

Since all plays are the products of mores and attitudes common to particular sectors of society and are addressed to a public presumed to be attuned to the dramatists' state of mind, one might maintain that all plays are social. (Even *The Ziegfeld Follies*, I have often said, could be regarded as a mirror of its times.) The reason why the social basis of drama is not more often pointed out is that audiences and reviewers prefer to think of plays wholly in terms of entertainment or, betimes, of art. In this way they avoid the discomfort of dealing with troublesome matters. They want to divorce entertainment (or art) from their daily concerns. The wish is justifiable, since their concerns are often trivial, but by this amputation they frequently rob both entertainment and art of their primary value.

There is a sense in which the theatregoer who seeks relief from his workaday cares is right. The domain of the theatre is universal, nothing human is alien to it; but the most durable and hence most profoundly influential plays are those which transcend their immediate "journalistic" material. What we seek finally in the theatre is an escape—into reality.

Our ordinary activities are dross of transitory interest even to ourselves. What we truly long for is to be transported to some realm of truth, the purest consciousness. This super-reality which lifts us above the ordinary traffic of existence is what the theatre (along with the other arts and, some may add, religion) aspires to, and in its greatest and rare occasions achieves.

What makes Chekhov's plays so touching is not their depiction of the unhappy middle class of Russia at a certain period, but the use he makes of this subject matter. From it he wrings the "music" of idealistic yearning, the aspiration which both torments and elevates the hearts of not particularly bright folk everywhere. What lends stature to Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* is not so much the psychology of a lady caught between two social classes, but our recognition that we are all a little like her—unable to find any sphere which satisfies our innermost needs.

Plays of so-called classic breadth, from Aeschylus to Racine, attain such heights. The better realistic plays of modern times move willy-nilly toward the same goals. Patently social plays, like those of Shaw and Brecht, Büchner's *Danton's Death* or Hauptmann's *The Weavers*, are sustained by a similar afflatus. Political plays, if they are intelligent and honest (Hochhuth's *The Deputy*), are to be welcomed even when they do not qualify as art. How many plays of any sort do? Still the annals of drama teach us that specifically political plays seldom reach the loftiest peaks—unless one calls *Trojan Women* or *Julius Caesar* "political."

Nearly all social plays of merit exercise political effect, although the degree or exact orientation of such effects are not always determinable. We may cite such old examples as Beaumarchais' *Marriage of Figaro* as relevant to the French Revolution and Gogol's *The Inspector General* as relevant to all bureaucracies. There is no doubt that the naturalistic plays of the middle and late 19th century exerted liberalizing persuasion, first in Germany and Russia, and later in England and France. On the other hand, a sizable portion of the Paris audience just before the Second World War applauded Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* as a reactionary play which others (Brecht, for instance) have interpreted in another sense.

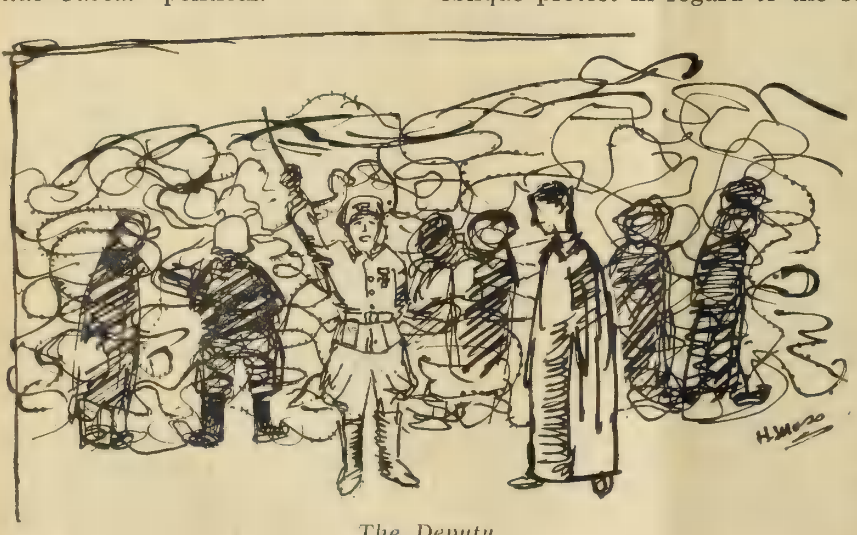
We come now to what for our present purpose is the crucial problem: "How is one to account for the fact," a friend writes me, "that the more dramatic the general political situation becomes, the more intensely private and ingrown are the preoccupations of our more talented playwrights?"

The answer is that the plays referred to in this query, though hardly political, constitute our social drama! There *is* a connection between the theatre and politics. It is sometimes direct and positive; at other times indirect and negative. Today it is mostly negative. The Theatre of the Absurd, seen as a generic phenomenon without judgment as to individual talents, is, whether the writers themselves agree or not, a direct consequence of the social-political climate in most of the "free world." It represents despair and sometimes an oblique protest in regard to the societies from which the plays emer They are mockingly bitter outcr signifying a sense of impoten They present our world as a frig ful mess, a ridiculous fraud; a trag farce. There is nothing left for to do, they tell us, except to suf and wait (for what?), jeer and t to avoid hurting anyone or, in e treme instances, burst the bonds decorum and reason (which ha been of no avail) to find sor sado-masochistic "mystical" releas America, they intimate, is smug a hypocritical. Britain's stiff upper l has gone slack with indecisio France poses in a caricature grandeur. The Soviet Union abid in a strait jacket; China is a threa ening tyranny. According to son of these playwrights it is entire possible that life itself is no damne good and probably never has bee So they turn their backs on all th and now and then seek repose wit in some no man's land of bleak co templation or lunacy.

I do not speak in contempt. T day many artist-intellectuals (n to mention others) feel spirituall homeless. They believe themselve deprived of any reliable politica social, religious base. For them a the old faiths are meaningless. Tha is why in America they appear take special satisfaction in patroniz ing the credulous thirties. Their p litical posture consists of their re fusal to assume any. And, on should add, no wonder. The mora and political atmosphere of th world is confusing everywhere. I is easier to assail these new an personally benign nihilists by argument than to reassure them with concrete proposals. The most "advanced" among them are trying t formulate an aesthetics of non-art

Insofar as these impulses represent protestations against all tha is bogus in our society, and if in the process of protest new means of expression are discovered, this anarchic tendency performs a positive function. But a persistent turning away from the world ultimately leads to a conformism as dull and debilitating as accommodation.

Very few of the new plays have any action. Indeed hardly any of them require it, because they deal with states of being in which will power has become superfluous. Since most such plays are based on the assumption that nothing is changeable, they present characters who never bother to change any-



The Deputy

ing. We approach the dead end drama.

To extricate himself from this lemma the future playwright must nsent to dwell in "error." He must ke a walk into the awful world, t to know it ever more intimately d widely. What is chiefly wrong ith Soviet realism is that it is not fficiently realistic. It is usually tle more than publicity. Still the ms of that realism, liberated from ficious supervision and Philistine gma, are healthy. They bid the dramatist make contact with society, explore the hardships and triumphs of labor, probe the souls of men and women in the travail of the new civilization as it is being formed, or of the old as it destroys itself. This tradition gave Russia and the rest of us such writers as Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Chekhov and Gorky—none of them literalists—and has still much to offer.

As soon as they have attracted notice through early success, American playwrights now tend to become encrusted in professional circles and thus rapidly to detach themselves from their creative sources. They deteriorate into provincials in the sterile ground of fashionable Broadway intellectual coteries.

When we learn to see ourselves and our neighbors truthfully against the broadest horizons of human concern, we shall perhaps not need to clamor for *political* plays; good ones will do.

ritish Peace Movement

OOKING for the MARCHERS

Theodore Roszak

hen I left the United States in e summer of 1964 to become the rst American editor of *Peace ews* in London, the great question among my friends and col- agues was: whatever happened the American peace movement? was a question accompanied by at kind of morose, self-defensive ul-searching which never seems yield satisfactory answers. For ose who were part of it, the merican peace scene for the years 63-64—during that paralytic lull llowing the partial test-ban treaty d preceding the recent, turbulent se of the "New Left"—was rapid- suffocating in pessimism and smal introspection.

Would England be any better? had hoped so, but much to my smay it was not. The same agged-out self-analyses, the same ejection and frustrated back-bit- g had, I soon discovered, all but owded the British movement off e political stage. If anything, the oom was even greater. For in merica, we could at least doubt at there had ever really been a novement" to mourn for; maybe e had never been more than a andful—a game, outspoken rem- ant that had generated a few od rallies, some eye-catching ewspaper advertisements and sev- al organizational titles, and that ad been lucky enough to get some aggerated publicity. (One always lt a bit queasy about the fact that many American peace organizations seemed to share the same few New York and Philadelphia addresses, and too frequently used one another's stationery.)

But in England there could be no doubt about the matter: there really had been a movement. Year after year, from 1958, the great Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament had mustered twenty, fifty, 100,000 people to its Easter rallies in Trafalgar Square. The Committee of 100, CND's maverick, direct-action offshoot, had more than once filled the streets of Whitehall with anywhere between 5,000 and 12,000 sitters-in that included dozens of British intellectual and cultural celebrities among its militant rank and file. The trials of the civilly disobedient "100" had injected magnificent statements of conscience into the British courts and press. And in 1960, CND unilateralism, stubbornly supported by several labor leaders and their unions (especially Frank Cousins of the giant Transport and General Workers Union), had succeeded in "winning over" the Labour Party at its Scarborough conference. Of course, Hugh Gaitskell and the party leadership never endorsed the unilateral nuclear-disarmament plank thrust upon them at Scarborough and did manage the following year to prove Labour's "fitness to govern" by replacing it with a more "responsible" position on the bomb and NATO. But still, imagine! The movement had actually captured the major opposition party. For some three years at least the Campaign put disarmament on Britain's political map, and jolted its society into a short, sharp interval of moral awareness and frantic debate far more searching than any discussion Americans have ever had on nuclear warfare.

But now—well, take for example this: In England my family shared a north London cooperative housing project with four other families—beautifully conscientious people who had worked tirelessly to bring the H. G. Wells Housing Cooperative into existence, and with whom we struck up warm friendships. We lived right next door for three months before we discovered—and then inadvertently—that two of the couples had been in the thick of Committee of 100 activities. They had been in the sit-downs, had been arrested and jailed along with Bertrand Russell and the other great names. Yes, they recalled, those were exciting days. But now they never talked about it much, were out of touch, inactive, didn't even subscribe to the paper I edited. What was it that had subtracted them so silently and completely from a movement for which they had risked so much? They couldn't be sure . . . somehow the steam had gone out of it all . . . there had been too much factional infighting . . . the wives had had babies . . . the issues had gotten less clear-cut . . . and it wasn't as if the British bomb meant that much any more . . . other worth-while causes (like cooperative housing) had taken their attention . . things had just changed. . . . Their answers were typical.

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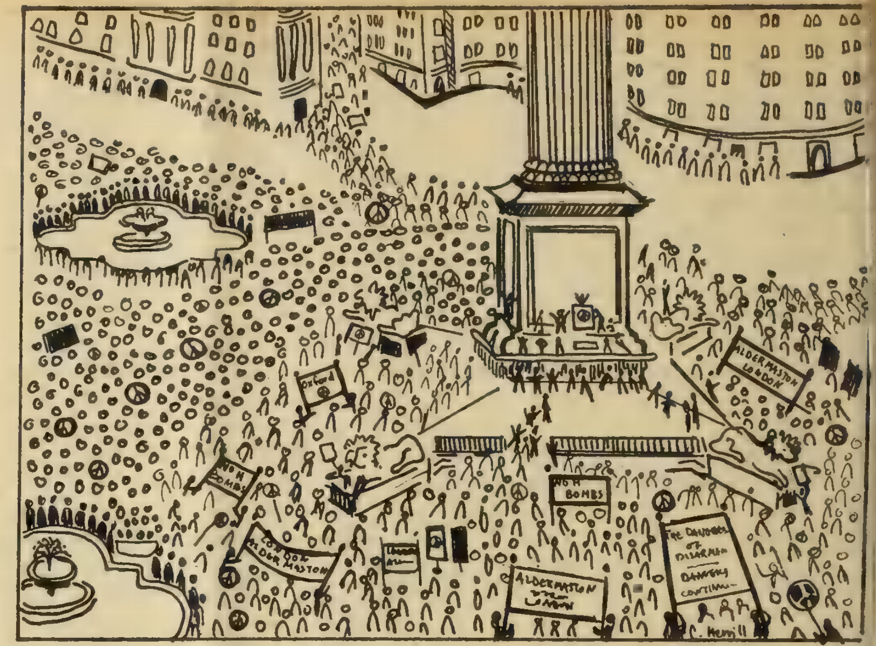
Everywhere in my work I came across people who had been part of the great crusade, and had drifted away. Both the Campaign and the Committee had just seemed to go limp and lose staying power. Even militant members and one-time leaders had seemed to vanish from the scene: to take up other causes, to return to school or family cares, to do research or write books. People wondered now what had become of colleagues they had once been imprisoned with. Among those who stayed close to the movement, the general elections which kept threatening throughout most of 1964-65 seemed a more important priority. Here was the great chance to get Labour elected after thirteen years out of power — and wasn't that what CND was all about?

CND's unrequited love affair with the Labour Party is far too complicated to be rehearsed at any length here. There had always been those—in the Campaign leadership as well as the rank and file —whose first allegiance was to Labour and for whom electing Labour was the Campaign's first goal. Canon John Collins, CND's first chairman, had never been ambiguous about that. And still today, the Campaign's capable and amiable chairman, Olive Gibbs, and its hard-as-nails general secretary, Peggy Duff, both hold local office (in Oxford and London) for Labour. The magic that Labour, with its great evangelical tradition of social justice and its awesome intellectual backing, holds for English radicals is something an American finds difficult to appreciate. At CND rallies the mere mention of Keir Hardie still draws a storm of applause. And for peaceniks it is impossible to forget how many of Labour's great leaders had been outspoken religious pacifists: Ramsey MacDonald, Philip Snowden, George Lansbury. Indeed, the editor's office at *Peace News* is named "The George Lansbury Room." And, though I could take no inspiration from it, there hung above my desk all year a smiling portrait of that good, gray man whose pacifism had so embarrassed Labour during the thirties, that the party finally removed him from the leadership in favor of Clement Atlee (who as a "responsible" leader, was to initiate Britain's own A-bomb program in 1948).



But there are many others who never understood CND to be a wheel horse hitched to Labour's wagon; nor simply a pressure group feeding ginger to Labour's left wing. Rather the Campaign was . . . well, perhaps the beginning of a broadly radical "New Left," drawing inspiration from the rebellious broadsides that Angry Young Men were firing at the entire structure and character of British society in the wake of the Suez fiasco; perhaps the rudiments of a rival party that should be running independent candidates for Parliament in as many constituencies as possible; perhaps, through the Committee of 100, the beginning of a nonviolent social revolution. From the very outset, the ideological tastes of the university-based New Left Clubs — too doctrinally Socialist to gain acceptance from the Labour leadership—have circulated through the Campaign freely. And so also has the amorphous social alienation of British youth, which could never be reconciled to Labour's dowdiness or to the cautious paternalism that characterizes the party's youth groups.

It is difficult now not to believe they were right, those who refused to give their hearts to Labour and who wanted more, much more, than a Labour victory at the earliest possible election. For now Labour is in power, and the party could not be more thoroughly infiltrated than it is by Campaigners or former Campaigners. Frank Cousins, Anthony Greenwood, Barbara Castle are all in the cabin Stephen Swingler and Harc Davies hold junior positions in t government. And the Parliame tary party includes between seven and eighty MPs who march faithfully from Aldermaston Trafalgar Square every Easter. B still the "independent deterren (purchased now from Americ remains in Britain's arsenal a Britain remains in NATO. Of "po tive neutralism" and "unilater ism" one hears nothing from Whit hall. What one does hear, agoni ingly enough, is unending syc phantic endorsement of America policy in Southeast Asia, and Ki ling quoted to celebrate Britain embarrassing involvement in M laysia. To all of which CND an its Left Labour allies object heart ly—but still not strenuously enoug to rock the government's boat.

In March of this yea Frank Allaun — an old Cam paigner — resigned his position i the cabinet in order to associat himself with the seventy-five c 100 Labour MPs who have bee constantly, though not aggressive ly, protesting the party's Vietnar policy. But that's as much of dent in party discipline as th Campaign has achieved — or de sired. After all, Labour's majorit is down to two, and the party hasn' had a chance yet to make a show ing of its progressive domestic pol icies. One wouldn't want to put th Tories back in power, would one'

Meanwhile, the breakaway Com

mittee of 100 survives as a heroic few, surrounded by an obstreperous few more. Most of its great names have departed. Lord Russell has disowned the child that he and the young American expatriate Ralph Schoenman (now Russell's personal secretary) created, but only to become a largely unattended, thoroughly predictable voice that speaks too often on too many issues. His own peace foundation (like so many others in the American and British movements, Lord Russell and his secretarial entourage seem to have retired from politics into research) purports to be doing great things, but its achievements and general purposes remain obscure. Lord Russell's most responsive public seems now to be among the rebellious Asian and African political movements to whose conferences he frequently sends representatives or tape-recorded messages that are dependably and fiercely anti-Western.

The surviving "100," brimming with youthful exuberance, periodically picket the American Embassy, sometimes for excellent and sometimes for mysterious reasons. In one very impressive show of courage, a small band of the 100 turned out to stage a counter-demonstration last March in the presence of 5,000 angry aircraft workers who had assembled in Hyde Park to protest the government's cancellation of several bomber and fighter plane contracts. (Sad to say, Labour, despite six years of peace activity in Britain aimed especially at it, explained the cancellations wholly as an economy move, and voiced not a single word in behalf of disarmament.) But Committee of 100 chapter meetings tend to be marred by dissension and a kind of amateurish, overdone militancy. And its current exercises in direct action are often of dubious political and moral quality. For several weeks this year the Committee's journal, *Resistance*, was seeking to whip up support for what it calls "telephone sabotage": *Resistance* prints the phone numbers of unlisted government agencies which members are then urged to call and, under assumed names, to bug with all sorts of false information . . . and then hang up quickly before the call can be traced! Thus, the passive resister yields to the prankster.

Peace movements are transitory and delicate blossoms. They bloom almost overnight in a climate of crisis, take on the most nearly impossible of crusades—that of resisting international war—and wither quickly when they fail to succeed all at once in their superhuman mission. It is very likely the sign of its demise when any political movement slows down sufficiently to permit having history books written about it. And with the publication late last year of Christopher Driver's *The Disarmers*, CND and the Committee of 100 found themselves packaged neatly in a very competent history, which ended with the conviction that the Aldermaston marchers have "hung up their boots." At Easter this year CND still turned out 30,000 supporters in Trafalgar Square — but even this achievement did not dispel the uncertainty and gloom of many. To a very large degree the rally succeeded because it spoke much more of the American war in Vietnam than of the Campaign's old ideals of banning the bomb and getting out of NATO.

It is a depressing account, and of course the situation was bound to leave its mark on the fortunes of the paper I edited. During the thirties and forties, when it was the voice of the charismatic Rev. Dick Sheppard and his Peace Pledge Union, *Peace News* was a high-circulation weekly, widely read and recognized (and despised) as the organ of a worrisomely large peace movement that had persuaded considerably more than 100,000 young men to refuse conscription in any future war. During the war years, times were hard for *PN*; news dealers refused to carry it, and at one point, when printers refused to handle the paper, the famous sculptor and fine-arts printer, Eric Gill, had to step in to set several copies of *PN* by hand at his own press. (They are now collectors' items.) But still circulation remained high and even Fleet Street carefully followed the war commentaries of *PN*'s prestigious editor, the critic and social philosopher, John Middleton Murry; it was the best and most responsible dissenting opinion on the excesses of "unconditional surrender" and "saturation bombing" available.

Now *PN*, one of the veritable institutions of the peace movement, a publication that can claim Aldous Huxley and Bertrand Russell, Gandhi and Jayaprakash Narayan, Danilo Dolci and Herbert Read, Alex Comfort and H. G. Wells, Vera Brittain, Max Plowman and George Lansbury among its one-time voluntary contributors, and through whose pages three decades of the heroism and folly of the Western peace movement have played themselves out, may be approaching the end of its days. "Cause journals" have no more life in them than the movements they speak for. And in Britain, at least, it is difficult to tell for whom a peace journal ought to speak: the old-style religious pacifists with their taste for hot-gospeling testimonials and high ethical sentiment, the disgruntled anarchist youth who believe that any "movement" that numbers more than twenty-seven people has lost its ideological virginity, the peace research intellectuals for whom political action at any time before 1980 is bound to be "premature," the social-issues activists for whom everything but war is worth talking about — stubbornly exclusive audiences all, and presently lacking any great project that can subordinate the differences dividing them. The tack I tried—which was simply to open a forum for all comers and wait for a new movement to crystallize out of the debate and the "objective situation"—was, alas, not a solution that satisfied many. And *PN* is a "cause journal" the like of which we do not have in the United States. Even its sales are in the hands of voluntary street sellers, a quaint old British custom that sends the faithful of various political movements out to hawk their journals on street corners even in the rain of the English winter. A lovely grass-roots tradition, but pity the poor editor whose policies alienate the loyal sellers! Lose a seller (and I lost many) and you lose 200 sales.

Is there anything Americans can learn from the recent history of the British peace movement? Very little, I fear. For the British movement has been gifted and cursed with a peculiar institution that has no counterpart in America: the British Labour Party.

The essential problem of any peace movement, which invariably begins as a tightly knit, often reli-

gious cause group, is that of converting the "gentile" public — and this the group must do by the sheer force of ideas and ideals. Unlike labor, Socialist, feminist, or racial-justice movements that deal in the bread-and-butter grievances of majority groups, or at least large-sized minorities, peace movements may often have to demand highly principled, altruistic sacrifices of those to whom they appeal. War resistance is not readily translated into concrete, immediate and personally advantageous objectives—not until war is imminent, and that is usually too late. Only when the movement can make its goals seem immediate—as in the case of bomb testing with its intimate danger of atmospheric pollution — can large numbers be easily mustered.

There are essentially two gentile publics to whom the movement must speak if it is to grow: the workers and socially disadvantaged, and the great complacent middle class. Thus, in America, Turn Toward Peace was created to permeate the ordinarily uninvolved and indifferent middle class, by way of the leadership of its many voluntary organizations: church groups, professional associations, etc. And, more recently, Students for a Democratic Society has sought to work the war-peace issue into the consciousness of the disadvantaged minorities and disorganized down-and-outs of our society. The fact that these two groups seem not to understand that they are addressing themselves to very different publics and must deal with very different problems in doing so is a great misfortune. The objectives of *both* TTP and SDS make sense — because neither of the publics they are dealing with is adequately embraced by or hopelessly integrated into the existing political parties. Besides, the rhetoric of the New Frontier and the Great Society notwithstanding, nothing that looks much like idealism or ideology stands a sporting chance of slipping by the gates of the Demacratic or Republican establishments. If folk singers are the bards of our New Left, it bears some thinking upon that the only songs they sing about the major parties are sung for satirical effect.

But in Britain, there is the Labour Party, and it guards the political Left impregnably, a Gibraltar of working-class aspiration, proletarian heroism, artistry and intellect. It has thoroughly integrated the larger and more militant British working class — and it has, through its more moderate welfare statism, done an effective job of attracting middle-class allegiance. Moreover, and very importantly, Labour retains the aura of a crusading "Cause party" of tremendous moral persuasion and intellectual support. Here, seemingly, is the royal road to the hearts and votes of the British gentile public. So it was inevitable that the peace movement should try to win its way by first "taking over" this one great national powerhouse and, upon Labour's election, the government itself. The feasibility of this strategy is of course enhanced by the fact that in Britain a political party, upon taking over the government with a decent majority, is practically omnipotent in the formulation of policy: there are no troublesome Congressional checks and balances. What then could be a more obvious strategy?

But that strategy failed in its ultimate objective, and so did the Committee of 100's direct-action alternative. With their failures, the peace movement was stranded without a political vehicle. In America, the gentile public does not come as conveniently packaged as in England; that makes getting at it so much the harder, but it also makes peace politics here less an all-or-nothing proposition.

One great exception to Labour's broad embrace and humanitarian reputation should be mentioned. That is its abysmal record on t very new domestic issue of ra relations. By supinely taking ov the Tories' policy of severe i migration restriction, and by fa ing to speak boldly to the worse ing problem of color discrimin tion, Labour is alienating whatev adherents it once had among Br ain's 800,000 Indian, West India and Pakistani immigrants. It is disgraceful display and has left tragic vacuum in the political o ganization of the immigrants. Do this provide an alliance for t peace movement? Some think s and with this possibility in min a group of us, a few Committee 100 veterans and a few immigra spokesmen, began late in 1964 small operation called "Multiracia Britain." Then, with a really in portant assist from Martin Luthe King and Bayard Rustin — wh stopped off for two days in Londo last November on their way to Osl where Dr. King was to receive th Nobel Peace Prize — Multiracia Britain metamorphosed into th larger and more representativ Campaign Against Racial Discrimi nation. CARD still functions as th voice of moderation in Britain's ra cial problem, but has lost groun to more militant groups and, un happily, no longer has any connec tion with the peace movement.

Where, then, does the British movement go from here? Fo it is important that the British movement survive and progress Britain's voice in the world is fa from negligible; moreover, becaus of their imperial experience an Commonwealth connections, the British could play at least as great a role as the French presently d in contributing some sophistication and insight to America's heavy-handed dealings with the Third World—where, it now seems clear, the major danger to peace will lie in the next few generations.

It was my own conviction that neither CND nor the Committee of 100 has anywhere to go *unless* they radically recast themselves — and emerge with a broad program that presses forward on a number of domestic and foreign issues. It is quite hopeless at this point for any group to compete head-on with the major parties for mass appeal, since both Labour and the Tories have subscribed to advanced welfare-state policies that cover all the ost obvious grievances of their ciety. But the welfare state is a rge-meshed net that provides so- al security at the expense of let- ng many more subtle human eds drop through. Race relations, inority rights in general (and itain's minorities, only now be- ming visible to the society, in- ude some exotic groups like Greek ypriots, Armenians and Gypsies) a very apparent "drop through" sue. So are many of the problems at beset old people and juveniles, e bored residents of many of the ew towns" and of the often cul- rally slack provinces, ex-convicts d the families of men still in ison, widows without family, or- ans, derelicts. In fact, the whole oblem of alienation, in an indus- ial society in all its disheartening rms, lies beyond the welfare state.

In all these scattered pud- es of social inadequacy there are ople whose lives can't be touched mended, but only worsened, by e manipulation of expert social gineers. What we need to stabilize d enrich the lives of these alien- ed many is that "participative de- ocracy" our own New Left is so ncerned to bring about at every vel of American society—and it is new and subtle a project that we arcely have as yet the political etoric with which to discuss it. In itain as in America, when politi- l parties talk about anything orth while at all, it is the bread- d-butter issues — which is the uff man does not live alone by.

Can there be a politics beyond the elfare state? In Britain those I met ho are talking most imaginatively out it are the contributors to the *ew Left Review*, and the people lin Ward manages to draw into s little monthly, *Anarchy*. And ose who are doing the most about are the "activist sociologists" hom the remarkable Richard auser has organized into the Cen- r for Group Studies in London. In- sting that there must be no re- arch that does not lead to action, d no action that does not stem om thorough research, Hauser, ho is perhaps best known for the lauser Report" on homosexuality hich he prepared for the Home ffice, has managed to set in mo- n several scores of self-help proj- ts among Britain's convicts, aban- ned widows, orphans, disadvan- ged minorities and social misfits. His object is always the same: to find among the disorganized and inadequate the resourcefulness that will allow them to solve their own problems—and so form themselves into a "fraternal society" that can make its own way in the world. A student of Gandhi's philosophy and techniques, Hauser believes that this kind of activity could provide the bridge across which the peace movement might travel toward its goal of international conciliation. One must, he contends, begin rooting out violence where it is nearest at hand in order to test and perfect the methods of nonviolent problem solving. Then, perhaps, the peace movement could undercut the Labour Party and find the allies it needs. It was the most hopeful prospect I came across in Britain, and its implications for the American peace scene are quite as great.

What It Means To Be An American

Editing a little journal for a noble cause teaches one many things—and not a little about human folly. There was, for example, the strange young man from the fringes of the Committee of 100 who showed up in my office one afternoon and tried to convince me that he had successfully "infiltrated" the Ministry of War and swiped the plans for Britain's entire air-defense system. Wouldn't I love to publish them in *PN* as a blow for peace? And then there was the little old Quaker lady who, upon discovering that I was an American, appealed to me to get in touch with the oil tycoon, J. Paul Getty, at his Dover home, and please to ask him for $1 million so that she could stage an international festival for children and their pets at the Albert Hall. Mr. Getty, I was to understand, loved children (and small animals) and would surely come across if a fellow countryman were to ask him.

But by far the most impressive lesson I bring away from London has nothing directly to do with *Peace News* or the movement. Still, I cannot forgo relating the single experience that added most to my political understanding.

While in London I did a number of interviews at the B.B.C. for the Pacifica stations, one of them with two South African exiles. One hears a great deal more about South Africa in England than in America—and it all adds up to the picture of a regime so brutal and despotic that one must look to Hitler's Germany to find a society of comparable criminality. The two young men I spoke with—one, an exceptionally talented poet, the other, a journalist—had many stories to tell of the discrimination and degradation they and their families had undergone, living as dispossessed blacks in a country they had never been able to call their own. Neither spoke with bitterness, but rather with an indignation that had cooled and solidified into calm defiance. Both were sworn to return to their society to fight when the inevitable revolution came.

Was there no chance of a nonviolent solution in South Africa? It was a question both were familiar with. No, there was no chance. The government had shattered the nonviolent forces and their leaders; the Verwoerd regime would never be softened or won over by an appeal to conscience. Nor would the Western governments — primarily Britain and the United States—that keep Verwoerd in business, but which have the power, by way of economic boycott, to shatter the apartheid system.

Would they, I asked, accept weapons and support for their struggle from Communist sources? Yes, from *any* source. "But," I asked, with an embarrassment that was all too obvious, "if you accept Communist help, you must know that America will side against you." They both looked at me quizzically and answered, with some amusement: "Of course. But, in any case, which side does an African or Asian expect America to be on?"

If only they had said that bitterly, angrily, brutally, I might perhaps have accepted it as an understandable, but wrong-headed and fanatical outburst. But these were not fanatics. They were gentle, intelligent, quietly proud young men. And in fact they spoke admiringly of many things I mentioned about America. But when I spoke of America's relationship to their struggle in South Africa, they replied with confident simplicity, as if I had suggested that two and two might not equal four: what does every Asian and African know with a mathematical certainty but that he will find his independence and human dignity withheld from him by the bayonets and napalm of the United States?

At that moment, more vividly than at any other time, I realized what it means to be an American in this age of revolution. And it was a very dirty feeling.

Southern Juries

THE WHITE HAND OF JUSTICE . . Paul Goo

The verdict is in.

Deep South juries still will not convict a white man for murdering a Negro or another white man who pleads the Negro's cause. The acquittal of Deputy Sheriff Thomas Coleman in Hayneville, Ala., in the slaying of theology student Jonathan Daniels has only confirmed what already had been demonstrated in trial after trial.

But the current exclamations of outrage, the scurrying about for remedy on the part of reasonable Americans, might lead an outsider to think that some new phenomenon of injustice had suddenly appeared. It is, of course, as much a part of our judicial scene as juries themselves, and this furnishes the key to cause and possible remedy.

By unofficial and modest count, there have been twenty-one civil rights murders in the deep South since 1961. Not one white man has been convicted of murder in any of these crimes, although white guilt has often been palpable. To stretch the count back into earlier decades would only increase numerical proof of a moral certainty.

A demand for new federal legislation has resounded from many quarters. Dr. Martin Luther King said: "It is obviously clear that federal anti-lynch legislation must be passed."

Alabama Attorney General Richmond Flowers, who tried to take the Coleman prosecution out of local racist hands, only to be thwarted by Circuit Judge T. Werth Thagard, declared: "Those who feel they have a license to kill, destroy and cripple now have been assured that license. It is our duty to do what is necessary to retrieve it."

And the *New York Post* said of the white people of Lowndes County: "But even they, in their innermost hearts, must have quailed at the chief defense attorney's post-trial comment: 'Tom Coleman has been tried in a temple of justice. . . .' "

Decent men feel passionate about Hayneville because the miscarriage of justice was as gross as the death of Daniels and the wounding of Father Richard Morrisroe were poignant. Reverting to a well-thumbed and bloody script, the defense—backed by state police—said that young Daniels had flashed a switch-blade knife as he and his black and white friends sought to enter a general store where Coleman stood guard with a 12-gauge automatic shotgun. A few months before his murder, while he still was ministering in Selma, Daniels had written:

> *There are good men here, just as there are bad men. . . . Sometimes we confront the posse, and sometimes we hold a child. Sometimes we stand with men who have learned to hate, and sometimes we must stand a little apart from them. Our lives in Selma are filled with ambiguity, and in that we share with men everywhere. We are beginning to see the world as we never saw it before. We are truly in the world, and yet ultimately not of it. For through the bramble bush of doubt and fear and supposed success we are groping our way to the realization that above all else, we are called to be saints. That is the mission of the church everywhere. And in this, Selma, Ala., is like all the world: it needs the life and witness of militant saints.*

It takes a certain kind of American juror to believe, in the face of this testament and the plausible evidence, that Daniels advanced on an armed deputy, switch-blade knife in hand. But one familiar with trials of recent years knows there is nothing that Southern white jurors will not believe or purport to believe in defense of their pigmented supremacy.

For example, I think of the second trial of Byron de la Beckwith for the ambush slaying of Jackson NAACP leader Medgar Evers. During the first trial, which ended in a hung jury, scales of justice hanging on the wall above the judge's bench had been tilted. The press commented and the scales were straightened for the second trial, hanging neat and balanced as the prosecutor told the jury: "I am a segregationist. I believe it. I don't believe any possibility of good coming from forced mixing of the races."

He was trying to ingratiate hir self with the twelve white men. H knew that however persuasive h evidence he must win a trial withi a trial by convincing the jurors n to deny justice in the name of se regation. I remember de la Bec with smirking as the prosecutio placed in evidence a letter he ha written to a magazine after the mu der, offering an article about "shoo ing at night at varmints in the sun mertime."

Three policemen (white, natura ly) from de la Beckwith's hom town testified that they had see him there when the murder was b ing committed in Jackson with h gun, and another jury was hun De la Beckwith went back to Gree wood and immediately resumed h Negro-baiting. The Mississippi pro ecution, unlike that in Haynevill had at least tried.

In Georgia, when Lemuel Pen a Washington, D.C., Negro educato unconnected with the civil right movement, was slain as he drov home from army duty, the pros cution tried still harder. Negroe even appeared on the jury list i Madison County.

"We read in the papers," sai Sheriff Dewey Seagraves, "whe the Supreme Court said you had t have both colored and white in th jury box. Up to this term of cour there's never been a nigger in tha box."

Two Negroes were called bu neither was chosen. Ku Klux Klans men J. Howard Sims and Cec Myers had been identified as th murderers in a confession made t the FBI by fellow Klansman Jame Lackey. The prosecution did n pander to white supremacy as ha been done in Jackson, did not us the word "nigger." The judge, Care Skelton, was an urbane man, friend of the late President Kenned and a respected jurist.

Yet Georgia's efforts availed noth ing. A florid-faced 60-year-old de fense lawyer addressed his neigh bors in the jury box, flailing hi arms and shouting: "Gentlemen, am not afraid to stand up agains the untold resources of the federa government because I am standin in the presence of the symbol of th

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Paul Good is a journalist who has been on assignment in the Southern states for the past eighteen months. He is writing a book on the South.

reatest tradition mankind has ever nown . . . the jury system . . . welve good men and true, a jury f peers through whose veins flow he rich Anglo-Saxon blood and the nilk of human kindness."

He went on from this dripping netaphor to an apoplectic denunciaion of Washington for having sent he FBI to Georgia with instructions o "bring back white meat." I vatched Klansmen fill the courtoom and Negroes disappear as the ury returned and the defendants tood with arms folded in a secret Klan attitude. The verdict was acuittal. The next night at a Klan ally in Atlanta, Klan Wizard James 'enable told an assembly of the obed faithful:

> *You'll never be able to convict a white man that kills a nigger what encroaches on the white race of the South. They tried it in Philadelphia* [where the three Mississippi civil rights workers were slain] *and over in Danielsville. You see a jury there last night turn 'em scot free. Now, Mr. Hoover and Mr. Johnson, what do you say about that?*

What do we say about that? Vhat do we do about "twelve good nen and true" who turn out to be dozen bigots condoning murder?)emands for federal anti-lynch laws re the impassioned call from a naional sense of frustrated justice. 'his sense was pricked by the inxplicably casual reaction of U.S. ttorney General Nicholas Katzenach:

> *I think this kind of result is expected from time to time. This is the price you have to pay for the jury system, but I don't think it is too high a price to pay.*

In light of decades of such unarying verdicts, Mr. Katzenbach erhaps knows what he meant by from time to time." But federal nti-lynch or personal security laws aise questions both constitutionally rave and practically complex. Asuming, for example, that a satisactory definition of civil rights nurder could be drawn and made) hold legal water, and assuming ne Supreme Court ruled it constiitional, how would it work?

Would indictments be obtained rom federal grand juries chosen om the deep South areas where ne crimes were committed? If so, ast experience gives no assurance nat white federal grand jurors 'ould invariably function with nore regard for justice than state urors. And federal trial jurors would either be picked from local venires or else the cases would have to be tried without a jury before federal judges, thus depriving defendants of their right to jury trial.

It has also been suggested that such cases might be removed North, possibly to Washington, where some kind of super-federal juries would sit. But this immediately smacks of police state-ism, perhaps even of Kafka — select government jurors somehow pruned of passions, creatures of central authority invested with the awful power to condemn whomever the government brings before them.

Faced with these alternatives, Sen. Clifford Case (R., N.J.) winced at Katzenbach's detached reaction and said:

> *The federal government is not impotent. It has the power and we can find ways to provide adequate protection of the constitutional rights of all our citizens anywhere in the United States.*

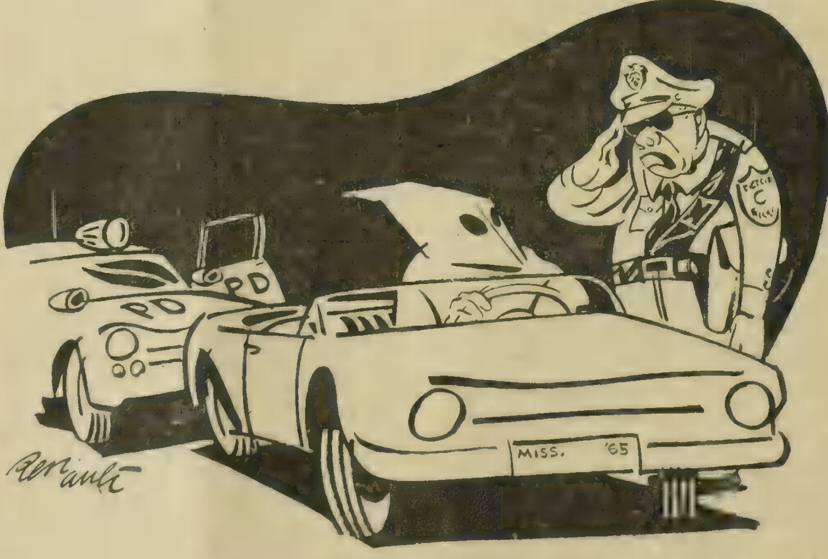
Senator Case has several bills pending in the Senate Judiciary Committee—some co-sponsored by New York Sen. Jacob Javits—to promote adequate protection. None approaches the severity of an anti-lynch law. They are mainly designed to put more bite in existing laws. One, for example, increases penalties against those who harm a person while attempting to deprive him of his civil rights. Another would make municipalities liable for damages arising from civil suits when a policeman or sheriff is guilty of such deprivation. Civil action by the families of Daniels or Father Morrisroe against Lowndes County might come under the purview of this legislation.

But none of these remedies seems to go to the heart of the malady—the "twelve good men and true." Charles Morgan, a former Birmingham attorney hounded out of the city in 1963 for his civil rights efforts, and now director of the American Civil Liberties Union Southern regional office, says of Mr. Katzenbach's statement on the price of a jury system: "I'm willing to pay any price too. And speaking of the jury system, I think we ought to try our jury system some time."

Mr. Morgan's contention, presently backed by more than half a dozen ACLU suits that are approaching court hearings, is that enough legislation presently exists to prevent judicial travesties like Hayneville; the government has only to use it.

"The cry for fresh federal legislation lets the federal government off the hook," he says. "I'm not saying I'm against an enforceable personal security law. Maybe with one we could protect civil rights workers better. But we will be ignoring every other aspect of the American system of justice by doing that alone. We have the obligation to work things out so that the average Negro or poor person is not afraid of the law whether it is in Lowndes County or in Cook County, Illinois."

Mr. Morgan cites Lowndes as an example of how the quality of justice in the deep South might be dramatically improved if the hallowed



Ben Roth Agency

"Forgive Me for Not Recognizing Y'all, Sheriff"

concept of the jury system were made a reality. The county is about 80 per cent Negro, yet only in the last year were the names of two Negroes placed on the jury rolls for the first time since Reconstruction. Eighteen more went on after the ACLU unsuccessfully tried to obtain a temporary injunction barring all criminal trials in the county on the ground that Negroes were systematically excluded from juries.

Sixty names were called in the venire from which the Coleman jurors were chosen. No Negro name was among them, but coincidentally enough, Coleman's was. From all accounts, no Justice Department officials were present in court to witness this aberration of the jury system. That is nothing new—the department has a history, North and South, of indifference to flagrant injustice in the form of state and federal jury selections.

Mr. Morgan argues that if Negroes had been represented in anything like mathematical proportion, the jury would have been predominantly or totally black. This is anathema to most white Alabamians, who insist that justice is a white hand protruding from a black robe. But the federal government should not adopt the Alabama point of view. A predominantly black jury is no insurance of justice, of course, but in civil rights cases, it could be a guarantee that judge, defense—and even prosecution — would not use race as the determining, if officially unsubmitted, prime exhibit. Morgan reasons further:

> *Or consider the de la Beckwith trial. If Jackson's 40 per cent Negro population was anything like represented on the venire, you would have had a black and white jury. Or else defense lawyers would have wasted all their peremptory challenges on the Negroes. Whether Beckwith were guilty or not, some whites on that jury did vote to convict, looking past prejudice. You would have had more white men of that caliber sitting if the selection system were fair and equal.*
>
> *We are constricted under a system of segregated justice from the jury list to the clerk of the court, the bailiffs, the prosecutors, the state and local police, the defense lawyers and the judges. Intraracial Negro crime is judged paternalistically with light sentences encouraging racial self-degredation. In civil damage suits, a Negro leg, broken or amputated, is worth one-fifth the settlement for a white leg. But we have the weapons to break this ring of segregated justice at the vital point of the jury.*

He points out that the Justice Department could immediately begin prosecutions under Title XVIII, Section 243 of the U. S. code. This bars the systematic exclusion of any qualified citizen from jury service and authorizes a $5,000 fine against the jury commissioner or judge guilty of fostering such exclusion. It has been enforced only once since it went on the books in the Reconstruction days of the 1870s. It is true that in the past individual appeals from Negro criminal defendants have successfully been argued before the Supreme Court on the grounds of exclusion. But none of these has been in the form of a class action which would open the door to sweeping injunctive recourse against officials in places like Lowndes County.

On November 26, the ACLU will go before a three-judge federal court in Montgomery in a jurv exclusion case which could prove historic. Its suit is entitled *Gardenia White* v. *Bruce Crook*. Crook is the Lowndes County jury commissioner; Miss White is a Negro resident of the county. It is a class action and she is joined by others, including the mother of the slain seminarian Daniels. The ACLU will cite Section 1983, Title 42 (and others) of the U.S. code which deals with deprival of civil rights, in this case as applying to jury service. If successful in Montgomery or on appeal to the Supreme Court, it could be the wedge opening Southern jury boxes to Negroes.

On Dec. 16, in New Orleans, the full Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals will hear six more exclusion cases. Four apply to state jury lists, two to federal rolls. The ACLU will present an array of citations asserting that there is already available ample legal recourse to end racially stacked juries.

On the federal level, a rule of criminal procedure enables the Justice Department to challenge federal grand jurors. And when it comes to the states, ACLU's Morgan will argue in *Billingsley* v. *Clayton* that the United States generally and Jefferson County (Birmingham) in particular empanels *Literary Digest* juries. The reference is to the disastrous *Literary Digest* poll of 1936 that predicted Alfred Landon would win the Presidential election. T persons polled came mainly fr telephone lists and auto-registrati records, and that neatly—and e barrassingly for the magazine— cluded the mass of the poor.

"This will be the first case of kind to reach any appellate co in the country," Mr. Morgan sa "If the poor—and the Negro min ity is predominant among the po —are entitled to representation a poverty program, surely they entitled to representation on juri We've passed a voting bill this ye But the Western world gave m the right to serve on juries lo before they had the right to vot

The American jury system is shambles, North and South. The are, for example, ninety-two feder district courts and ninety-two di ferent jury-selection systems. would seem urgent business for t Congress, as it reapportions in ord to assure legislative equality ar the one-man, one-vote concept, move to insure that every qualifie American is guaranteed a dem cratic jury vote—both when he cas it and when he awaits its outcom

Such a law or court decisio stemming from the ACLU sui could possibly result in a flood appeals from men now in priso for retroactive justice. This undoub edly plays a part in Justice Depar ment inertia concerning the issu But retroactive justice, howeve legally complicating, must be pre erable to condoning injustice b perpetuating it. If an honest jur system were established, Byron d la Beckwith could be retried. Th Alabama state trooper who allege ly murdered Negro Jimmy Lee Jack son last spring in Marion, and whon a Perry County grand jury refuse to indict during the same week Cole man was acquitted, could be in dicted and tried. The Klansmen ac cused of killing the three Philadel phia civil rights workers woul have their day in an interracia court.

The ghostly ranks of those wh have died in the South for huma rights can never be wholly avenged nor should vengeance be the drivin purpose. But a dynamic and demo cratic justice that can punish ca also by example give pause to thos who would strike the defenseless The South has seen enough martyr doms. The conscience of this Republic can bear no more.

Mythic Voyage

ARTING OUT IN THE THIRTIES. By Alfred Kazin. Little, Brown & Co. 166 pp. $4.95.

Allen Guttmann

ıe frontispiece to Alfred Kazin's *A alker in the City* (1951) was Alfred ieglitz's famous photograph, "The eerage." The title page had for its igraph lines from Whitman's "Cross-g Brooklyn Ferry": "The glories rung like beads on my smallest ghts and hearings—on the walk in e street, and the passage over the er." The book itself, an autobiog-phy to which *Starting Out in the iirties* is the sequel, was about the ıonymous immigrants whom Stieg-z fixed forever at the moment of eir arrival in the promised land, ıd about Kazin's own passage from e *heymish* streets of Brownsville "the great world" beyond the ıetto, the world that he, like Whit-an, was to claim as native ground. ere, "ratty little wooden tenements, rn with the smell of damp in them, which there grew up how many hoolteachers, city accountants, rab-s, cancer specialists, functionaries the revolution . . ."; there, the nerica of Homer, Eakins, Ryder ıd Sloan, of Walt Whitman and nily Dickinson. The imaginative est of the book is the moment when wis Mumford's *The Brown Decades,* ıd his own walks through what was ft of 19th-century New York, came gether to spring open "the great unk of forgotten time." To keep at trunk open, Kazin read "as if oks would fill my every gap, legit-ıize my strange quest for Amer-an past, remedy my every flaw. . . ." is account of himself as walker and ader was as memorable as Ben anklin's description of that first roll, a loaf of bread under each arm, rough the streets of Philadelphia. ıtobiography, in Kazin's first vol-ne, was mythic voyage.

Starting Out in the Thirties is very fferent. It is still Kazin's story—the ıtline of his literary career from his first impetuous interview with a Famous Man (John Chamberlain) to the moment when he stands on the threshold of what the reader knows to be success. But now the story includes other people, living lives of their own, as well as Whitman's "glories strung like beads." Social history (seen, to paraphrase Zola, through a temperament) replaces *Bildungsroman*; we identify the people rather than the mood.

In large part, the book is a series of portraits brilliantly painted. V. F. Calverton, the independently Marxist editor of *Modern Monthly,* becomes an 18th-century theologian, ready with the argument-from-design: "He was indefatigably and thoroughly an intellectual Socialist. Evidences lay all around him, waiting to form a system." Calverton's home was an arena where all the elements of the anti-Communist Left clashed by night. Max Eastman, very much the Americanizer of radical doctrine, who "would have liked to sit down with Marx and talk him out of his unfortunate German tendency to metaphysics," takes on Sidney Hook, whose passionately logical defense of Marx and Dewey, two and indivisible, overwhelmed all comers. An anonymous Pole appears as a "veteran of the revolutionary wars," kindly, disillusioned, "expert on all Socialists and socialisms, utopian, scientific, social democrat, libertarian and dogmatic, a man with a heavy bald front and a face shaped like a stone by every obstacle in his path." Scenes shift but not the milieu: "With his long, lean, bony body in blue trunks, [Bertram Wolfe] sat cross-legged on the beach at Provincetown, a volume of the Marx-Engels correspondence in German before him, looking intellectual, saintly and nervous, like a harried American version of Mahatma Gandhi." Some of the harshest sketches are of Mary McCarthy, whom Kazin discredits with "a wholly destructive critical mind," and of Philip Rahv, whom Kazin accuses of excessive interest in *Partisan Review* and its "inner group." (Kazin quickly admits that the *Partisan Review* group was loyal to a great cultural tradition that was his tradition as well.) Judgment has always been Kazin's mode. His assessments will be countered by others. Mary McCarthy, for one, can certainly take care of herself in literary rough-and-tumble.

The common denominator of all the important characters is a concern with both politics and literature. Adolescent Kazin appears on the first page with a brief case full of college essays on the metaphysical poets, but the authors that count in this second volume are Silone and Malraux, rather than Donne or Marvell (or Whitman and Dickinson), novelists of society rather than poets of the self. Malraux, especially, matters. *La Condition Humaine* is one of the books Kazin reads in order to find the answer to the most crucial of questions: What must we do? What must *I* do? Kazin hears Malraux, at a rally held to raise money for the Spanish Loyalists, and feels the phrases, later a part of the great novel, *L'Espoir,* stab and drive "the agony of Spain like nails into our flesh." (The novel is now out of print and, I am told by publishers, no longer of interest.) When Ralph Bates, another novelist who fought in Spain, talks to a group at Muriel Draper's, Kazin detects a falseness in him, a concern not with his subject but with his own skill as a user of language. The *mauvaise foi* reappears, on a vastly larger scale, when the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of 1939 brings the two totalitarian dictatorships together in a bloody bargain that Kazin (and other Socialists) abhorred, which the Stalinists quickly "explained." Like many other Socialists, Kazin had clung throughout the thirties to some shreds of faith in the Soviet Union, even after the Moscow trials (which he knew to be faked), but disbelief could no longer be suspended. "All my life I had lived among people who had seemed to me beautiful because they were the dust of the earth; I had taken literally the claim that they identified their suffering with the liberation of humanity." Now he saw them as ideologues more interested in power than in freedom. "They were as cold as their leader, as self-concerned, heartless, mediocre. . . ." This judgment, itself cold to the point of heartlessness, is too broad and too harsh, too much the familiar, frozen gesture

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llen Guttmann is the author of The ound in the Heart: America and e Spanish Civil War *(Free Press), ıd has written many essays on merican literature and politics.*

of cold-war anti-communism. It is, like the denigration of Wilfred Mendelson in *A Walker in the City*, a false note.

The loss of political faith, the collapse of European society and the outbreak of war, undercut the attainment of literary success. The book ends somberly, with an epilogue devoted to an event five years later than the latest section of the narrative. In 1945, in a London theatre, Kazin saw a newsreel of the release of the prisoners from Belsen. "It was unbearable. People coughed in embarrassment, and in embarrassment many laughed." These lines, which end the book, are hard to understand, but perhaps the key is in *A Walker in the City*, when Kazin described the moment, also in London, when he heard a broadcast of the first Sabbath service at this same concentration camp. Then, he was taken back in time to sundown and Sabbath in Brownsville, to the primitive togetherness of the community he left behind in his "strange quest for the American past." The opposition of the frontispiece and the epigraph remains unresolved, and the career is (one hopes) far from ended.

To speak of unresolved tensions is not to disparage. The drama of assimilation is seldom as simple as it was in Mary Antin's unambivalently grateful autobiography, *The Promised Land*. Kazin has shown himself to be a master of realistic as well as romantic prose, but his special value is, precisely, in his personification of the dilemma of one who feels the contrary pull of past and present. He is, in short, one of Emerson's representative men, one who symbolizes a certain kind of excellence. It is, unfortunately, the excellence of these two autobiographical volumes that makes them dangerous in the hands of unwary readers. We long to have an age, or even a decade, summed up between the covers of a single forceful book. Benjamin Franklin's autobiography is, for example, undoubtedly a clue to one tendency in American life — the utilitarian and pragmatic, the rationalistic and the scientific — but Franklin is a poor guide (for instance) to the pietism that characterizes the religious life of the common man from his time to our own. Kazin's accomplishments make him credible, and overly credulous students will surely see the thirties through his eyes, and wrongly assume that everyone in the "Red Decade" really was a Socialist or a Communist, that the Spanish Civil War was an important part of the consciousness of the man in the street, that the literary life of the *Modern Monthly* and the *Partisan Review* was the whole of the literary life of the nation. Kazin is surely not to be blamed for the ways in which his book will be misused. Still, it is ironic that he chose, in a recent review, to lampoon studies of American culture, to reap — McCormi
like — a whole field of straw m
and to ignore one of the basic
ficulties of cultural history, the p
clivity of even the best scholars to
in the complex work of art a key
unlock all the doors on Main Stre
We have all, for instance, heard qu
enough about the Jew as the arc
type of all Americans. Kazin
written so well that we shall ha
to try hard not to misuse him.

Washington's Top Banana

THE JOHNSON HUMOR. Edited by Bill Adler. Simon & Schuster. 124 pp. $2.95.

Larry L. King

It is not the fault of editor Bill Adler, nor of the Messrs. Simon and Schuster, that *The Johnson Humor* does not capture the President's true wit.

Despite his free-wheeling, supercharged, flambouyant image, Lyndon B. Johnson usually takes care to turn a "safe" public face to watchful voters. No man can divest himself of cornier, more time-tested, acceptable political flapdoodle. Thus we see the Lyndon B. Johnson who lavishly praises motherhood, waves the flag, invites every high school band on the campaign circuit to parade at his inauguration, bellows from his limousine to curious curbstone gawkers, "Yawl come ta tha speakin'," kisses babies, presses flesh, delivers folksy sermons that are the envy of all the one-gallus parsons of the world.

Without detracting from the President's near water-walking feats in bewitching Congress (and the public) into accepting almost everything he asks in domestic legislation, one notes that he is a master of timing. So are all good comics. As Bob Hope builds, one-liner by double-take, toward the climax of his stand-up routines, so LBJ builds (speech by bill by handy circumstance) the foundation stone of his career. He cashed in on the martyrdom of John F. Kennedy to crash the Civil Rights Act through a foot-dragging Congress, exploited the stupidity of Governor George Wallace, Sheriff Jim Clark and their red-neck
Alabama disciples to attain enactme
of the Voting Rights Act, hoisted Ba
Goldwater by the Senator's many o
petards. Thus his performances
calculating rather than bold, his
umphs planned rather than accide
tal. The Johnson public humor is lil
wise calculating, planned, safe. It
therefore, often dull and commo
place. It fails to inspire, when reduc
to print and bound in hard cover.

The private, behind-the-scen
Lyndon B. Johnson can be a ve
funny man. He is an excellent mim
in broadly aping the talk, manne
isms, con games and dreams of h
many political associates. At su
times he is a rubber-faced, perceptiv
charming, bright-eyed elfin. Lame
tably, few see Washington's top bana
in these fascinating performances. N
author, or editor or book can whol
capture them.

Sometimes the Johnson humor
crude. To speech writers on his o
Senatorial staff he once said: "Th
might be a good speech for ole Adl
Stevenson or for Cabot Lodge up the
at the UN. But I'm not *at* the UN.
represent the boondocks. Don't
scared to take off your writin' sho
and wade in barnyard juices." Joh
son once joshed a Senate colleagu
who had been giving him a hard tim
on key bills: "You keep on screwi
me the way you have, you're gonn
have to buy my groceries—or at lea
gimme a little *kiss!*"

Often his humor has bite. I attende
a meeting, when Johnson was Sena
Majority Leader, where numerou
Texans appeared before a conventio
of bureaucrats to urge the opening
a new international bridge on th
United States-Mexico border at
Paso. Employing the negative doctrin
so often favored by professional bu
reaucrats, representatives of agenc

Larry L. King, a Texan, served as assistant to two Texas Congressmen for a decade and traveled with the Kennedy-Johnson campaign team. His work has appeared in Harper's *and his novel,* The One-Eyed Man, *will be published next year by New American Library.*

fter agency sang recitals of special roblems the project would pose. Fi- ally, Johnson said: "If St. Peter at ie Pearly Gates takes the attitude *you* eople take, the Pope and Billy Gra- am will have to *shoot* their way into eaven."

Much of Johnson's humor is at the xpense of others. Pierre Salinger and ubert Humphrey nervously perched n horseback at The Ranch, dressed s if for the annual Drugstore Cowboys all, break the President up. Some f his wit is inspired by a monumen- l ego, and is unintentional—as when e said with a straight face to John . Kennedy on election night in 1960, *'ou're* losin' Ohio, but *we're* ahead ı Pennsylvania."

Some of Johnson's funnier per- rmances are given when his mind far from comedy. A couple of years go, talking politics at his Washington ome with a Texas Congressman one aturday morning, Johnson abruptly rabbed the phone, announcing that: George Reedy never takes enough ıirts along on our trips." Reaching the Reedy home, he spoke as follows:

"Mrs. Reedy, what size shirt does George wear? (Pause). Naw. (Frown). He wears a bigger shirt than *that.* George is a bigger man than that." Johnson hung up. He dialed a department store, identified himself, asked for the manager. Waiting, he said (more to the walls than to his open-mouthed guest), "*She* don't know what size shirt George wears." Ordering a dozen shirts a *full size* larger than Mrs. Reedy had recommended, the then Vice President wanted them delivered to his aide's home: "You get 'em over there this afternoon? Fine, fine! You're a can-do man." Then, hanging up the phone, he turned to his slack-jawed companion. "Go ahead," he said. "I'm listenin'."

Regrettably, *The Johnson Humor* tells no such tales. It is confined to Johnson's utterances in speeches, at press conferences, or repeats well-worn Presidential bromides that have appeared in older print. One is left wondering, as with Jack Paar, what he is *really* like.

Correspondent to the Underworld

'OTES FROM A SEA DIARY: Hemingway All the Way. By Nelson Algren. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 254 pp. $4.50.

Sol Yurick

ike one of his legendary gold-heart hores, Nelson Algren has been caged y the craving to tell us the way it *eally* is. He sticks his hand out ırough the bars and begs for the andout of recognition. "I was en- ouraged to give a boggling world et another Hemingway essay . . . melling of salt." Who's the pusher? Vho hooked him? Maybe it was the resistible reflection of the world- hattering possibilities of Truthful Jelson: or possibly, because it is a me when entertainment is badly eeded, *we* seduced him into this lownish position. Now, continuing exploit the fiction of the *real* self, tastelessly worked out in his last wo books, he recounts the sad tale f how a nice boy like him got into he Profession.

But, we must never forget that efore he got hooked, Nelson Algren rote one great book: *The Man With The Golden Arm.* Are there ten living American writers who have written a great book? Five?

Algren's latest campaign to uncage himself runs this way: he takes a sea voyage to Eastern ports; he undertakes to vindicate Hemingway from his detractors; he excoriates American corruption, especially in the Republic of Letters; he witnesses suffering the world over; he alludes to past rapes made on his soul; he strives to interrelate the forces of evil, all converging on Nelson Algren: for, whatever he is talking about, he is Presenting Nelson Algren. The symbolic compound doesn't bond: the retort holds a petulant amalgam. There is a certain innocence about the performance, as if someone is going to *do* something about it. Perhaps he believes in the social-work philosophy of our time.

In making the sea voyage, Algren allies himself with all the kind-hearted, hard-boiled men of the world, paying homage to the idea that experience ennobles and is the core of literature; the myth of verisimilitude. The trip should serve as a sea-change-of-luck, magically putting uncrossable water over which the demoniac critics cannot pass in pursuit: it is also an isolation and revivification motif. But, since all the world's an Algren-hell, he didn't escape the critics: worse, he found himself.

By beating Hemingway's sharkish host-munchers off, Algren becomes the kingly co-victim. He relates a mystic investment between seer and acolyte which would have us believe a liturgical dialogue took place, but it sounds as if they were both stupified by reputation into incanting Hemingwayish nonsense-stichomythia. What Algren is trying to say is that The Writer, because he alone has really suffered, is able to translate that suffering and is above criticism. And: sincere writers truly understand one another. Presumably, critics don't suffer but wax saprophytically. Which is why they have never given Algren-Hemingway his due. But why worry about Hemingway: if his work is great, critical dissection can only canonize him. If not. . . .

It is Algren's misfortune that he wrote his great book at the wrong time. He arrived after the end of that great romantic period of the thirties: who wanted lyrical natural-

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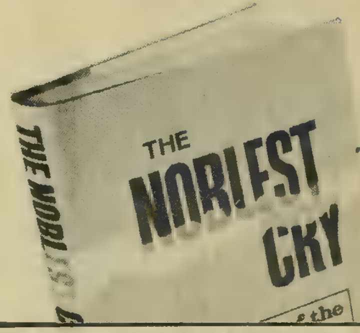
ol Yurick is the author of the re- ently published novel, The Warriors *Holt, Rinehart & Winston).*



"The American Civil Liberties Union has long needed a popularly written history of its 45 years of defending the democratic liberties embodied in the Bill of Rights... a remarkable job."
—ROGER BALDWIN, *Civil Liberties*

The Noblest Cry is an impressive, sympathetic, yet critical report on the defense of our freedoms. At a time when the rights of racial minorities, of political extremists, and of individual citizens are a matter of wide concern, it is an especially important and disturbing document. $7.95

by CHARLES LAM MARKMANN

ST. MARTIN'S

ism, no matter how superb, in 1950? Algren failed to properly initiate the next fad-step, expressed as absurdity and homage to junkie-heroes. Algren merely created a total world: it included absurdity but didn't overspecialize, it had suffering, perpetual darkness, and underground men peopled it without special pleading; but that world seemed to be vitiated by a dated syntax. So Hemingway appeared to be an initiator; Algren a culminator. Yet Hemingway looks wistfully back to Byron and more writers will be, in the long run, influenced by Algren.

As for Algren's diatribe on corruption in American letters: it is silly. Algren behaves as if he is uncovering a scandal no one knew existed. It has always existed; it is a fact of life. After all, Algren has written knowingly about the corrupt world. Is it possible that this determined innocent made the error of thinking that the civic pustulation did not infect him, that he alone was immune? And this is the point: talent and achievement exempt no man; horror, like light speed, is a constant to all men in all situations.

When Algren gripes about the world — the alienation of modern man, machine society, literary clowns, predatory movie producers, academic fustiness—it is naively done; it is the innocent asking us to get excited about what is dissected for us every day by experts. He has forgotten that fiction transfigures sociology, and has therefore taken on the job of a roving correspondent to the underworld. Traditionally, with all the other oppressed, he has a secret. But he isn't putting out with that secret, that fiction, because if a whore gives her love freely, she will be hurt, betrayed, exhausted, dead. But if no love-truth is given, no fiction written, Algren is dead anyway. Who is cheated here? The literary con and fad men are happier if he doesn't threaten them with the possibility of a genuine contribution: those who have believed in his importance are done out of another possible great fiction.

This is the age of the great stranger-than-fiction confession: the world demands entertainment and all the Thersiteses fight for the bright abasement of the hot center. But the peevish literary clowns who mistake themselves for meta-literature have a more natural flare for exhibitionism than Algren ever had. Yet it is the peculiar value of fiction that it transubstantiates polemic into truth. Hemingway knew that much till he succumbed to the childish paraphernalia of bats and bulls and athleticism.

A few years ago Algren asked the question, *Who Lost An American?* As long as he continues to write books like this we have all lost an American.

The Last Words of E.H.

Kermit Vanderbilt

Ernest Hemingway Reading (Caedmon TC 1185) is a recent addition to the growing library of writers reading from their works. Some of the excitement of the creative act may be suggested in such recordings, carried by the cadence and resonance of the author's own voice. Often the work gains meaning through the author's intonation. Though successful readings are scarce, those by Allen Tate, Wallace Stevens, E. E. Cummings, T. S. Eliot, Katherine Anne Porter, and above all Dylan Thomas, immediately come to mind. To this distinguished group, one can now add *Ernest Hemingway Reading*. Indeed, because it offers a number of improvisations along with the readings, Caedmon's recording may very well be placed in a category all its own.

Surprisingly, for a man who loved to act many roles, Hemingway was microphone-shy. The present record was culled mainly from tapes made in Cuba between 1948 and 1961. They have been released by A. E. Hotchner, adapter of several Hemingway stories for television in the fifties. Not only do they provide revelations of Hemingway the man, but they also suggest a few insights into his work.

The least eventful of the six offerings are "The Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech" and "Work in Progress." The main interest here is Hemingway's voice, a clear, vibrant low-tenor, unexpectedly youthful, almost boyish. It reminds one of a recurring theme in the fiction, that of age reaching b toward youth. So too, incidentally, d the album cover, which pictures older Hemingway standing beside youthful portrait.

More interesting is "The Fifth umn," Hemingway's explanation his Spanish Civil War play. The marks are pointed and, to the deg that they are self-disparaging, o glimpses into an appealing side the Hemingway personality. He mi have presented this comment along with introductions to some his stories, on a projected televis series. But Hemingway turned do the lucrative offer. The sample in duction to "The Fifth Column" ma one feel that television and poste lost far more than Hemingway in rejected offer.

The three other pieces are the m valuable. They may disturb a standard assumptions about Hemi way's work and his view of hims Again, the comic self-denigration be heard as nowhere in the prin interviews or the autobiographi fragments. "Saturday Night at Whorehouse in Billings, Montana" an ad-libbed reminiscence with touc of Rabelaisian fantasy. Hemingw recounts, among other adventures, ordeal as a young writer working bouncer in Western bawdy hou after the Great War. During th early years, he broke his hands ev single week in Saturday night bra with the local customers. Such was *gagne-pain.* For a severely maim writer, work was difficult and life self precarious.

"Second Poem to Mary" is a w poem he wrote privately for M Welsh in 1944. Here is the famil Hemingway blending of wartime di lusionment and sacrilege, toget with a plea for universal love a compassion. In addition, the voice a comment register the recurring note self-effacement amid the bluster a rhetoric.

The selection which best d plays Hemingway's changing mo and masks is "In Harry's Bar in V ice." It is Hemingway's own parody *Across the River and into the Tr* shortly after the novel appeared 1950. The book had been receiv hostile reviews. Critics especially d liked Hemingway's main charact 50-year-old Colonel Richard Cantw presumably Hemingway in thin d guise. In the novel, one will recall th Cantwell is spending the final we end of his life in Venice, eating a

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Kermit Vanderbilt is the author of Charles Eliot Norton: Apostle of Culture in a Democracy *(Harvard University Press).*

drinking at Harry's Bar, intermittently nursing his cardiac condition, and talking incessantly about life, war and himself. His audience is chiefly Renata, a teen-aged Italian *contessa*, who holds the Colonel's mutilated right hand, listens devoutly, and engages briefly in whatever physical love her elderly partner can still undertake. She then says goodby, her aging lover goes duck hunting in the lagoon, and presently dies in an auto on his way back to Trieste. Reviews of the novel considered the action and the hero adolescent and unbelievable, or at best merely pathetic and boring, an unwitting parody of Hemingway's ficional world and his own vainglorious career.

Caedmon Records now permits a slightly different view of the matter. Mr. Hotchner, on a visit to Cuba in 1950, was reading E. B. White's parody of the novel, "Across the Street and into the Grill" printed in *The New Yorker*. Hemingway's response to the parody was first defensive anger, quickly supplanted by the impulse to wing it" with his own self-parody. Holding a drink in one hand and a ape-recorder microphone in the other, he delivered the improvisation included in the Caedmon record.

The latest novel came to him "in a ort of haze in Harry's Bar," Hemingway explains to his imaginary audience. The hero, "if he can be called a hero," is a trigger-happy, 18-year-old colonel, commissioned "no one knows quite how." His superiors have requested that he go on indefinite leave. He arrives in Venice and immediately begins to shoot fanatically at objects floating down the Grand Canal. Next he embarks on forty-eight days of continuous drinking, on credit, at Harry's Bar. (For those who have complained that he interlards his prose with foreign phrases, Hemingway inserts, and explains, a localism or two.) During this extended interlude at Harry's, the colonel loses sight of his true love, an 86-year-old Venetian countess. She has left him to his marathon drunk and taken refuge in the upper reaches of the neighboring basilica. The false hero elopes with a local maiden. On an offshore island they are able to enjoy a brief period of dalliance, aided by their chaperone, a priest, who has conveniently passed out. "But there is tragedy in all this": the girl has a defective heart. The sensitive colonel is not able to witness human suffering and so he leaves. He is last viewed swimming into the sunset, on his way to a fishing port down the coast. Hemingway closes with a plea to his readers to respond generously to the book's publication, for he hopes to channel part of the royalties to the support of a real-life foundation, already established to the memory of his fictional heroine.

This self-parody invites some of us who have hyphenated Cantwell and Hemingway to return for another look at *Across the River and into the Trees*. Cantwell in the novel is by turns cynical and soft-boiled, and so was Hemingway. Their ages are identical and their experiences in both wars similar. But Hemingway may have intended Cantwell also to be a comic figure and perhaps even a wry commentary on the author. If so, the focus is unsteady, shifting between sympathy and satire, but let us assume that the comic dimension was clearly part of the design. The colonel is in fact a demoted general, and the more Hemingway allows him to rant, the more justified to the reader this loss of rank begins to appear. He noisily berates those who were not his military equals in the war—Patton, Eisenhower and Montgomery. A braggart and bogus philosopher, Cantwell resembles the classic *miles gloriosus* of Plautine comedy. His surname becomes an obvious pun on what he talks well. It reminds us, too, that his prowess as an aging lover has seriously declined: Cantwell resembles also Plautus' *senex amator*. As for the young Renata of the long, dark hair, she plays his spurious Mary Magdalene. She fancies that his mutilated hand is the hand of Christ, and apparently hopes to be born again ("renata") by listening to his cant, which she mistakes for wisdom, as does he. ("How many times have you been hit in the head?" his doctor asks.) She also thinks of him as Richard the Lionhearted, while he reaches for his glycerin pills and washes them down with 15-to-1 martinis. With Jackson, a T/5 who drives the colonel's Buick, on which final payments are due, Cantwell holds conversations that recall Steinbeck's George and Lennie. Riding back to Trieste at the end, after an unsuccessful duck hunt, Cantwell remembers the famous dying words of Stonewall Jackson and quotes them to the Civil War General's slow-witted namesake behind the wheel. Cantwell then crawls into the back seat of "this god-damned, over-sized luxurious automobile" (his own final words) and expires. For all the novel's uncertainty of tone, Colonel Richard Cantwell becomes essentially a comic hero, "if he is a hero," a grotesque version of the earlier Jake Barnes and Robert Jordan who savored experience and tried to derive meaningful answers from it. Read in this light, Hemingway's portrait of the American military man as an ineffectual and befuddled loser might have given us some welcome comic moments in our fiction of the fifties, the decade when American humor hit an all-time low, first in the White House and then in the nation at large.

If *Ernest Hemingway Reading* has allowed Hemingway to have the last laugh, it also provides his readers, who have apparently taken him far more grimly than he seems to have taken himself, the opportunity to listen for and appreciate the Hemingway wit.

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RECORDS

Benjamin Boretz

BELLINI: *Norma.* Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, John Alexander, Richard Cross. London Symphony Orch. and Chorus; Richard Bonynge, cond. RCA Victor LSC 6166.

VERDI: *La Forza del Destino.* Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Shirley Verrett, Giorgio Tozzi, Ezio Flagello. RCA Italiana Orch. and Chorus; Thomas Schippers, cond. RCA Victor LSC 6413.

Macbeth. Birgit Nilsson, Giuseppe Taddei, Bruno Prevedi. Chorus and Orchestra of l'Accademua di Santa Cecilia, Rome; Thomas Schippers, cond. London OSA 1380.

Rigoletto. Anna Moffo, Robert Merrill, Alfredo Kraus, Rosalind Elias, Ezio Flagello. RCA Italiana Orchestra and Chorus; Georg Solti, cond. RCA Victor LSC 7027.

The Victor *Rigoletto* reveals, primarily, the continuing destruction of Anna Moffo's once brilliant vocal quality. Here again, the overuse and overprojection required of singers on the international opera circuit appear as the inevitable killer of any genuinely individual vocal sound. Instead, what pass for "qualities" in the coarse vastness of the opera houses are such exaggerated mannerisms as Birgit Nilsson's "metallism," Leontyne Price's off-center fuzziness, or Joan Sutherland's muscular chirp. In Sutherland's case, her métier is actually rather appropriate for the special requirements of *Norma*, which otherwise deserves much more attention to detail and phrasing than can be discerned in the present recording. Among the others, *Macbeth* is somewhat primitive if frequently striking Verdi, *La Forza del Destino* is mature middle-period Verdi *con tutte le forze*, and *Rigoletto*, helped by Solti's intelligent control, is ever more unmistakably the classic essay in masterly music-dramatic timing. On the other hand, the performances directed by Mr. Schippers testify mainly to Verdi's astonishing ingenuity in guaranteeing striking dramatic results even under the shabby routine of careless opera-house tradition.

DEBUSSY: *Pelléas et Mélisande.* Erna Spoorenberg, Camille Maurane, George London, Guus Hoekman. L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; Ernest Ansermet, cond. London OSA 1379.

Pelléas is evidently Ansermet's music (though, I admit, not really mine—it always seems a far too literal and limited instance of a prodigiously subtle composer's capacities); this is a thoroughly "characteristic" performance that probably reveals everything important about the opera's time proportion and its articulation—through its peculiarly neutral vocal and instrumental contours—of the verbal and dramatic progression of the play.

BLITZSTEIN: *The Cradle Will Rock.* Gershon Kingsley, musical director. MGM SE 4289.

Although I find little in this work beyond a rather less inventive and sophisticated depression musical, its re-recording will undoubtedly exert a powerful nostalgic pull on those for whom it will recall the do-it-yourself atmosphere of theatre, art and music of the WPA days, and even more especially on those for whom the hope of a real "serious music for all the people" is a sadly lost—or still envisioned—artistic millenium. For anyone interested in American music as a whole, it is a fascinating insight into a direction that was taken quite seriously in the prewar period by some of our most prestigious composers. Apart from these considerations, though, what remains to be noted are mainly cartoon-stereotyped characters and musical ideas, all considerably stripped down from the sharply contoured Kurt Weill works of which the *Cradle* obviously hoped to be an American extension. But it seems to have been dwarfed in every such respect even by Weill's own later Broadway works. Still, the "message" must have been, then as now, unmistakable!

WAGNER: *Götterdämmerung.* Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, Gottlob Frick, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Christa Ludwig, Claire Watson, Gustav Neidlinger, Helen Watts, Grace Hoffman, Anita Välkki, Lucia Popp, Gwyneth Jones, Maureen Guy. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Georg Solti, cond. London OSA 1604.

Like the recent *Siegfried* recorded by London, the present performance is especially distinguished by the superior orchestral resources, Solti's generally intelligent control and care for total sound and pace as well as detail. And again, the vocal performances are on the highest level currently available in opera houses—higher n fact, since recordings can utilize fi t-rate singers even for minor roles. e result is a total performance on a le l far superior, for example, to the R g that I heard at Bayreuth two summ s ago. The sound, too, seems even cle er and more effectively projected t extremes of intensity and density th in the earlier *Siegfried*.

All this is particularly impress in view of the special interpretive c ditions confronted in *Götterdä merung*. Of all the *Ring*, it is the m t multilaterally ramified (natura enough, since there converge in it dramatic-musical threads of each the more singly developed earl parts). In one sense, the variety th generated presents less of an arti lative problem than do the lo spanned unitary textures of some the others. On the other hand, total time span of *Götterdämmeru* is commensurately (though not lit ally) extended to connect the ti sense in each section with its g erative origins (for Wagner was co pletely serious in regarding the *Ri* as a single four-evening work!), that the individual sections prese an at least equally difficult task the realization of their organic uni

BERLIOZ: *Romeo and Juliet.* Glad Swarthout, John Carris, Nicola M cona, soloists; NBC Symphony; turo Toscanini, cond. RCA Vic LM 7034.

Romeo and Juliet. Rosalind Eli Cesare Valletti, Giorgio Tozzi, so ists; New England Conservat Chorus; Boston Symphony Orch tra; Charles Munch, cond. RCA V tor LD 6098.

Symphonie Fantastique. Berlin Ph harmonic; Herbert von Karaja cond. DGG SLPM 138964.

Berlioz was the 19th-century Varè and his absolutely original sonic visi was most fully and multi-dimensio ally realized in *Romeo and Juliet.* this level, it seems to me that Berli still awaits his conductor; neith Munch's fondling nor Toscanin crackling efficiency really explor much of what one can "hear" fro even a superficial reading of t score: the violin line at the openi of "Romeo Alone," for example, quires an awareness of the inflecti sense of every turn in its fantastical complex course to guide its cohere articulation. But Munch's indiscri nate hesitation on every note and To canini's brisk observance of exa noted duration are equally inadequa to project either this or its development in the passages—through the end of the Love Scene—that follow.

On the whole, however, the complexity of the score gives the contemporary sound resources on the Munch recording the decided advantage, although the neatness of the playing that Toscanini evokes at great heights of speed and complexity (aside from the "live"-performance accouterments of audience coughs, conductorial vocalism and instrumental *gaffes*) is rather more attractive than Munch's somewhat messy, blurred outlines.

Von Karajan's performance of the *Symphonie Fantastique* is restrained and well played for the most part, much the most impressive of the recent recordings he has made with the Berlin Philharmonic.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 4. Rudolf Serkin, piano. NBC Symphony; Arturo Toscanini, cond. RCA Victor LM 2797 (from the broadcast of November 26, 1944).

The Fourth Concerto is perhaps the most extraordinary manifestation of Beethoven's idea of the piano concerto as an extension of the piano sonata (rather than the symphony) into the piano-orchestral domain. Here, however, the result of the confluence of Serkin, the young Schoenberg pupil, and Toscanini, the Verdian, is like a mixture of oil and water, and does little to help the speciality of the work emerge. The record is nevertheless a fascinating document of a unique concurrence, with a sonic clarity remarkable in a recording of its age.

MOZART: Symphonies Nos. 35, 36, 38, 39, 40, 41. Angel 36128, 36129, 36183, 36246. All with Philharmonic Orch.; Otto Klemperer, cond.

Whatever individual reservations these performances may evoke, Klemperer obviously knows how the Mozart Symphonies go, and on a level quite close to the fundamental formal centers from which every significant relationship follows. And again, this penetration of generative principles results in a rhythmic precision and incisiveness (most notably in No. 35) that totally belies any initial impression of metrical "slowness." In particular, the slower tempo range gives the last movement of No. 40 a clarity and brilliance it rarely reveals, for the complex chromatic successions sound, for once, in tune, and in beautifully congruent proportion with the successional sense of the whole work.

Here, as in the performances reviewed below, the now extinct Philharmonia Orchestra seems somewhat less reliable than formerly—such bad lapses as one hears in the horn duo in the third movement of No. 40 were, at least, never heretofore permitted past the editing sessions. But the level of timbral and articulative distinction in both ensemble and solo components remains unusually high.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 4. Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel 36245.

DVORAK: Symphony No. 9 ("From the New World"). Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel 36246.

Klemperer's integrative gifts achieve spectacular results in music like Bruckner's, where long, and not always equally weighted, spans threaten to wander into perceptual randomness. In particular, the "white" registration of Bruckner's organ-derived orchestration is beautifully realized in this recording, and the larger time units in which essential rhythmic shapes are projected—overlying point-to-point literal reiteration — are immediately and continuously evident. Thus the pacing and dovetailing in both phrasing and instrumental entrances in the slow movement are an especial discovery. Still, this is perhaps the least exploratory of Bruckner's symphonies, and the merely "characteristic" quality of its turns of harmony and sonority often seems more decorative than relationally significant. There remains a considerable subtlety in the movement-to-movement association that is made remarkably apparent in this performance and may be sufficient reward to listeners patient enough to wait for them during the long stretches of internal inactivity.

The Dvorak "New World" Symphony represents, along with the recent recording of the Tchaikowsky Fifth Symphony, Klemperer's most significant contribution to a seriously misunderstood domain of the music literature. For these performances make profound structural sense out of pieces that are usually exploited entirely for their local prettiness, brilliance or orchestral opulence. The real originality of Dvorak's vivid orchestral sonorities is in their primary function as formal articulants; and they "sound" even more stunning when their formal impact is realized. In this light, the way Klemperer evolves a dynamic curve to which every nuance of harmonic, linear and timbral inflection contributes should give a new dimension to most listeners' concept of orchestral virtuosity.

Other new recordings:

BEETHOVEN: Sonatas Nos. 17, 26, 28. Wilhelm Kempff, piano. DGG 138942.

SCHOENBERG: *Gurrelieder*. Bavarian Radio Orchestra; Rafael Kubelik, cond. DGG 138984/85.

STRAUSS: *Daphne*. Hilde Gueden, Fritz Wunderlich. Vienna Symphony; Karl Boehm, cond. DGG 138956/57.

VERDI: *Quattro Pezzi Sacri*. Chorus and Orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino; Etorre Gracis, cond. DGG 138962.

WEBER: Piano Sonatas Nos. 3 and 4. Annie D'Arco, piano. L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 271.

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**No man could shoot through that
Gray solar glass almost black
And an inch thick up where he is
At the top. Even the sun's shafts
Are blunted, turned back.**

**Must we be mad to want to blast?
To think the beautiful
Should be our rulers, who can stand
In the day's light? Valuable
Even in their wounds and worst chance.**

**But the camouflaged men,
The fish who look out at us
As fish under a brim — If law
Will not let us strike them, still
Sense cannot be taught: These must win,**

Hypnotising existence.

William Burford

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE HILL

The principals in *The Hill*, directed by Sidney Lumet from a screen play by Ray Rigby, address one another some 70 per cent of the time at the level of a British parade-ground full bellow. This accords with Mr. Lumet's taste for characterization by excess and it may be accurate enough for a drama set in a Saharan military prison during World War II. But since the actors are customarily 2 feet from the microphone when they launch their blasts, the manner lamentably frustrates communication. Lines so delivered convey little beyond undifferentiated menace.

And that, it seems to me, is the overall fault of the picture. It is keyed to such a pitch of physical violence that any variations of motive or behavior are overwhelmed by the spectacle of spurting blood, reeling bodies and breaking bones. Thus, it seems to make little difference that the regimental sergeant major who runs the prison (the commandant being preoccupied with his Arab whore) is dedicated into pounding what he terms human garbage into splendid British fighting men, whereas his most diligent aide, Guard Williams, is determined simply to beat the semblance of humanity out of any unfortunate who comes under his authority. In either case, the men are treated with a brutality that approaches insanity.

In the absence, then, of a rational conflict in the picture, one tries to settle for a moral. But the thesis that it is improper to send soldiers guilty of various military transgressions out into the desert sun to be driven into coma by an egomaniac sergeant major and his staff of carefully selected sadists is not sufficiently controversial to hold the attention of an audience for two hours.

The situation is the more tantalizing because the ghosts of more relevant dramatic material — ectoplasm apparently from the script—cling to the picture. Thus there seems to be something dubious about the ministrations of the "kindly" guard, whose every arrival on the scene seems to coincide with further abuse of the prisoners, and whose maniacal titter suggests that he is himself well around the bend. And perhaps some interesting plausibility could have been given to the character of the cowardly medical officer (Michael Redgrave) who convulses himself into a lion when confronted with a really venomous threat. It is possible, and usually interesting, to show how a worm that has repeatedly declined to turn will in the end do so, but such character assessments cannot be brought off in an atmosphere of bedlam. Again, there is a theme in the determination of the rocklike hero (Sean Connery) not to be cowed by his hellish jailers—a resolution that subjects not only himself but his cellmates to repeated deliriums of torment, but this too remains unresolved in the smashing and shouting.

There is one moment of drama, as opposed to hippodrome butchery. A soldier from the British West Indies (Ossie Davis), maddened by the racial obscenities flung at him, abruptly resigns from the British army. Stripping off his uniform, he stands naked but for his white shorts (loincloth), assumes the exuberant arrogance of an African chieftain and patronizes the custodial staff with a languid benevolence that paralyzes their aggression. Only for a moment, one may be sure, but it is a moment when issues of character and imagination and wit take the stage away from juggernaut.

A parallel scene in which Connery accuses the sergeant major (Harry Andrews) of being in thrall to an out-of-date set of army regulations seemed to me less successful. Connery calls the rules Victorian; from observing their application, I suspect they would have appalled Tamerlane.

I doubt that *The Hill* was made, at least deliberately, to pander to the cruelty that lurks in every audience, and I wonder therefore why it was made. Perhaps as a tract seeking to abolish military prisons commanded by lechers and operated by brutes. I'm for that.

TO DIE IN MADRID

Would you suppose that a quarter century had mercifully dulled the poignancy and the cry to conscience of the Spanish Civil War? Do not attend *To Die in Madrid* in that misapprehension. The people who made the film—Frederic Rossif, who put together the narrative and directed it, Madeleine Chapsal, who wrote the commentary; Helen Scott, who translated it into English; John Geilgud, Irene Worth, William
and George Gonneau, who spoke
words; Maurice Jarre, whose sco
played—all these people who ma
still care today as not enough o
cared in 1937 and 1938.

I don't want to analyze this f
What is there to say? It is assem
with unfailing and unflinching t
mostly from contemporary news
footage (the cameramen had the
courage of their profession). It
plays the least possible anger; i
clear, unemphatic, dispassionate. It
tells the story.

It is a story with too many villa
Franco and Mola, the princes of S
ish Catholicism, Mussolini, Hitler,
the heads of all the Western pow
the oppression of centuries (5,
men owned half of Spain)—so m
villains that one cannot focus o
rage. And the one change tha
quarter century has made is tha
no longer seems important to do
Time has turned the villains triv
only the Spaniards remain.

There seem to have been no bat
fields in Spain. The people died
the fields and in the olive groves,
stony pastures, and in the rubble
their fragile white towns. Guern
now means to us Picasso's pole
masterpiece. It was a high-set villa
spare and pure of line (from, I s
pose, generations of fasting).
Luftwaffe razed it in an afternoo
by mistake. It is appalling to see
dead flung down amid such cle
beauty; but as always when guns
turned on the populace, the postu
of the living are still more unbeara
And there were so many children
Spain.

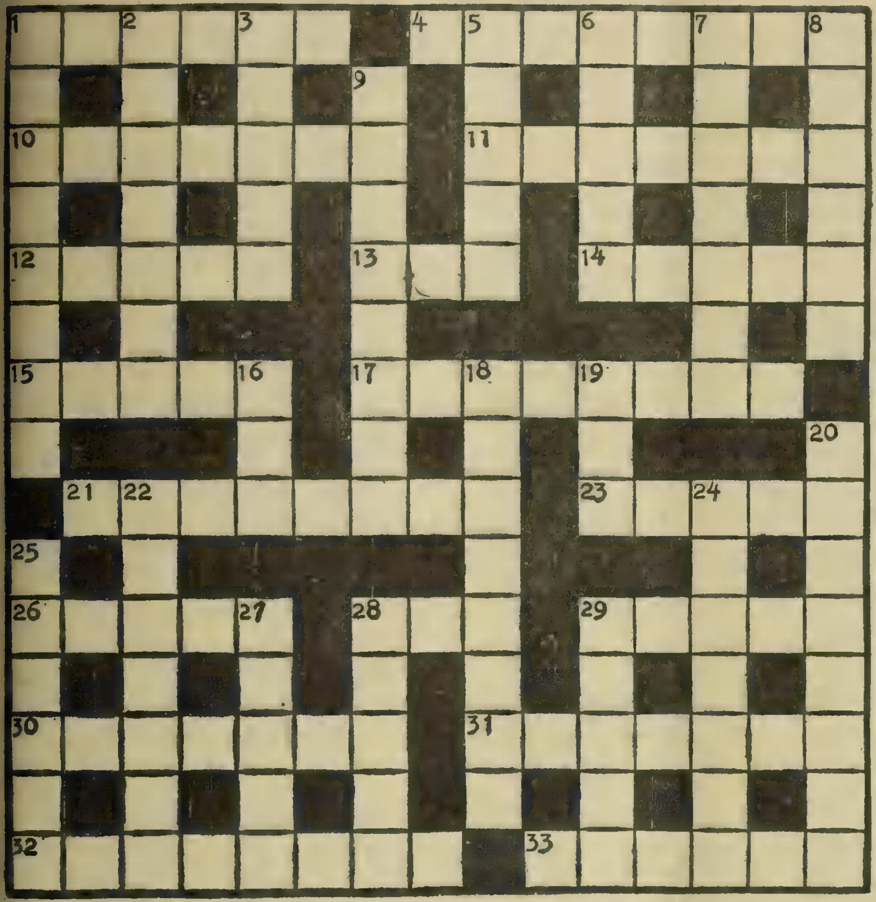
All civil wars are insanely cruel
a man fights his brother with a s
cial lust. But this one was bloody
yond a nation's predictable capac
to torment itself because it beca
the proving ground for World War
Franco did not win his war; Itali
and German mercenaries gave h
the victory. He has it still.

I can think of no way to sum
a picture which simply shows h
Spaniards died for a freedom th
had scarcely tasted, and how the p
pose, though not the meaning,
their sacrifice was nullified. It is
picture full of faces, dwellings, mon
ments and tended land — all ve
beautiful in a terrible time.

Vietnam, I have heard, is beautif
Who are the mercenaries there? I sh
be told that the historical analogy
not exact, but I shall stand by t
analogy of the people.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1124

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 22 down Material for the picnic tennis-match? (6, 7)
4 Shouts about a girl to go with 3 down. (8)
10 To engage in a lover's quarrel could be dangerous! (4-3)
11 One might call tails a handy substitute for seals. (7)
12 Studs, perhaps, comparatively hard, as they say. (5)
13 This man is a comer on the stage.
14 and 20 down Is the tunny a quadruped sea-creature? (5, 8)
15 The heart? Naturally, console with it. (5)
17 Over-advertise the dance with fungi.
21 The position of the last horse might cause an expression of surprise and censure. (5, 3)
23 Dance composition of drum, banjo and rhythm. (5)
26 It could be O.K., as a variety of port. (5)
29 By the sound of it, have a care for ruin. (5)
30 After nine, they're extra. (7)
31 One shouldn't really make a pronouncement that the poet seems even more funny. (7)
32 Yellow reed associated with California or Alaska-Canada. (4, 4)
33 Began in trouble, with a number from the divided province. (6)

DOWN:

1 How a switch might go occasionally. (3, 3, 2)
2 Lists might imply it, either way.
3 An absence of approval of secluded areas. (5)
5 Take away someone's weapon? (5)
6 and 25 down Next to this, the sound of a 14 gets tedious. (11)
7 Befitting the manner of an emperor, if missing a way to endanger things. (7)
8 Suffices aces, hopefully. (6)
9 Negus is important here. (8)
16 Born military leader, as Napoleon might say! (3)
18 Duck this autumn, if you want to find it! (One might be prone to do so.) (4, 4)
19 and 28 across An owl might be, as the McCarran Act is supposed to. (6)
24 Browning's was at night. (7)
27 Biblical or comic character. (5)
28 God's last words might be on file.
29 How 14 finishes a twig. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1123

ACROSS: 1 Roadblocks; 6 Spot; 10 Appease; 11 Enhance; 12 Pain; 13 Redemption; 15 Ratchet; 16 Sirocco; 17 Instead; 20 Peasant; 22 Negligence; 23 Mere; 25 Envious; 26 Rossini; 27 Teal; 28 Crater Lake. DOWN: 1 Reapportionment; 2 Appoint; 3 Bear; 4 Overeat; 5 Keepers; 7 Pontiac; 8 The end of the line; 9 Chaparral; 14 Sheet iron; 18 Segovia; 19 Dreiser; 20 Pack rat; 21 America; 24 User.

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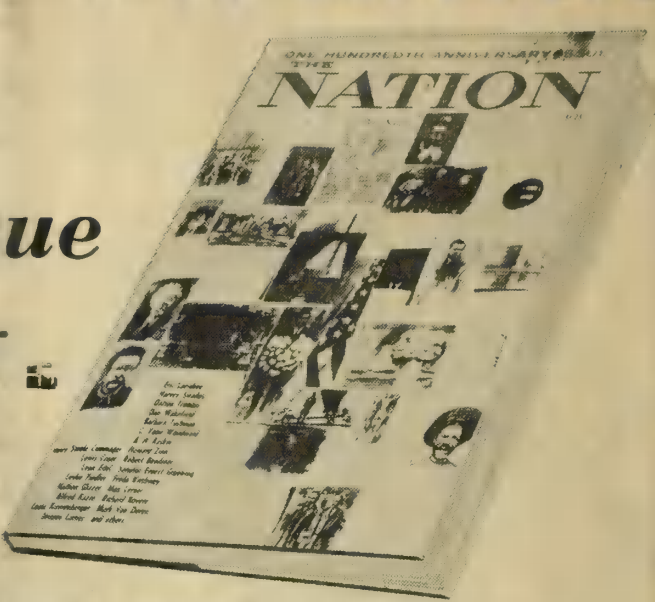

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THE
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November 1, 1965 . . 35c

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Robert H. Welker

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Donald D. Ranstead

LETTERS

Facts vs. theories

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: It is no doubt true, as Christopher Lasch approvingly quotes Robert Parris as saying ["New Curriculum for Teach-Ins," *The Nation*, Oct. 18], that an excessive preoccupation with facts defeats itself. But to center the debate on Vietnam on theories, to the exclusion of facts, gives no greater assurance of "victory," for just as each side has corresponding (and conflicting) facts, so will each side have corresponding (and conflicting) theories.

The confrontation or testing of theories, one with another, is, to be sure, operating at a formally equivalent level of argument, but if one is to hope to win the debate (which in this case probably means convincing an otherwise unconvinced audience, if not the opposition) one must ultimately have recourse to facts. . . .

None of this is meant to belittle the very profound problem of how to convince a largely apathetic public that what is being done in its name is horribly wrong. The two approaches under consideration seem to stress in the one case the horror, in the other the wrong. *Ezra Shahn*

Primitives as people

Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs: In "Facts of Life on the African Plain" [*The Nation*, June 21], Mr. James Wellard does grave injustice to a talented and honest author by grossly misreading her book. He is ponderously condescending in his assumption of either naive error or dubious presentation in Elizabeth Marshall Thomas' *Warrior Herdsmen.* Since this is as misplaced as it is offensive, I wish to record, on the basis of three years' professional anthropological field work in that area, that her description of the Dodoth is both reliable and perceptive.

To make matters worse, Mr. Wellard bases his inept appraisal on a completely erroneous view of what an anthropologist's business is. Contrary to his assumption, it is *not* "the first duty of the anthropologist . . . to recognize that squalor, ignorance, cruelty, greed, indifference to suffering and the quasi-enslavement of the weak . . . cannot be glossed over." These are merely the pious distorting simplicities of a century ago. Anthropology now is not concerned with evaluative simplifications (whether for or against primitive life) but with objective representation of a descriptive or analytic kind. Moreover, its practitioners approach primitive communities with a fundamental assumption that here are human beings not unlike ourselves, conducting their lives in intelligible terms according to statable premises and perceptible goals.

The ultimately disturbing feature of Mr. Wellard's stance, however, is its implication that "primitives" are definable in terms of moral, emotional and intellectual deficiencies. The Dodoth, for him, can satisfactorily be presented as tyrants snatching pop bottles from their victims, cruel adults removing children's teeth with awls, cattle bandits perpetrating "unpleasant tricks in their petty war." But this registers a comprehensive failure to perceive the humanity of beings who have habits different from our own. The truth (among many others) is rather that there are no petty wars for those engaged in them; that spearing children to get cattle is precisely *as* horrifying as dropping atom bombs on Japanese children to secure democracy; that each is *equally* adequate (or not) for defining the society where it occurs. We are all *people*, Mr. Wellard. However we look, we are all human. Whatever our technology, we are all complex. If we are ever to understand and deal charitably with one another, it must be in those complex and human terms.

Neville Dyson-Hudson
Department of Social Relations
The John Hopkins University

Deprivation

Hamilton, O.

Dear Sirs: Each week the government releases the heartening news that we are making splendid progress in depopulating Southeast Asia, and have slaughtered quite a few people who were guilty of looking very much like Communists from the air. They then, however, are apt to spoil the effect by admitting—a little sheepishly—that the total has not been fully confirmed by a body count. It is intolerable that we should be denied the comfort of a body count: can one really enjoy a war without it? *William Palmer Taylor*

Anger of Ike

Toronto, Can.

Dear Sirs: Recently, former President Eisenhower stated that he strongly disapproved of public demonstrations against U.S. policy in Vietnam. "What do they know about it?" he said with his eyes flashing, according to the A.P.

Eisenhower assumes that the American people do not know and, in fact, have no right to know about the war in Vietnam. . . . [He] has shown a complete disregard for the democratic process, a dangerous disregard which is indicative of present American politics. *John Ayre*

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EDITORIALS

he Honor and the Hazard

The protest parades and demonstrations of the Oc- ber 16 weekend came off well. The turn-outs were ·ge––in New York City well above the organizers' vance estimate of 10,000––and a broad spectrum opinion was represented. To the disappointment of e photographers, attacks on the demonstrators, East ıast and West, were few and mostly inconsequential. a first attempt to orchestrate a nation-wide protest ainst the Johnson Administration's role in South- st Asia, the occasion was highly successful.

But if any of the participants joined this move- ·nt under the lighthearted impression that they uld persist in this course without risk or penalty of y kind, the reaction of the government and the press dicated that as the situation develops, courage will needed not only on the battlefield, but here at me. However moderate and reasonable protest may . the protesters will be called draft dodgers, slackers, wards, Communists, and traitors. A certain amount abuse will come from respectable quarters, includ- ; some of the churches, as well as from hoodlums d frenzied patriots. That official stigmatization will t be lacking was shown by the release on Oc- ıer 13 of the report of the Eastland-Dodd Internal curity subcommittee: "The Anti-Vietnam Agitation d the Teach-In Movement," subtitled "The Prob- n of Communist Infiltration and Exploitation." As · overt acts, however symbolic, the maximum sen- ıce for draft-card burning—five years in prison and 510,000 fine—is a harbinger of how rash transgres- rs will fare.

Whatever the future may bring, the protesters al- ıdy have the consolation of being taken seriously. at is not because the movement is, at this stage, real threat to the prosecution of the war. The Ad- nistration and the war hawks whose thinking now minates it are looking ahead. This is already a od-sized war, and it is going to get bigger. If Pen- ;on aims are to be realized, it is going to be ong war. It is a dirty war now, and it is going to get ·tier, if that is possible. Any nucleus of opposition therefore dangerous; like the war itself, it is likely grow. Nor can anyone guarantee that other wars, ewhere, may not spring up as suddenly as the not- -settled trouble in Santo Domingo. What we are tnessing now is massive prophylaxis against mas- e future opposition.

It is important, on all these counts, for the dis- ıters to know what they are doing, and why they doing it. Most of the accusations that are flung them are motivated either by political expediency by passion. In neither case can reason avail; as stice Brandeis said, "War kills all love of truth." asonable arguments, however, must be weighed.

n the October 17 *New York Times*, James Reston made the point that opposition to our course in Vietnam was justified as long as President Johnson refused to define our war aims and rejected negotiation; but that since his Johns Hopkins offer to negotiate, opposition encourages Hanoi to prolong the fighting and so is self-defeating. Before writing this column, Reston should have read William Beecher's long article, "Vietnam Turnabout," in the October 14 *Wall Street Journal.* Beecher shows conclusively that, in proportion as the war goes better for our side, our interest in negotiation slackens. (*The Nation* made the same point editorially in "The Bigger War," October 18.) Unremitting opposition to the war is the only force that will keep the idea of negotiation from being completely smothered. The average citizen, conditioned as he is, takes a purely opportunistic attitude. When the war goes better, his passion for victory rises. The polls show this mechanism clearly. Only a determined, vocal minority can counterbalance the perpetual alliance of the directors of "national interest" and their unthinking followers.

A parallel argument — that the leaders in North Vietnam are really convinced that a majority of Americans are on their side—is one of those fictions that can be propagated only in wartime. If Ho Chi Minh and General Giap can read the stories about the demonstrations, they can also read the figures in the polls. Their thanks to the demonstrators are gratuitous: the opposition is not for their sake, but for the sake of the United States. If Americans may not protest the bombings because North Vietnam also protests them, total conformity is the only course left. Opposition must and will continue. It will be intensified. Victory in a war such as the United States is waging in Vietnam would demean our country more than defeat. That is the crux of the opposition. In the words of Ernst Bacon, professor emeritus at Syracuse University, this generation "has the honor, no less than the hazard, to lead perhaps the most significant peace movement in history." That movement will not be crushed.

The Long Pull

The chances are that the Vietnam war will neither be wholly won nor wholly lost but, partly because of rising internal opposition, will eventually end in a precarious peace which will satisfy neither side. The goal of the United States is clearly one of maintaining the encirclement and ostracism of Communist China; to this end, the Pacific Ocean is to be *mare nostrum* and we are to hold on to the formidable bases we have established in South Vietnam. Thus the problem of American policy in Asia transcends the present conflict and will remain after its close, however far off that may be.

It follows that various kinds of opposition have a place. Those of military age, and inclined to histrionics, can burn their draft cards, and since they will go to jail their action is not without dignity. However, the political significance of such gestures is limited, not only because few will resort to it but because martyrdom requires neither thought nor talent. More realistic groups, such as the "New Left" Students for a Democratic Society, are in a position to exert greater influence, but they will suffer defections as their leaders are pilloried by the investigating committees and the university administrations assist in the crack-downs. A more mature, less vulnerable, and probably longer-lived group is ARFEP — Americans for Reappraisal of Far Eastern Policy. Its national headquarters is at Yale (404 Yale Station, New Haven 06520), it has area directors at universities all over the country, and its national committee of non-student members is so studded with well-known names — Roger Baldwin, John Bennett, Mrs. Helen Buttenwieser, John Hersey, Rollo May, Harold Taylor, Norman Thomas among others—that the J. Edgar Hoovers, Eastlands, Dodds, et al., will be hard put to redbait it into silence.

The present purpose of ARFEP is to promote a negotiated settlement in Vietnam. It calls for an immediate cease-fire by both sides, preferably to be administered by the United Nations and to serve as a prelude to unconditional negotiations "which should include all parties involved in the conflict"—meaning the Vietcong. Further, the United States should announce its readiness to negotiate toward recognition of the People's Republic of China and its admission to the UN. And the United States should "declare its readiness to join China in projects of mutual advantage and concern, including establishment of controls over the production and testing of nuclear weapons and the end of special restrictions on trade, communications, and exchange of personnel."

In short, a complete and, for the present, politically inconceivable reversal of policy as administered by President Johnson and his three predecessors — although President Truman did send General Marshall to China in an effort to reconcile the winning Communists and the losing Kuomintang before the civil war between them reached total victory and total defeat. But the proposals, although not new, are put forward anew by an organization which will not be easily shoved around. It should serve as a rallying point for university students and faculty members who, though not of the Left, find present American policy headed for ultimate disaster. And not just these elements alone. Plenty of impeccable American industrial and financial leaders, as well as leaders of farm, labor and civic organizations, are convinced of the need to reappraise American policy in the Far East. Sooner or later "protest" politics must always move into the phase of political persuasion based on the discussion of alternatives to existing policies. Formation of ARFEP represents, therefore, a real "breakthrough" in the discussion of policy alternatives; it merits the widest measure of public support.

Ditched Again

Washington's pork-barrel engineers, determined
make this planet as crisscrossed with canals as Ma
is only one step — Senate approval — away from t
biggest and rawest victory of them all: a half-billio
dollar barge canal from Dallas to the Gulf of Mexic
which is an uncertain distance as the boondoggle fli
but roughly 250 miles.

Nothing will stop it. Certainly reason and logic w
not, as Sen. William Proxmire proved this sessi
when he spoke out against that more modest pie
of pork, the Cross-Florida Barge Canal, a mere 10
mile project that will cost the federal governme
only $145 million.

The Senate-House Conference Committee specifi
that no money will be appropriated for the Dalla
Gulf canal until the Army Corps of Engineers su
mits a re-evaluation of its economic justification.
though that were some kind of precaution!

The Corps re-evaluated the Florida canal, too. Twe
ty-three years ago the Florida canal was authoriz
by Congress as a way to avoid sending merchant shi
past the submarines waiting off the tip of Florid
Then, realizing this was a plan born more of pan
than wisdom, Congress forgot about it. But land pr
motors in Florida didn't. The Corps' wartime stu
showed the building of the canal would have an u
economical benefit-cost ratio of 1.05 to 1. To the e
of the Eisenhower administration the Corps stuck
that. But in 1962 it boosted the benefit-cost ratio
an attractive 1.20 to 1.

It did this by estimating the probable cost to
13.5 per cent less than the cost would have been du
ing the war—although all construction costs in t
nation had risen an estimated 32 per cent in t
interim. And aside from a masterful job of juggli
prospective interest rates, the Corps developed its fi
ures by increasing the value of the shore-line land th
would result from the canal, but without deducting t
loss of property that would be flooded!

If the Corps can re-evaluate like that for Florid
think what it can do for Big Daddy and—as they c
Dallas down his way—for Big D.

Same Old HUAC

Over a large part of the South, murder goes u
punished, as long as the victims are rebellious N
groes or whites who join them in civil rights struggle
This immunity of criminals has shamed the Unit
States among its own law-abiding citizens, and amo
those nations of the world that are not openly raci
Accordingly, the more prudent segregationists ha
come to see it as a peril to their continued politic
dominance. That, and nothing else, explains the sh
of the House Un-American Activities Committee fro
twenty-seven years of Red-hunting to its current p
occupation with the Ku Klux Klan.

Investigating committees are an essential tool
the Congress, for the purpose of originating legisl

on, not for sensationalism, circuses or persecution. his process has been perverted by HUAC and its gnates in the Senate. On the record, these committes are beyond redemption. As long as they remain existence, they are a standing threat to American litical freedom and common political morality. The ly remedy is to abolish them. Those who know the story and the purpose of these bodies will not change eir opinion of them one iota because, for the devious asons characteristic of them, they are now putting a grandstand play with the Klan instead of with mmunists or progressives.

A slight and passing benefit may be found in holdg the Klan up to ridicule or, possibly, in exposing few Southern cops who have formally joined it. one of this can weigh against the harm HUAC has ne and will continue to do. Everyone knows that e Klan membership is the scum of the South. What rther exposure is necessary? Nor do its victims need forum; the entire nation—indeed the entire world has heard their stories just as it has read of the urders committed by Klansmen. Few victims will obably brave the dangers of testifying in Washingn in any case. Smart segregationists are not memrs of the present ragged mob (although their grandthers may have been), and they will carry on as fore, after the investigation. If any criminals are ught, the existing law-enforcement agencies should ve brought them to justice long ago. The South has vs against murder, and the Mosaic code existed fore these laws. If the South wishes to cleanse itf, all it need do is enforce the laws. In the 1870s d again in the 1920s, Congressional investigations ght to discredit the Klan and may have had some dency to stunt its growth, but in both instances it s finally checked because the citizens decided to put top to its lawless depredations by lawful means. As g as Southern opinion is indifferent—as long as is willing to sanction the terrorism of the Klan— outrage against the dignity of the United States l persist. HUAC remains what President Truman e called it, "the most un-American thing in the ntry," and no one should be fooled by the present nge of costume.

erils of Omnipotence

Omnipotence is a rich but fragile garment—give tweak and the seams split. J. Edgar Hoover and minions are presently suffering this dishevelment the hands of Rex Stout, whose Nero Wolfe detec- stories have entertained the American reading lic since well before World War II. In *The Door- l Rang* (Viking), the twenty-second novel in the ies, a woman who has distributed copies of Fred Cook's *The FBI Nobody Knows* among her friends ls that she is being harassed by the G-men and s Wolfe to rid her of the nuisance. This he does h a thoroughness so humiliating that Hoover him- is goaded into seeking a private interview with obese sleuth. Alas, he has forgotten that Wolfe sees strangers only by appointment and he is turned away at the door.

Lest anyone think that he is hiding behind the notoriously autocratic manners of his hero, Stout gave a prepublication interview to the Sunday *Herald Tribune* in which he called the FBI "an outrageous outfit" and termed their censoring of movie and TV scripts "goddam impudence and arrogance." He also characterized Hoover as a megalomaniac "enemy of democracy" who grows "sillier and sillier." Asked whether he expected "trouble" as a result of *The Doorbell Rang*, Stout guessed that the FBI hadn't yet become that silly.

This sort of thing is devastating to a man like Hoover who has presumed to place himself and his organization beyond criticism. When *The Nation* originally published Fred Cook's study as a special issue, Hoover may have smarted in private, but publicly he could save face among his admirers by implying that he would not take notice of a journal whose political views he deplored. That tack will scarcely work in this instance. Stout has not attacked Hoover; he has simply called him down as he would any servant (in this case a public servant) who had forgotten who employed him (in this case all of us). Omnipotence cannot survive such treatment. And yet we predict that nothing will happen to Rex Stout (except that his new book will sell very well indeed), and America may now awaken to the fact that J. Edgar Hoover bears a striking resemblance to King Log of the fable.

The Silence of the Bar

For the moment, something like a complete dead end has been reached in the problem of the all-white Southern jury. The failure of the Alabama Supreme Court to disqualify eleven prospective jurors for self-acknowledged racial bias, in the Hayneville case, means that still another "not guilty" verdict is to be anticipated. Such verdicts, of course, preclude the possibility of redress. At the same time, little progress is being made in the various efforts to enjoin pending criminal prosecutions until more representative juries can be selected. Predictably, therefore, public pressure is building up nationally in support of various proposals to extend federal criminal jurisdiction over certain offenses. For example, the Southern Conference Educational Fund has proposed that it should be a federal offense to injure or kill a person because of his color, his civil rights activities or his exercise of other constitutional rights. But even if federal criminal jurisdiction were extended in some such fashion, the problem of Southern juries would remain. To be sure, more representative juries might be chosen, the prosecution would be more vigorous, and the prospects of a true trial might be improved. But federal criminal jurisdiction should not be extended if it can be avoided. What, then, can be done?

A small but important step forward might be taken if the organized bar could, by some miracle, be induced to recognize that it has a responsibility in the matter. That it is responsible is clear enough. Lawyers are not spectators of the judicial process; they are officers of the court and have specific obligations to assist in the administration of justice. In the counties and states where the all-white jury problem exists, there are lawyers who recognize the dangers implicit in any situation that tends to discredit the administration of justice. The performance of State Attorney Richmond M. Flowers in Alabama is a case in point. But individual lawyers are not likely to act and, where they have taken creditable positions, they have been driven from their practices. The problem is one the organized bar of the nation. How long can American Bar Association, for example, continue ignore the harassment of Southern lawyers who h honored, under very difficult circumstances, t oath to support and defend the Constitution? Le Francis X. Morrissey get into its limited range of in est and the American Bar Association will roar lik lion; but when all that is involved is the integrity the judicial process itself, the lion retreats into cage.

LATIN AMERICA

Continent on a Teeterboard . .

Donald D. Ranstea

> In the short run a non-military answer to subversion does not exist.
> *Rep. Dante B. Fascell (D., Fla.), A.P. Sept. 20*

> Military intervention to smash communism succeeds only in smashing the popular movement.
> *Father Roger Vekeman, S.J. (Sociologist and adviser to Chilean President Eduardo Frei), Channel 9 TV, Santiago de Chile, July 19*

> The Achilles' heel of this nation is Central and South America.
> *Rep. Daniel Flood (D., Pa.). A.P. Sept. 20*

> I have always condemned . . . the ideological counseling that the North Americans feel called upon to exercise on our peoples, in spite of not knowing or understanding them.
> *Chilean Senator Francisco Bulnes (Conservative),* Ercilla, *Sept. 15*

Santiago de Chile

Before those USIS films arrived in South America showing the Marines dispensing chocolate bars to grateful children in the streets of Santo Domingo, at least one of the continent's artists expressed his feeling of horror of that "security" action. The canvas, now hanging prominently in Santiago de Chile's leading gallery, is entitled "Santo Domingo, Mayo 65"; it may not be another "Guernica," but it does manage to convey the same message to concerned democrats.

Anxiety in South America has grown appreciably these past six months in all but the ruling circles of military regimes. Since April 28, the split among the ten independent countries between those whose civil governments enjoy popular support in varying degrees and those which are *gorila* (military) regimes has widened. The line-up shows four countries—Brazil, Paraguay, Bolivia and Ecuador—as undemocratic in any meaning of the word. Few of the continent's democrats or intellectuals would agree with President Johnson's characterization of the coup of April, 1964, in Brazil and the junta which has since been in power as one of the "three positive events" in the first four years of the Alliance for Progress. Semi-democratic Argentina, Peru, Colombia and Venezuela, all of which have recently experienced relatively free elections, exist precariously and under threat primarily from *gorilas* on the Right, but also from intransigent activists of the extreme Left. Only Chile and Uruguay enjoy democracy in the American Civil Liberties Union sense of the word.

This "line-up" also cuts across boundary lines and splits the various countries themselves, especially within the "precarious four." The issue on which it thus divides the continent is how best to deal with popular discontent and/or "subversion." The responses range from "hard" Brazil to "soft" Chile. Brazil has made clear since its cooperation in the OAS force in Santo Domingo that it believes there should be a permanent Inter-American Peace Force. Foreign Minister Vasco Leito da Cunha put it dramatically in mid-June: "Through the concept of ideological frontier, the frontiers of Brazil can be extended, as U. S. frontiers are extended in lation to Berlin." He further cl fied the matter by saying that "d ger of subversion" is "promo from outside" Latin America a that the "most clear proofs of t aggression were in Cuba and Dominican Republic."

By the end of August he was claring that his country sym thized with Portugal's difficulties containing "subversion" in its A can colonies. Clearly the Brazili *gorilas* see themselves as the C sacks of two continents. Not unj tifiably, therefore, when Brazil bl ters about the (undeniable) f that democratic Uruguay "tolerat within its borders followers of President Goulart, as well as dom tic "subversion," that small nati grows extremely anxious. And B zil's reactionary press has repeate predicted that Chile's Presid Eduardo Frei would soon foll Goulart into the "ash can of histor

Perhaps that is because Chil new Christian Democratic Presid has provided the most articulate joinder to Brazil's position. On J 24, for instance, he described "vast popular movement seeki profound change" in Latin Amer and stressed that though there w Communist groups within t ground swell it was nevertheless healthy movement. Most importa ly, he stressed that "it would very dangerous if this single f [of Communist penetration] c tributed to a policy which wo place all popular movements un suspicion of being Communis When Chile's Foreign Minister, briel Valdés, stated recently bef

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Donald D. Ranstead, an American lecturer in history, has been teaching in a Santiago private school for the past year and a half. He has published articles on Latin America in Commonweal, The New Republic *and elsewhere.*

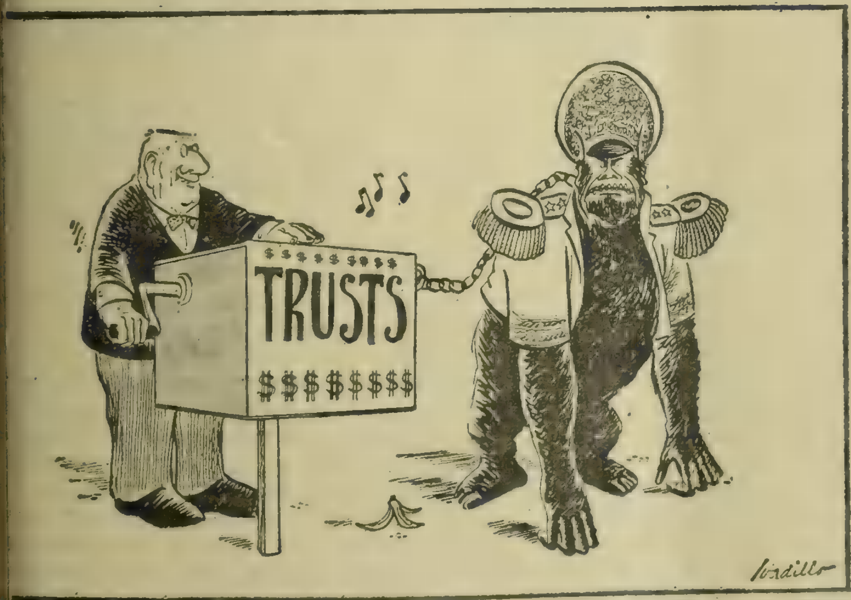
e UN Assembly that just as the l Holy Alliance tried in vain to ipede progress, in order to defend worn-out system, so would any w one be doomed to failure, there is little doubt that he had the ojected Peace Force in mind.

There are many arguments ainst such a force besides that fered by Chile's Chief Executive that reactionary governments ill feel each day more secure in eir power," being convinced that e Marines will come to their aid ien they characterize the opposi- n to their excesses as "Communist bversion." Such a force, given the ntinent's present division, would ike the projected Common Market ll-nigh impossible, since such ar- igements presuppose mutual ist and scrupulous observance of e principle of nonintervention. ien again, the military approach vays engenders an oversimplified nedy for complex social and nomic issues and a disdain of pular feeling.

Most disastrously, the cost is inous. Quite literally, the choice between President Frei's *"Revolu- in en Libertad"* or being saddled th gigantic arms budgets. Ger- n Chancellor Erhard told Gabriel ldés last July that he could not derstand how the underdeveloped untries of Latin America could eam of spending up to 30 per nt of their national budgets on ns. When one recognizes that the ss income of *all* of Latin America a mere 10 per cent of that of the iited States, the full enormity of buying just one modern bomber becomes apparent. The price of a single bomber could pay the total salary of 250,000 schoolteachers for one year in Chile. (Argentina has just purchased fifty Sky Hawks from the United States.) Finally, and all too reminiscently for North American liberals, reliance on police responses to "subversion" encourages rampant witch hunts. Father Vekeman of Chile put it succinctly when he declared: "The Johnson doctrine . . . is a type of neo-McCarthyism applied to the geopolitical interests of the United States."

Peru, one of the most teetering of the "precarious four," has been plagued by small bands of leftist guerrillas since last June. Two elements have an interest in exaggerating the importance of these bands: the Movement of the Revolutionary Left itself (MIR) and the reactionary opposition to the mildly reformist President Fernando Belaunde. The U. S. wire services have consistently characterized the MIR as "Communist," though A.P.'s "Man in Lima" must be aware that both the "Chinese" and "Moscow" Communists of that unfortunate country have condemned the uprising as "premature" and "adventurist." Luis de la Puente's MIR has disparaged in print these "old-line" organizations. Meanwhile, and predictably, the Right (which controls Parliament and most of the press) has accused the President of being "soft" on communism and is whipping up a first-class Red scare — investigating "subversion" in the universities and the like. Belaunde's attempt to minimize the actual military threat of the MIR has been seized upon by the local McCarthyites. This element speaks of the President's naïveté and clamors for arrests of well-known urban radicals — there have even been demands for the President's resignation. In the midst of this controversy, last August, the State Department saw fit to proclaim that of the countries of this hemisphere, Peru was second only to the Dominican Republic (!) as regards an internal threat of "Communist subversion." This declaration hardly helped Belaunde and his small band of beleaguered liberals. Naturally a U. S. military mission of Vietnam veterans is there to "cooperate" in putting down the rather pathetic group of rebels, and the French wire service has affirmed that napalm has been employed. Is anyone in the United States protesting (or even aware) that the death penalty is provided for captured guerrillas or for anyone aiding them? What if Fidel had made a like announcement!

A rightist coup in Peru would be a disaster from the point of view of Chile and all democrats of South America. One doubts if it would make page 3 two days running in *The New York Times*. A favorite liberal phrase in the United States has it that rightist dictators are "just as bad" as those of the Left. One wonders if they might have the courage—and intelligence—to join President Frei in asserting: "Communism is not as great a danger as a coup from the Right which hinders the progress and emancipation of Latin America." Until they can bring themselves to agree, they will always feel ambivalent about hemispheric "peace" forces. Considerably more than 200,000 Cuban refugees are now in the United States under the law providing solace for victims of *Communist* police states. The economic and political conditions in Paraguay, which has one-fourth the population of Cuba, are such that some 600,000 have chosen or been forced into exile in neighboring countries. Is there any talk of changing the law to include victims of *reactionary* regimes? Until there is, Latin America's liberals can only wonder at the strange mental world U.S. liberals live in. Yet liberals from both regions may rest assured that Paraguay's *Caudillo*, General Alfredo Stroessner, is not



La Prensa, Mexico; Ben Roth

being neglected by some elements in the States: twenty of the leading functionaries of Paraguay's security police (reread *Our Man in Havana* for a description of the type) have been especially trained in counter-subversive techniques by the FBI in Washington.

President Johnson described the program of the Alliance on its fourth anniversary as the most important event in the hemisphere since 1492 (that's how it read in Spanish!), but the staunchly conservative pro-U.S. *Mercurio* of Santiago de Chile took a less hyperbolic view. In a diffident editorial on August 15 it sadly noted that foreign aid toward "military defense of the continent" was replacing aid for economic purposes and that this represented a "new factor of weakness" in the program of change as originally conceived. The "maintenance of the internal order, whether or not that order is democratic," seems to be the end result of four years of the Alliance. When the *Haitian* Ambassador to the OAS can speak, as he did last July, of the threat of subversion to the free and democratic institutions of the nations of the hemisphere and receive only applause, one must sadly agree with *Mercurio.*

The United States, being the greatest *status quo* power since Rome, would be hard put to perceive "genuine popular movements" under the best of circumstances. Wealth and complacency go together, along with varying degrees of *Angst* at the presence of "barbarians at the gates." One might have predicted that *Time's* Latin American editions would carry no news of President Frei's remarkably successful European trip of last July, but Italy's Foreign Minister was not being naive when he assured his Chilean counterpart that the dispatches of United States wire services had led him to believe that objections to American intervention in Santo Domingo came only from the extreme Left.

The United States presents two images to its southern neighbors. The first is that of eager, well-intentioned Peace Corps youths, doing their mite in rural and urban slums, the sending of relief to victims of earthquakes, and U.S. ambassadors opening new schools made possible by U.S. funds. The other picture is not so pleasant and a bit blurred: operating schools to train officers of *gorila* regimes in "counter-insurgency" techniques, insisting that OAS countries break *all* ties with Cuba regardless of how they perceive their own national interests, but above all, stressing the need for "order." The Pentagon is not alone in displaying this conservative psychology. The Inter-American Affairs Department of the AFL-CIO has been obstreperous from the beginning in its defense of the Santo Domingo intervention. By the end of August, its director had the presumption to declare that Dominican workers were ready to support "whatever provisional government is acceptable to the . . . OAS." Presumably he received his "information" from the CIA. It is fortunate for American industrial workers that the CIO was not so compliant toward the powers that be twenty-five years ago.

General Juan Carlos Onganía, Argentina's number one *gorila,* recently proclaimed that his country's army would stand shoulder to shoulder with Brazil's in the "never-ending struggle" to stamp out "subversion" anywhere on the continent. (The speech caused some embarrassment because neither the President nor parliament had been told of it beforehand—an oversight typical of political life in a "precarious democracy.") General Onganía visited Chile on the occasion of that country's Armed Forces Day (September 19), and one can only conjecture at the shock he must have suffered during Monseñor Rafael Maroto's sermon in the National Cathedral. The Monseñor, speaking of the Chilean democratic tradition, included Luis Reabarren, founder of the country's Communist party, in his list of Chile's "greats."

Generally the first question U.S. citizens ask on arriving in a Latin American country is: "Is there much of a Communist danger here?" —"Communist" and "danger" being usually run together as one word. (They seldom ask: How do the majority of the people live and do they enjoy civil liberties?) The fact that Chile has the largest Communist party in Latin America, with an active press, not to speak of five Senators, should frighten people convinced of the wisdom of the Johnson doctrine. Yet after these people have lived in Chile for a time they are no longer alarmed (similarly, Italy's Communists do not deter U.S. citizens from visiting that country in the millions). There are,
then, Communists and Communi
And there are radical grou
throughout South America t
seem to behave like Communis
but are not. One wonders what
"terrible simplifiers" (Commun
and anti-Communist) make of B
zil's recent attempt to negotiate
$250 million loan in Moscow.

As long as people like Jua
Castro, who lectures HUAC on
Red menace south of the border a
eagerly endorses the "principle"
intervention, are looked to as
perts, the United States Congr
will do foolish things. The House
Representatives (and one is afr
that they *are* representative in th
view of subversion in the her
sphere) evidently disagrees w
Samuel Johnson. The legislat
seemed to have been "filling"
stead of "clearing" their minds
cant before they passed on Septe
ber 20 that peculiar resolution
dorsing the unilateral use of for
by the United States or by any oth
Western Hemisphere country to p
vent a Communist take-over an
where in the hemisphere. Even t
Brazilian press wondered what h
possessed these Congressmen
make such a declaration on the e
of the OAS conference. To decla
unilateral intervention a "righ
without even seeing the necessity
amending the OAS Charter (not
mention that of the UN), w
strange enough, but to reaffirm t
principles of the Monroe Doctri
in 1965 strikes all literate Sou
Americans as positively weird. N
being in a position to know, here
Chile, one nevertheless suspects th
Pravda's protest was the one play
up in the United States. The tru
important fact is that the parl
ments of Colombia, Venezuela, Pe
Uruguay and Chile all emphatica
rejected the House resolution.
the six stable and "precarious"
mocracies, only Argentina neglect
to condemn officially the "feeli
of the House." The Christian Dem
cratic President of Chile's low
house spoke for millions when
asserted that only if the Unit
States Government and State D
partment "firmly and openly co
tradict the Resolution" can some
the damage be undone. But wh
that oft-postponed OAS conferen
does meet on November 17, in R
de Janiero, the United States w
have at least four South Americ
countries on its side—they have
parliaments.

Profits vs. Engineering

THE CORVAIR STORY . . . . Ralph Nader

August of 1961, Mrs. Rose Pierini st her left arm when the 1961 hevrolet Corvair she was driving rned turtle just beyond the San arcos overpass on Hollister Street Santa Barbara, Calif. Exactly irty-four months later, in the same ty, General Motors decided to pay rs. Pierini $70,000 rather than ntinue a trial which for three days ad threatened to expose on the blic record certain driving char- teristics of their brand-new auto- obile.

Mrs. Pierini's experience with a rvair that went suddenly out control was not unique. Too any Corvairs of this model have own such inclinations for her case be singular. What was distinctive out the "accident" was the at- mpt to find the cause of it on the sis of investigation, instead of re- rting to the customary practice of tomatically blaming the driver.

As described by a California High- ay Patrol officer, John Bortolozzo, ho witnessed the flip-over while otoring in the opposite direction, e Pierini vehicle was traveling out 35 miles per hour in a 35- ph zone in the right lane headed ward Goleta. He saw the car move ward the right side of the road ar the shoulder and then "all of sudden the vehicle made a sharp t to the left and swerved over." rtolozzo testified at the trial that rushed over to the wreck and th two other men helped Mrs. erini out of the vehicle while try- g to stop the torrent of blood ishing forth from the stub of her m. She was very calm, observed rtolozzo, only saying that "some- ing went wrong with my steer- g."

The officer made a check of the hicle while it was on its top. He ticed that the left rear tire was flated. Looking at the road, he ticed some gouge marks made by e metal rim of the left rear tire. gave his opinion at the trial that e distinctive design features of the Corvair caused it to go out of control and flip over as had other Corvairs in accidents he had investigated. It was during the cross-examination of Officer Bortolozzo by defense lawyers that General Motors decided to settle the case.

Up to this point no engineering experts had been called to testify by plaintiff Pierini, but already the case had been going badly for General Motors. Two members of the respected California Highway Patrol had taken direct aim on the Corvair design. One of them, Charles Hanna, mentioned a confidential circular put out by the highway patrol which dealt with handling hazards of certain rear-engine cars, including the Corvair. Hanna, a fourteen-year veteran of the patrol who had investigated over 4,000 accidents, testified that "I have had many, many chances to observe accidents involving this type of vehicle. And they all have the same type of pattern."

Mr. James A. Johnson, service manager of Washburn Chevrolet Company, where the Pierini Corvair was purchased, told the court that his company sold an accessory specially designed for the Corvair by a nearby manufacturer. Attached underneath the vehicle to each end of the lower control arms, this accessory reduced excessive caving-in, or tuck-under, of the rear wheels on cornering or other stress situations.

The dealership's proprietor, Shelton B. Washburn, confirmed that as early as 1961 General Motors provided dealers with regular production option 696, which they could sell to Corvair owners. RPO 696 included heavier suspension springs and shock absorbers, a front stabilizer bar, and rear-axle rebound straps to reduce tuck-under. This RPO was a factory-installed kit and not openly advertised. It was intended to meet the demands of knowledgeable Corvair owners who take their cornering seriously.

Mr. Johnson, in reply to questioning by plaintiff's counsel, stated that he had been at a General Motors training center at Burbank in 1959 to receive instructions and training about the new Corvair model. There, General Motors personnel told him that the differential tire pressures, front and rear, in Corvair automobiles were a critical factor in their stability. There followed this exchange:

Counsel: *Were you instructed by your superiors to tell members of the public that tire pressures on the Corvair were vital, important, crucial, and critical?*

Johnson: *No.*

Counsel: *Did you instruct your subordinates to tell members of the public and customers of Washburn Chevrolet that tire pressures on the Corvair were vital, important, crucial, or critical?*

Johnson: *We didn't tell the public this, no.*

Counsel: *Is it true that tire pressures on a Corvair are a must: they have got to be just right for the stability of the car?*

Johnson: *Yes.*

When General Motors called a halt at this point, Judge Percy C. Heckendorf appeared as one summarily deprived of a great drama. He told the court: "I am disappointed from your standpoint, members of the jury, that you are not going to be able to see both sides perform and hear their arguments and go into it. It is a real experience and I would love to have heard that."

Other judges in this country are not likely to be so deprived. Even at the time of the Pierini case, there were more than thirty cases filed against General Motors in the Los Angeles area—all alleging in common that Corvairs went suddenly and unexpectedly out of control. General Motors lawyers knew what they were doing in settling the Pierini case. A jury verdict against the company might have ignited a mass litigation over the entire country at a far faster pace than was actually occurring.

The Corvair's peculiar friskiness had not escaped the notice of the automobile writers and editors who put out those sprightly car magazines that fill shelves in drugstores. To this animated cult of auto lovers, the introduction of the "Waterless Wonder from Willow Run" into a world of automobile design, mired for three dec-

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lph Nader is an attorney who has g been interested in safety prob- ns relating to the automobile. This ticle is adapted from a chapter in Unsafe at Any Speed, *to be pub- hed this month by Grossman.*

ades in the rut of follow-the-crowd compromises, was a dream realized. The Corvair was different. It was the first modern American automobile to offer a swing-axle independent rear suspension with an aluminum. air-cooled engine mounted in the rear. This was news, challenge, and controversy —the combination that makes for good copy and lively reading. Immediately following the car's introduction in September, 1959, the articles began pouring forth on the Corvair road tests, on its rear-engine placement and its suspension system. By 1963, sports car racer and writer Denise McCluggage could begin an article on Corvair handling idiosyncracies with words that assumed a knowing familiarity by her auto buff readers: "Seen any Corvairs lately with the back end smashed in? Chances are they weren't run into, but rather ran into something while going backwards. And not in reverse gear, either."

Then Miss McCluggage went on to describe a phenomenon she termed a "sashay through the boonies, back-end first." "The classic Corvair accident is a quick spin in a turn and swoosh!—off the road backwards. Or, perhaps, if half-corrective measures are applied, the backward motion is arrested, the tires claw at the pavement and the car is sent darting across the road to the other side. In this case there might be some front end damage instead."

Was Miss McCluggage trying to frighten anyone? Not in the least. The vehicle's provocative movements were not to be viewed pessimistically as a danger, but merely as a challenge to driving expertise. The Corvair on a sudden detour could be "brought back" before reaching the point of no return, according to the author, given know-how, anticipation and concentration.

Not all this country's 95 million drivers, however, could qualify for the Shell 4,000 Rally. For the 99 per cent not in Miss McCluggage's class, the automobile "after-market" entrepreneurs provided other remedies. Hardly had the first Corvair hit the highway in 1959 before an enterprising company in Riverside, Calif., EMPI, realized that money was to be made from the Corvair's engineering faults. The company developed, tested and began to sell an accessory rear stabilizer called the EMPI Camber Compensator that was specially designed for installation beneath the rear suspension control arms of Corvairs. Quite simply, it was a bar to help keep the wheels in optimum contact with the roadway.

EMPI advertised broad claims for its device: "keeps wheels on the ground," "designed and engineered to correct oversteer," "increases stability in winds," "reduces body sway," "lowers roll center," "reduces lean on turns." Estimates of the compensator's effectiveness in meeting all of EMPI's declared objectives varied, but there was a solid consensus that these objectives defined very real Corvair problems. And there was widespread endorsement that the compensator was a sizable step forward in safety.

EMPI was not the only company offering stabilizing equipment for the Corvair. Several competitors entered the field as the commentary began to build up from the auto magazines. A reader of such magazines who owned a Corvair could well become interested in extra equipment after seeing such reports as:

> —*The car can be a handful if the driver doesn't understand its peculiarities.*
>
> —The rear weight bias and independent springing together *give the car rather unsettling properties at higher speeds. Take cornering, for example. The rear starts to swing outward. The rear tires dig in but the shift in weight places them at rather odd angles relative to the pavement. These angles are great enough to increase steering force and, suddenly, the car is negotiating a tighter curve than intended. The phenomenon of oversteer has intruded into the scene.*
>
> —Another problem with the Corvair is *extreme sensitivity to cross winds. If a sudden gust hits the car, it causes the rear to sway rather severely.*

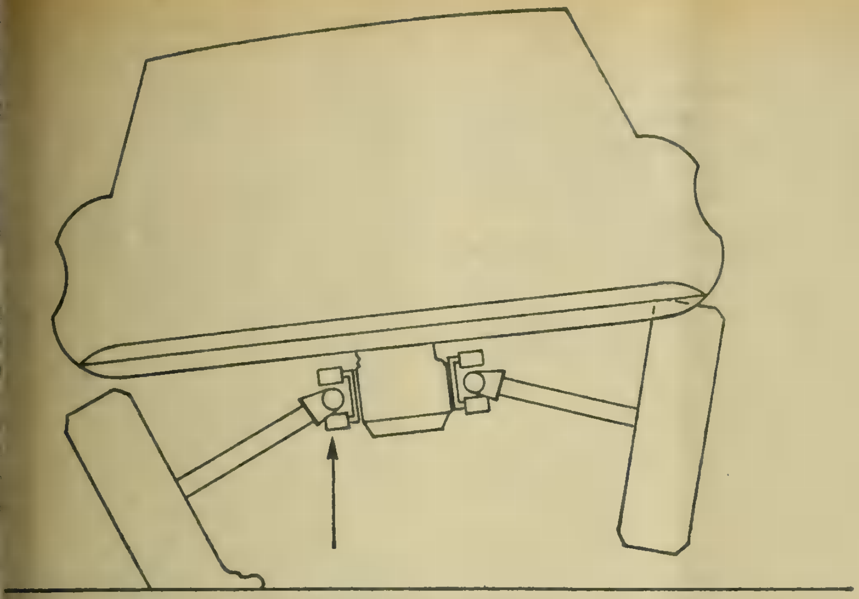
The foregoing comments are made by men who know the Corvair and are enthusiastic about the relative newness of its engineering as far as mass-produced American cars are concerned. Their criticisms are serious and are meant to be taken as such by their authors. But critics are not necessarily crusaders. They never indulge in commentary about the kind of engineering and management operations within General Motors which led to such an unsafe vehicle. In the automobile magazine world such c mentary is considered poor t e. It may also be indiscreet. One centrates on the vehicle, not o ts makers.

But the auto magazines d the Corvair specialists did have effect on General Motors and ts Chevrolet division. Not that y defects in the vehicle's hand g were suddenly revealed to Che let's engineers. Whatever the i pendent specialists could do by of testing and modifying, Che let could do better. And whe a prosperous business can be lt up by small companies on the b is of making Corvairs safer, the vious implication is that the fac y models are dangerous, and that plication might seep beyond e tight little world of auto fans d magazines. It took General Mo s four years of the model and 1,1 076 Corvairs before they decide o do something for all unsuspect Corvair buyers by installing sta ard equipment to help control e car's handling hazards.

Ever since the Corvair was troduced, General Motors' offi reaction to criticisms has been lence. The handling hazards of C vairs did not proceed from gineering mysteries or the pre lence of one technical school thought over another. The Cor was a tragedy, not a blunder. T tragedy was overwhelmingly cau by cutting corners to shave co This happens all the time in automobile industry, but with Corvair it happened in a big w What was there for General Mot to say?

The tragedy of the Corvair not begin that 30th day of S tember in 1959 when it went display in dealer showrooms. N did it begin when Ford test driv got hold of two Corvairs somew prematurely from a dealer in ea September, and had them go of control at the company's t track. It began with the concept and development of the Corvair leading GM engineers — Edw Cole, Harry Barr, Robert Schilli Kai Hansen and Frank Winchell

Cole, now a General Motors ecutive vice president, provided managerial ignition. He was an devotee of rear-engined cars a right after World War II beca involved with a short-lived exp mental Cadillac having a rear



Positions assumed by rear wheels of unmodified Corvair showing breakaway, extreme tuck-under and incipient roll-over.

ne. A prototype, ponderously be- cked with dual tires at the rear r stability, was soon shelved. Cole, owever, continued to be attracted the idea of a rear-engined car nd he carried it over with him to hevrolet and developed a project oposal as he rose in that divi- on's hierarchy. In 1955, as chief ngineer of Chevrolet, Cole saw a arket for a small, "compact" car. lready an unpretentious import ith a rear, air-cooled engine and dependent suspension was "pre- sting" the American market with sing commercial success. But Cole d his associates were not in any ind merely to produce an Ameri- n imitation of the Volkswagen. his was to be a brand new kind car utilizing the lessons of past odels and the advances of the test automotive technology. When rose to head Chevrolet division the summer of 1956, Cole put me of his finest engineering tal- t to work on preliminary design erations. In the spring of 1957, rr, Schilling and Hansen made rmal presentations before the top- vel GM engineering policy com- ittee and the executive commit- e. It was then that the official go- ead to build the Corvair was ven to Chevrolet. Kai Hansen was ade head of the project.

Hansen's group knew well the nds of priorities which would rce them to dilute their engineer- g standards. First, the new au- mobile had to sell well and make "target rate of return" on invest- ent. The way to do this, General Motors' management decided, was to make a small, lighter car, with fuel economy, which would seat six passengers comfortably and give a ride comparable to a standard Chevrolet passenger sedan. If these objectives could be achieved, the quest for maximum profit would have reached new frontiers. An automobile achieving a reduction of 1,332 pounds of material, or more than one-third the weight of a standard 1960 Chevrolet, that could sell for only about $200 less than standard models, would constitute a marvel of production cost efficiency and sales ingenuity.

In January, 1960, Hansen told a meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers: "Our first objective, once the decision was made to design a smaller, lighter car, was to attain good styling proportions. Merely shortening the wheel base and front and rear overhang was not acceptable. To permit lower overall height and to accommodate six adult passengers, the floor hump for the drive shaft had to go. Eliminating the conventional drive shaft made it essential then that the car have either rear-engine, rear-drive or front-engine, front-drive."

Chevrolet engineers decided that the best and most "aesthetically pleasant" utilization of passenger space dictated the use of a rear-engine, rear-drive design. Hansen's job was to get the various factors working for safe handling—principally, front and rear weight distribution, tire-pressure differentials and tire design, suspension geometry, and relative dynamic behavior in the front and rear — and still keep a soft ride and maximum cost reduction.

Hansen and his fellow engineers could not have been under any misapprehension as to the magnitude of the handling challenge before them. They had to deal with by far the heaviest rear-engined automobile in the Western world, having between 60 and 63 per cent of its weight on the rear wheels. This fact alone posed handling problems considerably in excess of those afflicting the smaller and lighter rear-engined European cars. Ocee Ritch, a well-known California auto specialist, describes the consequences of this weight and size difference between rear-engined cars by way of simple analogy: "If you swing a bucket at the end of a short rope and accidentally hit your brother in the head, is he more apt to suffer a concussion if the bucket is empty or full? Similarly, if you increase the length of the rope and swing it at the same speed, will it cause more damage?

Hansen has never publicly stated what choices he would have preferred to take had he been given more authority against the erosive demands of the professional stylists and the cost department. The secret world of the automobile industry does not encourage free and open engineering discussion of alternative courses of action. But on occasion there is an exposition of what was actually done. Before a meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers on April 1, 1960, in Detroit, Charles Rubly, a Chevrolet engineer who worked on the Corvair, gave his colleagues the practical considerations: "One of the obvious questions is: 'If you wish more of the *roll couple* to be taken on the front wheels, why did you leave the stabilizer off?' First, we felt the slight amount of gain realized did not warrant the cost; secondly, we did not wish to pay the penalty of increased road noise and harshness that results from use of a stabilizer. Another question that no doubt can be asked is why did we choose an independent rear suspension of this particular type? There are other swing-axle rear suspensions, of course, that permit transferring more of the roll couple to the front end. Our selection of this particular type of a swing-axle rear suspension is based on: (1) lower cost, (2) ease of assembly, (3) ease of service, and (4) simplicity of design. We also wished to take advantage of coil springs . . . in order to obtain a more pleasing ride. . . ."

Mr. Rubly's four reasons could be reduced to one: lower cost. Having made such concessions, the Corvair engineers had to compensate for the strong oversteering tendency of the design. This was done by recommending to the Corvair owner certain critical tire-pressure differentials which he should maintain between front and rear wheels. Corvair buyers received this advisory near the end of the owner's manual: "Over-steer problems may also be encountered with incorrect pressures. Maintain the recommended inflation pressures at all times."

No definition of "over-steer" is given in the manual. The recommended pressures are 15 psi (pounds per square inch) on the front wheels and 26 psi on the rear wheels when cold (defined as "after car has been parked for three hours or more or driven less than one mile") and 18 psi front and 30 psi rear when "hot." According to the Chevrolet division, such pressure differences promote vehicle stability by introducing proper steer characteristics.

It is well established that cornering stability can be improved with any weight distribution, front or rear, by manipulating tire-inflation pressures. But no policy which throws the burden of such stability on the driver by requiring him to monitor closely and persistently tire-pressure differentials can be described as sound or sane engineering practice. The prominent automotive engineer Robert Janeway expressed a deeply rooted technical opinion in engineering circles when he evaluated the use of this human expedient: "Instead of stability being inherent in the vehicle design, the operator is relied upon to maintain a required pressure differential in front and rear tires. This responsibility, in turn, is passed along to service station attendants, who are notoriously unreliable in abiding by requested tire pressures. There is also serious doubt whether the owner or service man is fully aware of the importance of maintaining the recommended pressures."

Corvair dealers and salesmen have widely varying opinions about what are the best tire pressures. It is unusual to find one who adheres to or agrees with the owner's manual recommendations, although recently Chevrolet directives have reiterated the need for following the manual's figures. The apathy among dealers about the function of proper pressures for Corvair handling is quite unsettling. Dealer employees have routinely suggested to inquirers equivalent or near-equivalent tire pressure between front and rear. A Washington, D.C., dealer advised with assurance, "Carry 24 pounds in the front tires and 26 pounds in the rear." The owner's manual was wrong, he said, and concluded with the aside, "Cars are like women. They're all different."

The Corvair driver becomes puzzled on confronting such a range of advice. If he writes to the Chevrolet division for clarification, he receives a reply assuring him that the manual's recommendations are the optimum tire pressures and were derived after exhaustive research and testing. But clearly a more heavily loaded Corvair, such as one with five passengers, requires different tire pressures to minimize differences in tire deflections front and rear. Corvair engineers knew about this problem and considered raising the recommended rear-tire pressures. Once again, however, they succumbed to the great imperative—a soft ride. Rubly recounts it plainly enough: "The 28 psi would reduce the rear-tire deflection enough but we did not feel that we should compromise ride and add harshness because under hot conditions tire pressures increase 3 to 4 psi." Remarks such as these make it difficult to give full credence to company claims and advice dealing with automotive safety. For behind the façade of engineering authority is the reality of the "trade off" — auto industry cant for the bare-bones concessions to the cost and style men. The engineering assurances cannot be taken at face value in such a context of undisclosed compromise.

Another area intimately related to Corvair stability is the load-carrying capacity of the tires. According to the Tire and Rim Association, a tire industry standards group, the maximum-rated loaded capacity of the size tire used on the Corvair is 835 pounds per tire at 24 psi. These maximum-rated loads
derived after compromise betw
the tire manufacturers and the a
mobile companies. Yet even un
these less than stringent standa
the rear tires of the Corvair are o
narily overloaded with two or m
passengers. In a deposition ta
on behalf of General Motors in
of the Corvair cases, tire specia
Raymond B. Stringfield stated t
four passengers would defini
overload the tires. He was qu
tioned about the tire *air-out* dur
cornering. His reply: "The Corv
is, with any passengers at all, v
near the maximum-rated load
the rear tires and a sudden thr
[as when a wheel is making a tu
is capable of forcing the bead
ward, unless the air pressure is s
ficiently high to resist it. . . ."

"Under-tired" vehicles are not r
to the automobile industry. Si
the end of World War I, progr
sively shaving costs off tires
been one of the cost departme
most successful triumphs. A mu
plier is operating here; a saving
one tire means savings on all f
tires. But although it is not unco
mon for other vehicles, overload
tires on the Corvair, in combinat
with its other unique features, su
as weight distribution, can be p
ticularly hazardous.

With such a precarious wei
distribution and tire load, Chev
let division's relocation of the sp
tire from the front, where it w
in the 1960 Corvair, to the rear
the 1961 Corvair Monza, w
greeted with sheer incredulity by
dependent Corvair specialists. T
reason for the switch was to
crease the luggage space in
front "trunk." This switch not o
added to the rear-end weight
exposed the tire in the engine co
partment to possibly harmful te
peratures.

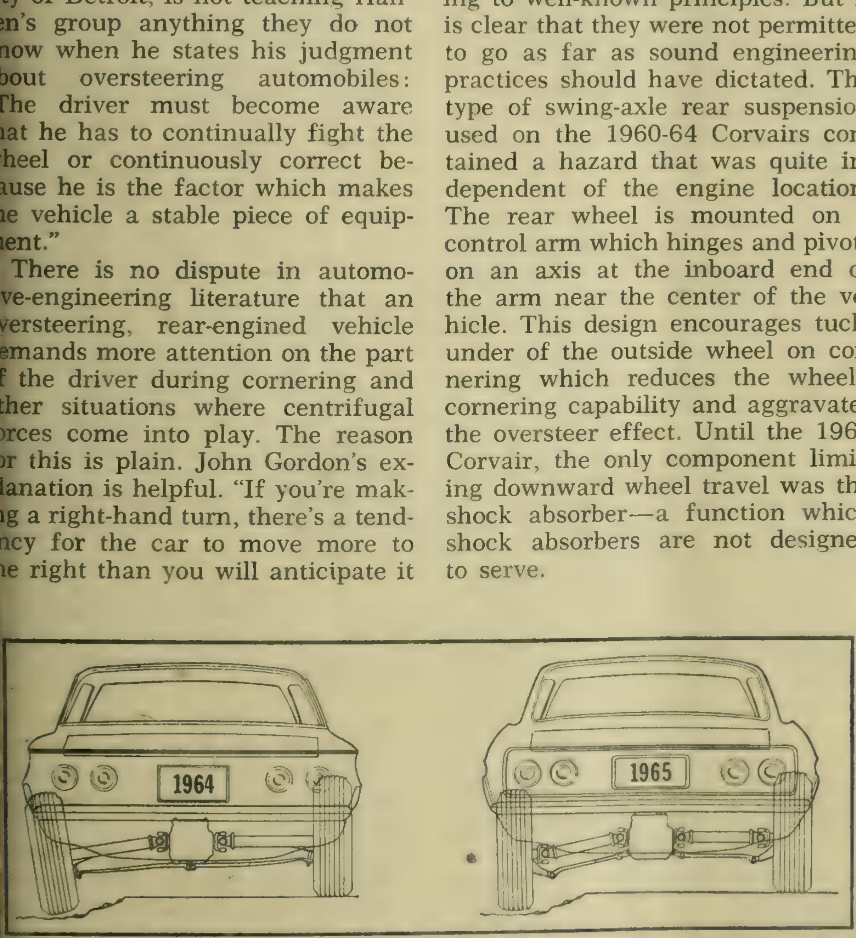
It would not be fair to
that the Corvair engineers desig
a vehicle but forgot the driver. Th
knew the risks in a design wh
the car usurps the driving task
der certain expected stresses
highway travel. These stresses
cur not just in high-speed em
gency conditions but in ordin
driving situations within legal-sp
limits. The combination of fact
which leads to the critical point
control loss may occur with a s
tistical infrequency, but the tra
tional integrity of automotive desi
has been to embrace just such sit

ions. When it serves their promoional interests, the automobile nanufacturers show great concern bout the most infrequently occuring situations. A continuing illusration is the elaborate defenses vhich they make for producing veicles with up to 400 horsepower nd a speed capability reaching 150 niles per hour. Is such power and peed hazardous? Not at all, claim he companies, for they provide an nportant margin of safety in emerency conditions. Apparently emerency conditions include speeds up o and over 100 miles an hour.

The men who headed the Corvair roject knew that the driver should e given a vehicle whose handling both controllable and predictable. hey knew that impossible demands ould be placed upon the driver by n inherently oversteering behavior. or the past thirty-five years, Amercan cars have been designed to be asically understeering. The Corair was the first mass-produced xception. Dr. Thomas Manos, the ighly respected automotive enineering professor of the Univerity of Detroit, is not teaching Hanen's group anything they do not now when he states his judgment bout oversteering automobiles: The driver must become aware hat he has to continually fight the heel or continuously correct beause he is the factor which makes he vehicle a stable piece of equipnent."

There is no dispute in automove-engineering literature that an versteering, rear-engined vehicle emands more attention on the part f the driver during cornering and ther situations where centrifugal orces come into play. The reason or this is plain. John Gordon's exlanation is helpful. "If you're makng a right-hand turn, there's a tendncy for the car to move more to he right than you will anticipate it would in relation to the amount of movement you put on the steering wheel." Robert Janeway, former director of Chrysler's research department, holds that an oversteer condition "is both disconcerting and dangerous except to an expert driver of sports cars or racing cars. The required reversal of steering-wheel direction after initiating the turn is an unstable situation that is difficult for the ordinary driver to handle without overcorrection, with potentially dangerous swings on both sides of the proper curved path. From the standpoint of safety, oversteer is an intolerable condition and has always been recognized as such by the industry in the U.S." The instability of rear-engined oversteering vehicles on a straight road when there are cross winds is also a well-known phenomenon.

During the design stage, Hansen's group tried to counteract the Corvair's inherent oversteer by employing wider wheel rims for increased tire-cornering power and by building some understeer into both front and rear suspension systems according to well-known principles. But it is clear that they were not permitted to go as far as sound engineering practices should have dictated. The type of swing-axle rear suspension used on the 1960-64 Corvairs contained a hazard that was quite independent of the engine location. The rear wheel is mounted on a control arm which hinges and pivots on an axis at the inboard end of the arm near the center of the vehicle. This design encourages tuck-under of the outside wheel on cornering which reduces the wheel's cornering capability and aggravates the oversteer effect. Until the 1964 Corvair, the only component limiting downward wheel travel was the shock absorber—a function which shock absorbers are not designed to serve.



Corvair rear-suspension actions compared. Note that with new models wheels no longer change camber as they move down to accommodate road conditions.

What most sets the 1960-63 Corvairs apart from light foreign vehicles, with comparable percentages of weight distribution and swing axles, is the sudden onset of the critical point at which the vehicle goes out of control and frequently flips over. This point is reached by any number of combinations of vehicle speed, radius of curve, and tire-inflation pressures. For example, tests have shown that a Corvair can lurch out of control at about 22 mph, with 26 psi in front and rear tires, and turning on a 50 degree radius of curvature. At higher speeds, a less sharp curve is required to achieve the same rear-end breakaway, but passing maneuvers on a highway could easily involve a severe turn during the swing out and in. Janeway points out that "critical speeds can occur in the normal driving speed range on sharp curves even at moderate degrees of oversteer." Other makes of vehicles can be made to oversteer through drastic tire inflation differentials, or very heavy loading, but as the forces produced mount toward the critical point, they give a warning to the driver in the "feedback" he receives through the steering wheel, if indeed he is not forewarned by the underinflated tires before or as he gets under way.

The Corvair is different in the 1960-63 models and to a lesser extent in the 1964 model. At a critical point of lateral acceleration (or centrifugal force), there is a sudden rear-wheel tuck-under. Technically, the positive camber increases radically 4° to 10° or 11° camber—a horrifying shift causing violent skidding, rear-end breakaway or vehicle roll-over. The change occurs without any warning and in an instant. A variety of disturbing forces may cause this sudden tuck-under—tire blowouts, gusts of cross wind, the second leg of an S-shaped curve or a comparable cornering maneuver. Near the critical point, it takes an expert driver to provide the corrective steering action—assuming that highway conditions permit and there are no obstructions, such as another vehicle or a tree. The car was built and sold as "easy handling," "as a family sedan," as a car that "purrs for the girls," according to some of the General Motors advertisements.

In ways wholly unique, the Corvair can become a single-minded, aggressive machine. One factor that has been noticed in many single-car Corvair upsets is that the rear wheel tucks under and the rim touches the roadway. When this occurs no driver can control the vehicle, which will either swerve wildly or, more likely, turn over. Rim scrapings or gouge marks on the road have become the macabre trademark of Corvairs that went unexpectedly out of control.

The Corvair tragedy consisted of a series of lost opportunities. At the time the vehicle was being designed and tested in prototype, the Chevrolet division had fully developed and rigorous proving-ground, laboratory, and theoretical tests for determining vehicle-handling characteristics and directional stability. Proving-ground facilities were equipped with instruments for evaluating the sensitivity of a vehicle and its tendencies to oversteer under a wide range of conditions. At the same time, General Motors had instruments which could even have programed steering responses of the driver and determined the extent of "feedback" that the operator depends upon, from the handling behavior of the vehicle, to govern his driving actions. As far back as 1953, Lyle A. Walsh of the GM engineering staff was writing in the *General Motors Engineering Journal* about well-established techniques of putting a car's suspension system under the scrutiny of scientific laboratories while the car was in action. In 1958, the same journal contained a report by Chevrolet engineers Robert W. Graham and Ronald E. Shafer about a new simulator to test vehicle suspensions. A year later, Chevrolet's Max M. Roensch described the 4-year-old Chevrolet engineering laboratory, including the elaborate test and development techniques available to supplement the findings of the General Motors proving ground under actual vehicle driving conditions.

Obviously, proving grounds, laboratory and theoretical testing and analysis provided the Corvair engineers with the data to document thoroughly the design limitations of the Corvair before it went into production. Professor Manos, who views the tuck-under problem as the most serious defect of the 1960-1963 Corvairs, has said that he would flunk any student who would not work this calculation out in an automotive engineering course. It is just that elementary and crucial a calculation to vehicle safety.

Yet a safer Corvair suspension system was not forthcoming—not in 1960, not in 1961, not in 1962, and not in 1963. With the receipt of hundreds of written complaints sent to General Motors by people whose Corvairs had suddenly gone out of control, and the real threat of many lawsuits which must have been anticipated by company lawyers, the absence of any corrective action year after year can be explained only by bureaucratic rigidities and abject subservience to cost reduction.

But at last, with the 1964 model, Chevrolet moved to make improvements. A transverse leaf spring in the rear and a front anti-sway bar were included as standard equipment for 1964 models. The leaf spring served much the same function as the EMPI camber compensator and substantially reduced the tuck-under hazard. The 1965 Corvair came out with a more fundamental change in the form of a link-type suspension with dual control arms. These improvements represented new company policy, but not engineering innovations. They drew on well-developed knowledge that went back into GM's empirical work during the thirties and extending to the experimental rear-engined race car developed after World War II by Chevrolet's key suspension engineer, Zora Arkus-Duntov.

While General Motors may have finally lumbered into engineering improvements, it would be corporate heresy for the proud industry leader to worry about the hundreds of thousands of Corvairs waiting for the law of averages to catch up with them on some S-curve or breezy straightaway. After all, those Corvairs were already sold.

At the May, 1965, annual shareholders meeting in Detroit's vast Cobo Hall, Dr. Seymour Charles, a General Motors stockholder and the founder of the Physicians for Automobile Safety, rose to plead with management to call back to dealer stations all remaining 1960-63 Corvairs in order that life-saving stabilizing components might be installed. Dr. Charles was not able to arrive at a cost estimate since there is no way of knowing how many such Corvairs are still roaming the highways. (*Motor Trends*' technical editor, Jim Wright, noted in 1963 that the "wrecking yards have a good selection these days.") But assuming that a million cars have s
vived, the most that such a re
would cost would be $25 milli
equivalent to a half-day's gr
sales, or less than five days'
profits (after taxes) to Gene
Motors.

On the platform in front of
Charles were General Motors' bo
chairman, Frederic G. Donner,
its president, John G. Gordon.
Donner was presiding over the m
ing. He deflected the request by
viting Dr. Charles to come up a
the meeting to discuss his proble
with several of the executives.

Mr. Gordon sat impassiv
watching Dr. Charles become
first shareholder ever to raise op
ly at a General Motors annual me
ing the question of specific uns
vehicle design. At the time of
approval of Chevrolet's Corvair
sign in 1957, Gordon was gro
vice president of the body and
sembly divisions. This entitled h
to membership on both the t
level engineering policy group a
the executive committee which
proved the Corvair design. He w
one of the five men responsible
final approval of the most "revo
tionary" automotive package whi
GM had ever presented to the
mestic market. As an automoti
engineer with several patents to
credit, Mr. Gordon might have be
expected to interest himself in th
substantial debut. Yet on April
1965, under deposition, Mr. Gord
stated that he did not recall the C
vair design's being presented to t
engineering policy group. He
mitted that he did not know wh
kind of rear-end suspension was
the Corvair design that was
proved for production by his co
mittees.

Gordon became president of Ge
eral Motors in 1958. In the ensui
seven years he ordered no inqui
into the Corvair design, in spite
rising and unprecedented litigatio
owner complaints and detailed co
fidential company-sponsored inve
tigations of Corvair accidents i
volving directional instability.
had never heard of the stabilizi
equipment produced especially f
the Corvair by other, smaller man
facturers.

In his defense, Gordon says h
duties were primarily administ
tive and that he relied on subor
nates with technical competenc
One such technical subordinate w
Charles Chayne, vice president

ngineering. In the May-June, 1956 ssue of the *General Motors Enineering Journal*, he wrote that one unction of the engineering policy roup was "to keep informed on the ehavior of our products in the ands of our customers so that imrovements and corrections can be ade if required." He then stated key principle of General Motors' perating philosophy: "Coordinated ontrol refers to the formulation of verall policy and control of the low of information. A two-way flow f information exists at each level f management — the downward low from authority and the upard flow from initiative."

In the making of the Corvair, ere was a breakdown in this flow f both authority and initiative. Iniative would have meant an appeal y the Corvair design engineers to p management to overrule the ost cutters and stylists whose inursions had placed unsafe contraints on engineering choice. here are, however, deterrents to uch action. It is to the keepers f those most sacred totems—cost eduction and style—that corporate atus and authority accrue. Anyne skeptical about the role of penies in the production of America's ost expensive durable consumer product should heed what Buick's Edward Ragsdale says about putting a new car into production: "Cost estimates are given the closest possible scrutiny, and they frequently are calculated to the fourth and fifth decimal place. The difference of just two cents per car doesn't sound like very much—but at current production rates, two cents a car may mean $10,000 for the model run. Hence the cost decision has a great bearing upon all proposed changes."

With a spectacular profit record and more than 50 per cent of the domestic automobile market, General Motors is least vulnerable to competitive pressures that might have been the reason for cutting costs at the expense of Corvair safety. It is not commonly realized that General Motors' return on invested capital and its net income as a percentage of its sales are about double those of its nearest competitor —the Ford Motor Company. In 1964, for example, Ford had a net income, as a percentage of sales, of 5.6 per cent and an 11.3 per cent return on invested capital. The comparable General Motors figures were 10.2 per cent and 20.4 per cent, respectively. These are remarkable differences in American industry for the two leading companies in a highly concentrated product line such as automobiles. It might not have been surprising, if still shocking, to have a Corvair-type tragedy issue from an auto manufacturer whose declining sales and high costs were driving it to the wall. But coming from General Motors, such behavior—and the fact that it is tolerated—is a symptom of a sickness that radiates beyond corporate borders and into society.

On May 18, 1956, almost a year before the Corvair project was launched, GM's prolific inventor, Maurice Olley, filed a patent application (issued as No. 2,911,052 on November 3, 1959) in which he said what he thought of the Corvair-type suspension: "The ordinary swing axle, under severe lateral forces produced by cornering, tends to lift the rear end of the vehicle so that both wheels assume severe positive camber positions to such an extent that the vehicle not only 'oversteers' but actually tends to roll over. In addition, the effect is non-linear and increases suddenly in a severe turn, thus presenting potentially dangerous vehicle handling characteristics."

Olley's judgment was ignored.

Notes on the Toronto Teach-In

The Irrelevance of Morality . . . Robert H. Welker

he International Teach-in held at ie University of Toronto over the ctober 8 weekend was in all outard aspects a thorough success. xcept for the unhappy incident ivolving the denial of the stage to lichael Myerson, a University of alifornia graduate student, it was xpertly planned and smoothly preented. Many thousands attended ach session (held in the varsity rena) and reacted spiritedly: more ian once, for example, A. A. Berle rew laughter and boos and cries f "Liar!" when in various ways he declared "self-determination" to be the basis for U. S. policy in Latin America. Numerous foreign speakers gave a proper complexity of tone to the discussions. Only the published proceedings or at least a replay of the tapes can provide the sources for the kind of study these sessions deserve; meanwhile, enough was said in defense of U. S. policies (especially in Southeast Asia) to allow some preliminary comments on the current official line. With this reminder, however: no actual State Department official appeared (although several had been invited), and hence advantageous deviations were permitted — concerning the wisdom of the Dominican adventure, for example.

Mr. Berle, listed as "a consultant to the Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Rusk," presumably echoed the line most precisely, but he pitched his argument at such a low level of plausibility (and, some would say, at such a high level of self-satisfaction) that little that was useful emerged. It was not so with two other U. S. apologists, Prof. Robert Scalapino of Berkeley, and Prof. Z. K. Brzezinski of Columbia. Mr. Scalapino seemed to repeat a good deal of the speech he gave at the Washington Teach-in last spring, but he was still well worth listening to; and Mr. Brzezinski, who also appeared in Washington, had in the meantime so polished and updated his material that he seemed to repeat scarcely at all. Both performances were first rate, and from the latter, especially, it is possible to infer the New Line out of Washington. It is "new" only superficially, of course, but nicely streamlined

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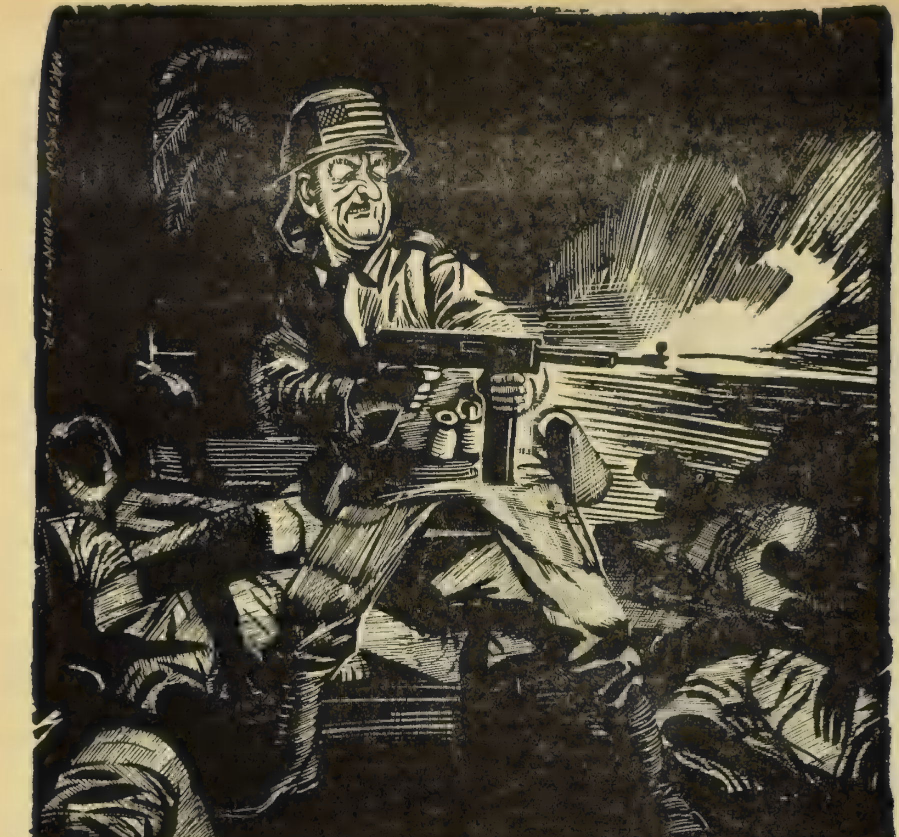
obert H. Welker, who teaches huanities at Case Institute of Techology, is the author of Birds and en *(Harvard University Press), a udy of American culture, and* A ifferent Drummer *(Beacon Press), personal statement of dissent.*



"Why Can't Y'all Get Along Peaceable Like?"

and not in the least implausible. Let me try to give the essentials:

(1) Pluralism. *The real world is multiform, complex, turbulent, imperfect, unpredictable; hence policies which are to accord with "reality" or "the facts" must adapt to this* plural *rather than to any* single *reality. (Marxism, a "rigid" philosophy, can never do this; but Americans have always been adaptable, inclusive, free and easy.) Recognition of this pluralism must surely lead to*

(2) Pragmatism. *Policies must be discussed and undertaken on the basis of tentative conclusions, for immediate and even partial ends, and with a view to their effectiveness in a given situation —and not as part of some Grand Design. Take each situation as it comes; don't fit the facts to conform with your ideas, but let your ideas emerge from the facts. Hence there must be*

(3) An End to Ideology. *Ideological frameworks are outmoded in a pluralistic, imperfect world, and may be dangerous; they becloud rather than clarify issues; they make it difficult for the pragmatic American to reach adjustments with the Marxist powers, and hence they threaten peace. In short, ideology is out of touch with the real world of the 1960s and must be abandoned for the good of all. Hence — by clear and proper extension of the remarks made at Toronto — there must be*

(4) Serious Reservations About All Moral Judgments. *Presumably "moral" actions are preferred to "immoral" ones, but invoking moral principles is an ambiguous proceeding at best, and at worst can lead to actions wholly out of keeping with the pluralistic, pragmatic, "real" world of the 1960s, from which, if we only bother to look, ideology as a meaningful concept has already in fact fled, and rigid moral principles are fast fleeing.*

This is not to say that either Mr. Scalapino or Mr. Brzezinski explicitly made the analysis given above; it is to say that such an analysis could fairly be drawn from their words, including the extrapolation contained in the fourth point. What follows is a set of consequences suggested by the four points.

The most obvious immediate service rendered by the term "pluralism" is to get us off the hook of designating as the Free World a group of nations governed largely by military regimes and other forms of authoritarian rule and dictatorship. This problem occasionally bothered even so dedicated a man as John Foster Dulles; one of his responses was to the effect that "those other countries, though steadfastly anti-Communist, have not yet been raised into the light of our splendid free institutions; but progress is being made, and we must be patient." That is pretty thin gruel, particularly from the highly moralistic Dulles; hence the New Line, both more lofty and more sophisticated, and therefore less vulnerable. A pluralistic world is necessarily an imperfect one; then who is so naive as to call for perfection?

A second consequence of "pluralism" is to suggest that there are really no strong currents in the world today, but only a scattering of forces, a multiplicity of vectors, none of them especially important, all of them susceptible to shrewd practical analysis and manipulation. Thus a few fanatics sincerely oppose American racism, but this is not a widespread feeling. Thus certain bleeding hearts (both inside and outside the West) deplore gas and napalm and the torture of prisoners but, in general, people are apathetic where they are not impressed. Thus the resentment of the so-called Third World toward economic penetration is found among malcontents only, and should disappear in any case when benefits begin to trickle down from the newly rich classes. Thus military conquest (as in Guatemala or the Dominican Republic or, one may hope, Vietnam) is opposed only by those who fail to see the true realistic logic behind the action — an action which may indeed be taken with sincere regret; but at all events, in a pluralistic world, the sad necessity for an occasional symbolic air drop or bombardment or actual conquest will be appreciated by many weaker, less determined people, and perhaps even admired.

The obverse of this attitude is the assumption that if the world fails to operate "pluralistically" — that is to say, with no clear reaction to U. S. policies beyond admiration or fear — but instead gives evidence of widespread alienation antipathy, even hatred toward us, then plainly some artificial force is at work: Marxism (to use a shorthand term embracing a variety of related attitudes). This force, though patently outmoded and indeed reactionary, has managed to corral the weak and the gullible in many places, persuading them that the meaningful, practical response to capitalism is revolution, instead of realistic acceptance and adaptation. Thus the gullible are tricked and regimented; thus the reality of pluralism is swallowed up in mass delusion and subversion; thus the true benefits of pluralism are denied masses of blameless, struggling humanity. And in the place of such benefits there appear the deprivations and cruelties of a rigid theoretical system which stultifies human potential, defeats individual aspiration, worsens living standards —and must conceal its failures and blunders and anachronisms by increasingly virulent propaganda and further subversions. This, then, we must oppose, responding not to some kind of global Communist conspiracy (such terms are for Senators and similar innocent persons) but to immediate challenges wherever and whenever they appear. Each must be met separately, in proper measure (this may include conquest, but as a carefully conceived, final resort only) and coolly, in the fashion of a Talleyrand or a Metternich—aristocrats both, and, like us, thorough realists.

What could be more pragmatic? If the term suggests anything, it suggests the shrewd, the adaptive, the emotionally uncluttered. William James, who also gave us the useful term "tough-minded," would surely praise us; but perhaps he too is outmoded, too close to the generation of the antique Marx, and not quite a modern ideal. Reinhold Niebuhr comes much closer; in following the tentative, the partial, the conditional, even in our Christian aspirations for this world, we do him homage. America could not ask for a better apologist and witness, and has found none.

Perhaps a more worldly warrant for our pragmatism may be found in our affluence. "Truth's cash-value" in the market place — again James provides us with a useful phrase, but we must adapt it to modern reality. In pragmatic terms, nothing can be allowed to take precedence over the magnificent material prosperity we have won in this world. Not to respond to challenges that threaten this wealth is to abandon the pragmatic and practical for the sentimental, theoretical, subjective or "moral"—and surely the pragmatic tradition tells us that before anything else, the dollars in the bank and the good food in the belly and the sleek car in the garage rule the real world of our time.

Thus we have abandoned all ideology except the true and meaningful one of material progress. So much the better for us and for the world! As Mother Courage says, all men can be bribed and so greed is our only hope — and by this sign all other ideologies are conquered not by mere force (except where necessary) but basically by agreement and consensus. "Communism?" — what ideology exists that is more concerned with clear, cold materialism? In a technological world which has made museum relics of ideology itself, what is there to prevent a true meeting of minds among experts, between one materialist and another? Only the faltering theoretical structure of Marxism itself; only the illusion on the part of Marxists that there is indeed a real difference in outlook. Let them but see the truth of this century, as most clearly demonstrated by the United States of America, and Communists will simply give up Marxism as the anachronism it is. To refuse is nothing less than to prevent peace from descending on the world. We are willing to reconsider our slogans — "the Free World," for example, or "Free Private Enterprise"; so must they also.

Any serious student of the modern world recognizes the United States for what it is, the unchallenged progressive ideal and hope of mankind; but modesty on our part, and mendacity on the part of others, have allowed the false notion to get abroad that we in fact represent counterrevolution. Even the eminent Arnold Toynbee has made this mistake, confusing modern welfare capitalism, clearly beneficial to all, with the primitive, exploitive capitalism which earlier in the century did indeed embark on counterrevolution as an ideological necessity. All that is behind us; but Toynbee's persistence in error suggests that much remains to be done to convince others that in today's pluralistic, pragmatic world, belief in "counterrevolution" is a creed outworn. So with the explicit abandonment of all ideals but Mammon will come the disappearance of such pernicious allegations; and at the same time, the Communists will have lost any claim to the opposing term "revolution," which, especially when linked to the word "popular," has lent them a spurious plausibility and force.

Mr. Toynbee even more recently has charged the United States with playing "bully" to the world. Such a charge is not merely false; it is indicative of simplistic moral standards which, should they persist, may bring all our efforts to nothing. Surely in the Niebuhrian age we all recognize that (to quote the previous passage) "invoking moral principles is an ambiguous proceeding at best"—and surely such a term as "bully" suggests such an invoking. One may feel a certain sympathy for the deluded and "tender-minded" among us, those who persist in judging separate events as moral problems in themselves; but the tough-minded know that a world of pluralism and pragmatism and expiring ideology is also a world of complete moral relativism. In fact the most realistic idea is to dispense entirely with the word "morality" itself, because it suggests a recognized standard of behavior, even a set of rules; but it is just that standard, just those rules, which have disappeared from the real world of the 1960s. William James spoke of a Moral Equivalent to War; in our time we have found a Practical Equivalent to Morals. We act not as we "should" but as we must; we proceed not in the light of some outmoded "morality" but in the light of clear necessity. Perhaps Harry Truman is the model here. He has said that he had no hesitation in ordering the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and has never lost any sleep over the decision. Realism can scarcely reach greater heights; and it is to this realism, not to some kind of ambiguous moral formulation, that we must always look.

"These are The Facts, gentlemen. You can't argue with The Facts." The quotation, properly enough, is attributed to a quondam Junior Senator from Wisconsin.

Is the situation hopeless? Perhaps not quite. To peddle such wretched fubbery, a man must have either monumental cynicism or a truly simple mind. The first sort is beyond rescue; such men belong with the death camp functionaries who "really knew better." But with the second type — here there may be hope. True, a simple man can scarcely embark on a career of patriotic prevarication without possessing beforehand all the requisite jingo attitudes; but his very simplicity can make him vulnerable in a strange and unexpected way. Really big lies have a way of convincing the simple in fairly short order, and there were never bigger lies than these. How long will it be before the simpler peddlers begin to *believe* what they have been given to say? The consequences could be quite bizarre: they would then actually *become* pluralistic in outlook and pragmatic in method, at the expense of the perfervid Red phobia in which they have lived and moved and had their being. They would *abandon* the shrill Manichean ideology which pits the Free World against the Red Atheist Imperialist Communist Moscow-Peking Aggressors; they would *cease* to belie that total moral rectitude resides our own beliefs and actions, a has been totally denied our pu tive enemies. And, having reach such a stage of moral relativis they would be free to discover th moral standards (concerning, f example, the bully, the invader, t torturer, the killer) still have i mense and quite possibly decisi force in common human life arou the world — and even, they m find, in their own America.

RECOMPENSE FOR VIOLENCE

Jennifer Cros

A few months ago, in one of California's pleasant, increasingly unsafe suburbs, a middle-aged woman was knocked down and had her purse snatched by two teen-agers who escaped by car. By the time her case came to the Superior Court in San Francisco, her injuries had cost $1,500, nearly all her savings. Her misfortune was typical of the unspectacular miseries caused by a penal code which is more concerned with rehabilitating the criminal than helping the victim. But it led Judge Francis McCarty to write to state Senator Eugene McAteer suggesting remedial legislation. Three months later, on July 19, California became the first state in the union—and the only place in the world outside Great Britain and New Zealand—to pay compensation to victims of crimes of violence.

Thirty years ago an agricultural state, California is now the richest and most populous in the country—with a per capita crime rate exceeded only by that of Nevada. Its 18,600,000 population is largely urban, concentrated in eighty communities of 25,000 and fourteen of more than 100,000, where serious offenses are most common; and in suburbs, where crime is increasing most rapidly. Los Angeles is a particularly black spot, with a record of forcible rape (29.1 per 100,000), aggravated assault (230.7 per 100,000) and burglary (1,400.8 per 100,000) that is between two and three times the national average.

Mounting expenditure by the California Department of Corrections ($60 million in 1963-64, $85 million this year) to cope with 6,000 new inmates a year, and to improve the already advanced methods of criminal rehabilitation have widened the gap between the treatment accorded the criminal and his victim. Today, legislators are publicly calling it "ironic" or "a tragic oversight." The criminal has access to facilities which, if hardly constituting a gravy train, represent a brave attempt to get him on the straight and narrow. Given motivation, he can catch up with his formal education (which stopped on average at 7th grade), take vocational training in one of forty-seven courses that range from how to be a janitor to aircraft maintenance, attend group therapy, get his face and teeth fixed, and work in one of the state-run correctional industries or open-air conservation camps. Until last summer, his victim got nothing except bills and the empty privilege of suing someone who could not pay.

While the new law is intended as a first step to remedy this social injustice, no one yet knows what the practical effects will be. Far from being a crock of gold, it has been turned into a piece of welfare legislation by the addition of the phrase "where there is need," and the imposition of a ceiling of $100,000 to meet all claims during the first year. If a victim or his family are above a certain income level, they are ineligible for aid; if the criminal's finances will stand a fine without putting his family on welfare, he must pay up commensurately with the offense.

The working model of the California bill was the New Zealand legislation, now more than eightee months old, which in turn is bas on the 1962 report of the Briti Section of the International Co mission of Jurists. Here, assistan has been tailored to match t Workmen's Compensation Act, wi safeguards to prevent the victi from ending up richer than he w before. Maximum payments a $28.70 a week for a single pers and $35.50 for a family, for capacity to work; $3,800 for oth financial losses; and $1,400 f "pain and suffering." The total b thus far for a population one-se enth that of California has bee surprisingly small. An original es mate of $84,000 was pared dow to $61,000 for the first year, which only $9,058 was paid ou this year the ceiling has been lo ered to $42,000.

Compensation under the C ifornia bill will depend on rough the same criteria as the aid to fa ilies with dependent children, whic costs an average of $170 a mon for each family, but it waives t usual property qualification. Apa from this guideline, the State D partment of Welfare says frank that it doesn't know how the admi istration will go; it was caug somewhat unawares by the spee with which the bill was passed. U like the old Danelaw, where com pensation was simplified by t fact that every man had a pri (the man in the street was wort between 100 and 200 gold shillings and unlike stereotyped fines, whic are levied according to the gravi of the offense, this new type compensation poses a multitude problems. If a woman is raped an

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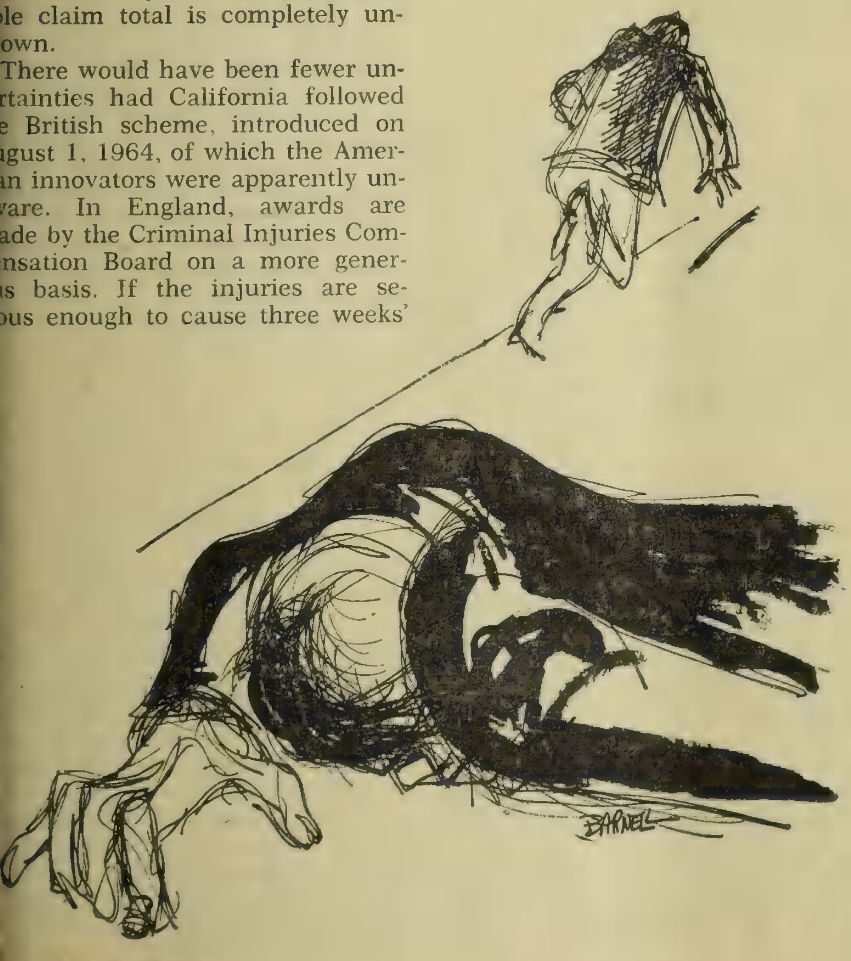
has a child, should the state pay for its upkeep, and if so, for how long? If an injured man falls within the income qualifications for aid, ut is wholly or partially covered y health insurance, should he be ompensated? If he is just above he income qualification but is hreatened by a ruinously high medcal bill, will he get aid? If his bility to work is curtailed but not ullified by injury or nervous shock, ow much should he get? How do ifferent injuries compare and hat are their cash ratings: is it vorse to have an illegitimate child, broken leg, or epilepsy following evere concussion? Sheer lack of nformation about the victim comlicates the task still further, and nakes the first year of operation ighly experimental. During 1964 n California, there were 29,241 ases of murder and willful homiide, forcible rape and aggravated ssault, plus an unknown number of njuries inflicted during the course f robberies. This year there will ertainly be more, quite apart from he Watts incident, but lacking surey material into people's financial ackground, and the gravity and ost of their injuries, this year's posible claim total is completely unnown.

There would have been fewer unertainties had California followed he British scheme, introduced on ugust 1, 1964, of which the Ameran innovators were apparently unware. In England, awards are nade by the Criminal Injuries Comensation Board on a more generus basis. If the injuries are seious enough to cause three weeks' loss of work, or common-law damages of at least $140, victims are compensated for full loss of earnings up to a maximum of $95 a week (nearly double the national average wage). Even so, some limitations have been introduced, largely because of the government's fear of assuming full and open responsibility for the victims of crime, and compensating them "out of kindness" instead of as their legal right. At first there was no award for "loss of happiness," but this was later modified. There is still none for property damage, for the illegitimate child born of rape, or for the victim who was a member of the assailant's household.

Given his way, Judge McCarty would have simplified the whole thing by compensating everybody, regardless of income. He believes on principle that "if you get your teeth bashed in, you should be entitled to aid even if you are a millionaire." Families of murder victims should be fully supported, and that would include sending bright children to college. There is no chance that he will get his way, at least in the predictable future, both for reasons of principle, and for fear of the expense. Later modifications are more likely to be in the direction of raising the compensation ceiling (for which Senator McAteer is prepared to introduce fresh legislation, should total legitimate claims exceed $100,000 during 1966) than in changing or abolishing the income qualification. A more straightforward approach has been used in a companion bill, which will compensate people injured while coming to the aid of the police, or otherwise helping to prevent a crime or catching a criminal. Here the kitty will be unlimited, and there will be no income qualification — but claims for medical bills and property damage will have to be proved to the satisfaction of the appropriate law-enforcement authority, the State Board of Control, and the legislature. This generosity is relative to the infrequency with which such claims are expected (though the State Board is making no specific predictions).



In the long run, one of the most important consequences of these two bills will be the new dimension they give to state responsibility for its citizens which, though publicly deplored as smacking of the welfare state, is gradually inching its way into state and federal policies. Neither measure is likely to have an appreciable effect on criminal practice, according to Prof. Joseph D. Lohman, dean of criminology at Berkeley, nor will the second bill start people rushing to help the police, since the relationship between citizens and the law is too complex to be smoothed out overnight. But there is a good chance that the California experiment will spread to other states. Locally, it has enjoyed widespread approval, and reawakening speculation as to whether Senator McAteer intends to run as mayor of San Francisco; nationally, it has received more publicity than is generally accorded state legislation. New York and Illinois are thinking actively along the same lines, with the ultimate hope of preventing a repetition of the tragic Genovese case. Ambassador Goldberg, in a letter to Judge McCarty, expressed the view that "this beneficial legislation will be widely emulated throughout the country. It deserves to be."

Virgilian Whodunit

THAT AWFUL MESS ON VIA MERULANA. By Carlo Emilio Gadda. Translated from the Italian by William Weaver. George Braziller. 388 pp. $5.95.

Richard Howard

As each century puts its characteristic question—"Who owns it?" the 18th century asked; "Who is the heir?" the 19th — the 20th century asks "Whodunit?" and Mr. Capote's recent pieces in *The New Yorker* suggest the persistence of our curiosity when the crime is all the shabbier and apparently unmotivated. Concealment and Manifestation are the systole and diastole of our emotional life, and our investigation of murder provides the form in which, as Auden has remarked, society as a whole has to take the place of the victim and, on his behalf, demand restitution or grant forgiveness. "That awful mess on Via Merulana" is, among other things, a murder, assigned to Don Ciccio Ingravallo, "youngest and most envied official of the detective section: ubiquitous as the occasion required, omnipresent in all tenebrous matters."

The forward stress of Gadda's narrative, then, is accommodated and even enabled by a detective story, that inclusive, convinced form of the heroic quest in our time. "He maintained, among other things, that unforeseen catastrophes are never the consequences, or the effect, if you prefer, of a single motive, of *a* cause singular; but they are rather like a whirlpool, a cyclonic point of depression in the consciousness of the world, toward which a whole multitude of converging causes have contributed." It could not come earlier (page 3), this announcement of the governing image—"he also used words like knot or tangle or muddle" — the metaphoric emblem that fixes any work of literature midway between events and precepts.

Yet Gadda's novel, self-justifying, murmurous, anthological, affords difficulties precisely because it announces and so directly enacts what it is about and what it does, not at any one place but all along. As a narrative, this novel is unfinished, for such is the nature of human events, of what happens, that we cannot in words "finish" our exploration of them, cannot come to the end of anything. Gadda's work, like most great examples of modern literature —and this is one of the reasons he has so often been compared to Joyce, to Céline, to Musil—is an *aporia*, a confession of failure or impossibility. As *The Man Without Qualities* is unfinished, as Beckett will end *The Unnamable* "I can't go on. I must go on" — so Gadda's inquest remains without a conclusion.

Another quality of this buzzing, burrowing, exorbitantly metropolitan work that suggests its place in the primary canon of modernism is, certainly, its encyclopedic impulse. Its author, a Milanese engineer born in 1893, began it in 1938, completed a first version in Florence in 1947, and rewrote his pastiche until 1957, making it a palimpsest of Italian speech, manners and history, rather like one of those Roman monuments patched together out of ancient marble and 18th-century stucco: a baroque *summa* that had to be located in the capital city, where in truth all roads meet. Echoes of Italian literature from Petronius to D'Annunzio are sounded, mocked and assimilated, and in the patient exfoliation of a double crime, the "action's" focus widens from the bourgeois Roman apartment in a decaying neighborhood to the outlying towns and the countryside first qualified in literature as Virgilian: "olive groves barely silvered by the dawn and the prone skeletons of vines in the vineyards." There is even a visit to the Sibyl's cave, though in the contemporary version, *all* the leaves of the sacred books have been destroyed. Every style is included, every level of discourse and usage, from the most demotic to the most formal, the ritual and the oracular along with the argotic and the euphuistic (there are splendid passages of invective dressed—the time is 1927—to M solini), the broadly farcical, the pressionistic, the epic, the philosop cal and the lyric. Such a mixture is characteristic if not a vindication the great works of our time.

In a luxury apartment bui ing of an interstitial Roman nei borhood, within an interval of th days, an elderly Venetian count becomes the victim of a jewel r bery effected before her very e and—on the same floor, in the posite apartment— a pious, childle still attractive little bourgeoise, f ever searching for "nieces" to ado is found dead in a pool of blo The two investigations, conducted Ingravallo, merge into a single p suit as their trails circle more less significantly around a minister *commendatore* a little too attract to delivery boys, and a young cou of the murdered woman a little adept at accepting presents from h By the double clues of a street ticket found in the countess' apa ment and the testimony of a rat inexperienced whore arrested ne Santo Stefano Rotondo, the inquir widen from Rome to the Alban Hil the region of the Castelli Roma that powerfully genesic countrysi which regularly fertilizes the U with its human silt. As Rome is t central city, so the "central" writ by working outward from a beg ning—instead of onward toward end—pursues an endless quest: gravallo's epic finishing point, li Gadda's, is the starting point, rene ed and transformed by the energ of his own effort. The compositio trope is thus anabolic, and its t matic core is fecundity (what Ing vallo himself calls "the quantum Eros"). This is made explicit to t point of delirium in the person the pathetic victim Liliane, who o after the other harbors the prom ingly fertile girls she calls her niec and who already lays claim to t first (still hypothetical) scion of t cousin in whom alone the fam seed continues to germinate. T countess' jewels — bloodstones, rou or pendant — are more veiled sy bols of the same theme; a certa topaz begins, in an officer's drea to course the countryside, turning

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Richard Howard, who has translated many books from the French, has completed his second book of poetry, The Damages. *He is now working on a study of American poetry since 1950, to be published by Horizon.*

in a bacchanale presided over by Circe and concluding in the latter's orgasm; in the extraordinary passage in which the recovered jewels are described, they are presented by the author as the most perfect products of the creative mechanism. And in the book's explosion from Rome to the Alban Hills, it is certainly to the initial fecundation by which the city was generated, the rape of the Sabine women, that the entire book alludes.

This thematic core of fecundation accounts for the astonishingly concrete lyricism of the "Awful Mess," the *Pasticciaccio* — the verbal substance of the world is expressed, in the old sense of that word, even in, or out of, its most wretched aspects: stinking whores, plucked hens, peel- ng walls. By the rotundity of a po- iceman, the splendor of a sandwich, he plethoric is dramatized; a pile of rags to be dyed, the visit of a rajah o Mussolini, a flight of chickens at he level-crossing in front of the single daily train, a sunrise over Latium—all mark an insistence on *telling* which, if it were not for magnificent organization by myth, theme and mage, would whelm our attention as t would our hope of reaching an end f the Event. And it is precisely this fluidity of language, this inex- austible verbal sap that constitutes, ultimately, the gist of Gadda's book, the juice or pith that makes his novel, perhaps, a scandal to the gentiles of art, and places it in a lineage, a descent not necessarily associated with art at all, but with an impulse located in the novel nowadays only because that is the name we give our dominant literary form, a "loose baggy monster" indeed, that can accommodate, baggily enough, any version of experience.

Yet this impulse has always existed in literature, in "forms" as different as those Rabelais, Saint-Simon, Boswell (the Boswell of the *Journals*), Horace Walpole, Sainte-Beuve and Proust have chosen to accord it. It is the impulse of process, the shaping of experience by a tone of voice, the definition of which is undertaken in the course of "endless" works. That gigantic and obsessive murmur which sometimes rises out of literature (and perhaps justifies it), from Amiel to Gertrude Stein, is again what we hear when we read Gadda—the sound of our own survival, the myth of our human continuity in a voice, "weaving an endless sentence," refusing to let go, to release existence until it has been recuperated by the only means in our power: the word. We hear, in short, the sound of ourselves when we seek to endure.

Invisible Man

MONTAIGNE: A Biography. By Donald Frame. Harcourt, Brace & World. 408 pp. $10.

Paul Zweig

When Montaigne wrote that his life ad been "humble and inglorious," e was being modest. By the time hese words were written, he had wice been mayor of Bordeaux, and more than once played host to a king (the future Henri IV) in his chateau t Montaigne. Yet these intervals of ublic life came late (he was more han 50), and they were brief. Be- ore them stretched the long years f his retirement; and before that, is undistinguished career as mem- er of the Bordeaux Parliament.

In the end, the major "events" of onaigne's life were invisible. They ere inward events, and they ced not in acts but in the words of his unique spiritual record, the *Essays.* Any biography of Montaigne must therefore depend heavily on the *Essays.* It must be an inward biography, telling the story of his mind as much as of his life. Mr. Frame, more than anyone, is equipped from the start for such an undertaking. His translation of the *Essays* is one of the best ever done, and stands on its own as a fine work of English prose.

The Montaigne we meet in Mr. Frame's pages is no metaphysician. His ideas are close to life; so close, in fact, that to speak of them, he could only speak of himself. As the man changed, so did his book: new chapters were added, old ones revised, judgments qualified or reversed. The result is a wayward pattern of thoughts, anecdotes and self-evaluations whose main care is to be faithful, but not consistent. Between the book and life the distinctions became vague, until Montaigne, long before Whitman or Rousseau, could say: "I have no more made my book than my book has made me—a book consubstantial with its author, concerned with myself, an integral part of my life."

Mr. Frame marshals the sparse details that have been preserved of Montaigne's life: his family, his estate, the documents and letters of his public life, the late friendship with his *fille d'alliance*, Marie de Gournay. The facts are rare, and each one adds a contour, tantalizingly faint, to our knowledge of the living Montaigne. The bulk of the biography, however, consists in a judicious reading of the *Essays* themselves. Mr. Frame unravels the mosaic of additions and alterations by which the *Essays* grew. In doing so, he gives us a clear sense of Montaigne's own spiritual growth, from the morbid though fashionable stoicism of the early chapters, through the great statement of universal doubt (*Que sais-je . . .*) in the "Apology for Raymond Sebond," to the last chapters of self-exploration, the friendship with himself that led Montaigne into his most characteristic philosophy.

Montaigne's life, we learn, was

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aul Zweig received his doctorate om the Sorbonne, lives in France nd teaches English at the summer ssion at Columbia University.

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abruptly deflected inward, toward the age of 30, by a tragic event: the death of his friend, Etienne de la Boetie. Until then, Montaigne seems to have been a brilliant young nobleman, only partly excited by his responsibilities in Parliament; sensitive to the pleasures of life. La Boetie's death turned Montaigne back upon himself, and the next ten years were spent in the shadow of his friend's example, exploring his ideas, attempting to resolve the loneliness caused by the loss of so close a companion. For ten years Montaigne lived with death: after la Boetie there was Montaigne's younger brother absurdly killed by a tennis ball; then, shortly afterward, the death of his father. Mr. Frame suggests that the early essays were written, in part, to fill the place left by la Boetie's disappearance. Montaigne needed to communicate, to exchange ideas and emotions. When his friend died, a gulf opened between him and the world, and he was left to converse with himself. The first chapters—written, he tells us, to occupy "moments of boredom" —*are* this conversation.

Thus, Montaigne's journey into himself began with a meditation upon death; and his first conclusion was that of his famous early chapter: "to philosophize means to learn how to die." Like Camus, four centuries later, Montaigne started as a moralist, convinced that death was meaningless and overpowering, and that a man could shape his life only by keeping a steady eye on that dark wind blowing in from his future. But Montaigne soon discovered that he had made too much of dying. It was his own death which taught him this, we learn from Mr. Frame, or rather what he took as a preview of his death, when he was knocked from his horse in a collision and carried home, more dead than alive. Death seen from such close quarters, he found, was not nearly as frightening as he had supposed. How wasteful, therefore, to devote all one's energies to scrutinizing, and preparing for it. It is characteristic of Montaigne that his most permanent moral lessons came not from books (as was partly the case with his early stoicism) but from close attention to his own life.

In any case, the Montaigne we know best begins to emerge around this time, in the "Apology for Raymond Sebond." It is here that Montaigne begins to recognize the world as a "perennial seesaw," a disorderly tide of events and objects, in which a man can know little beyond his own small circle of inwardness. The "Apology" was written to defend Catholicism against the Protestants, and its argument was that of *fideism*, a reliance on faith as opposed to reason; if individual reason was so frail, the only safe haven for the soul was the massiveness and the guarantee of God's Church.

But Montaigne remains the first and greatest of the modern "doubters." Long before the Existentialists, he discovered the absurdity not only of death but of life and of all reality. His *fideism* was to be inherited, in one form or another by Pascal and, later, by Kierkegaard. But Montaigne soon learned another response to the shifting uncertainties of the world. Long in seeking, late in choosing, he at last discovered a theme for his book that would give him a new, surer kind of knowledge. Since all science was necessarily doubtful, Montaigne decided to study what he at least knew best. He would make himself the subject of his book: self-study would be his "physics and his metaphysics." In a world where outward values were apt to be faulty, Montaigne learned to favor an inward attentiveness by which he could become more central to himself, and thereby to all men. In its final shape, Montaigne's self-scrutiny became a philosophy: since "each man bears the entire form of man's estate," to study one man well meant to discover truths common to all men. Self-scrutiny became, indeed, the only truly sensitive philosophy.

Montaigne is thus the first great psychological realist. And this brings us to another aspect of his originality. In *Meditations on Quixote*, Ortega wrote that modern "realism" carries within it a grain of sad humor. Brute, stubborn facts, he tells us, are aesthetically interesting not for themselves but for the ironic light they shed on the flight of man's imagination: his heroic impulses, his search for more than human dignity. In the "realistic" mood, reality gives a slight nudge to the hero: and as he stumbles, we taste both his comic disappointment and the tragedy of his failure. Don Quixote the hero, and Sancho the earthy realist, need each other. Together they create a new sort of *comédie humaine*: an essential confusion of styles and sensibilities that will characterize the world of the novel.

The psychological realism of the *Essays* is of the same sort, exce that Montaigne himself plays bo Quixote and Sancho. High seriousne and earthy Gascon slang nudge ea other continuously. The stoic herois of the first chapters is playfully b decidedly undercut by other passage for example, those where Montaig accurately complains about the c prices of his "unruly member," a tells of some "remedy" he once fered a troubled bridegroom. Wh Montaigne is through, there remai little of the Renaissance confiden in man as a bright compendium the universe, a microcosm, "rege and masterpiece of God's creation Instead, we see the elusive contou of the inner life, in which the be and the worst, the highest and t lowest, come far too close to ea other for comfort.

In reading Mr. Frame's accou we feel increasingly that we are sure hands. When, on the basis such meager evidence as there Mr. Frame evaluates the tone of Mo taigne's marriage, the influence his father, the mood of his ear retirement, or the kind of involv ment he felt during his terms mayor, one is not inclined to questic his judicious conclusions. Yet som thing in the very nature of his m terial seems to have posed a proble which Mr. Frame, I think, does n entirely resolve. At a distance of 4 years, there remain two extensi bodies of fact concerning Montaign One is the inner record of the *Essay* The other is the more general ki of information furnished by historia who can tell us what, approximatel was the life of a small 16th-centu nobleman in the southwest of Franc what was the mood and procedu of the Bordeaux Parliament; wh kinds of factions split the allegian of French noblemen at the time, et Between these two sources, howeve at the precise line where they shou intersect to give us the single separa life of Michel de Montaigne, the fac are scarce. Thus the man himse runs the risk of being blurred; lacking the kind of sharp definitic that would allow him to live agai for us as we read. This, unfortunatel is what often happens in Mr. Frame biography. The account we get clear, judicious and extremely usefu Yet the dramatic presence of Mo taigne himself is often lacking. As result the reading tends to be slo and, in places, simply dull.

Despite the limitations of his m

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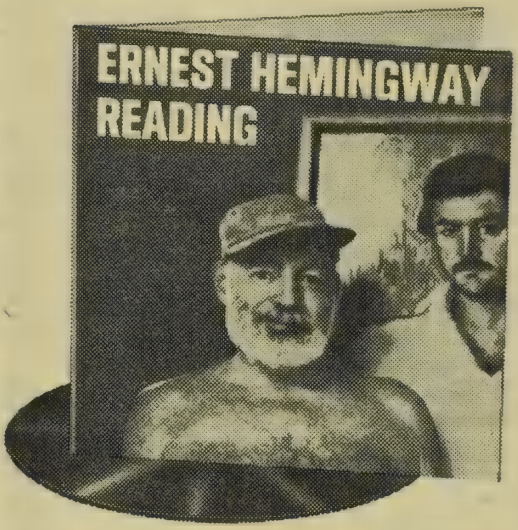

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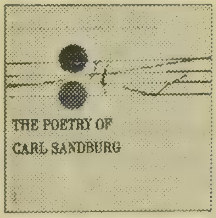

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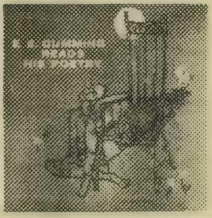

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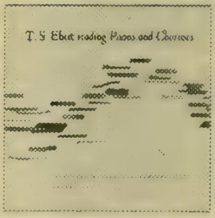

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terial, I found myself wishing that Mr. Frame had been more adventurous at times, giving us more *his* Montaigne rather than simply a verifiable, believable Montaigne. We get a clear picture, for example, of Montaigne's unusual early education; but nowhere does Mr. Frame allow this knowledge to shed light on the mature choices of the man, though the correspondences are surely interesting. The wayward, unconstrained learning of the boy, his preference for Ovid's *Metamorphoses* over all scholarly discipline, his early association of knowledge with pleasure, and with a certain sort of self-indulgence: all this echoes strangely in the mature man's talent for self-scrutiny and humor, in his mistrust of constraint, and his final affirmation of life in the face of all its painful absurdities. The scholar's trust in facts could have agreeably been supplemented here by a more creative insight into the way facts are related to one another. The result, in this case, is a dependable, scholarly biography, one sorely needed, written in a lucid style, but whose cumulative effect lacks the excitement and the stimulation of those *Essays* on which it is largely based.

"an intellectual event..."*

SOCIALIST HUMANISM

A far-ranging selection of essays, from both sides of the Iron Curtain

edited by

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"At the very moment when, in the name of 'humanity' we are at war with people identified as 'Communists' in Vietnam, there appears a book which unabashedly refers to the founder of Communism as a humanist and roundly denounces those who use him in any other way." —Harvey Cox, *Saturday Review** "The real interest lies in comparing the attitudes of Eastern 'revisionists' with those of their Western counterparts."—George Lichtheim, *N. Y. Review of Books*. $5.95 at all booksellers.

DOUBLEDAY

The Substance of Spirit

NOTEBOOKS: 1942-1951. By Albert Camus. Translated from the French by Justin O'Brien. Alfred A. Knopf. 274 pp. $5.

Harold Clurman

Writers and students of literature will be fascinated by the Camus *Notebooks* for the insight it affords into the processes of the creative mind. Of more general and greater interest is the data the book provides as to the substance of Camus' spirit. The *Notebooks* reveals the essential person. What makes this important is the fact that Camus is one of the most representative men of our time. What troubled him has troubled and continues to trouble us.

In these *Notebooks*, the operative ingredient is the author's conscience. It is involved in a vital struggle. Though this takes place in an individual soul its setting and cause is the history of our day, which has been a period of permanent violence.

Born in Algiers on the eve of the First World War (in which he lost his father), killed in an automobile accident while the French-Algerian conflict was still sharp, Camus seems never to have known peace. At the outbreak of the Second World War he was 26. Unable to take part in active service due to a tubercular condition diagnosed when he was 17, he had to leave his wife and mother in Algeria during the war to receive medical treatment in France. He never saw them again till the cessation of hostilities. He edited an underground paper and, to quote his excellent translator, Justin O'Brien, he "played an increasingly dangerous role . . . as a member of an intelligence network. Even though many of his friends and associates were arrested, often tortured and executed, he carried on with his stirring editorials and his day-to-day clandestine activities." After the war there was another in Indo-China, followed by the one in Algeria, with its vile backwash in Paris.

Camus wrote his famous essay *The Myth of Sisyphus* in 1942, but it attracted little attention here at the time. *The Stranger*, written the same year, made a distinct impression. That impression however was misleading due to misreading. The novel was thought to be an avowal of nihilism arising from a deep-seated sentiment of futility. But *The Stran* is a description rather than a c fession. It is a dramatization of moral apathy in the years im diately preceding the war, a se of discouragement which many p ple in France and elsewhere to present moment display as if it w a badge of distinction.

To say that this interpretation Camus' meaning was the reverse the truth would be an oversimplifi tion. Camus grips us through anguished dialogue of his being. experiences the "nay" to its bitter dregs before he can save hims with a "yea." He is an idealist in constant trance of doubt. He belie in virtue, yet he writes, "I know self too well to believe in pure tue." This statement may be regar as the germ idea of his most famo though not his best, novel, *The F* Despite his repeated emphasis on own and the universal guilt, he parently contradicts himself when notes: "Nothing is pure, nothing pure—this is the cry that has pois ed our century."

The positive in Camus is generat by his contradictions. On one pa he upholds chastity as an ideal sta on another he admits that he can imagine love for a woman dissociat from physical possession. He voi a horror of life and gives evidence a passionate love for it. He is favor of commitment (*engageme* as the French say) and also arg against it. He is a novelist but calls *The Plague* a tract, and furt on adds: "Up to now I am not novelist in the usual sense." The is something abhorrent to him ab politics but he also asserts that "m ern man is obliged to be concern with politics."

What is at the root of this d quiet? If God does not exist, and doesn't for Camus, then everythi is absurd. Morality has lost its tional basis. When we contempl the facts of life, of which the fir issue is death, the result is not o personally excruciating but devas ting to any strict metaphysical fai To decide whether or not life worth living, Camus had said in *T Myth of Sisyphus*, is the fundamen problem of philosophy. Why then we not commit suicide, since there no *reason* for living?

The simplest answer is that m unreasonably *wants* to live. Cam

as translated this primal motiva-
ion into the idea of a conscious rebel-
ion against life's absurdity. And
ince ultimately truth appears in
hat we do, rather than in what
e think, man's life is acceptable
nd intelligible in his revolt against
s "insanity."

Such an answer no matter in
hat intellectual jargon it is clothed
ill not satisfy the philosopher, but it
ay satisfy the artist. There is a mys-
erious, magnificent and essentially
own-to-earth drama about it — in-
luding moments of great comedy. In
ll his key responses, howsoever
soterically elaborate they may seem,
amus is an artist rather than a
rmal thinker. He recognizes this
imself. "The absurd world," he says,
an receive only an aesthetic jus-
fication." Even more intimately he
eclares: "A world in which there is
place for the human being, for
y, for active leisure, is a world that
ust die. No group of people can
e without beauty."

Now another doubt assails him:
Iave I the right to be merely an
tist? I cannot believe so." On what
rms and standards does he find
mself prepared to protest and rebel?
he values I ought to defend and
ustrate today are average values."
ter all is said in the paradoxical
d poetic structure of his philosophic
ual, Camus fights such things as
pital punishment, Hitlerism, Stalin-
n, prejudices, vices and deformities
ich all men of good will every-
ere have opposed for at least the
st thirty years. Camus ceased fight-
g and being partisan on the Al-
rian question. As a Frenchman of
giers he felt himself as hesitantly
lnerable in this respect as men of
ser stature might have been. He
uld not take sides or maintain an
equivocal position.

Here we observe the personality
ference between Camus and Sartre,
difference which caused the con-
versy and their break in 1952.
mus was much the softer of the
o. He engaged in politics but he
ped somehow to stand apart from
tory. The mechanism of history
tails compromise, a pragmatism
ich requires assent to elements of
ustice and cruelty. There is a
derness in Camus, a kind of inner
bing and tremulousness, which
de such assent impossible. This
pite his effort to avoid the sen-
ental. Artists or poets may be, in
elley's aphorism quoted by Camus, "the unacknowledged legislators of the world," but while they sometimes make brave fighters they rarely prove effective politicians.

The literary and artistic contribution of Camus' work is the quasi-mythical forms which he fashioned to express our contemporary malaise and the sense of his struggle to master it. We find it particularly poignant in *The Plague* and in *The Fall*, novels written in a language of classic purity, wrought into a discreetly gentle music. His *Notebooks* is a treasury of fine perceptions which served as the grist to his compositional mill. It is occasionally witty, sometimes as disarming as a college boy's enthusiasm and bewilderment at all the wonderful things he reads in the best books in the world, and at all his discoveries about himself.

This book should be read slowly —in bits and pieces. It traces a clear picture which is apparent only on reflection. It is finally inspirational. For it affirms what must be endlessly repeated: "Are we going to accept despair, without doing anything? I suppose no honest person can answer yes."

After Sedley, After Pound

ALL THE COLLECTED SHORT POEMS 1923-1958. By Louis Zukofsky. W. W. Norton & Co. 157 pp. $6.

Donald Davie

For those who need to know that Picasso could draw a likeness if he chose, Exhibit A is Zukofsky after Sir Charles Sedley:

Not, Celia, that I look for rest
In what I do or am;
In its own time this song addressed
To you is not for them:

The hurrying world, our hastes have
No part in you like me;
Faces stop showing what they crave
In my attempt to see.

"All that in woman is adored"
Grows my phrase, and your mind
Sings some hundreds of years to afford
My cadence in kind.

And if your ears hear me I store
It in our book *Anew*
Where we last who make Sedley—more
Than he was perhaps—true.

Would he had writ thus always? Hardly. The high gloss on this elegant pastiche obscures rather than clarifies —certainly on a first reading and even on a second: the suavity of the phrasing conceals its compactness, although it is the compactness that makes the poem both difficult and rewarding. "Like me," for instance, means both "such as I have" and "such as they (our hastes) have in me." Again, the colon after the first quatrain explains "them" as being "this hurrying world" and "our hastes"; and yet when it turns out that these are the joint subject of another sentence, we make a rapid retrospective adjustment, and read "them" as the speaker's doings and beings ("what I do or am"). And this is not to mention the elusive sense of the faces that stop showing what they crave. This is a language

---

Donald Davie, English poet and critic, teaches at the University of Essex. The most recent of his published books is The Poems of Doctor Zhivago *(Barnes and Noble).*

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to which the norms of prose synt are essential (hence the very sedulo punctuation), though it breaks t norms even as it respects them.

Zukofsky respects and uses gra mar because many of his poems, ea and late, are tight argumentative a fairs. And this means that, althou he belongs in the Poundian traditi with which he aligns himself, he quite often within hailing distance a quite distinct tradition which f a long time was more influenti among us—the wit writing of All Tate, say, or William Empson. Empson writes about cleaning h teeth into a lake while camping o so Zukofsky addresses his washsta and, through elliptical allusions designs half-glimpsed in acciden scratchings on its marble tiles, comes to the noble humaneness Empson at his best:

> so my wash-stand
> in one particular breaking of th
> tile at which I have
> looked and looked
>
> has opposed to my head
> the inscription of a head
> whose coinage is the
> coinage of the poor
>
> observant in waiting
> in their getting up mornings
> and in their waiting
> going to bed
>
> carefully attentive
> to what they have
> and to what they do not
> have

The Empsonian or "new" criticis ought to have appreciated the ma poems by Zukofsky which are den with compressed conceits in the 17t century manner, or (as with a pie about barberries in snow) in the n ultimately different manner of Ho kins. But in fact that criticism i nored Zukofsky, and among his pee it was Pound and Williams who a preciated and helped.

The ties which bind him to Pou are thus in the first place person and grateful. But he is indebted Pound also for concepts and prec cupations, as appears from the not which in one or two cases he a pends to poems. And not only co cepts but perceptions also come him sometimes from the same sourc as in a poem about a privet leaf winter, which ends:

> it happens wind colors like glas
> shelter,
> as the light's aire from a vaul
> which has a knob of sun.

Surely the most Poundian lines n written by Pound!

But above all what aligns Zukofsky vith Pound and Williams, what removes him from the world of wit vriting, is his concern, first and last, vith the musical measure of verse. 'he poem about the washstand is in laces obscure. But it is less obscure han the poem after Sedley which at irst seems so straightforward. And t is less obscure because, being so nuch further from counting off syllables to the verse line, it can use ine endings, as apparent on the rinted page and to the listening ear, o compel meaningful inflections:

carefully attentive
to what they have
and to what they do not
have . . .

his is rudimentary. Zukofsky's more laborated music offers itself most ankly in the opulent orchestration f a poem to Tibor Serly, midway in first section headed "55 Poems 1923-1935." (This poem is still full of witty conceits, and excellent ones.) It is at its most elusive in the section "Anew 1935-1944," where it most often eludes me — and for reasons which are made clear:

The lines of this new song are nothing
But a tune making the nothing full
Stonelike become more hard than silent
The tune's image holding in the line.

In the longest poem in the collection, "4 Other Countries" from *Barely and Widely 1956-1958*, the music, in its double aspect of submerged half rhyme and of spaced intervals at the ends of short lines, makes for astonishingly compact expression, and this vindicates more than one would have thought possible, that inherently unsatisfactory form, the poem as travelogue.

ETTER from ROME

Elisabeth Mann Borgese

ome was glowing in a late autumn n which warmed the blush on the ees of the Pincio gardens, and drew representative cross section of the pulation outdoors, to communal reet life. All sorts of people moved p and down the Spanish Steps beveen the umbrella-shaded flower ands below and the towers of St. rinita dei Monti above. A prelate, astening down the steps to catch a ecial bus headed for the Ecumenical uncil, almost stumbled over a beatk who had made his bed on the eps, his bearded boy-face resting a knapsack. A crowd of urchins d not stint their colorful comments.

Apart from the Council, the Eternal ty was host these days to an inrnational conference called to exore the meaning of European *ant-gardes*, past and present. Not at this was a gathering of beatks. It was the fourth international ngress of the European Community Writers. Founded by the Italian iter G. B. Angioletti five years ago, e "Community" now counts about 500 members in twenty-seven nans on both sides of the iron curn. The scope of the organization, stated in its charter, is "to promote, above the level of ideological and political differences, a close collaboration among the European writers on all professional problems of a moral or practical character; to increase the free circulation of the spirit; to encourage encounters, exchanges, translations, in order to advance mutual understanding and solidarity; and to aid any initiative that enhances the dignity and the authority of writers." The Community's past activities include international assemblies in Rome, Turin, Florence; council meetings and round-table discussions in Paris, Athens, Yasnaya Polyana, Leningrad, Belgrade and Marienbad. The topics ranged from the problems of the modern novel to literary magazines in Europe; from the relations between literature and mass communication to the problems of translating poetry. Besides these public manifestations, the Community has pursued considerable behind-the-scenes activity in behalf of writers, persecuted or imprisoned, whether in the Soviet Union or in Spain or Portugal. To appraise the level of these operations, it is enough to glance at the list of the organization's officers, elected by this assembly; Giuseppe Ungaretti, president; Giancarlo Vigorelli, secretary general (a position he has held, brilliantly and creatively, since the foundation of the organization); vice presidents: Jean Paul Sartre, France; Halldor Kiljan Laxness, Iceland; José Luis Aranguren, Spain; Tibor Dery, Hungary; Jaroslav Iwaszkievic, Poland; John Lehmann, England; Alexander Tvardovsky, USSR.

The fourth assembly took place in the large and well-equipped auditorium of the CIDA (Confederazione Italiane Dirigenti Aziende). About 150 writers had come from outside Italy, including—besides those listed above—Simone de Beauvoir, Ingeborg Bachmann, Maurice Nadeau, Rafael Alberti, Jesu Lopez Pacheco and Nicolaj Bajan. UNESCO was represented by Roger Callois; the PEN Club by its international secretary, David Carver. One entire session was reserved to speakers who represented the younger generation: the *avant-garde* of today. This session was presided over by the young Spanish poet and publisher Carlos Barral. Various schools of European *avant-gardists* were represented by Jens Björnebec, Alain Geoffroy, Renato Barilli, John Willit, Vassily Aksionov, Klaus Rifbjerg, Desmond O'Grady, and others.

No theme could have been more challenging, more elusive, more charged with implications of a cultural, even political, character than that of *avant-gardism* — especially

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isabeth Mann Borgese contributes quently to The Nation *on European ellectual and political matters. Mrs. rgese lives in Italy.*

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when considered by representatives of the twenties and of the sixties, of the East and of the West. In the first place, the participants had the greatest difficulty coming to a general agreement as to the real meaning of the term. A brilliant attempt was made during the first day by Jean-Paul Sartre. Rejecting almost all of the European *avant-gardes* of our day as spurious ("they define themselves more by what they reject than by what they construct"; this in itself reflects the "age of criticism" of our aged, neo-Byzantine civilization), Sartre proposed four conditions which a true *avant-garde* writer would have to fulfill: (1) He must *create language* as he writes. (2) This must not be just a "game" but must result in a true vision which can be shared by the writer's contemporaries. (3) The writer must establish a dialectical relationship with contrasting cultures: cultures to be defined by contradictions. (4) He must create the audience "with his own hands." The audience must not be pre-existing, ready made, imposing its tastes and prejudice.

These conditions existed at other times — in 17th-century France, in Elizabethan England — and in such epochs art was true *avant-garde*. They do not exist in Europe today.

Sartre thus postulates a coincidence of form and content for *avant-garde* art (he rejects Western European "futurism" because, though revolutionary in form, it was reactionary in content; he rejects neo-realism which, though revolutionary in content, is reactionary in form). He also projects his criteria outside the work of art itself and postulates a coincidence between art and history. Only in a historically creative moment can society produce creative, *avant-garde* art.

Today, according to Sartre, the prerequisite for *avant-garde* art must be sought outside Europe; in Asia, Africa and Latin America. In such countries, where native language atrophied or regressed under the pressure of colonialism, the inevitable choice between a revitalized native idiom or an adapted European language itself imposes on the writer an *avant-garde* attitude. Language has to be *created*: an explosion of thought is touched off; a new world comes into being. The Western world is repudiated and ancient, indigenous cultures are streamlined and accelerated by revolutionary movements. In these situations—as occurred in Europe in other epochs—*avant-gardism* is not only literary; it involves the whole culture. And the public is created by the same forces that create this true *avant-garde* art.

Sartre's exposition drew resounding applause, but not everybody agreed with him. John Willet, assistant editor of the London *Times Literary Supplement* which recently ran a special issue on the *avant-garde*, argued that *avant-garde* literature must somehow reflect the most advanced spirit of our age: as modified by modern science, by automation, by new experiences of time and space. These influences, however, can be found only in the industrialized "advanced" countries. In fact, the literature of the "new" countries lags far behind. It is in the advanced countries that art creates new syntheses, offers new images, becomes experimental art. Willet drew particular attention to the new "pictorial poetry," a fusion of verse and painting to create images, much as modern psychology believes our thought processes create images.

The poet, Giuseppe Ungaretti, had some doubts. He wondered whether any of these "experiments" would endure, whether they were more than tricks to camouflage the agony of certain structures as the brilliant birth of . . . nothing. Ungaretti took a melancholy view of our art and o age. "Is a poetic language still p sible today?" he asked.

> *Time has undergone such an a celeration that there is no longe any relationship between time an space. Time seems today withou duration: which means there is n longer any possibility of contem plation: hence, of poetic expression If contemplation is out, and tim has no duration, how can we giv a durable expression to poetry What we call poetry today, has i not become an act of despair What we call today written poetry is it not a denigration of the word An instantaneous succession o forms that fall into oblivion at th twinkling of an eye? Nature, Esenin complained, is shrinking from mo ment to moment. Must man capit ulate before automation? Must h transform himself into a robot o science fiction? Must he renounc his human prerogatives? These ar the grave problems of our time.*

Another poet, the Belgian Robe Goffin, thought it altogether futile talk about the *avant-garde* of toda because we are not in a position know anything about it. What is t real *avant-garde* of today will be u derstood only tomorrow. All we c judge today is the past, the *avan garde* of yesterday.

These are discordant voices—just a few samples—chosen from

My Hand

My hand wants comfort.
It wants to rest in a pocket
Or under a pillow.
It says: I'm tired of clutching things
Which in the end I have to let go.
My strength has become painful.
Make me inert.
Make me forget what it is like to feel.

My Legs

My legs often collapse.
It is not that they are thin,
That sickness has made them weak.
It is a kind of prayer with them
For the man they carry
Back and forth, through life.

The Boss Hires

I want a man who has nothing to gain.
I want his face to say: nothing more is to be lost.
I want to see from his hands:
That he shall not mind the hours,
That he shall stay on, that the pay will never be just.

Charles Simic

eat chorus; voices belonging to different generations, different nationali- es, different philosophies, yet all elonging to the West. The real "is- ıes" emerged when the concept of *vant-garde"* was faced across the oundary between West and East.

The history of the *avant-garde* in astern Europe was summarized with lmirable intellectual honesty and ankness by the Czech critic Eduard oldstücker — whose name is con- cted in literary history with the vival of Kafka in the Socialist coun- es. Goldstücker began at the begin- ng of this century, which has seen e rise of successive waves of Rus- an Futurism, Imagism, Surreal- n, as exemplified by such great gures as Majakovsky, Esenin and hers. These poets not only sought and found—new forms, new modes expression. They wanted to "trans- rm the world." This drew them into e ranks of the Communist revolu- n, a situation pregnant with trage- ; because the search for the new d untrammeled, the urge to trans- m the world, cannot long be con- ained in military ranks and files. e very term *"avant-garde,"* taken om military experience, is ill-chosen describe the striving of free spirits point noted by more than one eaker).

Partly these poets became disil- ioned with the revolution and de- ted into despair and suicide. Part- the Communist revolution, once toriously installed, took a new k — not dictated in any way by rxist doctrine — at the relations ween the artist and society. Can Socialist society *afford* an *avant- de* art, with its restricted appeal a small elite? Must not art be *bilized*, as is every other aspect human activity, in the service of ial and economic progress? Must ıot be democratic; accessible to all sses?

Thus, Mr. Goldstücker explained, normal evolution of *avant-garde* in his own country was inter- ted twice: once by the advent of zi-fascism and then by the Com- nist revolution.

But art resisted mobilization, and the Twentieth Party Congress (56) the law was changed. *Avant- dism* was given, if not free rein, least a longer rein. In Czechoslo- ia, in Poland, in Hungary *avant- dism* is trying to catch up with West; and is not doing too badly, ne considers the two setbacks.

But the difference between the Eastern and the Western concepts of *avant-garde* as became evident from these discussions, is too deep to be explained by a mere time lag.

In the West, as we have seen, *avant-garde* is a concept that rather defies definition. An *avant-garde* writer, in the last analysis, is one who says he is an *avant-garde* writer and who is accepted by other self-appointed *avant-gardists*. The notion implies a component of anarchism. Trying to shock a bourgeoisie which is rather hard to shock by now and tends less to oppress art than to smother it under facile and snobbish applause, the Western *avant-gardist* often resorts to antics—like an adolescent whose impulse to rebel is frustrated by the permissiveness of his parents.

East European Communists, on the other hand, have fused the concept of *avant-garde* with their concept of "humanism." This became clear as they spoke one after the other to the assembly. Said the Russian critic, B. Sutchov: "The values on which the artist draws and which determine his aesthetic judgment must be close to life, in order to give to man the feeling of his own spiritual importance. Marxists do not accept certain types of so-called *avant-garde* art which codify and exalt the *laceration of the human personality." Avant-garde* art, said Alexander Tvardovsky, must be responsible. First of all, it must have faith: faith in the future; faith in the new man that it must create. *Avant-garde* art must create *new values*.

This fundamental difference between the Western and Eastern concepts does not concern art alone. It is of a far more general cultural, social and political importance. For, in the last analysis, what is an *avant-garde* but the spiritual and artistic aspect of revolution? The point was raised only on the last day, by the Italian critic, C. G. Argan.

The West, by and large, rejects revolution. Being liberal—when it is liberal—it grants some kind of fools' license to its *avant-gardists*. It recognizes their "experimental" value. After the "great break" which is assumed to be now behind us, the function of various *avant-gardes* is to effect micro-changes, or mutations, which will eventually contribute to the further peaceful evolution of the arts.

The East still believes in revolution. Not at home, of course, where new values have triumphed, and a new man is in the making. At home, *avant-gardism* can only celebrate this new man and affirm the new values. But in the rest of the world, where revolution is yet to come, *avant-gardism* has a different function: that of undermining bourgeois values, of breaking up bourgeois forms. When the day of revolution is still distant, the relation between revolution and the *avant-garde* is idyllic (many Western European *avant-gardists* are Communists). However, the revolution must construct as well as demolish. In fact it can demolish effectively only when the constructive ideal is mature, ready to occupy the void. Therefore, as revolution draws nearer, the relations between communism and the Western-type *avant-garde* become strained.

Some form of revolution seems inevitable in large parts of Asia, Africa and Latin America. The "Socialist" East has one concept of this revolution, the "liberal" West has another. As Walter Lippmann pointed out in a recent column, that is the crucial issue dividing us. The concept of revolution needs redefining—as does the concept of war. A new definition of *"avant-garde"* in the arts is a corollary of — or signpost to — this new definition of revolution.

A dialogue on the subject between East and West is therefore essential. It could not have found a more suitable forum than the fourth congress of the European Community of Writers, the proceedings of which are soon to be published in book form.

The congress offered ample occasion for social contacts, parties, receptions. A private, advance showing of Fellini's newest film *Giulietta degli Spiriti* was arranged for the writers. The President of the Republic, Giuseppe Saragat, received the writers and led them on a "guided tour" through the Quirinale. Official messages from members of the cabinet, of parliament, of the Roman city government, abounded. Messages came also from UNESCO, the PEN Club, and other affiliated organizations. The most interesting result of these wider contacts was that, encouraged by the experience and the success of the European Community of Writers, similar groups are being formed in other cultural "regions." A Latin American "Community" has already been officially established; an African "Community" is in the making. Nothing would be more welcome than an initiative on the part of American writers (United States and Canada) to form a "North American Community of Writers." These regional "Communities" are expected to remain fully autonomous, which should enable them to embody more specifically the local atmosphere, which, today, is no longer "national" but "regional." (North American, European, African, Arab, Latin American, etc.) In the end, the European founding fathers envision some kind of federation of these regional "communities": brought together in a truly global "Parliament of Writers." The patronage of UNESCO for this whole development — first regional, then global—has been assured.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

TONY'S PARTY

The ads for Tony Richardson's transcription of *The Loved One* boast that the film contains something to offend everyone, and it proved to be so in my case. What offends me is that Mr. Richardson, assisted by Terry Southern and Christopher Isherwood as script writers, has turned Evelyn Waugh's brief, witty, tough attack upon American mores, as exemplified in the country's funeral rites, into a loose-lipped, leering, cute-boys-together campground. They have invented prodigiously in a spirit of delicious naughtiness, and everything they have invented is bad—overdone, self-satisfied, pitched to a cheap laugh, and out of key with Waugh's astringent fable.

Why should Mrs. Joyboy be portrayed as an obscenely fat food maniac swimming in the contents of an overturned refrigerator? The point in the book is that Joyboy directs his extravagant momism toward a bad-tempered slattern whom a pier rat would be loath to call mother. Gluttony to the point of orgasm is not germane. Why should the Blessed Reverend of Whispering Glades be exposed as a sex maniac whose stained-glass windows can be electronically animated (not very persuasively) for pornographic ends? Waugh was writing about the commercialization of grief, not the exploitation of sexual caprice. Why should the flyboys from *Dr. Strangelove* be treated to an orgy in the display-room coffins? Why should Mr. Hump be found in a fag bar?—it isn't the kind of joint an old alcoholic newspaper man might be expected to frequent. Why should Liberace be employed for any dramatic role?—he is incapable of acting. All these ide
stem from the impulse that caus
schoolboys to make rude gestures b
hind the teacher's back—the rest
the class can be counted on to titt

It could have been even worse. F
example, Southern states in *The Jo*
nal of the Loved One, a souvenir p
gram being sold by Random Hou
for $2.95, that the script called for
scene in which Robert Morley was
appear in drag. Morley, who is no fo
vetoed the idea, although he c
consent to pose for the book rubbi
noses and lips with Robert Morse, w
plays Dennis Barlow, Waugh's p
tagonist. Southern has written l
journal in a tone of hideous coyne
he is bewitched by his own sense
humor and by the notion that a
reference to homosexuality is p
se hilarious (as the aforemention
schoolboys used to break up at eve
mention of drawers). The picture
sicklied over with a mist of inversio

I'm sure that John Gielgud, Rod
MacDowell, Jonathan Winters, R
Stieger, Lionel Stander and the othe
had a fantastic time (to borrow o
of Southern's favorite adjectives) la
pooning themselves under the nur
maid eye of The Tip Top (Richardso
again quoting Southern). How the
tre people relax is their own busine
but when their idea of jolly japes
permitted to slop over into their wo
and to smother the bite of *The Lov*
One in a mush of excess and innuenc
they become a public nuisance. Wh
ever gave these boys the notion th
they were smarter than Evelyn Waug

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Acropolis

the blossoms have broken
from your stone stems. But your roots
hold houses and stone streets
hold my friends fast in the Plaka
willing to fly over fountains of stairs
into your Athens.

A Dream Like Wind

I came as close to you
as ravishers on a vase

Away from the din of Maenads
howling through islands
Following your black hair
prancing through mountain passes

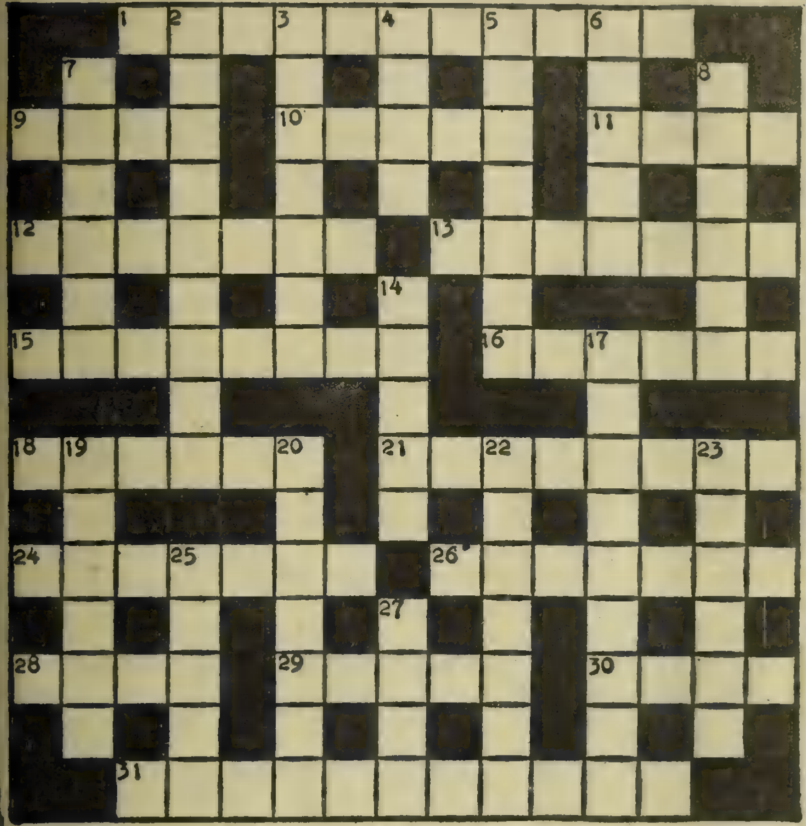
A Bird

Where blue runs to purple beyond the chainmail of saltsea,
she whines,
"Where? Where?"

William Gerchow

Crossword Puzzle No. 1125

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

The adjectives traditionally applied to this place might suggest a small revolutionary. (11)

and 27 down A shabby occasion, possibly associated with the name of the village for an intervening period. (8)

What they try to do at 1 across, but not at a way to draw out. (5)

and 12 The basis for a current "cultural" attitude for the rest of the holiday-makers? (11)

Thurible-sounding critics. (7)

Sorry, it's an enclosure I find before something put up on 11-12.

Our association with the British game, possibly. (6)

Smells like money on board! (6)

Potential tool of destruction, but one's hilt is in sorry shape for it!

The more expensive bars, perhaps, with fancy trimming. (7)

They might run around the building, because one hears it turns very cold. (7)

The bird that might seem to hold things together for Boston cooks?

Set to catch itself, if the unusual occurs. (5)

See 19 down

Defied a noblewoman — possibly one representing spectacular growth in the entertainment world. (7, 4)

DOWN:

Make a study of an important reaction, with a perplexing result.

3 Certainly not like the accounts of the early settlers. (7)

4 If you find your forte is in music, the results should be. (4)

5 Some in 2 down about to allow certain dishes to be served hot. (7)

6 Acts like a Vandal in not-so-new clothes. (5)

7 Bachelors have at least one measure of criminality. (6)

8 Arise in an emergency, obviously!

14 Dwarf in a notable performance.

17 Bill might occasionally be so cool.

19 and 30 across Throws wood on the fire for dinner, possibly. (5, 5)

20 A cleaner look-out? (7)

22 Possibly dangerous, with no aspiration to be quite a burden? (7)

23 Act like a 20, and acted like one in the playground, perhaps. (6)

25 Permission to go? (5)

27 See 9 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1124

ACROSS: 1 and 22 Outing flannel; 4 Crannies; 10 Fall-out; 11 Flipper; 12 Nails; 13 Ice; 14 and 2 Horse mackerel; 15 Organ; 17 Puffball; 21 After all; 23 Rumba; 26 Osaka; 29 Wreck; 30 Innings; 31 Wittier; 32 Gold rush; 33 Bengal. DOWN: 1 Off and on; 2 Tilting; 3 Nooks; 5 Rifle; 6 and 25 Neighboring; 7 Imperil; 8 Serves; 9 Ethiopia; 16 Nee; 18 Fall down; 19 and 28 across Barred; 24 Meeting; 27 Abner; 28 Rasps; 29 Withe.

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THE
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November 8, 1965 . . 35c

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CRIME IS TOO BIG FOR THE FBI

An Ex-Agent Sums Up

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The Student Left

Idealism and Action

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LETTERS

War buddies

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: According to the papers, the International Days of Protest against the War in Vietnam had some counter-demonstrations, led chiefly by the Young Americans for Freedom, the Joe McCarthy Society, the National Renaissance Party and the Young Republicans (not to mention the Republicans for Conservative Action, Friends of Hells Angels and the Hells Angels, themselves).

A couple of Y.A.F. and Y.R. leaders, interviewed by the news media, said substantially the same thing, "We support President Johnson 100 per cent."

The irony of all this—the laughable, tragic irony—is that *none* of these people (be they Republicans, extreme Right or neo-Fascists) supported Vice-Presidential candidate Johnson for election; *none* supported candidate Johnson for re-election; *none* supported him on civil rights, on education, on housing, on poverty legislation, on medicare, on repeal of 14-B—only on the bombing of Vietnamese do they support him.

And, comes the next national elections, these same "supporters" will again accuse the Democrats of being the "war party." *Harned Prasentnik*

New chapter of protest

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: The October demonstrations established the existence of a militant peace movement, a coalition of pacifist and radical groups around the concept of an immoral, unjust war in Vietnam. The main idea of the demonstrations was to "get out!" It has been obvious for some time that such a movement exists. Now it has a formal expression and has made its own mark. . . .

Already the government has set in motion the apparatus to attack the movement. Not far behind will come the House Un-American Activities Committee. . . . The peace movement will be kept busy defending itself from attack. This will not only include legal attack but also vigilante attack by the Legion and other "gung-ho" groups.

The liberal peace movement which is planning the November 27 Washington demonstration represents a separate sector. It appeals to middle-class intellectuals and projects negotiation as the basis for peace in Vietnam. Politically it is close to the White House. . . . In essence the difference revolves about the terms of settlement. At one time, the White House all but pre-empted the program of the liberal peace movement, but the presence of 200,000 troops has shifted U.S. aims from a negotiated peace to a negotiated victory.

All realists have recognized that the U.S. could not be driven out of Vietnam, but neither have we been able to win the support of the Vietnamese people. We may be able to annihilate the people but it will take even more men to pacify the population. . . .

As the war escalates slowly . . . we find a game of attrition being played. . . . This game can be best played by a manipulative government and a passive people. The demonstrations and counter-demonstrations have not been programed on the "game-theory" board. This tends to distress the President and his advisers.

Somehow or other the very placidity of the situation, the failure of the opposition in Western Europe, Africa and Latin America to arouse more clamor, encourages the U.S. policy makers. Vietnam has not pricked the conscience of the world to the degree that Spain did in 1936-39!

We are in for some difficult months. *A. Y. Gregoris*

Segregated teachers

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Stanley Elam's piece on teachers' unions, "Rift Without Differences" [*The Nation*, Oct. 18] . . . did overlook one major item. . . . Much of the NEA strength comes from segregated state and local organizations. One has the impression that the NEA has not vigorously pressed a drive to integrate, whereas almost a decade ago the AFT abolished segregated locals.

Umberto La Paglia

Reply to 'Rant'

Perth Amboy, N.J.

Dear Sirs: I write to continue the conversation with Mordecai Marcus [letter in *The Nation*, Oct. 25] on art and the Left.

In finishing a book with some paragraphs on the last forty-five years in art, I was struck by the fact that wherever great artists did work on an existing conflict of Left and Right they always chose the Left. This is not rant. It is a report on what happened.

The Fascist revolution in Italy cannot claim *Fontamara* or any comparable work. Franco likewise has nothing comparable to *Guernica* or *For Whom the Bell Tolls;* Chiang cannot match or claim *Man's Fate*. The Mexican muralists' works are on the Left.

In their lives or opinions artists can be for the Right, as was Pound. But, curiously, I find no great work expressive of the Fascist successes. Perhaps Mr. Marcus knows such a work.

David Mandel

THE
NATIO

Monday, November 8, 1965
Volume 201, No. 15

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EDITORIALS

ork for the "Fabulous" 89th

he "fabulous" 89th Congress has now adjourned the Presidential accolade, its own congratulations, almost universal journalistic acclaim. The jubila- is not without a solid basis. At a future cost of e $119 billion, virtually all the must items have enacted and in several directions new legislative nd has been broken. It is all so wonderful that tor Mansfield feels the second session should be of "pause" for consolidation and implementation. will probably be such a session in any case, since is an election year, a time when politicians be- e prudent, if not fearful. However, the record of 89th is not all that wonderful. Instead of taking a plete siesta, would it not be opportune to stage a ematic, thoroughgoing discussion of American for- policy? Such a review has been postponed again again for the past twenty years; and it is high that the Senate got to work in this neglected sec- of the nation's business. The reasons have been stated recently by Sen. George D. Aiken, Walter mann and John S. Knight, among others.

enator Aiken is not sharply critical of the Presi- t; he concedes that his policies in the past year e been "a fair reflection of the attitudes of the rican people." But he adds that a strong President ot only in a position to educate but to persuade, le or even intimidate the people into a particular se of action. However, in the American tradition, is not supposed to be the end of the matter. Con- s is not relegated to the role of rubber stamp under system, nor does all wisdom reside in the Execu- . By public discussion and debate, Congress is ex- ed to enlighten the public and to correct the errors are inevitable in complex affairs. When the recess ver, the 89th should honor this responsibility.

he consequences of a policy of neglect and acqui- nce in the legislative branch are the subject of ment by Lippmann and Knight; the latter titles his le in the Detroit *Free Press*, "Filling an Intellectual uum." The fact is that the teach-ins and street onstrations have been a democratic reaction to the of official debate and dissent. We are not a na- of yes-men, at least we never have been that in past, and when the President constantly on radio television announces *faits accomplis* that affect lives of us all, and then in private persuades or vbeats Congressmen to go along, free Americans state their views in their own way. Wise or foolish, university faculty members who have organized teach-ins, and students who have demonstrated in streets, have exercised a constitutional right and vic duty. They have done what the Congress should e done. Instead of the praise which is their due, have been greeted with a stream of abuse from e Congressmen, who seem to be under the impression that they are the censors of the voters—and the young who soon will be voters—rather than their legislative representatives.

One index to the effectiveness of a legislative body is its deference, or lack of deference, toward its most intelligent members. The ineffectiveness of the 89th in foreign affairs is shown by the quasi-isolation of Sen. J. William Fulbright, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, one of the Senate's outstanding foreign policy experts, and probably one of the unhappiest men in Washington. He has made speech after speech, each full of sense, and has been rewarded with the indifference of his colleagues, as if he were some brash newcomer. It is perilous to ignore men like Fulbright, and the Senate can remedy this neglect at the second session. If it evades its clear duty, all the accomplishments of the first session may be consumed in the fires of the expanding war.

Draftniks and Vietniks

One reason why Congressmen should refrain from bawling against Vietnam war resisters is that their philippics will be scarcely audible in the general chorus of brainless denunciation. The country has a sizable army of verbal shock troops always ready to cry treason when anyone dares to question the righteousness of any of our wars, declared or undeclared. Its members range from juvenile activists who have found a better outlet than overturning ashcans, veterans of past wars who revel in belligerent patriotism, intellectuals of the Establishment, fire-eating clergymen, white Russians and other *émigrés*—and a noisy section of the press.

Surprised and somewhat dismayed by the size of the October 16 weekend turnout, the news media, as is their habit, pulled out all the stops. Most of them misquoted the Attorney General, whose remarks in Chicago, while condemnatory, were notably cautious. Some jumped the membership of Students for a Democratic Society from 3,000 to 300,000—a slip of the decimal that must have panicked some readers. Others identified the anti-war movement with international communism. Still others maintained that in clean-living America, where the bathroom is a kind of household shrine, the demonstrators were the great unwashed. Although *U.S. News & World Report*, *Time* and *Newsweek* all had long articles denouncing the demonstrators, none found space to evaluate their opposition, answer their arguments soberly, or consider how and why the resistance to the Vietnam war differs from conscientious objection in the two World Wars and the Korean War.

Yet there need be no mystification. To begin with, Vietnam is a dirty, shameful war, in which we are trying to put down an indigenous revolutionary movement whose aim is to free the country from foreign domination and ultimately to unite the two halves, as provided in the Geneva agreements. Not surprisingly, conscientious objection is more widespread than in World War II, when the United States was attacked and fascism threatened the world, or in the Korean War in which, according to generally accepted opinion, the Communists were the aggressors. A young man might not wish to oppose war under all conditions, yet might with every moral justification refuse to fight in *this* war.

Moreover, a whole generation has been impressed with the issue of individual moral responsibility in mass killing. What else is the point of the endless debate about the responsibility of the Germans who *heiled* Hitler and knew nothing of the extermination camps until the Third Reich was defeated and there was no longer any need for them to do anything? After the Nuremberg trials, how can anyone who believes in the Judeo-Christian ethic take refuge in the doctrine of "my country, right or wrong," and gladly go out to kill?

Then, an uneasy feeling exists in the rising generation that war per se is wicked and futile. How widespread this feeling is, how deep it runs, remains to be seen. But the young can see that two world wars have settled very little, that the next war may bring on a nuclear disaster of inconceivable dimensions, and that, scarcely having lived, they may perish for no cause that can find any justification in love of country, love of mankind, or love of self.

Finally, are memories so short that the campaign promises of 1964 are already forgotten? Mr. Johnson gave no inkling that he purposed to expand the war in Vietnam. Both candidates suggested that the Selective Service system needed revision, that perhaps it could be abolished. Now the young are called on to engage in a general bloodletting, and theirs not to reason why. When they ask questions, they are told to shut up and get into uniform. It is late in the day for sheeplike conformity masquerading as patriotism.

An Arms Embargo

The simultaneous and interrelated rise of industrialism and nationalism was a bad augury for the future of mankind from the very beginning. Never, however, has its maniacal character been as clear as in the current eagerness of the industrialized nations to sell arms to the underdeveloped—when what the people need is bread, medicine, shelter and clothing.

It is bad enough that West Germany spends some $700 million on arms yearly under an "offset" agreement, with German purchases reimbursing the United States for the dollars it spends to keep American troops in the Federal Republic. Nor is it any better when, without an offset agreement, our government spends more than $300 million a year in France for military purposes. But this is military trade among wealthy countries; one might say that, if lives are no object, they can afford it.

It is also in the regular line of business when the chairman of the board of Lockheed Aircraft, ar less than five senior vice presidents, make a trip" to Saudi Arabia in connection with a ma air "defense" system including jet fighters, radar ground-to-air missiles in a deal that, according t *Los Angeles Times*, might run to $250 million. S Arabia is also among the wealthy, at least in the ing families. But the trade does not stop there. India and Pakistan are close to famine, but United States has supplied both with arms in past; now India is exercised over a report that Germany has decided to sell Pakistan seventy- jet aircraft. In the Near East a spiraling build-u arms continues between Israel and the Arab nat and John H. Hoagland and John B. Teeple des in *The Christian Science Monitor* (October 20) s of its ramifications. One involves the move of of the Willy Messerschmitt aircraft design orga tion from West Germany to Spain, and thenc Egypt. Armaments know no boundaries.

The Soviets are notorious arms suppliers to all sundry, as long as they are not allied with the Ur States—or China. However, at the height of the port program to Egypt, in 1956, Premier Khrush said: ". . . We should sell arms to states which us to do so, and the reason . . . is that shipments being made by other countries. If it were possibl agree through the UN or otherwise that this w not take place, we would welcome that and we w be prepared to take part in such an understandi Hoagland, who is vice president of Browne & Sl Research Corporation, and Teeple, who is superv of the Washington Arms Control Group of the Ber Corporation, suggest that it may be no more diffi to reach agreement on an arms embargo with Soviets than with "our friends in the West." They an embargo, both on arms and technology, a gu antee of borders, a regional arms freeze and par disarmament on the part of the major powers possible steps. The chances of an agreement are tainly not bright, but would it not be better to than to let the spiraling arms races in the und developed world go on unchecked?

Justice for Homosexuals

No doubt even in vice squads there are enlighte and dedicated officers of the law, but inevitably bru moralistic, authoritarian types will predominate in t environment. Partly because of this disproportion, treatment of the homosexual, especially the male ho sexual, is one of the murkiest areas of civil rights. is murky also because the homosexual, notoriou vulnerable to extortion and blackmail in our cultu is in no position to make an issue of his constitutio rights, much less of his rights as a human being. much is generally known. What is not so well kno is that even sexually impeccable individuals who tempt to intervene in this scandal of American soci are subject to much the same pushing around as t homosexuals whom they try to help.

he late Learned Hand, one of the wisest and most
nane of American jurists, recommended that homo-
ual relations between consenting adults in private
uld be legalized. The latest Kinsey Report, *Sex
enders*, suggests that the proper domain of sex law
vhere force or threat is employed, in cases involv-
an adult and a child, and in cases of sexual activity
solicitation so obtrusive as to constitute a public
sance. Acting on these convictions, a group of
gymen and laymen in San Francisco chartered the
ıncil on Religion and the Homosexual as a non-
fit corporation under the laws of the state of Cali-
ıia. The Council has produced a brochure, "A Brief
Injustices," which should be read by every citizen
would like to see his country relieved of a legal
mination. It may be obtained at $1 a copy from
.H. at 330 Ellis St., San Francisco 94102.

Among C.R.H.'s findings are that in effect the Amer-
n mores, enforced by the police with or without
utory support, deprive homosexuals of their legal
ıts. The police use enticement and entrapment to
ke arrests. Instead of protecting citizens from crim-
ls, a substantial part of the police department de-
es itself to harassing and persecuting homosexuals,
almost always are harmless. Public premises, such
bars, are subject to loss of license if they provide
vice to homosexuals or persons presumed to be homosexuals. When the members of C.R.H. tried to correct these abuses locally, the police accused them of violating "God's law"—to which they apparently considered themselves more privy than the clergy, who were greeted with remarks such as, "I never thought I'd see the day when ministers helped queers."

Aside from actions of the police or the California Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, persons conceived to be homosexuals, but who may be merely effeminate, are routinely subjected to discriminatory employment practices based on the folk belief that homosexuals are unstable and untrustworthy. Like most folklore, this is nonsense, duly sanctified by government. In this case the superstition is reinforced by the loyalty procedures of the federal bureaucracy. In countries like Denmark and Holland homosexuals are not ostracized by the public nor hounded by the police, and there has been neither a breakdown of conventional morality nor of national security. It is principally in the United States that cases occur like that of Walter Jenkins, for a quarter of a century one of Lyndon Johnson's most trusted aides, who was forced to resign a year ago because of a homosexual incident which bore no resemblance to his habitual behavior or responsibility. Such personal and national tragedies can be obviated if sensible people will support the efforts of organizations of the type of C.R.H.

LEVENTH HOUR IN RHODESIA

N. M. Shamuyarira

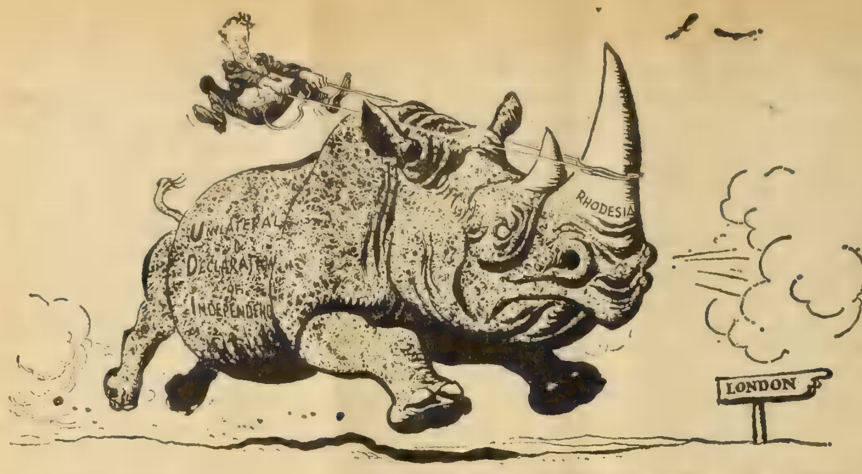
ıough Southern Rhodesia sud-
ly leaped onto the front pages of
world press only last month, the
ic racial drama there has been
olding steadily for nearly eight
rs. Journalists who visited South-
Rhodesia in that period, and
ticularly since 1962, have
ned sternly that another South
ica in terms of racial patterns,
ınother Congo in terms of racial
flicts, was in the making. Their
nings, reinforced by the protests
n delegations sent by Rhodesian
icans to every United Nations
sion since 1960, were unheeded
he international community and
Great Britain. The latter could
be urged to "act" until Ian
ith, Prime Minister of Southern
desia, demanded that it "abdi-
"* its responsibilities. There-
, a problem that could have been
ed by the stroke of the pen of
Alec Douglas-Home in 1957, or Mr. Duncan Sandys in 1961 (successive secretaries for Commonwealth Relations in the Macmillan government), may now require a full-scale military operation by Great Britain or the United Nations, or prolonged racial fighting between the 217,000 white settlers and the 4 million indigenous Africans of Southern Rhodesia.

In 1957, Sir Alec Douglas-Home brushed aside objections by 9 million Africans of the Central African Federation (to which Southern Rhodesia then belonged, along with Zambia and Malawi), and of the watchdog African Affairs Board, to the Constitutional Amendment Bill which established the principle of registering voters in the Federation on separate A and B rolls, according to their financial and educational qualifications. The A roll controlled fifty of the sixty-five seats in the legislative assembly, and this division of the electorate gave the white settlers, then led by Sir Roy Welensky, an instrument for maintaining effective control, while ostensibly extending suffrage to the native population. More important, the entire bill shook the confidence of the Rhodesian Africans in the basic intentions of the white settlers in Rhodesia, who were supported at this point by the British Government. Southern Rhodesia's prime minister, R. S. Garfield Todd (recently placed under restrictive arrest for twelve months), was ignominiously dismissed by his cabinet, party and the electorate, primarily because he had intended to improve the status of the Africans.

In 1961, the Africans of Rhodesia, backed by a widely supported reso-

N. M. Shamuyarira, born in Rhodesia in 1928, was for four years editor of the now-banned Daily News, *the only paper in the country edited for African readers. He is at present studying for a Ph.D. in politics at Princeton University. Mr. Shamuyarira's* Crisis in Rhodesia *(Andre Deutsch) was published last month in London.*

"Act or abdicate" was a key phrase
he Devlin Commission on Nyasa-
d, now Malawi, in 1959.



Illingworth: London Daily Mail (Ben Roth)

lution of the General Assembly of the United Nations, rejected the constitution that had been negotiated by Mr. Duncan Sandys in Salisbury at a conference attended by leaders of all racial groups and political parties in Southern Rhodesia. Although it had appeared that the African leaders at the conference had given tacit approval to the proposals, their followers rejected them outright at two representative party conferences. I was one of four delegates sent by the nationalist movement to the United Nations in 1962 to petition the Colonialism (Fourth) Committee against the introduction of this constitution. The main point of our argument then was that the A and B rolls were designed to place the 4 million Africans at a hopeless disadvantage in the legislature. We observed that the fifty A roll seats gave the settlers the two-thirds majority by which they could change the constitution as they saw fit—including the abolishment of African representation altogether, or the step of unilateral independence which now threatens. Duncan Sandys rode roughshod over our advice and the UN resolutions.

Both British ministers rested their cases on a belief in the expressed good intentions of the white settlers. In the 1961 negotiations, Duncan Sandys surrendered Britain's established power to intervene decisively on African legislation, whenever it felt the occasion demanded, and accepted instead a bill of rights, a constitutional council and other constitutional safeguards — all to be implemented by the settler administration and civil service. Indeed, he placed so much trust in Sir Edgar Whitehead, then Prime Minister and leader of the more moderate but now defunct United Federal Party, that in certain cases, notably the controversial Land Apportionment Act, he accepted only verbal promises that justice would be done to the indigenous Africans.

What has been the upshot of all this trust? The white settlers accepted the Sandys constitution in order to rid themselves of the influence of Whitehall, and then rid themselves also of Whitehead and his promises at the subsequent election in 1962. The more radical, right-wing Rhodesia Front, now led by Mr. Ian Smith, was brought into office with a mandate to halt the African progress that had been promised in the 1961 constitution, and to press harder for what has always been their main aim: independence and white supremacy.

Given this background, it may be understandable why the announced basis of the discussion in Salisbury last week between Mr. Harold Wilson, Prime Minister of Britain, and Mr. Ian Smith—namely the 1961 constitution and an international treaty—is totally unacceptable to the African people. For four years now the Africans have expressed unequivocal objection to the 1961 constitution, for the reasons stated above. Successive British governments have agreed that the Africans' view is reasonable, although they have urged them to participate under the constitution. It is unthinkable that that document can now be considered a basis of discussion.

Even more important, the native Rhodesians have made it clear that the "blocking third" idea—now one of the five principles being advanced by Great Britain—is equally unacceptable. In the 1962 UN debate, they would have accepted a blocking third in the legisla (which meant twenty-four s controlled by the B roll insteac the fifteen offered by Sandys), only to insure that white settlers not make retrogressive changes the existing constitution before final constitution of an independ Southern Rhodesia had come i being. At the time of independe the Africans want nothing short a majority of seats in the South Rhodesian parliament. No Afric not even the fifteen Uncle Tc now in parliament, has ever cepted the blocking third in the c stitution of the independent nati They know of too many gove ments that violate their own c stitutions with impunity.

The present dispute between I Wilson and Mr. Smith has tenc to obscure the fundamental diff ences between Mr. Wilson's p posals and the Africans' aspiratio Efforts to narrow this gap succe when the Labour Party is out of fice, but when it becomes the g ernment it inherits the Tory po tion of gradual African advan which means in fact no advan and either a studied disregard African voices raised in protest or revival of the doctrine of good fai in the settler population, despite record that speaks eloquently to t contrary.

Mr. Smith's case is not i tended to convince the African rather it is meant to frighten the and to strengthen his followi among the settlers. It rests on t premise that African states north the Zambezi are being badly go erned today, and that Rhodes should not be allowed to drift in similar chaos. Further, that Sout ern Rhodesia, under settler rule, h been self-governing for forty-thr years and now clearly deserves i dependence. The first point is sir ply untrue. Several African stat have had their teething trouble but on balance they are better go erned now than they were durir colonial days: there is certainly greater impetus for developme and more participation by all t people at all the levels of gover ment. In Zambia, the post-indepen ence economic boom has attracte to the country more Europea than left it in the hour of ind pendence. The European settler Southern Rhodesia can find sec rity in that country today and t

rrow only under a majority gov-
ment; they live securely on bor-
ved time as a repressive minority.
)n the second point, while it is
e that Southern Rhodesia has
n self-governing for forty-three
ırs—it is the only country in the
tish Commonwealth of Nations
ıt has ever controlled its army
d police before independence—
has not earned its independence
the way it has governed. The
ty-three pieces of discriminatory
islation that have been put on
statute books, the banning of
wspapers and of five successive
ican political parties, the de-
ning of party leaders for periods
to five years without trial, the
ıoring of court decisions on con-
tutional issues, a sharply rising
son population (it now stands at
,000), the exclusion of Africans
m fertile farming lands and from
executive posts in the civil serv-
—all these acts comprise a rec-
l of repression which does not de-
ve the reward of independence.

More alarming is the grand de-
n of the 3.5 million Europeans
South Africa, Rhodesia, Mozam-
ıue and Angola (there are 5 mil-
n Europeans in Africa as a
ıole) to defy African nationalism
the whole of southern Africa.
eir ultimate intention is to make
area a little Europe, bound to-
ther by military treaties, and as-
iated with other African coun-
es like the Congo (assuming
hombe's influence remains or can
re-exerted through the bands of
ıite mercenaries still there) in a
mmon market.

In the face of the record and the
erall settler designs, the interna-
nal treaty suggested by Mr. Smith
ould be laughable if it were not
ious. His own government vio-
ed the 1961 constitution before
e ink was dry. The most glaring
ample was the restrictions placed
the freedom of the two African
tionalist leaders, Rev. Ndabaningi
thole, President of the banned
mbabwe African National Union,
d Mr. Joshua Nkomo, President
the banned Zimbabwe African
ople's Union, even after the high
urt had ruled such restriction
thout trial to be contrary to the
ter and spirit of the 1961 consti-
tion. Another violation is the Land
portionment Act—the main seg-
gation law which divides the coun-
y into white and black areas of
out equal size. The Constitutional Council which was set up to watch over discriminatory legislation has reported that this act, and the principles behind it, cut clean across the constitution. The British Government has said the same. Smith refuses to release the restricted leaders, or to repeal the act, but still wants to create the impression that he can be relied upon to govern more justly in future if he is put entirely on his own. No one can be fooled. Africans are fully aware of the contemptuous manner in which basic clauses in South Africa's 1910 constitution were dislodged by the late Dr. Malan, who packed the senate and the courts with supporters of his brand of Afrikaanerdom and white supremacy. Actions over the years in Rhodesia have convinced the Africans there that the vote is their only effective safeguard. It is often asked on the other side, what safeguard will there be for the European settlers? The answer is simple: only the good will of the Africans, in fact the magnanimity of the majority, can safeguard the interests of the settlers.

The native Rhodesian's case is firmly based on two principles—that he must enjoy human dignity and exercise to the full his ability to advance in the land of his birth, and that minority rule is necessarily oppressive. The latter premise is clear from what has already been written. In order to rule for their own advantage the settlers are taking ever more oppressive measures against the overwhelming majority. The former and more positive point is equally self-evident. Until one sees the horizon one cannot desire to advance toward it. Until the indigenous people of Southern Rhodesia can determine fully the political, social and economic goals of their motherland, their enthusiasm for advancement can never be set in motion.

The question before Great Britain now is how to stop Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front from declaring independence unilaterally, if Wilson fails to persuade them to negotiate it. Economic sanctions, which London has promised to use, have failed to work in previous instances. However, the Rhodesian economy is so heavily dependent on England that if full sanctions were imposed by Great Britain and all its NATO allies, the Rhodesian pound would drop to about two-thirds of its present value. The new country would lose nearly half of its exports to Britain and Zambia, a third of its imports from Britain, and its London accounts would be frozen. The main target would be tobacco, the country's biggest export, which enters Britain on very favorable Commonwealth preferential terms. Half of the crop—about 100 million pounds—is sold to England. America, which will follow the British example, has stockpiled 700 million pounds of tobacco, enough to swamp the world market for some years. Other products to suffer from embargoes and the loss of Commonwealth preference include sugar, the country's fastest growing industry, and, to a small extent, beef. All this sounds impressive action on paper, but one does not know to what extent South Africa would want to bail out Rhodesia, or the reaction of trading countries like Japan, and even France.

It would therefore be imprudent for Great Britain on the one hand, and the international community on the other, to rely solely on sanctions to solve the Rhodesian situation. There should be contingent preparations for a military operation—not necessarily to punish Smith, as some British newspapers have suggested, but to prevent a racial war on the Zambezi. Such a conflict would set back race relationships in the whole of Africa for many years to come, and lower the prestige of Western nations throughout the continent. Nor is this the only justification for international action by the United Nations and/or the Organization of African Unity, alone or in conjunction with other regions. The harshness of the racial laws of Rhodesia is a violation of the United Nations charter and an affront to the dignity of man. Further, an illegal act of the magnitude of the unilateral declaration of independence is tantamount to an invasion of the people of Southern Rhodesia.

Britain may find it difficult to use force because of the deep personal feelings between its own people and the settlers. About 60 per cent of the settlers are British-born, and most of them are postwar immigrants (a fact which puts in question their claim to Rhodesia as their native land). There is already considerable dissension in the Conservative Party over the use of sanctions, but Britain has let it be known in New York that in the event of a unilateral declaration it could support and even contribute men to a UN force in Rhodesia.

As for the Africans, their leaders have made it clear that if Smith carries through his threats they intend to establish a government-in-exile and wage a vigorous guerrilla warfare inside the country. The aim will be to draw the allegiance of the 4 million Africans away from the settler government. Although i now late, decisive action by G Britain—which is primarily resp sible for the present crisis— the international community c prevent a Congo-type chaos o bitter, drawnout racial conflict.

Crime Is Too Big for the FBI . . William W. Turn

Shortly after the conclave of Cosa Nostra czars at Apalachin, N.Y., on November 14, 1957, special agents of the FBI could have been seen moving stealthily up and down the ranks of automobiles in the parking lot of a large West Coast air terminal. Every so often a G-man jotted down a license number, and it looked as if they were on the spoor of big game. In the spring of the following year FBI chief, J. Edgar Hoover, rejected a request from the attorney general's Special Group on Organized Crime that a number of agents be assigned to help nab the crime bosses who had found federal sleuths napping at Apalachin. Hoover snubbed the Special Group, claiming that it had no "specific target" and would use his minions on "fishing expeditions." "Obviously," he huffed, "we have neither the manpower nor the time to waste on such speculative ventures."

What was the crucial airport mission that occupied the G-men? I was there, an FBI agent on duty. It was part of a nation-wide drive, but not, I'm ashamed to say, a drive aimed at organized crime: it was the very model of a fishing expedition. The superbly trained agents were noting out-of-state license numbers on the random chance of finding a "hot" car that had been transported interstate. If they spotted one, they would be able to log a double statistic: one car recovered, one recovery value. A lot of time and manpower could thus be spent on finding just one stolen car that local police patrols would eventually stumble upon anyhow; but the airport patrol was part of the FBI's relentless campaign, year in and year out, for more and more impressive statistics. When results from all fifty-five offices are tabulated at the end of each year, Hoover can boast of "new peaks of achievement." An example: in 1961 the FBI recovered "17,430 stolen automobiles valued at more than $26.5 million," an "all-time high."

During my ten and a half years with the FBI, I learned to value the camaraderie and sense of public service that went with the job. But as time passed I became acutely aware that the bureau was hollow at the center. It buried its head in the sand where organized crime was concerned, alternatively pretending that it didn't exist or was none of the FBI's business. And it covered up this blindness with a gaudy show of statistics. The consequent sad paradox has been that over a period of forty years the FBI and organized crime have flourished together.

As a young, hustling director, J. Edgar Hoover got the FBI off to a flying start. He devised innovations that remain a tribute to his vision: the FBI laboratory, the identification division that houses the nation's fingerprints, and the National Academy that teaches the rudiments of investigation to law officers from all over the country. Though handicapped by lack of field experience, he showed a remarkably deft touch in guiding the affairs of his fledging bureau. The Man, as his subordinates referred to him, whipped what had been a lackadaisical, ill-regarded outfit into fighting trim.

It wasn't long before the new-look G-men were put to the test. Eliot Ness and his Treasury Department T-men had pulled the rug out from under Al Capone and his henchmen. Prohibition had been repealed, and the face of crime was changing. As Hoover described it: "Crime had been speeded up; crime had taken to the four-lane highway, to the roar of the aeroplane. . Roving bands of plunderers mo swiftly from city to city and st to state, their machine guns c tering death, their affiliations tending from one end of the co try to the other."

Crime's pace and scope found cal cops tripping over state borde but the ill wind blew some good in the FBI's direction. Congr beefed up existing federal laws a wrote new ones, to give the bure jurisdiction in kidnaping, bank r bery, car theft and other nev beleaguered fields.

G-men donned their sna brim hats and entered the fr Rashly, they decided to meet gu fire with gunfire; skirmish erupted all over the country, cre ing considerable hazard to innoce bystanders. In the ill-fated raid the Little Bohemia resort, fro which Dillinger and his croni fled by the rear entrance, two ta payers were winged by federal gur and one of them died. And in t confusion of the manhunts the b reau was sometimes outwitted, when Alvin "Kreepy" Karpis—Pu lic Rat Number One, Hoover call him—evaded an elaborate trap an Atlantic City hotel by scurryi down a fire escape in his BVI

When the gun smoke settled, ho ever, these mishaps had bare dented the FBI shield. The pre soft-pedaled them, concentrati instead on the impending trium of good over evil. With an enti nation watching, flinty-jawed G-me systematically mowed down t Public Enemies one by one. The p fairly cried for a hero, and as t last lone wolf outlaw's obituary w written, Hoover was cutting qui a public figure. The new celebri hobnobbed with the famous, di ported himself at the Stork Clu and signed autographs with Shirle

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mple. He had become a latter-y St. George—and there would vays be a dragon.

But for Hoover the Dragon was ver organized crime. As the years led by the criminal syndicate w fatter and fatter, finally eclips- General Motors as the nation's hest "corporation." (Said racket-asher Thomas Dewey: "You y definitely assume that crime, is incorporated.") Hoover paid le heed, and after a time skeptics an to ask why. In an open letter Hoover on October 2, 1961, col-nist John Crosby spoke out:

> *Crime in this country has made s most substantial gains in the 36 ars you have been head of the BI. Under your benevolent eye, e crime syndicates are now roll-g in wealth and respectability. ambling, narcotics and industrial ckets are now the biggest busi-esses in this country, and hood-m money is now infiltrating all rts of respectable businesses.*

Hoover, accustomed to being han-d with kid gloves by the press, grily labeled the Crosby view-nt "appalling" and "degrading." for the issue, he tersely stated t the FBI didn't have "blanket isdiction in each and every facet crime, including narcotics and phases of organized crime."

Hoover was right, as far as he nt. But the bureau has pet mes—bank robbery, kidnaping, theft and the like—in which it s chosen to specialize. For the st part, they are amateurish ers that can be wrapped up with-t much fuss. What is more, local s, having done most of the work, often only too glad to turn the tly arrest and prosecution phase er to Uncle Sam.

In the 1930s, bank robbery was stock in trade of Dillinger types. w it's a greenhorn's sport. In San ancisco, an 18-year-old bride held a bank and seven hours later s honeymooning on the beach at ikiki. In Los Angeles, a grand-ther stuck up several banks by ndishing a vial she said con-ned nitroglycerine. In a San ancisco Mack Sennett comedy, ee beer-blurred bums were col-ed trying to make a getaway in dilapidated car with the wind-ield missing.

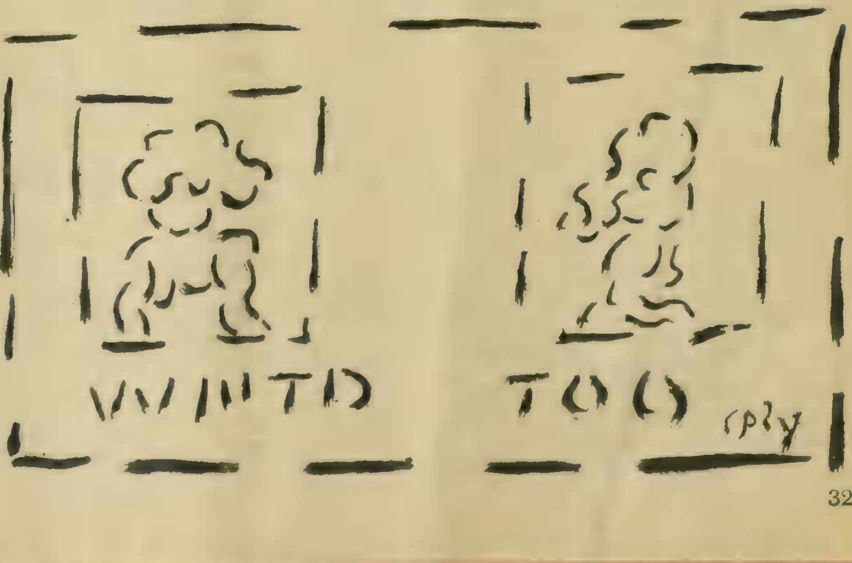
FBI spokesman Curtis O. num has confirmed this sad tamorphosis, stating: "The rob- today is not necessarily a hoodlum." Kidnapers never were. Abduction for ransom is a foolish game. Smart hoodlums won't touch it, and a line-up of famous shanghaiers would look like a hobos' convention. Bruno Richard Hauptmann was an illiterate carpenter who didn't even know that gold certificates had been recalled. Carl Hall and his paramour, Bonnie Heady, kidnap-slayers of little Bobby Greenlease in Kansas City, were in a continual alcoholic stupor. Angelo LaMarca, killer of infant Peter Weinberger on Long Island, was a penniless lone wolf. So is the still-sought chief suspect in the unsolved 1936 Charles Mattson kidnap-murder. Little can be said for the criminal cunning of the Frank Sinatra, Jr., kidnapers, one of whom got cold feet and turned in the others. Only "Kreepy" Karpis and "Machinegun" Kelly, whose single flings at the sport ended in disaster, had an iota of criminal stature, and they were working thirty years ago. As for car thieves, they tend to be juvenile joy riders rather than hardened thugs.

Once in a while the G-men run up against a tough customer, but for the most part the FBI has made a career out of nabbing the criminal lesser lights. And the problem is not one of jurisdiction. In bank robberies, the bureau takes its authority from a wisp of a technicality: federal money partially insures deposits. The federals plunge into kidnapings on the "rebuttable presumption" that the victim has been taken from one state to another (this rarely turns out to be the case and the matter winds up in a local court). And a youngster with a poor knowledge of geography may drive a stolen car 1 mile and be doggedly pursued by G-men, whereas if he had driven 400 miles in the opposite direction, it would be strictly a local affair.

When the FBI has wanted to get into the act, it has found one excuse or another for doing so. But when the crime doesn't appeal, the bureau suddenly turns legalistic. Civil rights investigations are a good example. As the laws are now written, violence in Mississippi can't lack federal jurisdiction. Yet the same G-men who have been known to stake out a bank for weeks on a tip it might be robbed, haven't to date caught anyone in the act of incinerating a Southern church used as a civil rights meeting place. Why? The FBI stays "within the bounds of its authorized jurisdiction," says Hoover. "We can't wet-nurse everybody who goes down South."

How big a stick could the FBI wield over organized crime? As Hoover stated, the G-men don't have blanket jurisdiction. The dope traffic, a syndicate mainstay, falls under the eye of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, a modest Treasury Department force of 450 (compared to the FBI's nearly 16,000). Led by Dr. Harry Anslinger, whose longevity in office almost matched Hoover's, the T-men have won some major skirmishes during their war on organized crime. One such was the capture of Vito Genovese, reputed evil genius behind the entire Cosa Nostra complex. Cosa Nostra czars came to look upon their do-or-die antagonists with a mixture of hate and respect: referring to "that bastard Anslinger," they decided at Apalachin to phase out narcotics in favor of rackets drawing less "heat."

Nevertheless, the inert FBI has had a legal arsenal bulging with



firepower: interstate transportation of gambling devices, lottery tickets and wagering data, stolen property, white slave traffic, labor racketeering, extortion, hijacking, bribery, fraud by wire, unlawful flight, obstruction of justice, misprision of felony, federal firearms act, and a fistful of others. The hoods obviously had to cross the G-men's sights somewhere along the line. For instance, there's hardly a syndicate "gun" who doesn't have a 2-page rap sheet, and for him just to step across a state border with gun in armpit holster is a federal crime. But the FBI didn't move.

Why not? For one thing, ever since the Dillinger days the FBI has been living the life of a federal fat cat and it didn't want to risk its reputation against the tough organized-crime foe. More than that, I doubt that Hoover has ever really understood the enemy. The hard core of organized crime is the Mafia, now called Cosa Nostra, a terrorist secret society transplanted from Sicily that adopted the trappings of modern America. No outsider can penetrate its inner sanctums. It is so powerful and tightly knit that it could exert a virtual monopoly on illicit enterprises any time it wanted. But to prevent fratricidal gang warfare, it prefers to enter into lucrative alliances with nonmember factions represented by the likes of Meyer Lansky, the late Bugsey Seigel, Joseph "Doc" Stracher and "Dandy Phil" Kastel.

There are two faces to organized crime; Detroit Police Commissioner George C. Edwards described them:

> *On the legal side, it is involved in selling everything from horse races to fruit juice; on the illegal, everything from dope to football bets. The Mafia men are characterized by the smile, the glad hand, the tuxedo and the ticket to the charity ball. But the basic Mafia tools are still money, murder and corruption.*

Organized crime has been called the Invisible Government because of its influence in political quarters. The 1951 Senate rackets committee claimed that mobster Frank Costello, by giving the word to the right people, could name the leader of Tammany Hall. (A not too far-fetched allegation when it is realized that a chunk of valuable Manhattan real estate is owned by mob fronts.) When "grease" won't work, organized crime gets its way by muscle. For example, when a nightclub owner balks at buying the "right" brands of liquor and supplies, syndicate "torches" burn his place down. And syndicate "guns" enforce internal codes against double-dealing and stepping out of line. In Chicago alone, almost 200 gang-style slayings remain unsolved.

Organized crime is slick, subtle, and difficult to pin down. In 1951, Sen. Estes Kefauver's rackets committee grilled top hoods from coast to coast. Arrogant and cocksure, they regarded the committee with the faint annoyance of a man flicking a fly off his arm. But Kefauver could read between the lines, and had plenty of fill-in testimony from local authorities. As the hearings ended he remarked: "A nation-wide crime syndicate does exist in the United States despite protestations . . . that there is no such combine."

Hoover has sermonized about "vermin in human form spewed forth from prison cells," "scum from the boiling pot of the underworld," and "a criminal horde larger than any of the barbarian hosts that overran Europe and Asia in ancient times." But this colorful rhetoric obviously doesn't refer to Tony Accardo, owner of a twenty-two-room mansion with two bowling alleys, a pipe organ and a black onyx bathtub. Or to Sam Giancana, the dapper spender who frequented Frank Sinatra's plush Nevada resort and squired Phyllis McGuire, of the singing McGuire sisters, around the swankiest spots in the United States and Europe. Or even to Mickey Cohen in his $275 lounging pajamas. The aging G-man was talking about a conglomeration of panderers, rapists, muggers, stick-up men and heisters that were essentially a problem for the local police.

This myopia rankled the FBI agents. It has always puzzled them that field officials who were brilliant at devising schemes for am
ing quick statistics went
when somebody mentioned or
ized crime. But none of us re
blamed them—middle echelon
men have been exiled to bu
Siberias for falling a convictio
two short in the annual tally.

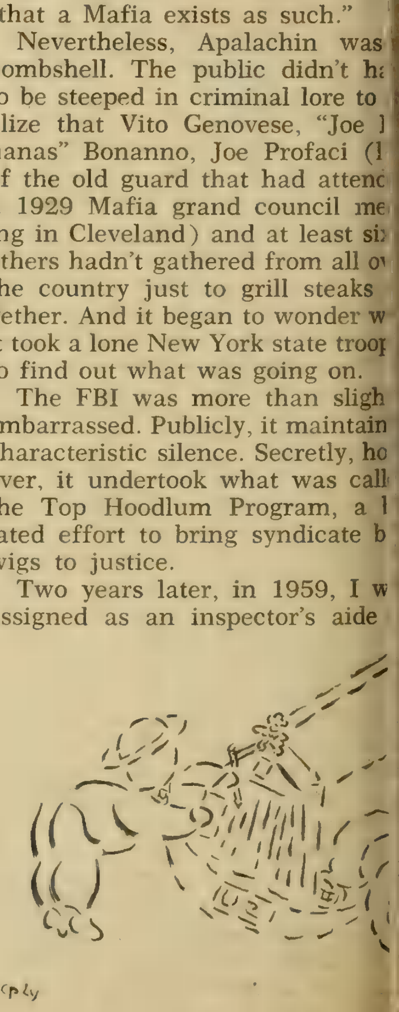
When the FBI brass admitted
existence of the Mafia at all,
saw it in terms of rustics who ha
gotten the dung off their shoes
trustworthy Italian informant (
was more than a decade ago)
me that a certain restaurant ow
was the Mafia chieftain for the a
"What Mafia?" laughed the cri
nal supervisor, "put it in GI
(The General Investigative Int
gence File was a no-action ca
all.) This was the attitude that
tered down from above.

Even after Apalachin,
view changed very little. *Time*
porter Sherrell Hillman, assigned
find out if the Mafia was fact
fancy, ended up as perplexed
when he started. The Narcotics
reau assured him that it was ind
very real; the FBI didn't beli
"that a Mafia exists as such."

Nevertheless, Apalachin was
bombshell. The public didn't ha
to be steeped in criminal lore to
alize that Vito Genovese, "Joe
nanas" Bonanno, Joe Profaci (
of the old guard that had attend
a 1929 Mafia grand council me
ing in Cleveland) and at least si
others hadn't gathered from all o
the country just to grill steaks
gether. And it began to wonder w
it took a lone New York state troop
to find out what was going on.

The FBI was more than sligh
embarrassed. Publicly, it maintain
characteristic silence. Secretly, ho
ever, it undertook what was call
the Top Hoodlum Program, a
lated effort to bring syndicate b
wigs to justice.

Two years later, in 1959, I w
assigned as an inspector's aide



view the program's results in Los igeles. I found that agents had stalled wire taps and electronic ugs" on hoodlums and foraged rough their refuse for clues. They d also employed the conventional ctics of surveillance, interrogation d plain footwork. A tall stack of elligence had been culled from files of the Los Angeles police, io had started their own top hood- n program seven years previous- following the Kefauver hearings. nerally, the agents had done a od job in the short time, but it is apparent that the syndicate uldn't be toppled overnight. More- er, the FBI's interest, never genu- , was beginning to flag.

The bureau continued to live the past of Dillinger, Ol' Kreepy d the Osage Indian murders. By 55, truly significant crime was ndicated. For several years I had en assigned to an office known the service as a "country club." was distant from Washington and n in fairly autonomous fashion a local boss with high political nnections. He was able to inflate s agent staff "just in case," and is made work light for everybody. evertheless I repeatedly asked for insfer to the metropolitan East iere big-league crime flourished. ie boss didn't understand. "Why e hell do you want to go back to ose teeming cities when you have so good out here?"

That was the idea—relax and en- y what you can't change. Only one an called the shots in the FBI, and didn't take kindly to advice. ipes about organized crime fell deaf ears. No one wanted to be cused of having "mental hali- sis," which is how Hoover some- nes referred to those with non- nformist notions. Though every- e chuckled at the following anec- te when it made the rounds, they t the message:

Agents cornered a Top Ten fugi- e at a New York subway entrance. brief skirmish ensued. One agent is grazed in the leg by a bullet d taken to the hospital for obser- tion. The report to Washington t slightly garbled. The next morn- g Hoover appeared as scheduled deliver a speech to a civic group. entlemen," he began, "I am with u today even though my heart is avy. . . . Last night in New York e of my agents was killed in a n battle." The director's words t back to New York agents, who drew straws to see who would go up to the hospital and finish off the wounded agent.

But as far as the public was concerned the FBI blotter was, as always, filled with big-time criminal names. A publicity gimmick called the Top Ten Fugitives Program maintained the illusion. Two-bit hoods, about as colorful as an army blanket, were arbitrarily designated "The Ten Most Wanted." Most were alcoholic tumbleweeds, tattooed megalomaniacs and kooky criminals. Recent billings: Harold Thomas O'Brien, charged with the barroom slaying of a buddy and described by the FBI as a "quick-tempered, big-talking ex-convict . . . always having one or more guns readily available." Louis Vasselli, said to be "extremely dangerous, especially when he has been drinking, and particularly dangerous to women, most particularly strip teasers." Edward H. Maps, a bearded artist accused of slaying his wife and daughter, called by the FBI "the alleged murderous beatnik." Top Ten? The only one even tentatively linked to organized crime was Fred Tenuto, and he hasn't been found.

Most so-called Top Ten fugitives are wanted for local crimes, often vicious ones. After police have solved the case, they ask the FBI to locate the fleeing suspect under the Fugitive Felon Act. The G-men are indeed the world's best bloodhounds when it comes to tracking down criminals on the lam, yet they are forced to ignore the "mobsters in gray flannel suits" (as Robert Kennedy tagged them) who thrive under their very noses.

The Top Ten Program, despite its publicity value, can't be stretched into a $150-million-per-year appropriation. When it comes before the Congressional committee that holds the purse strings, the FBI's blandishment is largely statistical: so many fugitives captured, so many convictions, so many cars recovered. . . . The figures, running on and on, are impressive.

But the numbers don't just grow; they are manufactured. If a Congressman stopped to think about it, he might wonder why there is a slight increase in each category year after year. Here's the answer, in an official memorandum from a local FBI boss to all his agents:

> *The statistical accomplishments as of April 30, 1961, reflect that we continue to be below the statistical accomplishments for the preceding year in the categories of convictions and fines, savings and recoveries. We have already exceeded our accomplishments in the fugitive category for the entire fiscal year, and in the field of automobiles recovered, we will need five additional recoveries to equal the accomplishments of the preceding year. . . . For your information, for us to equal our accomplishments in the field of convictions, it will be necessary that we report an additional 47 convictions between now and the end of June. (The end of the fiscal year.)*

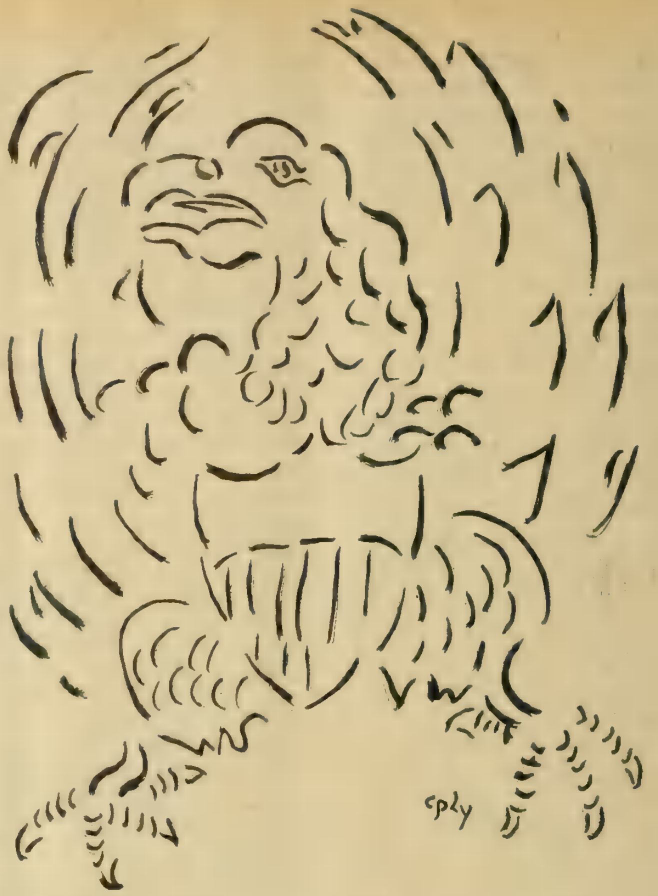
Translated, the memo reads: "Ease off on fugitives. Automobiles should take care of themselves. But for God's sake, go out and get a fistful of quick convictions." This is practically an ultimatum. The local boss is under the gun from Washington, and the agents are rated for their statistical production.

It is natural that under such pressure the scales of justice get out of kilter. It's the little guy, maybe without any criminal bent, who is caught in the dragnet, not the kings of crime with their batteries of lawyers. For example, we once broke up a ring of servicemen stealing small hand tools from military supplies. The ring had a "distributor," a civilian who peddled the tools as legitimate surplus. We arrested the servicemen and the civilian, and I thought that wrapped it up. But it was almost the end of the fiscal year and the office was starving for statistics. Arrest warrants were issued for seven citizens who had bought one or two tools, thinking them clean. The arrests were delayed long enough for forms to be sent to Washington declaring the seven as fugitives. A fugitive is a person whose whereabouts is unknown. Hoover calls them "fleeing criminals." Of course, we knew exactly where our "fugitives" were—they were reputable businessmen and workers who had lived in the community for years.

When the time came to swoop down on these seven, I was put in charge of a squad of agents. We gathered to plan final details of the roundup. One agent, disgusted with the whole thing, wanted to resign on the spot. None of us was very proud; we felt the men were being unjustly stigmatized. They would have an arrest record as FBI fugitives; it would cling to them the rest of their lives and make it tough to get a decent job. One, I knew, had applied as a deputy sheriff and this would finish him.

Three "beeps"—the bank robbery signal—sounded on the car radios. We hoped it was the real thing; anything for a reprieve from what we didn't want to do. But it was a false alarm, and we had to go ahead with the arrests. Later, when the prosecuting attorney took a long look at the facts, he hit the ceiling and dropped most of the charges. The rest were nullified in court. Secretly, we were glad. But the arrest records would never be erased.

"The Great Brick Caper," as agents sarcastically termed it, was another case of statistical pettifoggery. Residents of a small community had hauled away a few bricks from crumbling wash houses on an abandoned war-housing project. They built themselves patios and barbecue pits. The project was unfenced and unposted and the bricks, in legal parlance, were an attractive nuisance. Nevertheless, theft of government property charges were ordered. One arrested resident complained bitterly, "Why don't you guys go find Tenuto?" We also wondered.



Stolen cars are the FBI's statistical bread and butter. Here is a typical case. An alert deputy sheriff spotted two young couples in a stolen car, arrested them and notified the owner in a nearby state. Because of the interstate angle, the deputy also called the FBI. I went out and tied up a few loose ends, then arranged to process the four through federal court. However, I was reluctant to throw the girls, both juveniles, into jail. I proposed releasing them to their parents. The local boss vetoed the idea. "They won't be there long, and we need the convictions in a hurry." It was April, near the end of the fiscal year.

In addition to the four convictions, the FBI claimed the car's value, even though the deputy had actually made the recovery. It tacked on the usual catch phrase: "Recovered in FBI-investigated case." G-men habitually do this even though they may never lay eyes on the car. It helps Hoover sustain his boast of returning to the taxpayers $1.37 for each dollar spent.

Hoover has long insisted that almost all crime, including organized crime, is "essentially a local problem." He has said that the only way to lick it is by "mutual cooperation at all levels of law enforcement—federal, state and local." But the theory is contradicted by the record. According to Hoover (if not to local law officers) there has always been cooperation, yet in the period 1940 to 1960, crime mushroomed some 125 per cent.

Of course, Hoover is almost alone in demoting organized crime to a local problem. Senator Kefauver charged that "much of the responsibility for what is going on rests squarely upon the federal enforcement agencies." And Robert Kennedy flatly declared that hoodlums and racketeers "have become so rich and powerful that they have outgrown local authorities."

Even if organized crime became primarily a federal problem, there would still have to be teamwork all around. But the FBI won't always give as much as it gets. The testimony of state and local officers convinced Kefauver that "the Bureau tends to be overly secretive with information it collects on criminals—in other words, exchange of information with the FBI is something of a 'one-way street.'" Burt Turkus, the Manhattan D.A. who broke up Murder, Inc., said "the bleat of police departments across the coun is that the FBI too ardently guar many of the things it learns on local level—and which could aid t local officers. . . . This cleavage t mobster always enjoys."

How much mobsters enjoy it w shown in a 1962 Senate rack probe. A $10-million-a-year vice sy dicate lured unwed mothers in white slave rings and shunted the between mobster-dominated ga bling casinos and night clubs in fi states. Reputed Chicago syndica kingpins were named in the ope tion. It was a white slave rac perfectly designed for FBI jurisd tion, but U.S. prosecutor Willia J. Scott complained: "The syndica bosses seem better organized times than the splintered, sporac law-enforcement efforts of feder state and local officials."

From contacts with police ov the years I know that they rese the FBI's Big Brother attitude. Mc of them keep quiet about it becau they depend on the bureau for fi gerprint and laboratory services, b a few have spoken out. In the Fra Sinatra, Jr., kidnaping, Los Angel police chief William Parker accus G-men of causing a potentially e plosive situation by being "unnece

ly secretive." And when the FBI
d to warn the California High-
Patrol about trigger-happy bank
ers in the Lake Tahoe area, a
ol commander thundered: "How
ly more times will similar cir-
istances be repeated to sustain
legend of the FBI with the life
ne lone CHP officer hanging in
balance?"

conspicuous FBI trait is its re-
ance to share glory. The attor-
general's Special Group, men-
ed at the start of this article,
id that out in blunt fashion.
r Apalachin, Attorney General
iam Rogers assembled the group
the country's talented prose-
ng attorneys. Their mission was
ry to determine what had gone
ng with the Cosa Nostra prose-
on and to try to spearhead a
erted campaign against the
spirators. The response of most
ral agencies was enthusiastic;
gave unstintingly of men and
materials. But Hoover turned
old shoulder to the Special
up, supplying only token co-
ration. A "super-duper Dick
cy outfit," he snorted.

urprisingly, the "Dick Tracys"
red convictions of the Apala-
mob in federal court (later re-
ed on technical grounds).
ereupon the FBI tried to grab
major credit, stating that it had
ished 1,588 pages of report to
prosecution. (It didn't mention
most of these pages were forth-
ing only during the trial, when
court ordered them to be pro-
ed.) This ruffled the narcotics
f, Dr. Anslinger, whose agents
worked hand in glove with the
cial Group. Noting the "other
ple who are trying to take credit
this since this matter has been
ght to the public attention," he
ted the names of five agencies
elt did the whole job. Pointedly
tted was the FBI.

Around the water cooler in
FBI, Hoover was viewed, more
we than admiration, as a bu-
cratic Mr. Bigdome who knew
to win friends and influence
ple on Capitol Hill. Never has
power been displayed more con-
ntly than in the battle over a
onal commission to crush or-
ized crime. The idea of a rival
ncy is insufferable to Hoover,
whenever it is proposed he
ages to shoot it down.
1951, Senator Kefauver enthusiastically favored a new agency. He envisioned the national crime commission as being composed of prominent citizens and representatives of the Justice and Treasury Departments. Hoover threw himself in front of it. Mustering his coterie in Congress, he invoked the specter of an incipient Gestapo. This was as silly as describing the Warren Commission as a potential MVD. "There is no connection between a federal crime commission and a national police force," protested Kefauver. "Every Senator I know, myself included, would stand up and fight to the last breath any suggestion that we create anything resembling an American Gestapo." But Kefauver was wasting his breath. Hoover got his way.*

In 1960, Sen. John McClellan, whose rackets committee had listened to the opinions of numerous experts, again proposed a national crime commission. John F. Kennedy, then a Senator, and two of his colleagues agreed. So did a steering committee of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, led by Edward J. Allen, who had compiled a brilliant record in fighting the syndicates of Youngstown, Ohio. So did Milton R. Wessel, a former U.S. prosecutor who had been head of the Special Group. So did Captain James Hamilton, founder of the model Los Angeles police intelligence unit, who stated: "A national clearing house for information about the organized underworld would provide us with a weapon to strike a real blow at this nation's organized criminals. . . . The definite lack has been on a federal level in furnishing local departments information as to the movements of national figures."

Robert Kennedy, at the time counsel to the McClellan committee, anticipated Hoover's objection. The national crime commission, he declared, "would not be a national police, but a national information service for police." This didn't check the G-man. In an address to the law-enforcement clan he scored "outside theorists" and "alleged friends" who advanced the "grandiose scheme" of a national crime commission. They were, he said, "blinded by the urge of 'empire building.' " "Nothing could be more dangerous to our democratic ideals than the establishment of an all-powerful police agency on the federal scene," cried the all-powerful police chief. The High Priest had spoken; organized crime could again heave a sigh of relief.

When Robert Kennedy became Attorney General in 1961, I took hope. In his book, *The Enemy Within* (Harper), he had stressed: "Our first and most urgent need is for a national crime commission." His brother shared his view, and it appeared that he might at last lay down the law to Hoover. Still in the FBI, I wrote to the Attorney General and to the old campaigner, Estes Kefauver, assuring them that "most agents would prefer to lock horns with organized crime, but are saddled with wresting minor violations from local authorities for the purposes of statistics gathering." In the end it was not Hoover who capitulated, but Robert Kennedy. He announced lamely that he wasn't "as strong for the idea as in the past." Kefauver told me candidly: "Hoover is more powerful than the President."

However, Robert Kennedy wasn't totally defeated. He took the indirect means of building up what resembles a national crime commission within the Justice Department. This left Hoover in the driver's seat, but the Attorney General's hand was on the throttle. The Organized Crime and Racketeering Section, first set up in 1953 as a result of the Kefauver recommendations, now concentrated on the top echelon. "We would rather jail one important racketeer," said Kennedy, "than a dozen lesser hoodlums."

This newly animated Justice Department activity, though obviously a stopgap until Hoover steps down, for a time seemed to show real promise. "We never had a decent intelligence picture before," said William G. Hundley, head of the section. Now the section holds dossiers on 1,100 of the country's top hoodlums and Hundley boasts mildly: "We're positive now who the real overlords are. We've gotten some of them, but only some." Examples: Tony "Ducks" Corallo in New York, Mike Cuppolla in Miami and Frank "Buster" Workman in St.

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*The National Crime Commission set up by President Johnson is not the sort of body Senator Kefauver had in mind. It is more a study group composed of sociologists, penologists, et al., and is concerned with street crimes and similar problems. Hoover quite approves of it: now he can say that there is a National Crime Commission.

Louis. Under indictment are Angelo Bruno, reputed Philadelphia Cosa Nostra chief, and Felix Alderisio, the reported number 2 man in Chicago. In August, 1963, the section presented its first major witness: Joe Valachi, a Cosa Nostra sublieutenant jailed by the Bureau of Narcotics, described in chilling detail the inner workings of Cosa Nostra, the organization that Hoover had always considered a phantom.

To put sharper teeth in Operation Big Squeeze, as the effort was termed, Kennedy urged the House Judiciary Subcommittee to consider supplemental laws. Chairman Emanuel Celler called for the personal appearance of Hoover, for questioning about organized crime. The G-man declined. Celler then asked Robert Kennedy to try to "change Mr. Hoover's attitude." Hoover would not budge.

But a year later, the aging G-man suddenly bowed to necessity. "The battle is joined," he trumpeted. "We have taken up the gauntlet flung down by organized crime. Let us unite in a devastating assault to annihilate this mortal enemy."

The FBI quickly found that picking up the glove wasn't that easy—the syndicate hoods weren't the Dillinger kind of pigeon. In Chicago, for example, Sam Giancana turned the tables on the G-men in federal court by showing movies of them so close on his heels that he could smell their breath. "An admission of ineptness," admonished the judge. The local FBI boss declined to explain why he had orderec
harassment, and was clapped
custody for contempt of court.

For Hoover's antique outf
looked like a long road. As Ric
Ogilvie, the Chicago sheriff, ha
it: "Some of Hoover's ideas are
ly behind the times. . . . The F
still organized to fight a crime
tern of the 20s and 30s. It is
set up to do battle with the crir
syndicate. . . ." But old G-men
die. At the end of 1964, Hoove
ported sixty-five gambling and
eteering convictions. None we
the top level, and they were o
drop in the bucket of 12,850
convictions; they hardly mac
liar of Ogilvie. But it was a ste
the right direction. Perhaps in
other forty years. . . .

The Klan Discovers HUAC . . . Walter Goodm

Washington

The House Committee on Un-American Activities' Ku Klux Klan hearings opened a day after the start, in Hayneville, Ala., of the second trial of Collie Leroy Wilkins, Jr., for the murder of Mrs. Viola Gregg Liuzzo. This coincidence was unfortunate because it drained the hearing of some of the fun we have come to expect from HUAC's performances. It was delightful to learn that the North Carolina Klan's request for funds (checks to be made out to your local "improvement association" or "sportsmen's club") promises, "Your donation will be used to help make our community a better place to live." But down in Hayneville, an all-white jury was engaged in letting Klansman Wilkins go free.

There was standing room only on opening day in the spacious and ornate House Caucus Room. A dozen uniformed police were on hand, plus two plain-clothesmen who sat glumly beside the K.K.K. witness row, facing the audience—but whether defending them from us or us from them was not clear. Among the hundreds of spectators the first week were America's pre-eminent Nazi, George Lincoln Rockwell, whom the committee had been authorized to investigate, and America's pre-eminent peace striker Donna Allen, who has already been investigated and who wore a large button announcing that she is not now and never has been a member of HUAC. By the second morning plenty of seats were available and at no time was there any picketing or demonstration. The young protesters who usually enliven HUAC productions had not found it in their hearts to make a fuss over the civil rights of Imperial Wizard Robert M. Shelton.

As the hearings began, the Klansmen, some ten in a row, stood along the back wall, readily recognizable as the bunch from everybody's neighborhood whom nervous mothers warn their sons and daughters to shun, but dressed up now in white shirts and dark suits for the Saturday night dance where they are certain to drink too much beer and cause a disturbance. Wizard Shelton, whose ridged, sucked-in cheeks make him look considerably older than his 36 years, seemed almost attractive in the company of his colleagues.

Four of the five prosecutor-judges seated at the subcommittee table were fellow southerners: Chairman Willis of Louisiana; Representative Pool of Texas; Representative Weltner, the Atlanta liberal who first asked for the hearings, and, at the Republican end of the table,
resentative Buchanan, the fi
man from Alabama. Representa
Ashbrook of Ohio completed
panel.

The notion of many libe
that these men were plotting
turn the K.K.K. hearings into
attack on the civil rights m
ment was understandable, but
conceived. It did justice neithe
the political good sense of the
gressmen nor to their personal
titudes. Far from wishing to
fend the K.K.K., the Southern
who dominate HUAC are out
prove that Klansmen are cr
and freaks (Buchanan, in a b
of wit, called Shelton the Impe
Lizard) and have nothing in c
mon with decent citizens of
South — like the members of
White Citizens Councils who
on juries.

The show had its moments.
those who had always known
the Klan was composed of clo
and clods, it was satisfying to le
that they think of themselves
kligrapps (secretaries), kloka
(lecturers) and kludds (chaplair
There was an instant of exc
ment when Shelton, to the surp
and disappointment of the c
mittee, first took the Fifth. He c
tinued to take it, in a voice t
remained remarkably express
hour after hour, considering

Walter Goodman, journalist and editor, is the author most recently of All Honorable Men *(Little, Brown). He is now working on a history of HUAC.*

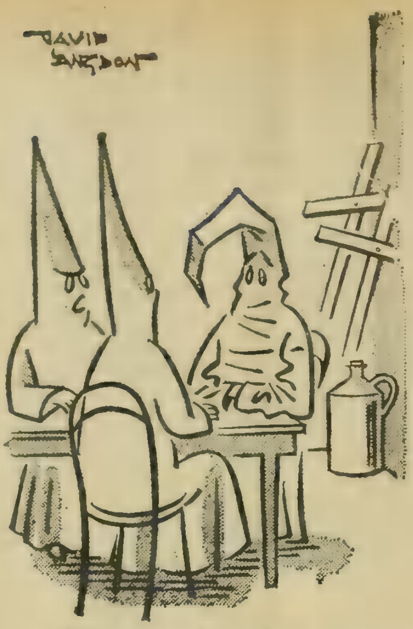
sage typed on the small rec- gle of paper his lawyer had ed before him:

"I respectively decline to an-swer *at question for the reason that hon-estly feel that my answer ght tend to in-*crim-*idate me in lation of my rights guaran-*teed *me by amendments five,* one, *ur and four-*teen *of the* Yew- *ted States of A-mer-ica!"*

a Kluxer to take the Fifth like ordinary Commy is poetry; for to take the Fourteenth is epic. lton proclaimed the statement; nd Dragon Jones of North Car- a intoned it; Grand Dragon negay of Virginia recited it. No ner had the chain-smoking Wiz- , impassive in the witness chair, n released than he came to life talked spiritedly to anyone who ld listen about LBJ, Dr. King the Communist conspiracy.

here was melodrama when Mrs. lton and Mrs. Carol Long, Shel- 's secretary, were called upon to whether they had signed checks h the names of nonexistent cor- ate treasurers. Betty Lou Shel- is a dark-haired, gray-faced, btrusive little woman. Plump rol Long, in the usual style of retaries set beside wives, made ore colorful appearance and she d off her constitutional preroga- s in a more musical voice. ere was nostalgia: In this very m seventeen years ago, commit- investigator Donald G. Appell, o is conducting the K.K.K. hear- s, participated in the Hiss- ambers inquiry, with the assist- e of a handwriting expert med Schmitz, who now reappear- to affirm with slides that Carol g was T. M. Montgomery and t Betty Lou Shelton was James Hendrix, invisible treasurers of Invisible Empire.

There were bows. The first day's rings had hardly ended before presentative Ashbrook was in nt of the TV cameras outside caucus room telling Shelton ho was still inside) that he had n shown up to all America: a n-event of supreme inconse- ence. And there were abundant npliments, reminiscent of those nd old comics who never forgot ask the audience to give a big nd to the boys in the band. The ommittee members took turns complimenting the staff. Appell nplimented Southern police of- ers, with the exception of one o gave him the secret K.K.K. handshake. Pool complimented Willis for his conduct of the hearings and Willis complimented the Klansmen's attorney, Leslie V. Chalmers of Raleigh, N.C., a soft-voiced, baby-faced, apologetic man of evident breeding, for his conduct of the defense; he hadn't behaved like one of those Communist lawyers. Willis also complimented the FBI and the firm that produced the slides showing locations of klaverns. At lunch, staff members congratulated themselves on how well things had gone. It was like first night on the borsch circuit.



"Pity your missus isn't more sympathetic to our aims, Crabtree."

Punch: Ben Roth Agency

While in Hayneville the good name of Collie Leroy Wilkins was being safeguarded by Alabama justice, in Washington the committee was producing evidence that Shelton has been channeling his blood brothers' contributions into a Tuscaloosa account belonging to an invention of his called the Alabama Rescue Service, and then, with the assistance of the signatures of his wife and Mrs. Long, had been taking it out again to buy himself a Cadillac and groceries at his nearby Piggly Wiggly supermarket. He was also alleged to have shaken down a local engineering firm in trouble with the state, and was apparently kicked out of the Alabama Knights of the K.K.K. for withholding dues from the reigning Wizard. As for the Grand Dragons of North Carolina and Virginia, they were impecunious drifters before their elevation in Wizard Shelton's Klandom, whereupon overnight they became affluent models for aspiring poor white lads all over the South. Dragon Jones even makes a profit on the sale of sheets; the material costs him about $3.20 and he sells the finished article, with peaked hat, for $15.

It was also revealed that a lot of crosses have been burned in the past couple of years and that the White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan of Mississippi has passed around among its members a memorandum on accredited techniques of good-humored harassment; these include the use of itching powder, tear gas, snakes and lizards and mad dogs. However, individual initiative is also encouraged, and committee sources promise that future testimony in what is expected to be a long series of hearings will bring out details of more violent K.K.K. works than milking the till and infiltrating itching powder.

A Congressional committee investigation of the Ku Klux Klan does not outrage the Constitution. Despite complaints of HUAC's opponents, the Supreme Court has never declared that the production of laws is the sole legitimate excuse for the existence of committees of Congress. If the hearings served no function other than to inform the public about the circumstances that have created and maintained a condition in the South that makes the Liuzzo case possible, that would justify them. Setting aside for the sake of argument the possibility that the political tone in this country would not suffer if HUAC were disbanded tomorrow, the committee's behavior so far has been as decorous and as fair as it can be, given its inherited role and predilections. Investigator Appell, reporting that Shelton got a hardship discharge from the Air Force during the Korean War, noted in an aside: "And this was at a time when a lot of boys were losing their lives. . . ." Whereupon Chairman Willis told him to get along to the next question. It deprives Edwin Willis of no personal credit to observe, however, that his committee is trapped by its own bad habits.

HUAC has since its beginnings more than a quarter century ago been out not to educate (though on occasion it has been more educational than some of us have been willing to concede), but to hang—to get the bad guys. This vigilante mentality is what now impels it to broadcast revelations of small-time peculations by the kleagles. If the dragons and wizards are bilking their flock, or being careless about their tax returns or burning crosses and setting off fire crackers on people's front lawns, they ought of course to be prosecuted, but HUAC has always had trouble understanding that it is not the function of the Congress to go after private citizens, however detestable, for common misdemeanors. National attention needs to be directed less to the thugs themselves than to the police who will not arrest them, the courts that will not convict them and the officials who will not stand up to them.

Having said this much, however, I confess that it seems to me these hearings may be a heavier blow to the resurgent Klans than anything a more respectable body would have managed. The committee's insistence on asking questions that it knows are not going to be answered, its intrusion into affairs that belong in our lower courts, its reliance on publicity to do the job of punishment, its infatuation with establishing new Fifth-Amendment records—these, alas, are likely to work down there on the level where the K.K.K. operates most successfully. The North Carolina used-car dealer who, while in the witness chair, startled the committee by resigning as treasurer (klabee) of his klavern (the White County Improvement Association) and turning over a batch of canceled checks, explained that he was disillusioned by the Klan leaders' refusal to testify. "Anyone who takes the Fifth Amendment," he said, speaking now for many onlookers at HUAC's proceedings, "either has something to
or is a Communist."

"How's everything under the hood?"
Renault, Frontier: Ben Roth Agency

Men who can abide a little cı
ing of a pushy Negro may y
offended by the idea of a g
dragon gouging lesser knight
the price of a sheet, or using
50c-a-month Imperial Tax to
molasses not for the gas tank
civil rights workers but for his
table. What the Rev. Roy Wo
former Grand Cludd of North (
lina, didn't like about his cl
was that they wore diamond ri
traveled first class and empl
shills at rallies. He is annoyed
they aren't working harder at
serving segregation in the Sout

On the first day of the hearin
pretty girl passed out a peti
from five civil rights organizati
asking the President to appoi
committee to investigate the K
But a Presidential commiss
though it would undoubtedly h
proceeded in a more edifying n
ner, would certainly have go
things all wrong; its distinguis
members would have been wo
ing about murder instead of p
larceny. The instinctive gift of
majority of the House Un-Ameri
Activities Committee is that w
it comes to appealing to respecta
whites in Mississippi and Alaba
it knows how to put first things fi

The Student Left

IDEALISM AND ACTION . . . . Jack Newfie

We seek the establishment of a democracy of individual participation governed by two central aims: that the individual share in those social decisions determining the direction and quality of his life; that society be organized to encourage independence in men and provide the media for their common participation.

—Founding manifesto of Students for a Democratic Society

During the last month, four developments have helped to inscribe the initials SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) on the consciousness of political America. One was the announcement by Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach on October 17 that the Justice Department and the Federal Bureau of Investigation were investigating SDS for its "aiding and abetting of draft evasion." A second was the sudden volley of attacks aimed at the 3-year-old group by Sen. John Stennis of Mississippi, by the SNCC-baiting columnists, Roland Evans and Robert Novack, and by such influential Senators as Dodd and Lausche. The third eye catcher was the fact that twenty-six new SDS chapters sprouted up as soon as the colleges reopened, and that most of these were self-starting groups which merely wrote to the SDS national office in Chicago for membership cards. And the fourth was the estimated 50,000 students across the country who actively protested on October 15-16 agai
America's participation in the V
nam war.

Together these events point
a single conclusion: the New L
is not a Pop culture oddity co
parable to goldfish eating or pa
raids, but a symptom of deep s
dent alienation from the Great
ciety. Underground movies, p
smoking, bohemian dress, idios
cratic haircuts and Bob Dylan
also symptoms of this alienati
but SDS—and SNCC—are the
litical forms it takes. And it is n
clear that both the right wing a
the Johnson Administration rec
nize the depth and durability
this disaffection, and its potent
for future growth to politi
strength.

SDS was founded at an en

Jack Newfield is an assistant editor of The Village Voice, *New York.*

onal convention held in June of 962 at the AFL-CIO Labor Center t Port Huron, Mich. Fifty-nine eople attended, forty-three of them oting delegates. Less than three ears after this meager beginning, DS marshaled 20,000 people for n Easter march on Washington o protest the war in Vietnam.

The main business of the founding convention was the revision nd adoption of a 63-page manifesto called the Port Huron Statement. It was drafted by SDS's first president, Tom Hayden, and later became the basic intellectual document of the New Left. The heart of the manifesto was the call for participatory democracy" in all economic, political and human relationships. It also showed the influence of C. Wright Mills, especially in its affirmation of the student as agent of social change, and n its rejection of ritualistic anticommunism, as "unreasonable paranoia. . . . There should be a way for a person or an organization to oppose communism without contributing to the fear of common ssociation and public actions."

Immediately following the convention, SDS became locked in desperate combat with its parent organization, the ILGWU-dominated League for Industrial Democracy, which refused to recognize any of the decisions made at Port Huron and swiftly changed the lock on the SDS office. The League accused its student affiliate of hiring individuals of pro-Soviet convictions, of distributing "Stalinist literature"; it charged the Port Huron Statement with "popular frontism and fuzziness on authoritarianism."

For a month the infant organization's life was in hazard. However, SDS finally won the right to organizational integrity, largely through the intercession of adults on the LID board such as Norman Thomas, Dr. Harold Taylor and Andrew Norman. Recently Michael Harrington, the new chairman of the somewhat radicalized LID, has apologized to the students for his role in the post-convention struggle. But SDS's difficult birth left its scar, and today Tom Hayden says bitterly: "It taught me Social Democrats aren't radicals and never to trust them again." Quite recently, LID and SDS agreed to an amicable separation.

In the autumn of 1962, when SDS began to recruit in earnest on college campuses, it had 900 members, and had to compete with a host of other organizations: The Student Peace Union, New University Thought, the Young People's Socialist League, CORE, campus chapters of ADA, and all the Marxist sects. SDS has now emerged from this pack as the strongest group on the New Left.

There are several reasons for this eminence, the most important of which is that it offered a multi-issue approach to politics, unlike CORE and SPU which each concentrated on a single issue. The Port Huron Statement tied civil rights, militarism, poverty, deprivation of civil liberties and university reform into one analysis of the whole fabric of America as a cold-war garrison state.

Other reasons for SDS's growth were its activism, its freedom from a rigid ideology, its avoidance of sectarianism, its ability to attract adult supporters independent of the LID (among them I. F. Stone and A. J. Muste), its reputation on many campuses as "SNCC's best friend," and the intellectual caliber of many of its leaders.

Now SDS fears it may be growing too fast. "We could have handed out membership cards at the Vietnam march and got 8,000 new members just like that," says 22-year-old National Secretary Paul Booth, "but we wouldn't have known what to do with them, except to impress people with our membership of 10,000."

The organization's current accounting of 3,300 members in 100 chapters in forty-one states is, therefore, not an accurate index of its real strength on the nation's

Movement

After speaking on Vietnam in Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri

Once at night driving over the mountains
impatient, I smoked a lot
The matches I struck many miles apart
each ignited a world
each almost blinding
yes, each blowing out but etching a glory deep
The road rolled under my wheels with the gray trees
my eyes tired, tired but hunting
and my lungs were full

People said they liked my speeches
I was proud and nauseated
If I witnessed a bloody accident across the street
my very moving chronicle would hold an audience too

I traveled bearing messages of bravado and fear
on a careening death-bed exchanging diagnoses
but someone I'd never met called me his friend

We talk a lot about cutting through
it is good to talk about learning
not to talk

There are a few or more
who sing
somber, ironic, false-heroic ballads
with open ears impiously,
becoming true-heroic

Christ who would have believed the country could be so big?
Sniff the perfumed must as in a great closet
a glass chandelier hanging, banging from the expiring breath of
the numberless
rattle the door but don't bother waiting
it locks from inside

Tonight the radio speaks of Nationwide Demonstrations
All my friends are desperate
We go on making plans

Todd Gitlin

campuses. Members of the New Left are, by instinct, not joiners, and for every registered SDS student, there are perhaps five others who participate in its activities.

The diversity within SDS is staggering. There are high school students, college students, college dropouts, beatniks, hipsters, graduate students, teaching assistants and faculty in the organization. There are liberals, rebels and revolutionaries; community organizers and university scholars; campus chapters and ghetto projects.

The overwhelming majority of members are white, middle class and concentrated on urban campuses like the Universities of Chicago, Michigan, California and Texas, as well as Swarthmore, Harvard and Oberlin.

Few of the members appear to be ideologues of the sort who inhabit the W.E.B. Du Bois Clubs, or zealots like the Progressive Labor Party rank and file. Instead they seem to be genuinely idealistic, but can perceive no outlet for idealism in a Great Society where the Civil Rights Act is enforced by segregationist judges, wars on poverty are waged by clubhouse politicians and "freedom" is exported by napalm.

The cultural heroes of the SDS members are not specifically political types, but rather utopian moralists like Camus and Paul Goodman; or alienated absurdists like Bob Dylan and Ken Kesey; and for the hip fringe, sexual explorers like Norman O. Brown, Allen Ginsberg and Lenny Bruce. They are idealists in search of an ideal. Politically, SDS shares many assumptions with SNCC—that the liberal institutions are impotent and finky, that social change will come only when the unemployed and desperately poor are organized into an insurgent movement under their own leaders, who won't "sell them out." Both groups have a strong streak of anarchism that makes them skeptical of all centralized authority, all bureaucracy and sometimes even of voting and programs. Both are strongly oriented toward grass-roots democracy, and ethical and moral absolutism, refuse to exclude Communists from membership, and take a radically critical position toward the American Establishment. Both groups to a degree wear the blinders of their preoccupations; as the SNCC worker thinks all of America is like Mississippi, SDS members believe America treats all countries as it treats Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. Both are activist; SDS, has organized projects in ten Northern ghettos under its Economic Research and Education Project (EARP), including three that are trying to build a radical movement among poor whites.

But SDS differs from SNCC in several crucial ways. First, while it shares some of SNCC's populist anti-intellectualism, it contains an extraordinary group of gifted intellectuals, now centered in Chicago.

This group includes students who were instrumental in founding the organization in 1962, and who are now university instructors like Dick Flacks, graduate students like Bob Ross, full-time staff members like Paul Booth and Todd Gitlin, or otherwise academically connected.

SDS has no one leader, nor even a cadre of ten who can be identified as the leadership. But as a result of a National Council meeting held in Bloomington, Ind., in September, the center of gravity in the organization has shifted toward these older intellectuals, after a long period when the EARP activists and the anarchist-hipsters set the tone. Prodded by this older group at the Bloomington meeting, SDS will hold an unprecedented membership co ference at Christmas, "to look ourselves intellectually and orga zationally."

A second way in which SDS d fers from SNCC is that it has ca pus chapters—by now more th 100—and these provide enormo organizational problems because the great differences among the Those members on small, rur campuses in Kansas and Oklahom are only vaguely liberal and pro ably unable to distinguish betwee a Spartacist and a narcissist. O these campuses the students a more concerned with liberalizin dress regulations than with bur ing up their draft cards. But o large urban campuses—the Unive sity of Chicago, Berkeley or Cit College—SDS members are supe militant, distrust liberals and ar ready to do anything to protest th war in Vietnam. The exercise no confronting SDS is at the sam time to educate the freshmen politically at Kalamazoo and Piedmont while retooling intellectually, whil not appearing less militant tha "the Trots" at Berkeley, while absorbing new memberships at the rate of 200 a week.

The EARP section of SDS began in 1963 with a grant of $3,000 from the United Auto Workers Union. Today there are ten community-organizing projects — in Baltimore, Newark, Oakland, Chicago, Cleveland, Cambridge, Cairo, New Haven, Chester and Appalachia. There has been uneven success—from Cairo, which is struggling to survive, to Newark, which has won several major concessions from the city (among them the de-activation of an urban-renewal plan that would have uprooted thousands from their homes) and has been able to add fifteen local Negroes to its organizing staff.

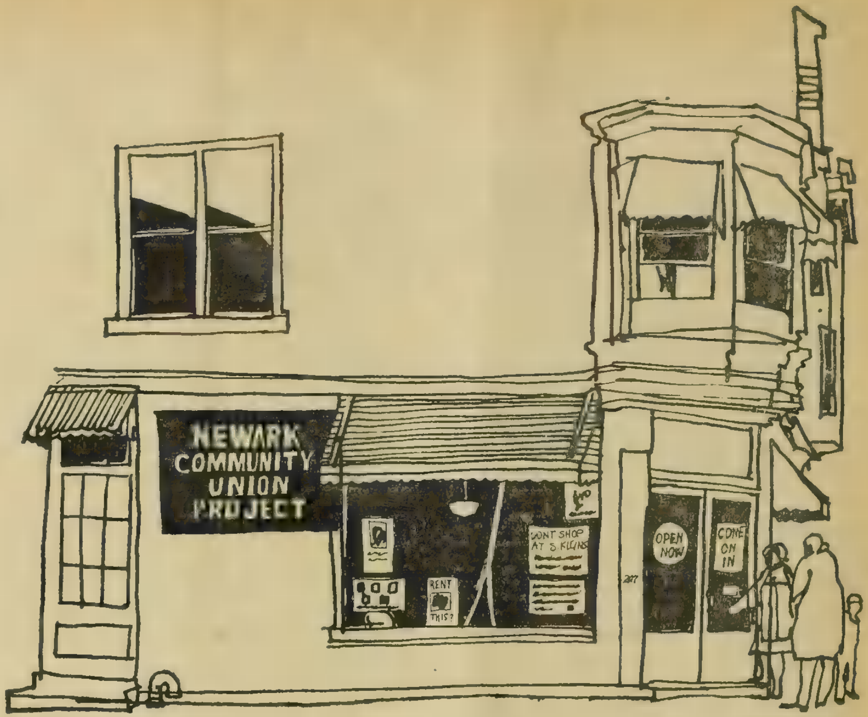
All the projects are based on the same organizing principle. The students move into a community, ask the poor what they want done, and then find indigenous leaders to help build a movement based on the goals of the community. SDS community organizers lack the toughness and discipline of an old CIO organizer. They seem more in the tradition of the anarchist Basque priests or the mystical Russian "narodniks." Many seem more interested in redemption of the poor than in revolution. Nevertheless, they have been called Comnunists in most cities and arrested n Newark and Chicago on charges hat later were dropped for insufficient evidence.

Their injection of participatory lemocracy into the ghetto can both nspire and irritate the onlooker. The non-leadership technique does give local people a chance to speak, to make decisions, to gain confidence and ultimately to lead, and it is a moving experience to watch an unknown Northern equivalent of Fannie Lou Hamer going through this process under the guidance of an EARP worker. But occasionally, in large meetings, or under the pressure of crisis decisions, participatory democracy breaks down into filibustering anarchy. SDS has tried to make it almost a substitute for a program, and that is a mistake. Participatory democracy is a brilliant, therapeutic organizing technique, especially in the rural South, but its validity as an ideological bulwark is dubious.

The ghetto projects, as their chief architect Tom Hayden says, can be judged only in terms of years. Right now they have not produced the goal of an "interracial movement of the poor," since 2,000 or 3,000 people in ten cities is not a movement. But EARP is the beginning of a long experiment, and Newark is a significant achievement.

With SDS now under attack from the President, the Justice Department, and even from enlightened Senators like Proxmire and Mansfield, it becomes necessary to examine the organization's attitude toward communism. First, on civil libertarian grounds, SDS does not exclude anyone from membership. It believes the sectarian Communist-anti-Communist debate to be futile and destructive. It believes in openness and honesty (and, in fact, it would be difficult for any bloc to take over so decentralized an organization). Largely due to SDS's stand against exclusionism, adult voluntary organizations like the ACLU and several peace groups are beginning to reconsider their own denial of membership to Communists. The theoretical formulation SDS has come up with to describe itself is "a-Communist."

Second, in private conversation, SDS activists are more hostile to Communists than they are organizationally. Berkeley SDSers report "the Communist kids were a cautious, conservative influence in the FSM. They were all hung up on the mainstream and respectability. They kept blunting the moral point."



Schwering

One of the leaders of SDS estimated: "Very few of our members look to any country like Russia or China as examples of the good society. Just about all of us think someone like Nkrumah is awful. Although there is probably a good deal of romantic feeling for the Cong in SDS, very little of it is political." And former SDS President Al Haber, chief initiator of the December conference, is insisting that the organization define more clearly its differences with student groups to its left.

In general, SDS still believes what it said in its founding manifesto: redbaiting and exclusionism have no place on the Left. But the organization is so confident of its own democratic values that it believes itself patently unattractive to the authoritarianism, elitism and manipulation of the Communist groups.

The leadership of SDS now expects prosecutions and jailings, "mostly of poor shnooks who burn draft cards, but if they can get any of the leadership, they will." The penalty for "aiding, abetting or counseling" draft evasion is five years in jail and a $10,000 fine. Harassment has begun. Last month, two SDS leaders, former president Todd Gitlin and current vice president Jeff Shero, were picked up by Chicago police for minor traffic violations and had to be bailed out. "They're really following us, day and night, now," says National Secretary Paul Booth.

SDS, however, will respond to the coming attacks in the established style of the New Left: with increased activism. The organization will pay little attention to redbaiting, and instead will devote more energy to campaigning against the Vietnam war, especially in its slum projects, in high schools, and among university faculty.

"There is incredible moral opposition to the war on the campuses," says Booth, "and it is all coming to us; we weren't making opposition to the war an organizational priority. But now we will."

The New Left, still in its infancy, consists of perhaps 150,000 young people, out of 5.2 million in college. Right now SDS is a scrawny finger pointing relentlessly at what is wrong with America. But some day that finger may clench into a fist and begin hammering for real political power—as the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party has done.

That is, if the Establishment doesn't cut that finger off now, and if the liberals don't abandon it because there may be dirt under the nail.

The New Gentility

BEYOND CULTURE: Essays on Learning and Literature. By Lionel Trilling. The Viking Press. 233 pp. $5.

THE MYTH AND THE POWERHOUSE. By Philip Rahv. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 243 pp. $4.95.

Frederick J. Hoffman

I remember once having dinner with a critic who had published several works, though he had not as yet written one. His major concern was to defend the writing of essays as against the performance of the sustained work. Use your occasional work, he said, and bring it together under a catchy thematic title, and you have it. Well, I must say that we *have* had it in the last ten years. Books put together from occasional pieces have appeared with such regularity that they create the issue of evaluating an entirely new genre. The titles are frequently pretentious and are only indifferently related to whatever continuity may be found between the covers.

My issue is not with journalism as such, but rather with the necessity to differentiate between a sustained piece of work, which has been planned, "researched," written, and rewritten over a number of years, as opposed to a collection of odds and ends, which have only a strong or a weak sustaining theme, which is in no case to be considered the end result of a formal or an "architectural" necessity. The two types must be distinguished from each other. Given similar intelligences, the gathering of fugitives has less intensity and less sense of continuity; that is to say, the continuity (or "theme") is accidental within or imposed upon the book.

As I have elsewhere said, the presence of these volumes gives the impression that much sound work is being done in modern literature, while these books (*Doings and Undoings*, *Waiting for the End*, *A Piece of Lettuce*, *The Age of Happy Problems*, *Puzzles and Epiphanies*, etc., etc.) are definitely not that, but rather gatherings, more or less carefully chosen, some of them not edited at all from their original appearances. It is true that some of our greatest prose works, like Emerson's, have appeared mainly in essay form, but Emerson made an art of the genre, cultivated each example of it with the utmost care, and concluded each time with a book that was thematically sound and clear.

It has occurred to me that many examples of the fugitive collection have emerged from what is a journalistic fixation, in which the major concern is to keep one's remarks within bounds, because it is expensive to print too many words. Then too, it is a matter of assignment and commitment. Many assignments can only lead to a fragmenting of the critical sense, and to at best a desperate attempt to extend meaning from essay to essay.

The two volumes under consideration here are more or less examples of the weaknesses (or the effrontery) of the practice. Both are written by people who have been excellent critics and are again occasionally extremely worthy. Both have a theme that can rarely be said to be metaphorically suitable to any total conception of one achievement. And, I may add, both books are disappointments not because they are not good (they *are*, each of them, valuable), but because of what they failed to do, what they settled for *not* doing. Rahv's title suggests, in his rejection of both its terms, a strong moral view of literature. It applies to only a few of the essays explicitly, and to some others implicitly. We already know Rahv for his *Image and Idea* (1949) and for his editing and reviewing in various places. That he can be a first-rate critic is demonstrated by the two essays on Dostoevsky, both of them marvels of close reading, philosophical inference and useful knowledge. But Rahv's principal thesis, that modern critics are allowing us to be self-indulgent by substituting myth for a genuine "orthodoxy" is, at best, presented here too late to be relevant. And here is another of the faults of the *omnium-gatherum*: a reviewer's ideas are in danger of being out date, or at least only minimally us ful, by the time they are "honored by publication in a hard-cover boo with all the promotional energy an to-do that that event suggests.

Both Rahv and Trilling are indi posed toward *contemporary* literatur as distinguished from "modern" li erature, which Trilling says begin in the 18th century. (I might ad that both make exceptions of Sau Bellow.) Rahv's review of Norman Mailer's *American Dream* (the entir section called "Critical Sketches raises some doubts in my mind a to the value of its being reprinted suggests that Mailer's personal myth icizing is especially objectionable no only because it presents no mora weights or measures but that it ever seems to sponsor the idea that murder is useful therapeutically.

We have, I think, arrived at a new form of gentility. Both Rahv and Trilling would rather be critics of 19th-century literature than of 20th. Of course, Trilling's book is by far the more difficult to tolerate, because it is by all odds the more exquisitely written. We are aware of Trilling as a gracious man, who had at one time written with a sharp but useful wit about Parrington and Dreiser, had (in *The Liberal Imagination*, 1950) made important statements about Sherwood Anderson and *The Great Gatsby*; and while we knew he had begun as an Arnoldian, we assumed his turn toward 20th-century literature was genuinely motivated and truly governed by an advocacy of its values.

The new book, which is in almost all respects superior to Rahv's in the simple matters that give quality to an intelligence, is however in other respects a lesser book. For, while Rahv is genuinely willing to "face" modern literature, to accept an "engagement" with it, Trilling has chosen to abdicate his responsibility for teaching it. He does so on grounds that seem at first to be an epitome of good taste; but ultimately, looking at his book in its entirety, we must conclude that he does not really wish to acknowledge contemporary literature as such, to become engaged as a teacher of it. I do of course recognize that his denial of it comes from the most delicate of discretions: if

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Frederick J. Hoffman holds the chair of Distinguished Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin. His most recent book is The Mortal No: Death and the Modern Imagination *(Princeton University Press).*

e include the contributions of mod- 'n Europe, he says, no literature is ther as exciting or as great as is odern. But it is a "dangerous" lit- ature to teach, because it too quick- , and suddenly engages the youth; o literature, he says "has ever been) shockingly personal. . . ."

This is the vital issue, then. That rilling should have come to his deci- on in 1961 gives one a double twist f the knife, because (as he says in is first essay) it was he who set ings going at Columbia, when the tudents had put pressure upon the ollege to teach a course in modern terature. But he had always been l at ease over the commitment, and ecame more so as his audience grew ounger and he older.

But of course, it isn't a mat- er of the increasing difference in ge between teacher and student. It as to do with two definitions of a ulture, that of a *total* culture—to hich manners and technology and eliefs integrally belong—and a cul- ure in the narrower sense, in which he arts themselves dominate. One f the persistent and primary ideas n Western civilization is that the rts can somehow "liberate" man rom the culture he is located in or rapped in. Presumably since World Var II, there are "a great many more eople who adopt the adversary pro- ram than there formerly were." An adversary program" is nothing more or less than the either noble or un- vashed marginal culture, frequently oncentrating upon the arts, which trikes at the conservative heart of ocial life. This is perhaps not a surprising fact, but it is surprising that Trilling dislikes it and may even be aid to be afraid of it.

Time and time again, I find him regretting" the students' spontane- us interest in contemporary litera- ure, in *their* literature, and wishing hey could look more objectively at literature older than they are, fear- ul of the ultimate commitment a eacher of modern literature must ave. At times it appears that the rouble is that it causes a "personal discomfort" to say what he really feels about D. H. Lawrence and André Gide and the rest. It is truly extraordinary to me that we can, as he says, restore the "freshness" to the work of the past (What *is* "freshness," if it is not vigor, vitality, contemporaneity?), but are subject to the utmost peril in communicating ourselves with respect to 20th-century literature. But, of course, it is because the basic terms on which contemporary literature is regarded are so deeply personal that it is difficult for Trilling to contemplate a commitment to them without annoyance.

He gives himself away again and again. Speaking of Keats's remarks about pleasure in that remarkable essay, "The Fate of Pleasure," he says that the *quality* of Keats's words was best to be seen when his affirmation of pleasure (erotic pleasure is of course meant throughout) is met "by his skepticism about pleasure." That is, an interest in pleasure is too simplistic; an *unlust* cannot be tolerated; but, if you are both interested in pleasure and doubtful of its ultimate value you have reached some point of intellectual balance (*sophistication* is not the word; it would be most *unsophisticated* to use it). There is an amusing footnote in the essay, in which Trilling suggests that Joyce's Molly Brown and Yeats's Maude Gonne (the one fictional, the other real) are "perhaps the last women in literature to be represented as having a transcendent and on the whole beneficent significance. . . ." And, in his essay on Jane Austen's *Emma*, he warns us not to accept the extravagant notion of a "Jane Austen's

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by George Oppen

This, Mr. Oppen's third book, carries further, and into longer poems, the poet's attempt to reach the nature of reality and experience through the poetic image and the accuracy of poetic speech. Thoroughly in the American vein, these are poems of maturity which mean to "bring into the open for the first time," says Mr. Oppen, "those things which can then be discussed in ordinary speech." They explore, in the words from Heidegger quoted in the epigraph of *This in Which,* "the third path, the arduous path of appearance."

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England,” because the actual England was quite different indeed; yet, he says, we may pardon those who do make the mistake; it is a desirable mistake to make.

In many ways, Trilling's major point may be said to be that a culture to which we may commit ourselves, which has an order and a conception of manners—in short, a *rationale*—is a *sine qua non*, and that it is the task of education at least to put the possibility of one within reach of the students' minds. But he is equally engaged by the notion of what he calls our “adversary culture.” What he apparently cannot stand, or understand, is that it is possible (perhaps even necessary) to know the irrational components of our culture without giving in to them; he has gone too far in assuming that the teacher's rostrum might lead to direct action, to the stoning of embassies and the burning of libraries, unless indeed the dignities are preserved and the Austen “idyll” is at least within the reach of the imagination.

I am, of course, also a teacher of modern literature, and I happen to believe that it can and should be taught. But I do not believe it should be taught in such a manner as Trilling seems to think it would be taught, were it but taught well. It is quite possible to teach *Naked Lunch* and *Corydon* and *Death in Venice*—that is, to communicate with students with respect to them, beyond the merely “new critical” technicalities, without being “tainted” by whatever infections they may contain. In the same line of thinking, the fullest significance of our great classics is just as explosive, if indeed not more so, and the fullest communication of their explosive nature is our privilege and our duty. To communicate the great human and social significance of our literature is a serious, a necessary, and a possible circumstance. Neither our privilege nor our obligations in this respect are limited by a matter of past or present. Trilling too often appears to want to save himself not from the obligations but from the ultimate commitment which the humanistic engagement involves. His position has become all too similar to the ones taken by persons in the academe who feel that an emotion, because it is strong, must therefore be crude, and cannot therefore be tolerated.

Delinquent's Progress

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X. With the assistance of Alex Haley. Introduction by M. S. Handler. Grove Press. 455 pp. $7.50.

Truman Nelson

This is the story of a man struck down on his way to becoming a revolutionary and a liberator of his people. It is the real American tragedy: a fall from great heights of promise, not from inner weakness or self-betrayal, but because assassins stood up in plain sight, like a firing squad, and put thirteen shotgun slugs into his chest and bullets in his legs and thighs as he lay dying.

Malcolm had known the white man's violence from infancy. Five of his father's six brothers died by violence; one was lynched, another killed by white police. His father, very strong, very black, a gun-carrying Baptist minister and a Garveyite organizer, was killed by having his head bashed in and he then was laid on a car track to be cut in half. The white insurance company called it suicide. When Malcolm, his father's seventh child, died in Harlem on February 21, 1965, he was accused by the white press of having “initiated violence.”

His mother was nearly white, looked white, but she could not keep a job when any of her black children showed up, or her small-town employers found out whose widow she was. Keeping food on the table and some dignity around it for a family of eight was an insoluble problem in the 1930s. It drove her into insanity. The family was broken up, and Malcolm began a delinquent's progress through the ghettos of Boston and New York, with conked red hair, a sky-blue zoot suit and orange knob-toed shoes, all so grotesque on his 6-foot-5 gangling frame that he would stop traffic crossing the street. He became a hustler, a pimp, a narcotics addict and peddler, a petty thief and armed robber.

The stupendous transformat came while he was serving a ten-y sentence for armed robbery in M sachusetts. He had become the pr type of the hustler, by his own defi tion: “The hustler out there in ghetto jungle has less respect for white power structure than any ot Negro in America. He is interna restrained by nothing. To survive is out there constantly preying others, probing for any human we ness like a ferret . . . forever fr trated, restless and anxious for so *action*. Whatever he undertakes, commits himself to it fully, solutely.”

A man who calls himself Elij Muhammad knew how to get throu to the Malcolms, the hustlers, t wretched of the earth. He is the lea er of an indigenous Muslim grou He has a touch of genius. He know like Luther before him, how to lo in the mud for the fallen and redee them. He wrote to every Negro knew of in prison, sent each a litt money and a lot of message. H contact with Malcolm brought th unregenerate hustler to an instant neous conversion equal to those d scribed in the pages of Willia James's *Varieties of Religious E perience*. James would have unde stood Mr. Muhammad better than h critics: James always argued that th significance of a belief should n be judged by its source, but its fruit Regardless of Elijah Muhammad historical and theological eccentric ties—all religions have their absurd ties—he has transformed many o the worst of men into some of th best.

Malcolm began to write to M Muhammad every day. He had t study so he would have somethin to say to him. He had to study because he had virtually forgotten how to write. In the prison library ther happened to be a rare collection o old anti-slavery tracts. Malcolm ther honed his new revolutionary edge o the abrasive rhetoric of the grea abolitionists, on Garrison and Phillips whose volcanic eruptions on th shame and guilt of the slaveholder and a nation that suffered them t live, have never been equaled. This became his basic vocabulary of assault.

When he was released he had impacted in him two explosive elements: the “blessed assurance” of the converted man; and a place in a community which was believed to be

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Truman Nelson is the author of The Surveyor, *a life of John Brown (Doubleday).*

stined to redeem an oppressed peo- e. In three magnificent chapters led "Saved," "Savior" and "Minister alcolm X," the making of a new alcolm is revealed. (The reader ust put aside any prejudice he may ive about a book "as told to" some- ne. You can hear and feel Malcolm this book; it is a superb job of anscription. (The tapes seem to run nto the paper with the clacking ef- ciency of a wire-service machine.)

alcolm was saved because Mr. Mu- ammad convinced him that no egro has to fear the intellectual ower of any man who tries to de- nd or justify what has been done the black man by the white man this country: saved because he as taught that he had sinned and llen in a world he had not made, nd had no power to shape or cor- ct in any way whatsoever.

So Malcolm went from the anony- ious brutality of prison life to his rother's Muslim household in De- oit, with its beautiful disciplines nd dignities: where the father is the rst to rise in the morning and repare the way for the family to ve out their day in cleanliness, or- er and love, and with passionate yalty toward one another. He began function in the Detroit ghetto as missionary. His message was sim- le but overpowering: "The Honor- ble Elijah Muhammad teaches us at since Western society is de- riorating, it has become overrun ith immorality and God is going to dge it, and destroy it. And the nly way the black people, caught up this society, can be saved is not integrate into a corruption, but to eparate from it, to a land of their wn where we can reform ourselves, ft up our moral standards and try be godly."

Mr. Muhammad was reviving *rev- lutionary separatism*, which he be- eves to be the only way a persecuted inority can liberate themselves. long with it, Mr. Muhammad had write his new testament. A people ho have had their history stolen rom them usually embrace an apoc- yphal one until they are strong nough to wrest the truth from its uppressors. And to achieve this trength they have to be made to be- eve, somehow, that they are "the hosen people of God." The more one uestions Mr Muhammad's "history," he more one is forced to admit Mal- olm's genius in defending it and uilding on it a movement of such egenerating dynamism.

Fishing for men in the ghettos of Detroit, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere, Malcolm changed a little store-front cult into a powerful religion with more than a hundred places of worship spread over the fifty states. Mr. Muhammad was the Messenger; he gave him the WORD, but Malcolm was pre-eminently the Missionary. He knew the streets as a hustler does, how to work the shifting, indeterminate fringes of public Black Nationalist or civil rights gatherings. He caught the people coming out, with unanswered questions, demands, yearnings from the Christian churches. The Muslims grew from 400 to 40,000.

Their suddenly visible strength attracted the white mass media, looking for new sensations to merchandise. A nation-wide TV program called *The Hate That Hate Produced* started a reaction that began to portray the Muslims as a potential source of violence, the shock troops of black racism. Malcolm, rushing to their defense, became disastrously diverted from the necessary organizing of his own people. He became a victim of the great American "image" psychosis. He began to "hustle" again, but this time among the whites. He thought he was "explaining and defending the Honorable Elijah Muhammad," but he was only playing the oppressor's game, on battlefields they were choosing. With his consciousness that their history, their humanities, their constitutions and churches were all part of an ideology of lies, easily exposed when examined in practice, he won Pyrrhic victories before microphones, TV cameras and forums, but this had very little to do with building a liberation force among his own people. The expanding nation of Islam, the only genuine movement of, by and for the black people since the deportation of Marcus Garvey, came to a halt. The Muslim ministers, including Mr. Muhammad, were too busy explaining themselves to people who didn't give a damn about them, but only wanted to assess how deeply they should be feared.

Doubts began to creep into Malcolm's own mind. He heard that Mr. Muhammad was beginning to disapprove of his many public appearances before whites. He thought it was jealousy. The outside pressure upon the Muslim movement, the mixed adulation and horror, began to disintegrate it. For his statement on Kennedy's assassination, Malcolm was silenced, then expelled. Again there were the white reporters at his elbow, urging him, daring him to talk, explain, justify! Malcolm never lost his real power of presence and personality; but, expelled from the Muslims, he lost his base. Mr. Muhammad taunted him brilliantly: "Who is Malcolm leading? Who is he teaching? He has no truth. I am not going to let the crackpots destroy the good things Allah sent to you and me."

Malcolm became convinced that the Muslims were going to kill him. He felt he had to raise a counter force strong enough to protect himself. He tried to recruit in Harlem among this potential of a million followers. But again he was drawn off into a tragic diversion: a pilgrimage to Mecca to prove that he, not Elijah Muhammad, was the real Muslim. This had no relevance to the streets of Harlem. There, they thought he was running away. Malcolm was not aware of the disintegration that had taken place in him after his god had cast him out. He was so dynamic that fragments of him seemed more powerful than the whole. In fact, he

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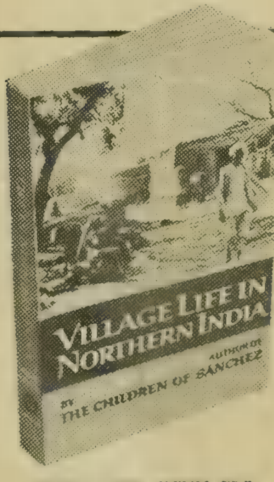

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was like some exploding piece of fireworks, with its fiery particles dying in the sky.

He was talking integration now, under the banner of the True Islam. Whites again took up his time with interminable discussions of religious and ethical abstractions. And always he felt stalked by killers hired by his chosen father on earth and his own beloved brothers and sisters.

The complexities of his situation were unbearable. He would have had to leave Muhammad anyway; he had outgrown him. He had internationalized himself. Always he traveled, back and forth across the continent, abroad for eighteen weeks again, and then back to Harlem for some pathetic efforts at organizing by a handful of his faithful. And to write this marvelous book that is not a book but a man, a tragic, agonizing, palpable man.

He ended it in a chapter called "1965." It is unresolved. He is admitting he needs much more time to reflect, to clarify . . . if he could only study, rest a while from this interminable explaining, this mania for justification. He knew he had not gathered an adequate protective force. Almost the last sentence of the book is: ". . . societies often have killed the people who have helped change them."

But the great revelation comes in the Epilogue by his perceptive and enormously skillful amanuensis, Alex Haley. Malcolm was invited to speak in France by a group of African students. He had been talking, in late '64, of the great power of the black and yellow races when seen internationally. I heard him in Harlem, on a platform with Babu, the Zanzibar revolutionary, say the problem is now simply the oppressed against the oppressor. He had begun to renew himself, and his regenerated purpose began to take form, a political form. He was talking now like a member of a revolutionary majority. When he arrived in France, the government banned him as "an undesirable person." He was wrathful and puzzled when he came back to New York.

On Saturday, February 20, he made a most significant phone call to Alex Haley. "I'm going to tell you something, brother. The more I think about what is happening lately, I'm not at all sure it's the Muslims. I know what they can do and what they can't do, and they can't do some of the stuff that's happening to me lately. The more I think of what happened to me in France, I think I'm going to quit saying it's the Muslims. . . . I'm glad that I've been the first to establish official ties between Afro-Americans and our blood brothers in Africa." Then he hung up.

Twenty-four hours later, in the dressing room of the Audubon Ballroom, he said he was going to announce that he had been too hasty in accusing the Muslims because, "things are happening that are bigger than they can do . . . in fact, I'm going to ease some of this tension by telling the black man not to fight himself . . . that it's all part of the white man's big maneuver, to keep us fighting against ourselves." before he could get this noble resc on the record, the executioners r in the first row and the sentence carried out.

Viewed in its complete histori context, this is indeed a great bo Its dead-level honesty, its passion, exalted purpose, even its manif unsolved ambiguities will make stand as a monument to the m painful of truths: that this count this people, this Western world practiced unspeakable cruelty agai a race, an individual, who might h made its fraudulent humanism reality.

Berkeley: Free Speech and Free Vers

Donald Wesling

The crackle of the P. A. system carrying for blocks as a few hundred people stand outside Sproul Hall at noon being addressed by witty Free Speech Movement leaders on the state of California's revenge at the "trespassing" trial; a couple in the library, their feet blackened by barefoot walking, she takes a rubber stamp from the reserve desk, sits on the floor and stamps HOLD on her ankles and calves; in a lecture Allen Ginsberg describing how he was deported from Havana for advocating pot and pederasty, later elected King of the May by the students of Prague, before he was expelled by *their* government; Charles Olson stripping off his jacket while lecturing, chain-smoking, confessing he has been visited by spirits. At Berkeley, such observations explode the accepted notions of campus life; they contradict Hearst's dominating clock tower with its evening carillon, the artificial brook and wooden bridges, frat boys and coeds on the trimmed lawns, the vaulted reading room of a great library, the radiation lab on the heights clicking and shining all night. Perhaps from such observations and the political realities they imply there will emerge a new form of college myth, an uncritical romanticizing of the New Left which this brief report does not entirely avoid.

For now, at this volatile university, the issues of freedom and authority are clearer because of the hardening, the exaggeration, of both sides in the free-speech debate. On a first visit of only a few days, I saw at Berkel more of the university as critic a corrector of "outside" society than had seen over a period of years private universities in the East. A having gone to hear the second we of readings and lectures in the Berk ley Poetry Conference, I was une pectedly and deeply impressed by t seemingly programmatic congruen of free speech with free verse written by such men as Olson, Gin berg, Robert Duncan, Edward Dor and Robert Creeley. Most of thes poets are half reluctantly becomin political rhetoricians and prophet developing an epic sense of the d basement of American language an landscape. Certainly the Berkel student audience received them a genuine experimenters, even heroe because in lives and poems wher every successive moment is conceive as polemical they were making au thentic—and thus, in the best sense unconventional—choices.

Ending his introduction to Ginsberg's massive reading, Professor of Englis Thomas Parkinson said that it didn' bother him a bit, he was *glad* to know Allen as a friend. The defensivenes of that, the forced colloquialism o the whole introduction, were clea symptoms of the difficult position o liberal faculty members at Berkeley. Free speech for students, poets, and themselves as teachers is an ideal most Berkeley professors would defend. Nevertheless the faculty wants settled conditions for the processes of teaching and research, and often enough, wrongly or not, it identifies the privilege to do these things with the alleged right of the university to

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Donald Wesling teaches English at the University of California, La Jolla.

a contemplative retreat from so-ty. So faculty members, especially : majority who are essentially lib-ils and agree that last year's ad-nistrative fiats were grievous mis-:es, are in a cross fire between the iservative authorities who are their sses and colleagues, and the per-isive student activists who want ect engagement in civil rights and ernational politics.

In their readings and lectures the conference many poets also owed themselves obsessed by large :ial themes, moving in mid-career m aesthetics and epistemology to-rd an idiosyncratic politics as did :ir masters Pound and William rlos Williams. The poets of this iitmanic tradition—surely the most ierent and promising group now iting in the United States — are, e Berkeley students, testing the iits of freedom, looking outside isting social reference, outside ex-ing meters. "Limits/are what any us/are inside of" is the text from son's *Maximus Poems* most often oted by the others. Brilliantly, but th baffling disconnection, Olson in s own lecture spoke of the besmirch-g of "the world" by relentless storical forces and "neo-capitalism." iis is his theme in the *Maximus* ter on a Star Nosed Mole "mag-tized" by the highway:

> like the prettiest thing in the
> world
> drilling
> itself into the
> pavement. . . .
> he loveliest animal I believe I ever
> did see
> n such a quandary. . . .

such lovely particulars Olson finds amples of the poet's futility; that why he describes removing the ole to the grass with "an oar out the back seat of the station agon":

> nd off the marshes
> f Walker's Creek fall
> raduatedly so softly to
> he Creek and the Creek to
> pswich Bay an arm
> f the Atlantic Ocean
>
> end the Star Nosed Mole
> ll into the grass
> ll away from the dizzying
> ighway if that was what was wrong
>
> vith the little thing, spinning
> n the middle of the
> ighway

Olson the place—Gloucester, Buf-lo, anywhere in the States—is still artbreakingly there in its lineaments, still with the original untarnished name, but its lovely rudeness neglected by generations of merchants, overlaid now with hardtop, "debris/of common/wealths."

In his lecture, "What's Happening on Earth?" Ginsberg too discussed the world, or that part of it he saw in visits to Cuba, Russia and satellite countries during the first six months of this year. Discussing Communist suppression of divergent opinion among students and writers, he spent the lecture implicitly qualifying his own uninformed idealism about the continuing "revolution" behind the iron curtain. But Olson's charge in *Maximus* that "So few/have the polis/in their eye" was most eloquently expressed by Edward Dorn. He began his talk on "The Poet, the People, the Spirit" by drawing on the blackboard a quite detailed map of Idaho and the states touching it, then marking the various American Indian reservations in the area. Quietly and intensely he recounted his visit to a few of these reservations with a Negro photographer. Dorn sees in the Indian an "apt admonishment," the same kind of warning Wordsworth received from the Leech Gatherer; and like Lawrence's Navajos or Mexicans he sees the Indian as living in another world which is yet simultaneous with our own. Toward the end of his long poem, "The Land Below," he describes this old Indian man:

> He wore a green shirt, otherwise
> he retained a solitude, his lean
> ankles crossed.
> And the hair done up in back
> with a simple white tight wound
> cloth
> and girding his hair and forehead
> a patterned handkerchief, a fore-
> lock hanging
> over, the longer hair bobbed around
> his head.
> There was a chipmunk stealing
> wieners,
> the fastness a cartoon movement,
> was such
> a difference looking from it to the
> man.
>
> (from *Hands Up!*,
> Totem/Corinth, 1964)

In the final sentences of his lecture, Dorn turned his wealth of commentary on the interplay of Negro, dispossessed Indian, and himself—white, and maybe too self-consciously a poet—into an emblem of American society, praising finally all criminals, eccentrics, poets, strangers on the move, because those aliens among us at least "know where they've been." The lecture set forth a larger moral sense of poetry and American life than Dorn—or any of these poets—has yet encompassed in poems.

Dorn tentatively contrasted the impotent violence and rage, the playing with death, of young Shoshone bucks on the reservation, with the possible formative lawlessness of the poet in approaching his materials. This is the theme of his pamphlet, "What I see in the Maximus Poems" (Migrant, 1960)—"it is the matrix which interests me rather than the metrics"—of Robert Duncan's "Notes on Poetics: Regarding Olson's *Maximus*" (*The Review*, January, 1964), and also of Robert Creeley's conference lecture on "A Sense of Measure." William Carlos Williams, in a discussion of "Measure" (*Spectrum*, 1959) which Creeley quoted, focuses the problem nicely: "The 'moral' issue is never far in the rear. The exact point of pressure for an American . . . poet, is his own language, how it will be put on the page to represent what his mind perceives directly about him. . . . Our native idiom, the way we speak in this democracy, is the image our poetry must dig in as a fertile soil. . . . Men and women who are in love do not any longer feel this way, the way adopted by the sonnet, toward each other." And yet,

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"Freedom cannot be the end of it": finished with "the abberation of free verse," which is "no more than a contradiction in terms . . . we have to learn to recount, taking our idiom as a constant (and for that we have to know what we are taking) and make units of it which we compose into our effects."

Creeley was careful to qualify that what he and Williams are talking about is *a*, not *the*, sense of measure; and that at best there is nothing "free" or arbitrary about the process of composition which gives the unique poem its appropriate cadences. He noted that when Charles Tomlinson started using Williams' three-tier line as a system or form, it went dead. Creeley is himself so suspicious of cliché that his normal conversation is studded with the unconscious formula "quote-unquote" — a rather crude way to disarm language of potential platitude. Surprisingly the word "love" doesn't stick in his throat. His poems in *For Love* have neither the full vocabulary nor the full confrontation with "the 'moral' issue" which Williams called for, being each of them a little exercise in purified or heightened idiom. His essentially lyric personality was best demonstrated at his open reading, where he was concerned, in the poems and their covering explanations, with intimate matters of phrasal nuance and personal love experience. He read his own work with anguish, uttering word after word, atomizing the syntax, turning each poem into a series of shining syllabic nuggets.

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Yet at his best, in the wonderful poem "Something," Creeley moves toward the public speech, the more active vocabulary and the flair for specific description, of Williams and Olson. Since measure means nothing if not the full sweep of a poem including its ending, I quote:

    I remember
once in a rented room on
27th street, the woman I loved
then, literally, after we

had made love on the large
bed sitting across from
a basin with two faucets, she

had to pee but was nervous,
embarassed I suppose I
would watch her who had but

a moment ago been completely
open to me, naked, on
the same bed. Squatting, her

head reflected in the mirror,
the hair dark there, the
full of her face, the shoulders,

sat spread-legged, turned on
one faucet and shyly pissed. What
love might learn from such a sight.

The delicate deployment of punctuation (commas surrounding "literally" but not "I suppose"), the unobtrusive colloquial verbs, the unemphatic closing on a statement which is neither question nor exclamation: this is the concert of specifics which makes for movement within a measure.

The diversity of these poets is pronounced enough; however far more important is their shared interest in the problem of place, in the limits of observation and description, in the technical and moral perplexities of "measure" in its broadest definition.
I doubt that T. S. Eliot was
tioned once in the two weeks of
conference, but the documents
the poets in their pantheon—H.
Louis Zukofsky, Pound, Willi
Olson—are constantly referred t
"facts," writers whose poems ar
be mastered, even plundered.
speak of Berkeley free speech
the writing of these poets is, ad
tedly, to speak by analogy. Yet in
order of things the conjunctio
surely not one of chance. The b
students, the better poets, have
polis in their eye. And with t
own free-speech movement, their
search for the meaning of respon
measure, these poets are as consc
as the most sensible student-m
ment leaders that "freedom ca
be the end of it."

Genuine measure is the n
urgent now because students
poets alike have gathered to th
selves a fringe culture which w
anarchy for its own sake. To
vive, the free-speech movement
have to disembarrass itself of
worst forms of Filthy Speech. C
lined Telegraph Avenue at Berk
has the Riviera atmosphere of
sexual trading post: that copula
thrives is not (probably) in it
evil, but that this same area is
heart of the student movement s
gests that we may be observing
sexualization of politics, a radi
confusion of personal and politi
freedoms. Probably this tendency
reinforced by the personal exam
and writings of Paul Goodman.
another, more relevant influence,
motto of Filthy Speech seems to h
come from a mimeographed ma
zine which last fall printed w
from most poets who read at
Berkeley conference. This was
famously lewd *Fuck You: A Ma
zine of the Arts*, whose cry was "t
war on culture" and whose editori
with serious levity, demanded "f
dom for hallucinogens," as well
free speech. Reading this magazi
one has to separate true original
from shock technique, humor fr
paranoia, writing from ranting.
similarly severe discrimination
plies even more to Filthy Speech a
other excessive attempts to flout
values of the community outside u
versity walls. The challenge is t
inevitably a politics or a poetry wh
is tentative, polemical, desperate,
a principle of continuous anarch
only its finest talents will be lea
ing what to do with their freedom.

Primitive Anti-Communism

ARXISM. One Hundred Years in the Life of a Doctrine. By Bertram D. Wolfe. The Dial Press. 404 pp. $6.95.

RANGE COMMUNISTS I HAVE KNOWN. By Bertram D. Wolfe. Stein and Day. 222 pp. $6.

Samuel Adams Darcy

sor up, isolated in his armor, Beram Wolfe approaches Marx; it is ıch more a combat than the act scholarship he would like us to lieve it to be. Wolfe has for years en pursuing this war within a war: wever it began, the stance is now artial, which is not, perhaps, the st way to challenge Marx or to ıbark on the formidable underking of writing a history of Marxist aching. No doubt there are other ws: some would hold that Wolfe not nearly martial enough, and at the only way to deal with the low is to have at him. Whatever e merits of these arguments, the ct is that in Wolfe's case the posture s produced two inadequate books.

In the 117 years of its history, arxism has become the official ideogy of some 40 per cent of the orld's population. In view of the wer and determination of its opnents, and the frequent incomtence and even venality of some arxist leaders, this is a remarkable hievement indeed; and any book ich sets out to analyze the history Marxism should minimally answer o questions: what is the reason r this achievement, and are the arxist leaders now pursuing the ms Marx originally propounded?

Wolfe answers neither question. deed, a reliance on Wolfe must ad one to conclude that Marxism a fatally flawed doctrine and that immense growth and influence is terrible, unaccountable mistake. or is this all: Lenin's understandg of Marx was also faulty, and erefore he could never succeed in tablishing socialism in the Soviet ion. And Wolfe is willing to go en beyond this and say that Marx-Leninist socialism is in fact a blind alley and near collapse. One suspects his friends would have wished he had not tried to prove so much; in single combat he has attempted to take on all comers.

This is a pity. Intelligent and lucid explications of Marxism are still urgently needed, especially in this country where writers beyond number have produced books which aimed to kill off Marxism once and for all, a millenarian task which has created a new industry, books for the remainder tables, obscurity for the writers, and almost no light at all. It would be easy enough to say that this is the result of a determined know-nothingism; and, in truth, there was in the past enormous resistance to Marxist thought. But the recent meeting of the American Sociological Association, with Coser and Bottomore's tributes to Marx, and the encouragement of the study of his methods as a *contemporary* guide, is only one of many indications during the past few years that Marxism in America is achieving the academic respectability it has long held in Western Europe.

There is no reflection of this in Wolfe's history, and no response to it; he has, we gather quickly enough, other concerns. One of these is to prove that Lenin was *for* defeat of one's own country in war, and he devotes 70 pages to a close examination of this notion. Engels, we are told, was for the *defense* of one's fatherland. Therefore, obviously, these two great men are at opposite poles and flatly contradict each other. But in fact there is no contradiction; the truth is often simpler than Wolfe will allow. In Engels' time, Czarist Russia menaced all of Europe, much as Nazi Germany did in the thirties. The presence of Russia made even small gains impossible. In Marx's view, the defeat of czarism was critically urgent. He and Engels supported the German Government's efforts against the Czar, cursed those Balkan countries which supported Russia, and hailed the Poles who fought for independence and against the Czar. They urged France to make no pacts with Russia. This was not, as Wolfe suggests, German chauvinism; it was, clearly, Marx's strategy against reaction.

Like every other member of the European Left of his time, Lenin shared this view of Russia; therefore, though a Russian, he worked for Russia's defeat. Fearing precisely such confusion as Wolfe has fallen into, Lenin emphasized that despite his own tactics against the Czar, the "defense of the fatherland is permissible . . . as a defense of democracy." Wolfe evades the very problem he raises; it is all reduced to a counterpoising of isolated statements which become, by assertion, dogma. The journey from assertion to total confusion is an easy one. Contradictions may abound but on this point, between Engels and Lenin, there was none.

On Marx's economic ideas—a matter of some importance, certainly—we must assume that Wolfe claims

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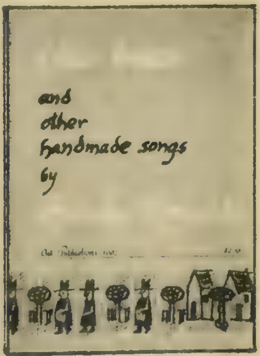
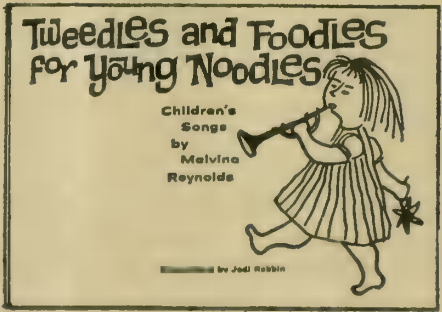
muel Adams Darcy was secretary of e Communist Party of the state of lifornia during the height of protest ovements of the 1930s, and played significant role in the San Franco general strike of 1934.

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small competence, since he does little more than advocate marginal utility economics plus the "use of computer mathematics." He evidences no grasp, for example, of the economic pressures and particularly the need to find a way to acquire investment capital without once more falling under foreign domination, which impel the former colonial nations to declare themselves Marxist. He takes this as a sign of the intellectual pretentiousness of new nations: even so "new" a nation as China.

On some questions Wolfe points to real problems, as others have done before him. The most urgent of these is the malignant nationalism, which is one of the crucial unsolved problems of the Socialist world. Even here, however, Wolfe takes refuge in a spurious "internationalism," and again avoids coming to grips with the hard facts. He considers the rise of "nationality" to be in opposition to "internationalism," and finds, not surprisingly, that "actually, the great ages of internationalism were to be sought in the past; the Roman Empire with its Pax Romana." In truth, all nations must achieve freedom from external domination in order to evolve into a genuine and effective world organization; internationalism is not possible for a people who are slaves, as so many were under Wolfe's exemplary Rome. In our epoch, the achievement of nationhood is historic progress toward internationalism, not a movement in the opposite direction.

Wolfe's confusion aside, it must be said that Socialist countries have manifested a narrow national self-interest which has produced much conflict and holds the potential for a great deal more. But it must also be said that none of these conflicts has yet reached a stage of war, as they would surely have done in the past. The problem is nevertheless present and it is a crucial one. It is interesting that Marshall Phillipe de Hautecloque ("Leclerc"), commander in chief of the French forces in Indo-China from 1945 to 1947, said that anti-communism "will remain a useless tool in our hands as long as the problem of nationalism remains unsolved." It is a troublesome problem to both sides, and one that will clearly not be solved by any one nation's Pax, a crude and antique device which perhaps still holds some appeal for the military but surely for no one else.

Wolfe's catchy title, *Strange Communists I Have Known*, provides a reviewer with a neat strategic device for revealing something of Wolfe's curious approach to the educative process. It is impossible to resist pointing out that he writes of ten people; he admits that he has met five of them; of the remair five, he met one only once; twc the ten, he tells us, were not, in f Communists. For the most part, book consists of anti-Soviet go and rumors, some of it long ago credited: John Reed's deathbed cantation, for example, which found by Theodore Draper to be w out substance.

Wolfe provides us with all the s bols of scholarship but none of treasures: there are many footno and exquisite avowals and disavow of translations, a meticulous dedi tion to details, and a marked fail to illuminate the subject. Wolfe rides Communist writers because, tells us, they hold to the view t "one does not think, one quotes." his *Marxism*, Wolfe uses 787 quo in the text, forty-five in the footnot and forty-three in chapter headin some of which exceed 400 words.

This may be a record. If so, c hopes it is never to be broken. Th two books, though brand new, ready have about them an antiq air: survivors from an early peri of primitive anti-communism, th now stumble toward us; however, is we who rub our eyes with ast ishment.

ART

Max Kozlo

RHYTHMIC FUROR

If one were to list Edvard Munch's various claims to attention (there is now a curious retrospective of his work at the Guggenheim), a great range of achievements would come to mind. Claiming first place might be the historical change he effected when his exhibition of 1892 created a storm in the German *avant-garde*, and generated not merely the Berlin Secession but modern Expressionism outside France as well. At one stroke it showed that nascent *art nouveau* (Jugendstil) could be far more emotive than decorative, and that a visual crystallization (Munch's favorite word) could be fused between Symbolist aesthetics and Scandinavian theatre. More synoptic than Ensor, more penetrating than Hodler, Munch became one of the most visible representatives of the exhausted *fin-de-siècle* renewing itself by the obsession that inner and outer worlds exist only to be transliterated by a tistic materials.

Or, one might point to his cont bution in prints, for surely he w one of the most consummate graph artists of modern times. A singul accord binds Munch's desire to fir emblems of situations and states mind with the discoveries he mac in spotting isolated black shapes- clumps of people huddled together- in simple, irrational designs. Th dark bulk of a couple embracing overprinted by a wood block whos lightly inked striations create a ve for their emotion, while stressin simultaneously the literal quality the medium, and an incipient al straction. Elsewhere, sinuous stripe energize voids with rhythmic echoe that are shared by human beings an nature alike. These are conception which reach past the particulars o draftsmanship.

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But it is as a psychologist that
unch strikes home most forcefully.
is personal intensity matches the
ictorial syntax with which he etches
me rather elemental themes: sick-
ess, death, man alone, sexual con-
ict. This is not said specifically of
is innumerable portraits, for in
em Munch is incisive, even memo-
ble, without really breaking with
e naturalist mold. Nor does it point
his later proletarian sympathies,
pantheistic cycles in tribute of life
rces, for these have more to do
ith his intellectual make-up than
ith his aesthetic nerve ends.

A visual artist, Munch could not
rtray a human dilemma by depict-
g its past or future history, as on
e stage, nor as an *avant-gardist*,
uld he characterize psychological
sturbance by mimic illustration.
oth devices stem from romantic or
terary tradition, and—though "lit-
ary" himself, in that he wanted to
veal nonvisual relationships be-
veen people—Munch had to recast
e social infra-structure of his world
formal terms.

Therefore, the shadowy vagueness
om which his personages emerge
disappear functions not as a time-
ss context, nostalgic or monumental,
t as a plasmic, ever-present, ever-
enacing location which exposes the
ner agitation of his actors ("Moon-
ght," "The Death Bed"). Moreover,
unch was one of the most acute
nong those who realized the drama-
c possibilities in the conflict be-
veen surface and depth. If the pro-
essive tendency of his day was to
atten all volumes, and to move
ong on one plane in the fashion of
arabesque, Munch would at times
raighten out the arabesque just
ough to suggest a radically up-
ded perspective (while disguising
e point at which the shift occurs).
is images, whether animate or in-
imate — and sometimes there is
tle enough distinction—would con-
quently be locked in an insuffer-
le tension of near and far, perpetu-
ly disjointed in a shallow space. At
eir most successful, his works com-
ne these qualities of indistinctness
d disproportion, put to the service
isolating the shifting predicaments
living.

Yet, that Munch in his early
aturity was continuing to elicit
oods, is quite out of the question.
"mood," no matter how piercing,
by its nature circumstantial and
ansient; one stages it. Munch, on the contrary, premises each of his important, anti-narrative tableaux on a statement about the condition of man; he delivers even an unspecified anxiety irrevocably. Not for nothing does one see his people only frontally or from the side. No real intimacy is vouchsafed the spectator. An invisible wall separates him from the muted events within the canvas. This transition from mood to statement can be seen when comparing the 1890 "Night in St. Cloud," where the gaze moves easily into a darkened room in which a man's figure is profiled against a dim window, with "The Voice" of 1893, a transfixed woman amidst a lakeshore forest, in which a stillness of the mind is as apparent as of the place. But this woman looks directly out, unaware that she is establishing a contact by one of the few "actions" the artist will permit. It is a matter of some judgment to determine whether this contact is caused by the heightened expectancy of the subject, or a more ambitious effort to draw the beholder into some new intuition of the surroundings ("The Red Villa"). That is, the artist deliberately equivocates about the status of the properties he displays: they may be fixtures of a synthesized reality, but they may also be alarms in the head next to which they are pictorially juxtaposed. This is certainly the case with Munch's "Jealousy" series, in which a man dreams his betrayal as a scene which he himself introduces. There may be no intimacy in all this, as I said, but there is great revelation.

Some of Munch's fruitful temporizing between archaic theatrical convention and illumination of the unconscious is carried over in his inflammatory treatment of iconography. "The Death of Marat," for instance, is transformed into a sexual murder. "The Dance of Life" has a "Judgment of Paris" subplot. A man in a woman's arms is entitled "Vampire." And of "The Kiss," Strindberg correctly and typically said that it is "the fusion of two beings, the smaller of which, shaped like a carp, seems on the point of devouring the larger, as is the habit of vermin, microbes, vampires and women." But the most haunting of his visions is a color lithograph, "Madonna," which combines the lassitude of a naked odalisque and the deathlike visage of the mother, expiring in a religious, yet carnal ecstacy. She is the St. Teresa of Symbolism, made all the more disturbing in one version (not at the museum) by a border of wriggling spermatozoa which call the bluff of the *art nouveau* whiplash. Put next to a gilded Gibson girl "Judith" by Klimt, Munch's "Madonna" would reveal some of the same equation between morbidity and seduction. But the Klimt is no more than a social titillation; the Munch subverts society. It is this subversion that marks him as the innovator, and the troubled man, he was. The expression of his hostile ambivalence toward women gained force because, in some respects, it was involuntary. Concerning Munch's corroded eroticism, Werner Hofmann remarks that it is "the final line that the century draws under the battle of the sexes. . . . There is nothing of that other dance of life found in the Moulin de la Galette. There is no illusion now, but bitterness, mutual recrimination, the awakening conscience, jealousy, mistrust, estrangement and a speechless coexistence that knows no more to say." The various pictorial genres, or

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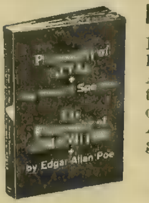

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what is left of them, collapse in the poisonous intuition of the N wegian artist.

In order to effect such a c monological outlook, Munch's paint ly apparatus faced a decisive choic If his palette was to flare up, and h brush to gesture wildly, then h means would call drastic attenti to themselves. When this happen in his work, in the form of chromat clashes and a broken semaphore touches, its neurotic edge was lo without there being any correspon ing increase in energy. But to wo in half lights, thin coatings and su dued harmonies, in accord with th splenetic repression he himself fel was to risk a kind of schemati murkiness. This is what make Munch's paintings so uneven, becaus he could rescue them from physic anticlimax only by stopping short th dissipation that made them psych logically explicit. Quite often on sees in his pictures unresonant dis sonances, laconic turpentine slurps in which color itself hesitates to de clare the malaise that feeds his ver perception. At such moments, Munc can resemble scores of Northern provincial painters who flirted timor ously with Expressionism. On th other hand, especially when he deal with the crepuscular Scandinavian light, he evokes a reverse noctur which is attuned to the low-grad virulence of his coloring. At its best Munch's art is concisely vicious. An even its furor is rhythmic.

As an exhibition, the Guggenheim show packages a number of previously unseen works from Norway, but is overweighted toward dullness. Moreover, if "The Scream" is present, those other masterpieces, "Puberty" and "The Death Chamber" are sadly absent. The prints, too, are given short shrift; either much more or much less should have been done with them. Very little attempt has been made to untangle the knotty relationships of graphics to paintings. And the catalogue confines itself to information useless to the interested layman. Finally, perhaps because of the alien, antiseptic surroundings of this museum, the installation is unfortunate. All in all, not a model to follow in the future.

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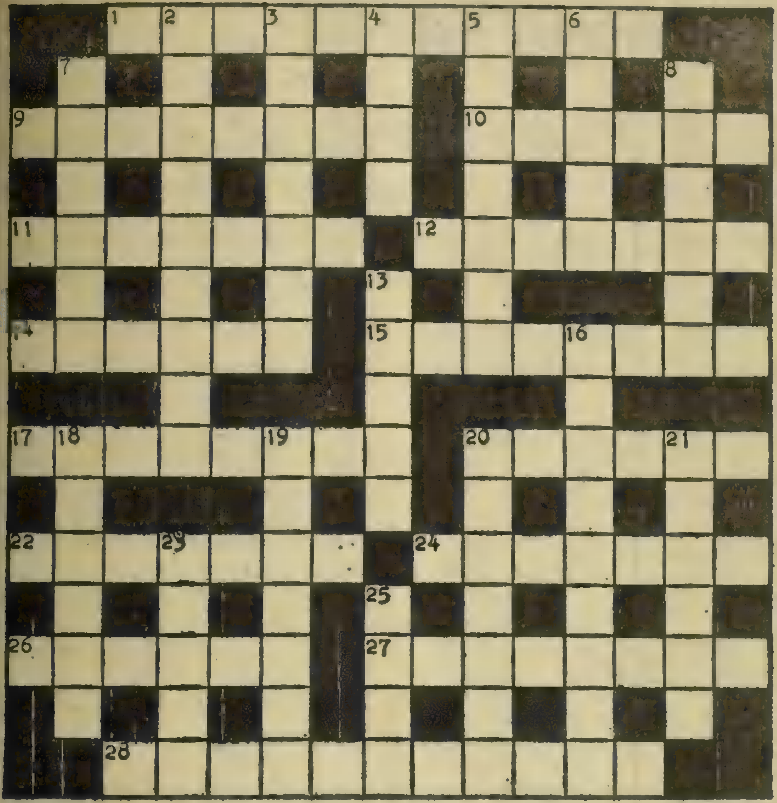
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

Almost all voice is false in a tropical band—no wonder one is misleading. (11)
Such a man could be both solid and hep, even when confused! (8)
One way to get given a lift, if highly considered. (6)
Does such furniture suggest the roll-away kind, as well? (7)
Most men, in a way, have their little ones. (7)
Basically, not speaking as a child. (6)
The lazy are not enthusiastic thus, and one who is patient might be advised not to. (8)
Possibly dangerous statement of the miserly property owner? (8)
Perhaps material saving if one does. (6)
Slip-line, suggesting a flop to some. (4, 3)
How to intimidate when taking cover—totally on one's uppers, possibly. (7)
Where one might hope to see at least one ace under control. (2, 4)
One comes without warrant. (7)
The end of 1 across? (A way to attack the business district might be charted after the late news.) 5, 6)

DOWN:

Where that sinking feeling would be particularly unpleasant. (9)
Get what is left; in her, it is pulled together. (7)
4 Probably not even a bone doctor of sorts inside! (4)
5 If you do, you like a very soft cover on what the rambler does. (7)
6 See 25 down
7 and 13 Spiritual 16 with Grandma, possibly. (2, 4, 5)
8 Certainly not so bad as one who plays the horses! (6)
13 See 7 down
16 A convenient place for some to store things who reuse a form of it. (9)
18 Like Richard III, seeking the answer? (6)
19 Where monks might be tidy? (2, 5)
20 Hers not to reason out a way to 20 across! (7)
21 Used to get red and more angry. (6)
23 Current method of expanding the service, much appreciated by some beer-drinkers. (5)
25 and 6 down It could be soothing to find metal on what might sound relatively like 24. (4, 5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1125

ACROSS: 1 Schoolhouse; 9 and 27 Meantime; 10 Educe; 11 and 12 Campgrounds; 13 Censors; 15 Penitent; 16 Soccer; 18 Scents; 21 Nihilist; 24 Bullion; 26 Friezes; 28 Skua; 29 Thief; 31 Bearded lady. DOWN: 2 Confusion; 3 Overdue; 4 Loud; 5 Omelets; 6 Sacks; 7 Degree; 8 Emerge; 14 Stunt; 17 Collected; 19 and 30 Chuck steak; 20 Spotter; 22 Harmful; 23 Seesaw; 25 Leave.

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- *for civil liberties and the rights of protest and debate in America*
- *for a foreign policy receptive rather than hostile to the aspiration of nine-tenths of the world's people who live in misery*
- *for an end to the war in Vietnam*
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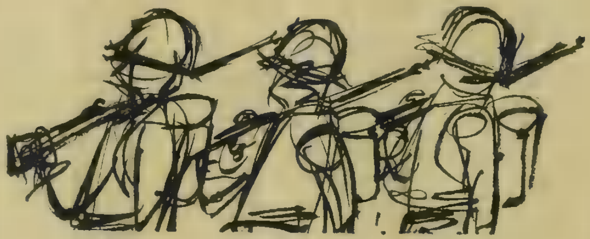

Ross Wilhelm

HOW TO END THE DRAFT

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Howard Junker

THE ROSENBERG CASE

‘INVITATION to an INQUEST’

Review by FRED J. COOK

LETTERS

Benefit to all

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: I must dissent from Milton Viorst's rather morose attack on our efforts to secure a non-proliferation treaty ["The Nuclear Club: Why the Outs Want In," *The Nation*, Oct. 18].

Certainly we are aware that some of the have-nots may be unwilling to disclaim nuclear weapons without indications of restraint on the part of the club members. I would refer Mr. Viorst to William Foster's realistic appraisal in the July *Foreign Affairs*, where explicit mention is made of these contingencies.

However, none of this warrants Mr. Viorst's conclusion that "the draft treaty on proliferation burdens only one group of signers, without any demonstrable benefit to all."

The prevailing distrust and sensitivity have thus far barred the path to meaningful disarmament between the super powers. In this impasse our most promising course is to seek limited agreements to control the weaponry now in place. The spread of atomic capability to smaller countries would "nuclearize" local, traditional disputes, increasing tension and inevitably the risk of actual use.

The prevention of this development is most assuredly a demonstrable benefit to us all. *Rep. Seymour Halpern*
6th District, New York

The teacher rift

New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs: While some points of substance are raised by Stanley Elam in his article on teachers' unions ["Teachers' Unions: Rift Without Differences," *The Nation*, Oct. 18], the whole is remarkably superficial. . . .

Membership in the various branches of the NEA is often a condition of employment. . . . Sixty to 70 per cent of the directorship of the NEA is composed of school administrators. . . . How can the NEA possibly represent teachers when it is dominated by the very men from whom they must seek altered conditions and pay? . . .

Mr. Elam should have been aware that the remarkable successes of the AFT in Hartford, New York, Cleveland and in other cities have only been possible because of the interlocking support offered by the AFL-CIO, both locally and nationally, a support which removes the teachers from the "professional" isolation the NEA prefers. . . . *Robert L. Herbert*
Dept. of the History of Art
Yale University

Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Sirs: My thesis is that no fundamental ideological issues or principles stand in the way of NEA-AFT merger and that much could be gained by merger. When I read that a Yale professor considers my defense of this thesis "remarkably superficial," I expected some profound or at least some probing remarks to follow. Alas, Mr. Herbert evidently missed my major points, he saw some that weren't there, and he parrots some standard AFT dogma which is becoming quite obsolete as NEA affiliates change position. . . .

It is true that much pressure—sometimes overt, often subtle and covert—has been applied by administrators to force NEA membership upon teachers. It is also true—I said this myself—that AFT competition is forcing the NEA into a new militancy on behalf of teachers. As this militancy grows, superintendents have less and less reason to prefer NEA affiliation. The NEA Department of Classroom Teachers can, if it chooses, control NEA policy, and it may yet do so. . . .

When Mr. Herbert speaks of the "remarkable success" of the AFT in Hartford, I presume he means in winning a representation election. He ignores the fact that the NEA won the next four such elections in his state —Stratford, Manchester, Meriden and Berlin—cities with a much larger combined teacher corps than Hartford. Now let's be fair and see which group wins more support for good schools. My guess is that there won't be much difference between the two. But if Connecticut AFT and NEA affiliates would combine forces it seems reasonable to expect that they could accomplish a good deal more. *Stanley Elam*

Correction

In Ralph Nader's "The Corvair Story" (*The Nation*, Nov. 1), the reference (p. 298, col. 3) is to World War II, not World War I; and (p. 300, col. 3) the estimate is based on 750,000 cars, rather than 1 million.

Threat to Latin America

Danville, Va.

Dear Sirs: Reading Donald D. Ranstead's article on Latin America ["Latin America: Continent on a Teeterboard," *The Nation*, Nov. 1] I was struck by the thought that perhaps Mr. Ranstead has been in Chile a bit too long. He seems to have lost sight of the security of the United States of America.

Anyone who is at all informed on Latin America will agree with Mr. Ranstead's basic premise, but this does not diminish the Communist and Fidelismo threats to Latin America. Foremost in the minds of the Johnson Administration is, and should be, pı
venting another Communist take-ov
as occurred in Cuba.

Thomas K. Sta
Dept. of History & Political Scien
Virginia Polytechnic Institu

THE
NATION

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JAN

EDITORIALS

razil: Second Act

Official Washington is reported to be "stunned" by : recent intensification of dictatorship in Brazil. t this second phase was clearly predictable, and no e should have been less surprised than the State partment experts on Latin America, for they were : authors of the script from which the Brazilian litarists played their roles.

If their memories are short, the men at the Brazil sk could utilize recent back numbers of *The Nation* · a quick refresher course. In an editorial, "The uldron of Brazil" (April 13, 1964), we discussed : coup against Joao Goulart as an aspect of Ameri- n policy. In a follow-up editorial (April 27) we ted the jubilation of Washington over the events Brazil; in the same issue Andrew Gunder Frank monstrated quite conclusively that, even from ashington's viewpoint, there was nothing to cheer out. In a piece on "Non-Recognition: the Diplo- atic Trap" (May 4) Richard A. Falk called attention the folly that was implicit in President Johnson's ecipitate approval of the Branco cabal which over- ew Goulart. On June 22 an editorial, "Under the lcano," called attention to the way in which the anco regime was driving out intellectuals, suppress- g academic freedom, stripping its opponents of litical rights, etc. A further editorial, "Brazilian tch Hunt" (October 12), was called in question by : Brazilian Embassy. Ronald H. Chilcote's reply, razil: Suppressing the Future" (November 23), elled out in elaborate detail what had happened and at the consequences would be. There could scarcely less room for mystery, unless the State Department ofesses mystification to cover up its recurrent lures.

When Branco seized power on March 31, 1964, azil quickly became Washington's favorite Latin nerican country, supplanting Chile, which had ned out not to be reliably reactionary. The Branco gime, like a new mistress, was duly rewarded. In : period from April 1, 1964, to June 30, 1965, Uncle m poured $513 million into Brazil, far in excess of l to any other country in the hemisphere and in ntrast to a total of $737 million in the three years eceding the Branco coup. Branco's Brazil was not grateful. When President Johnson needed OAS operation in his invasion of Santo Domingo, Brazil s the first to send in troops.

For Washington, it seems nevertheless to have been expensive bargain. Neither military force nor nerican largess has availed to produce a stable re- gne in Brazil, much less one based on justice. When nco and the other generals seized power, they is- ed Institutional Act. No. 1, proclaiming sweeping wers for the new boss and seemingly destroying all opposition. The gubernatorial elections of October 3 were carefully rigged, and no trouble was anticipated by either the American or Brazilian partners to the compact. Yet the government candidates suffered a resounding defeat. The generals had to ask themselves: "What would have happened if there had been really free elections?" Institutional Act No. 2 is the Branco-army reaction. Whatever was not forbidden before is now to be rigidly controlled. The opposition parties are to lose the latitude which the 1964 decrees left them. The Supreme Court is to be packed. Former presidents are to be tried by military courts—a provision aimed at former President Juscelino Kubitscheck. The camouflage is to be stripped off.

This self-revelation by the military dictatorship distresses Washington. It had hoped that these necessary if disagreeable steps would be taken by the Brazilian Congress, which was largely hand-picked to do such work, but instead the Institutional Act has been laid down by presidential decree. Washington had looked to a more seemly abrogation of democratic forms. Now it is embarrassed, and Senator Morse causes the Johnson Administration — and Under Secretary of State Thomas C. Mann—further discomfiture by crying that we are transforming the Alliance for Progress into an alliance for ever-increasing militarization in the Western Hemisphere. This is what our anti-Red policy has wrought. It is hard to see what further mischief it can create, but there is bound to be a third act—one in which the Brazilian people will have their say. The State Department may find that last act really frightening.

Dick to the Rescue

The next Presidential election is still three years off and much may happen in that time, but some political doctors, keeping vigil at the bedside of the Republican Party, think that Richard M. Nixon is still the most promising GOP candidate. If so, the best lifeguards are nonswimmers, and stuttering is a qualification for oratory. From 1960 on, Nixon has been a consistent loser and a graceless one, as his outburst against the press after his gubernatorial defeat in California demonstrated. More evidence is piled up by his performance in the New Jersey election, in which Governor Richard J. Hughes not only won a landslide victory but carried Democrats to majorities in both houses of the legislature, for the first time since Woodrow Wilson did it in 1913.

State Senator Wayne Dumont, Governor Hughes's opponent, went into the campaign a loser. One of his principal supporters advised him to cut his throat rather than commit suicide slowly in a drawn-out campaign. However, when a professor at Rutgers declared in a teach-in that he would welcome a Vietcong victory, Dumont and his advisers saw a ray of hope which they quickly magnified into a searchlight beam.

Discarding practically all other issues, Dumont concentrated on Professor Genovese. The fellow had to go. The Rutgers board of trustees refused to fire him; he had tenure, and he had made his imprudent remark outside the classroom. Hughes refused to intervene. He protested that he agreed with Administration policy on Vietnam, but the question was one of academic freedom.

This was a principled but somewhat perilous position—at least it seemed perilous at the outset. Especially in its northern counties, New Jersey abounds in organizations and individuals who equate patriotism with conformity. Many of them dislike professors with the bitter suspicion characteristic of the unschooled. It was toward this group that Nixon made his pitch when Dumont called on him for help.

Other supporters, in and out of the state, were more scrupulous. Senator Case took essentially the same position as Governor Hughes; General Eisenhower chose to ignore the Genovese issue. But Nixon would not, indeed could not, for he is drawn to this sort of argument by all his inclinations and political experience. Exploitation of the Communist issue had brought him to Washington in the first place (one of the dirtiest campaigns in American history was that of Nixon against Helen Gahagan Douglas) and the Hiss case gave him the Vice Presidency. But this time the gimmick did not work.

In a letter to *The New York Times*, Nixon explained his stand on Genovese at great length. Every American, he said, is for free speech and academic freedom, and of course no American is for these precious rights more than Richard M. Nixon. But it is the responsibility of the state not only to protect the rights of the individual but to "defend itself against enemies whose victory would deny freedom of speech to all." Genovese was evidently one of these enemies, and the victory he welcomed would extinguish the right of free speech "throughout the world." The line must be drawn somewhere, and Nixon drew it for the free world, for our fighting men and for Dumont.

This sort of boundless exaggeration, which would be hysterical if it were honest, is Nixon's stock in trade, as it was Joe McCarthy's before him. Millions of Americans are still willing to believe that opposition to the kind of war we are fighting in Vietnam can bring down our government and our institutions. But these millions, it turned out, are not unduly concentrated in New Jersey. The voters there were levelheaded enough to give Nixon the inattention he deserved. "Maybe we figured it wrong," one of Dumont's aides said after the election. They did, and henceforth Republicans in a like situation will think twice before putting all their cards on the conformist issue—and three times before calling on Nixon.

Actually the political moral can be pinpointed. A fairly large percentage of New Jersey voters—so the polls indicated—professed never to have heard of the Genovese case despite the noisy airing it receiv Of those who had heard of it, 51 per cent thou that "something should be done" about Genovese. itself this would provide cold comfort for those c cerned about academic freedom. But presumably t majority was satisfied with the general performa of the Hughes administration and did not propose let possible disagreement over a peripheral and rea irrelevant issue sway their decisions. But if Gover Hughes had become alarmed, if he had started retreat or equivocate, the issue might have been da aging. It was the Governor's refusal to panic— general air of confidence he exhibited—that made possible for him to turn the issue to his advanta

The Negro's Strange Bedfellow

White voters who have become jaded by the un citing experience of choosing between candidates w promise them everything must sometimes envy t Southern Negro, who, after the fight that gives h the right to vote, must then decide cannily betwe several candidates who promise him as little as p sible. Democracy for him is really an adventure.

Clarence Mitchell, spokesman for the NAACP fice in Washington, last week illustrated the trickin of such decision making.

Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia, he said, just p sibly might be the man for the Negroes to supp when he comes up for re-election next year. Russe The man who has led the Southern forces for yea in opposition to all civil rights measures? Yes, t same. Mitchell's reasoning goes thus: As leader the Southern bloc, Russell, a close friend of Lynd Johnson, makes it easier for the President to de with that region. If Russell were defeated, who wou take over the leadership of the bloc? Strom Thu mond? Or George Wallace, perhaps, after defeati Sen. John Sparkman? Compared to either, Russ looks very good to Mitchell. For one thing, "Russ gives intelligent leadership — he knows when h licked. I doubt that we could have gotten the ci rights bill through in 1964 without Russell's help. I was wise enough to know that anything less than wh was passed would have brought on a blood bath."

For some really stunning delicacy of choice, Mitch posed this hypothesis: What if Sen. James Eastla were opposed by ex-Governor Ross Barnett? Mitch couldn't see Negroes backing Eastland openly, but l did not think it unreasonable for them to back hi against such opposition: "I don't think they wou abstain and the NAACP would never advocate a stention."

Would the Louisiana Negro be wiser to vote f McKeithen or for Ellender, if that race comes off is now rumored likely? Should they vote for the lou mouthed economic liberal Wallace, who has abus them verbally so much, or for the quiet econom liberal Sparkman, who has never made even one sem courageous statement in their behalf?

During these mostly barren years of transitio itchell believes; the Negro must avoid moral judg- ents and squeeze what he can from his vote in a ldly practical fashion. Representing a race that has much to forgive, reasonable forgiveness is what tchell would advocate.

"I think if a politician who had always been a gregationist came to the Negroes and said, 'I'll ange my position. I was a segregationist because I d to be to get elected. But now I'll openly work for ur best interests'—it would be worth taking a risk him. Our risks have paid off in the past. I mean, tably the man in the White House."

So far, however, there seems to be no great rush ong Southern politicians to declare their change heart. The risk that confronts the Negro remains mething other than that of a false promise.

ick Children

Washington officials of Project Head Start are be- nning to realize that they may have a medical bear the tail. A survey of the health status of more than 00 preschool children, conducted last summer by e university-affiliated hospitals in Boston and re- rted in a two-part article in the Boston *Traveler*, veals that nearly a third of them are seriously ill d in urgent need of medical care. If the same rate disability holds for children of the economically prived throughout the country—and if the Office Economic Opportunity is serious about giving these ildren an opportunity to grow up in reasonably good alth—the cost could run into billions. At the mo- nt OEO has no medical care program, only a laud- le curiosity about the health of the poor. To date surveys have been made of adult health.

The pediatric findings, plus a couple of preliminary dies of teen-agers involved in the OEO retraining ogram, do, however, provide a pretty good clue to medical shape of things as they are—and as they likely to become—in the rural and urban slums the country. In short, the American Medical Asso- tion's "best medical care in the world" has failed reach them. Dr. Gardner Edwards, a Massachusetts neral Hospital internist who participated in the ogram, says: "One thing hits home when you see se children: How come no one spotted their prob- ns sooner—and did something about them?"

oison in the Air

The awesome dimensions of the air pollution prob- n are brought out in two notable articles: Edmund Faltermayer's "We Can Afford Clean Air" in the vember *Fortune*, and Gordon D. Friedlander's "Air- rne Asphyxia: An International Problem" in the EE *Spectrum*. Faltermayer's piece is featured on cover as "A *Fortune* Proposition on Air Pollution," ich gives it full editorial sanction. Since Fried- nder is a staff writer for the Institute of Electrical d Electronics Engineers, his article may be con- ued as reflecting in some measure the official view of the largest engineering society in the world, and one of the most influential.

If these articles were not so authoritative in their marshaling and interpretation of facts, they would be regarded as alarmist; they are in fact sensational in the best journalistic sense. Friedlander quotes a public health official: "Our urban civilization stands a much better chance of being suffocated by air pollution than of being annihilated by atomic weapons." Speaking for himself, Friedlander regards the air pollution problem in New York as "so far out of control that this writer could be panicked into leaving the city after reviewing his own copy." But where would he go—if he had to live in a city? Almost all of the megalopoli, both here and abroad, are in the same state.

The statistics on our own situation are little short of appalling. The gaseous and particulate refuse that is discharged into U.S. air every year is roughly equal in weight to the solid trash disposed of by departments of sanitation, and each exceeds the country's steel production of some 130 million tons. What the public sees is not the worst of it. A monthly sootfall of 60 tons per square mile is not exceptional in Manhattan, but the principal damage is to curtains. Some of the gaseous pollutants are far more dangerous: Power stations burning coal, or heavy fuel oil, catch 99 per cent of the soot before it leaves their stacks, but the sulfur dioxide goes right on into the atmosphere—some 800 tons a day for a big plant. The emission of carbon monoxide and unburned hydrocarbons from automobile exhausts can be more than halved by available devices, but emission of nitrogen oxides is uncontrolled. Exterior house paint may be blackened by hydrogen sulfide, and various other pollutants corrode metal, disintegrate stone, and do other damage to materials. In human tissue these poisons do not appear to be as carcinogenic as cigarette smoke, but they are linked to asthma, pneumonia, tuberculosis, emphysema and other respiratory diseases. The chairman of a panel of medical experts at the 1962 National Conference on Air Pollution Control termed the evidence that air pollution contributes to chronic respiratory illness "overwhelming"—and things have become much worse since then.

What are we to do? Faltermayer, who certainly hasn't got it in for industry, praises anti-pollution efforts by some companies, but calls industry's record as a whole "dismal." He shows how an expenditure of about $3 billion a year for clean air would sharply reduce $11 billion a year in property damage alone. For electric utilities, maximum use of gas as fuel is advisable, and nuclear energy, pumped storage and mine-mouth generation (when the mine is not near an urban area) should be further developed. In cities like New York where, as Faltermayer puts it, the residents inhale part of their garbage in the smoke from 12,000 apartment house incinerators, consideration should be given to the European method of burning garbage in steam and power plants, with little emission of smoke, and research should be pressed on far-out techniques like trash-carrying pipe lines to eliminate costly pickup services.

Automobile pollution is a subject in itself. Everyone knows how the auto industry has been dragging its feet on factory installation of control accessories. And is it necessary to equip passenger automobiles with 400 h.p. engines, when a tenth of that horsepower is perfectly adequate for a light car? Nor can Detroit be assured that the internal combustion engine is the last word in powering automobiles. Several companies, including General Dynamics, are experimenting with electric automobiles, and in England research is being done on cars operating on fuel cells generating power for electric motors. With air-borne chemicals endangering the health of the urban population, a small fraction of missile and space money might well be diverted to research on cleaning up man's most precious resource—the terrestrial atmosphere.

The Lindsay Miracle

John V. Lindsay's victory in New York is, first of all, a personal triumph. Without exception, the political wiseacres said it could not be done—the Democrats, with a 7-to-2 margin in registrations, were too deeply entrenched in power. Demographic factors favored them: more than 1 million middle-class New Yorkers had moved to the suburbs in the last decade. The famous New York ethnic geography also favored the Democrats. Lindsay, a white, Anglo Saxon, "first family" Protestant—St. Paul's, Yale, an Episcopalian and, worst of all, a *Republican*—seemed laughably miscast in terms of the conventional political anthropology. In March, Mayor Wagner looked like an easy victor; by no means had he been the worst mayor in the city's history. With all this in mind, Lindsay's decision to run against Wagner was an act of rare political courage. But the first significant polls indicated that he had been shrewd; the Mayor was far more vulnerable than the "pros" had thought.

Then came a series of bad breaks for Lindsay: the withdrawal of Wagner (Beame could avoid some of the onus that had attached to the Wagner administration), the newspaper strike, and the television antics of William Buckley. Worst, Lindsay had not been able to put together a real fusion ticket; Mollen and Costello, his "team," were both liabilities. But Lindsay kept campaigning—walking the streets, talking to the people—while his manager, Robert Price, set up an amazing "amateur" political organization, well financed to be sure but staffed by volunteers and housed in storefronts, on the street level. Price's achievement must be measured against the fact that the Republican organization in the city was decrepit, inefficient and, in many areas, nonexistent. However, none of this would have availed if Lindsay had not been an immensely attractive candidate and a fine campaigner. All sorts of theories will be spun by way of "explaining" his remarkable victory, but the simplest explanation is probably the most accurate: an opportunity existed (there was little t was *not* wrong with New York) and a fine candid against the "odds," had the courage to take vantage of it.

To be sure, Lindsay did get one break—the c didacy of the ineffable William Buckley. Not by inf ence but by his own statement, Buckley entered campaign to defeat Lindsay; it is a measure of general political immaturity that he succeeded electing the man he sought to defeat. In a carefu styled campaign, Buckley managed to attract the wh backlash vote, the hypped up "anti-Communist" vo and the extremists of the far Right. By clever a precise semantics, he managed to appeal to rac and religious prejudices, while denying any such tention and without being directly chargeable with The words were well chosen but Governor Geor Wallace would not have been more effective. T effect, of course, was to attract the support of low middle-class elements, largely Catholic, who wou normally have voted the Democratic ticket and wh in any other circumstances, would have found it ve difficult to identify with the verbal gymnast fro Stamford, Conn.

* * *

Nationally, Lindsay's victory offers a slight ho that the two-party system may still be salvageab But before the opportunity can be defined, the rea ties must be restated. In the wake of the Novembe 1964, election, *The Nation* pointed out ["The Mornin After," November 16] that the task of unifying th Republican Party would be far more difficult tha most of the pundits realized. Today, a year later, th GOP is still sharply divided. The Goldwaterites we finally ousted from the national committee staff, aft much bloodletting, but the splinter groups have mu tiplied. To date, Ray Bliss has failed to put a stop the internal feuding. The Goldwaterites control th Republican Party in six Southern states, they a dominant in California, and control the Young R publicans and many subsidiary party organization Despite the belated repudiation of the Birch Societ right-wing elements are strongly entrenched in man local, state and peripheral organizations. Moreove the Goldwaterites, as Buckley demonstrated, are wrec ers and spoilers. They detest the liberal or modera Republicans far more than they dislike Democrat From the outset their strategy has been to wreck th Republican Party in the hope that they might the be able to pick up the pieces. To think that all the want is to secure a "bargaining" position in the R publican Party is to misread obvious realities. Lin say's victory has not brushed these realities aside bu has created an opportunity (it has also considerab improved Governor Nelson Rockefeller's chances o re-election) if the top GOP leadership only has th wit to see it.

For nearly half a century, the GOP has tended t ignore the big cities, in part because it did not nee them to win elections at the turn of the century, i part because its traditional positions placed it at sadvantage when appealing to the big-city vote. Also, e big-city machines were for the most part domi- ited by the Democrats, and behind this dominance as a long social history. So the GOP in more than ie state turned a disadvantage into a policy. Deals ere made with the city bosses: City Hall for the emocrats, Statehouse for the Republicans. All the hile, important occupational and population shifts ere taking place: the farm vote was declining, the nall-town vote was declining, oldsters were shifting to the Democratic columns because of welfare, pen- ons, etc. These factors, combined with studied Re- iblican neglect of the big city's problems and of big- ty political organization, presented the big-city vote the Democrats on a silver platter. The movement white middle-class elements to the suburbs and the flux of Southern Negroes (and, in the case of New ork, Puerto Ricans) to the cities simply underscored e trend.

As the appeal of the party to the city voter declined, epublican leaders were more and more inclined to rite off the big-city vote as unobtainable and to base ieir strategy on an appeal to what the nuclear war rategists have long called Country B—that is, the untry outside the big cities and the metropolitan eas or, in other words, the non-nuclear target U.S.A. s long as the Goldwater influence—the nostalgia for 1 older America—was not offset by candidates with strong urban appeal and backed by real city organi- tions, this influence was bound to spread in the arty, to its detriment nationally. The Country B rategy is hopeless because the votes are in the big ties, which are in the states with the big bags of ectoral votes. Reapportionment will only strengthen is trend.

Big-city problems are certain to dominate the poli- cs of the next two decades, if only because roughly vo-thirds of the population now lives in the big ietropolitan areas. At the same time the Democrats ave, with rare exceptions, made a mess of big-city ffairs. Big-city Democratic machines once served a urpose: they turned up jobs and handouts for im- iigrants and gave the urban poor a feeling of belong- ig, of identification. But the typical big-city Demo- ratic machine cannot cope with today's big-city prob- ms (again note an exception for Mayor Richard ee, who was re-elected in New Haven, which has rban problems though it is not a really big city). The ew York story—"The Shame of New York," as *The ation* called it in 1959—eloquently supports this onclusion: New York is a shameful mess, and politi- ally the Democratic machine is responsible. Here, ien, is the Republican Party's opportunity: to move ito the big cities, where the party must be strength- ned in any case if it is to survive.

This opportunity has two additional facets. The emocratic city reform movement has largely faded— began to fade under Kennedy and it has continued fade under Johnson. It has lost out in New York nd Philadelphia and it never had much strength in Boston or Chicago. The spectacle of Vice President Humphrey and Senator Kennedy striving to breathe some life into the Beame candidacy was a sorry one indeed. Then, too, Negroes, traditionally Republican in the first quarter of the century, became New Deal Democrats because of bread-and-butter issues: jobs, welfare, relief and, later, civil rights. Republican indifference drove them into the Democratic Party. But increasingly the racial issue — more accurately the issue of personal dignity, of human worth—has begun to take precedence over the so-called bread-and-butter issues. The returns in Cleveland, Dayton and a dozen other cities in Tuesday's elections support this conclusion. Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles, a Democrat, would have great difficulty rustling up a baker's dozen of Negro votes today, and Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago is sitting on a keg of dynamite. In Boston, the grim-faced Mrs. Louise Day Hicks is a symbol of what can be done with lower-class and lower-middle-class "white" votes, in much the same way as Rosemary Gunning and Bill Buckley demonstrated how normally Democratic votes can be drawn from the party. The Republican opportunity, in a word, is its necessity. To be sure, Lindsay did not campaign as a Republican; but a man who had served four terms as a Republican Congressmen was certainly known as a Republican, and his campaign manager was Senator Javits. He was certainly not known as a Democrat, an Independent or a Liberal Party member.

*   *   *

Can Lindsay govern New York City? Is the city governable? The answer has always been obvious: the city is governable because it has always been governed after a fashion. The question is, *how?* For many years it has often been badly governed, as in the case of Mayor Wagner, by men of good will and personal honesty who yet lacked the imagination, the drive, the feeling for "modernity," for administrative skills and political inventiveness, to do the trick. No one can govern New York City who cannot enlist the support, the confidence and the cooperation of those who live in this envenomed city—and enlist them almost block by block, precinct by precinct. Lindsay's victory shows that a pronounced strain of American social idealism still survives in cynical New York but that, if it is to be mobilized, it must be by a candidate who radiates that idealism himself. Hacks cannot bring out the enthusiastic amateur idealists who, in the end, are the people who must govern New York if it is to be kept from self-destruction. To say that New York City is not governable is to say that democracy is a failure, that people cannot govern themselves. If New York cannot be governed, then the America of the second half of this century cannot be governed. Lindsay's victory is an indication that stronger than class, racial, religious or ethnic loyalties is public resentment stemming from a feeling that the entire environment has, through neglect and mismanagement, become malign.

Obviously Lindsay has his work cut out for him. He stands alone. The deeply entrenched civil service will be against him. So will the other elected officials and the city council. But he has something working for him: he can use the press (he was actively supported by four of the city's newspapers) and the air media to tell the people what is wrong and what needs to be done. In this way, the city machine will begin to feel a pressure it has not known for many years. He

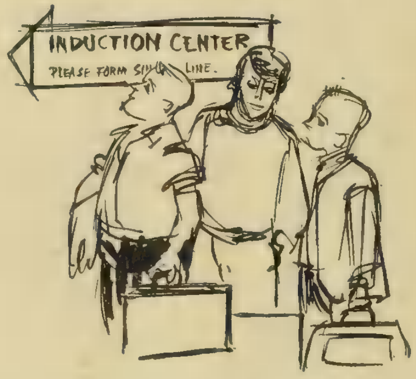
should not give an inch. He should turn his alonen
to the people's advantage. He can tell them what
do. He can talk to them. Lindsay's victory is a mira
—they do happen in politics—but he cannot perfo
miracles. What he is able to do will depend on
ability to put the people to their tasks. He has qualiti
as *The Nation* has pointed out before, of rare politi
leadership. We supported his candidacy and we w
him well.

CAREY McWILLIA

How To End the Draft . . . . Ross Wilhel

One of today's best-kept secrets is that the draft is not needed. Economic analysis and past experience show clearly that if the military forces were to pay adequate salaries they could attract all the personnel they require—including manpower for the anticipated Vietnam build-up—without resorting to coercion. Secretary of Defense McNamara, in hearings before the United States Senate, admitted that the draft was unnecessary. Many United States Senators and Congressmen, among them Sen. George S. McGovern (D., S.D.) and Rep. Thomas B. Curtis (R., Mo), have acknowledged that there is a salary level at which the armed forces could operate on a voluntary basis. General Hershey, in response to a question by Rep. Robert Kastenmeier (D., Wis.) on television, supported this position. The real question is: "Why does the Johnson Administration refuse to change its budget and spending so as to eliminate the draft?" Is the Johnson Administration afraid to discuss the issue openly because that might lead to embarrassing Congressional questions about the undeclared war in Vietnam? Is the Administration reluctant to consider substituting money for the draft because the cost would be great and might jeopardize the reputations of Johnson and McNamara as "great economizers"?

The draft is an anachronism. The Universal Selective Service Act of 1939 was passed to meet the military manpower procurement problem and the mobilization problem of World War II. During the



period from World War I up to the onset of World War II, military expenditures were cut to the bone; by 1939 the regular military establishment had been reduced to 328,000 men, backed up by 410,000 National Guard and Reserve personnel. World War II required 10,600,000 persons, and the draft was designed to bring into the armed forces huge numbers in a minimum time. A similar procurement problem faced the nation at the outbreak of the Civil War when the Regular Army consisted of 107,000 men, and 4,057,000 were required to fight the war. This force also was mobilized by a draft.

Today, however, the problem is not one of expanding an army of a few hundred thousand to ten or more millions. We have a force in being of 2,600,000, and the announced intention of the Department of Defense is to increase this to slightly more than 2,900,000. Thus, the 1965 problem is how to maintain a force of between 2.5 and 3 million men, and the draft is an inappropriate instrument for the purpose.

At present, the armed forces are meeting the bulk of their manpower needs through voluntary enlistments. About 500,000 men a
year have been required in rece
years, and only some 100,000
these have been draftees. Indee
in some years the Defense Depa
ment has rejected, for physical
mental deficiencies, a larger nu
ber of volunteers than the numb
of individuals who have been dra
ed. Thus the military is very clo
to being able to operate witho
the draft, and the question at iss
is the nature of the induceme
needed to increase the flow of v
unteers sufficiently to close the ga
The most direct form of induc
ment would be higher salaries f
all military ranks.

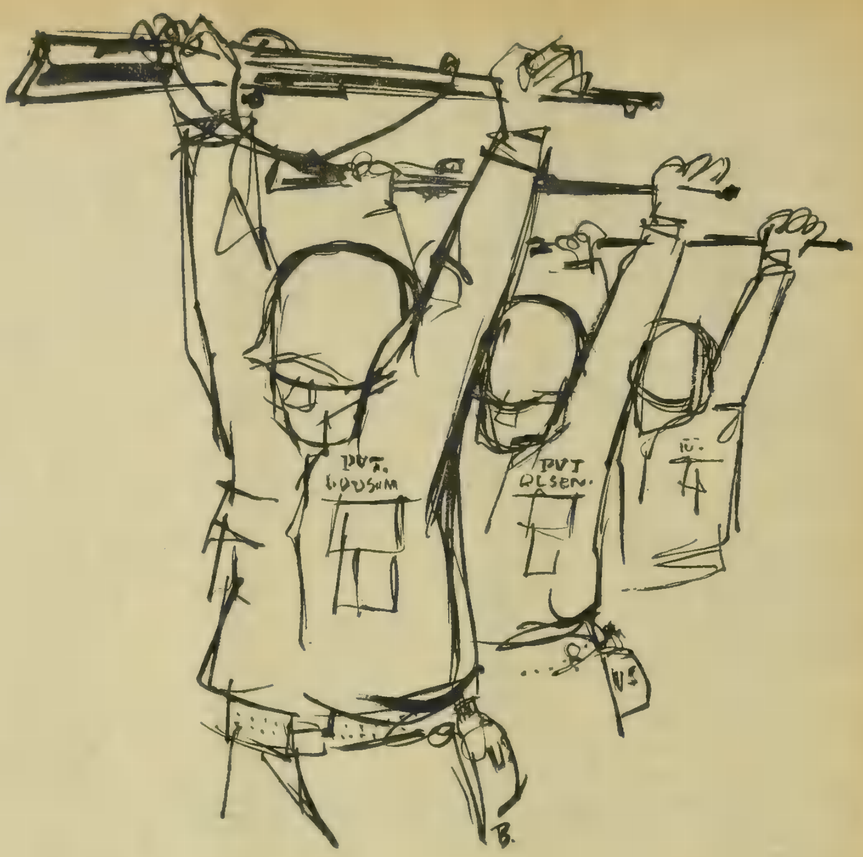
The size of the pay increase r
quired has been variously es
mated. Secretary of Defense M
Namara, testifying before a Sena
hearing on the 1966 defense budg
on February 26, 1965, said: "If t
pay [of the military personnel] we
raised to anything approximati
a point where it would attract
sufficient number of men to
away with the draft, I suspect
would add about $4 billion a ye
to the military budget." He adde
"Perhaps that should be co
sidered"!

I estimate that all defense ma
power needs could be satisfie
with a flat across-the-board pa
increase of $250 to $300 a mont
per man. This would bring the pa
of trained enlisted men to a lev
competitive with civilian emplo
ment, and would make the startin
pay for a recruit (now $87.90
month) highly attractive to man
young people. The total cost
my proposal would be more tha
$9 billion a year; however, the a
tual increase in the military budge
would be significantly less. A
present, only about 5 per cent
the draftees re-enlist for a secon
tour of duty, while about 20 pe
cent of the volunteers re-enlist an

Ross Wilhelm teaches economics in the Graduate School of Business, University of Michigan. His weekly radio program on business and economic issues is carried by more than 100 American stations.

ore than 90 per cent of the regular reerists. It costs $3,387 for the sic training of every man enter- g the armed forces, plus the costs the additional training he re- ives beyond basic. Thus tremen- ius savings could be realized by ducing the turnover. But whether e cost of the increase were $9 llion or $4 billion, the point is at there is a pay level at which ive military labor would no longer needed. It is distasteful that the :hest nation on earth should use ercion to secure its military per- nnel when it could obtain all of e men it needs by paying ade- iate salaries.

The offensive nature of the mili- ry pay situation becomes clear hen it is realized that the Con- ess recently cut taxes by about 0 billion a year, and the Presi- nt has boasted that we can have th our "guns and butter." At the me time, a recent Air Force sur- y showed that 5,000 enlisted men active duty in that service alone ere receiving local relief pay- ents to help support families, id another 55,000 enlisted men e eligible to receive other wel- re benefits! The same shocking ndition prevails in the other serv- es. Even the Congress has begun grow uneasy over the military y situation. Rep. Thomas B. Cur- (R., Mo.) has called for a Con- essional investigation and has en quoted as saying, "The Ad- inistration is deliberately avoid- g a thoroughgoing review of our anpower procurement practices." addition, Sen. Gaylord Nelson)., Wis.), Sen. George S. Mc- vern (D., S.D.), and Rep. Robert istenmeier (D., Wis.) have been ying out for higher pay for the wer enlisted ranks.



From the viewpoint of so- ety as a whole, the cost of elimi- ting the draft by raising pay uld be significantly less than a to $9 billion increase in the fense budget. The draft clearly uses vast economic waste in the onomy. It does so most obviously forcing many highly trained and mpetent individuals to spend two ars performing duties that could done by less well trained per- nnel. If the military were oper- ed with volunteers, the social iste of assigning college gradu- es or individuals with comparable ills to jobs below their level of mpetence could be avoided. In addition, the draft has encouraged large numbers of early marriages, with the attendant expectation of higher divorce or separation rates. Further, one does not have to be around a university long to learn that many students continue their education at the graduate or professional level merely to postpone the draft summons. Educational investments beyond those needed are an economic waste.

To continue itemizing the waste, many employers are reluctant to hire young men who are eligible to be drafted. Every employer makes an investment in a new employee in the form of on-the-job training as well as in the lowered productivity of the employee during his early months. On-the-job training runs in many cases for three to six months, and it is not difficult to find instances where it goes on for two years. Finally, the threat of the draft hanging over such young people frustrates their decisions and is a hidden waste impossible to measure. If the economic wastes associated with the draft were eliminated, the total cost to society of a military pay increase would be far less than the direct increases in the military budget.

The draft should also be done away with because it is highly discriminatory. Today only three out of ten men from the draft ages of 19 to 26 are serving. Many young men are exempted because they are in school or hold "key or essential" jobs. Others are physically, mentally or morally unqualified.

The net effect of draft exemptions on the basis of study or job is discrimination against the lower income groups. Admission to colleges and universities is directly related to income, and the bulk of those attending institutions of higher learning come from the upper income groups. The average income of the parents of students attending the University of Michigan, for instance—a state-supported institution—is more than $13,000 a year. Further, college and university students tend to remain in school longer than do those attending trade or technical schools, and this also tips the selection process of the draft toward the lower-income groups. It is probable, furthermore, that an individual in a key or essential job will have an income that is higher than average. Finally, the draft discriminates on the basis of sex, since women are exempt. Thus the claim that the draft results in "universal military service" is a myth that covers up the most flagrant inequity.

The great social dangers of the draft do not end with its injustices. In recent months there has been alarming evidence that it is being used to control thought and to squash criticism of our Vietnam policies. General Hershey has been quoted as prescribing the draft as a cure for juvenile delinquency as well as a means of handling demonstrators. In Michigan, a group of college students who sat down in a draft office as a means of protesting the Vietnam war were threatened with having their classification changed from 2S to 1A. All over the country state legislators are threatening to cut the budgets of state-supported institutions whose students have been protesting the draft or Vietnam. A democratic society is clearly in great danger when officials of the government have the power to punish or actually destroy those who oppose their policies.

On the other side, the most common defense put forth for the draft is that it is the patriotic duty of each citizen to serve his country. Without judging the validity of such a claim, it should be said that patriotism is no excuse for paying slave wages. And yet if the wages of the military were raised to where they were competitive with alternative employments, there would be no need for the draft. Indeed, it would not even be necessary to repeal the draft law: it simply would become inoperative. Further, it is obvious that large numbers of persons in the country do not accept the "patriotic duty" thesis, since it is necessary to force men to serve.

An alternative often proposed t the present draft law is a true un versal military service wherei every young person upon reachin age 18 would have to serve in som capacity for two years. The mo obvious objection to this propos is that it is not an appropriate d vice for our present needs. In a dition, the cost of universal mil tary service, both direct and in th waste of training unneeded peopl would be far higher than the bi for adequate military salaries.

During the 1964 Presidenti election, both candidates promise to re-evaluate the draft and to elim nate it as soon as possible. Y there has been no action on Sele tive Service to date except for ste to muzzle critics. Are the you people of the country paying f the political advantage of the A ministration?

The Bourgeois Gentlemen of Saigon

Carl Oglesb

I call them bourgeois gentlemen by no means disrespectfully, but with concern for their exposure and with skepticism for a politics that may be as deeply French (remonstrative, reasonable) as it is romantic (elegant and doomed). There was something formal, even solemn, about our meeting with them. I sensed that we American visitors had been the subject of a difficult prior discussion: Was their risk, if we were "agents," greater or less than their opportunity if we were not? I felt that they had prepared for us, that they had arranged themselves.

Those who met us are apparently leading members of the group of some 150 that was arrested last February for calling upon Saigon and Hanoi to make peace. That evening we sat with a former Minister of Defense, a top Saigon lawyer who was a veteran of both the Vietminh (till '54) and Big Minh's Council of Notables, two professors, a publisher, a priest, a business statistician. Our host was formerly a Minister of the Economy, one whom a political opponent had characterized as "the most moral man in Saigon." He was also very well to do, had a fine house and lightly polished nails, wore gold cuff links and a silk tie. His table was laid with fine linen and silver; his servants offered around premium whiskey before a superb Vietnamese meal.

Such details are to the point: these men are from the north and the south; most are Catholic but some are Buddhist or Confucian (we would say "humanist"); but in common they are used to power, privilege and security, and perhaps now they are nearly beyond all three. They consciously identify themselves with those French nobles of the 18th century who sided with the Revolution in full awareness that their heads would be among the first to roll should the Revolution succeed.

Their view is simple and our host stated it at once. "The war must be ended at any cost." He was an eloquent man whose face seemed stretched with anguish. "Those who draw historical diagrams in guarded, air-conditioned mansions and speak of war's perhaps unfortunate necessity—these are men of no particular education." We were shown glossy photographs of the carnage that had educated our companions of the evening. "This is all one may s of war, nothing else."

They claim to fear communis Its victory, they say, would be personal defeat for each of the "But our fear is not the peopl fear. For them, communism mea a change. For them, a change already an improvement." The pl losopher warmly extended th point. "Even with peace," he sa "the lives of the people are wretche Even with peace, they may expe to live forty years. Nothing t Front could do to the people cou make their lives worse. This wou be true of the government, too, b it wants to do nothing. Now the are a few provinces where the g ernment builds schools and h pitals, but there are no teache no doctors—only soldiers. The g ernment builds these shells to pr it loves the people. Why not fore, when it was not too late? N the government is all for helpi the people and everyone in Saig is a Socialist. But there is of cou the excuse of the war. Win t war in order to help the peop But the people can see: the gove ment helps them only in order win the war. For six years th was no war. The people got nothi from Diem but inferior promi quickly broken. Why was this p

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Carl Oglesby is president of Students for a Democratic Society.

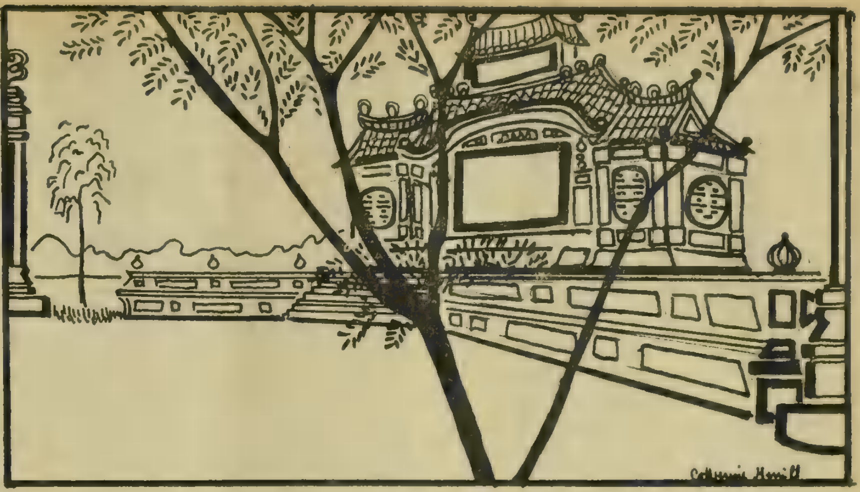
nted? We had so much Ameri-
money. We might have done
much. We bought guns and
de an army. We wanted to
ghten the people. Then they
uld not go with the Communists.
n you understand the size of
s mistake?"

We wondered if this exaggerated
political sensitivities of "the
ople." The lawyer answered.
nly think of what you know. For
irty years, the peasant of Viet-
m has been at war and seen for-
gn troops. First the French, then
e Japanese, then the British, in
e north the Kuomintang Chinese,
e French again, and now the
nericans are here. Any war, and
pecially this kind, is politically
eaking a most educational ex-
rience. Reading, no. Arithmetic,
ot so much. But the politics of
ar, yes. From his childhood the
asant is trained in that. It is not
ke being an American farmer."

Our host argued that this was
o longer relevant. The people
anted only peace. "If the people
ere allowed to choose between
ar and the Front, 70 per cent
ould choose the Front. At least."

But to us that seemed mislead-
ng. By the logic of his argument,
e people would prefer *anything*
war — even, for example, the
overnment. Given the choice be-
ween war and a peace under the
overnment, would 70 per cent
till prefer peace? The question
eemed to divide them and they
poke among themselves in Viet-
amese; it was as if they had de-
cended from view for a moment.
hey surfaced, nodding. Our host
aid we would perhaps find the
nswer to that somewhat difficult,
ut he would try to explain why
hey now believed the answer was
o, although there was a time when
hey would have said yes.

His explanation was sub-
stantially what we had heard a
few nights before from an "under-
ground" journalist of no apparent
faction, the pseudonymous Cao
Giao, who looks strikingly like Ho
Chi Minh — younger by maybe
twenty-five years, but with the
same high features and long wispy
chin whiskers and the same slight
frame. He speaks quickly and with
arresting precision. He has small,
fine hands that fly continuously.
At the least sign of an interruption,
he stops mid-sentence, pulls his beard, and lays his head skeptically to one side: "Yes? Yes? You fail to understand?" He left the Vietminh after 1954, for two years was a leader of the Duy Dan southern socialist party, was then jailed for a while by Diem, but by 1959 was in Diem's service as a trainer of the guerrillas whom Diem was exporting into North Vietnam. He now edits an opposition paper whose name he must constantly change to evade the censor.



"The government," he said, "is a mere imposture. Who doubts it, who does not know? You Americans are fond of saying the Vietnam problem is complex. But this is only an excuse for not thinking. The problem is not complex, it is only difficult. Vietnam requires just two things, independence and development. But these cannot be separated. The government that does not satisfy the one will not be allowed to satisfy the other. A Saigon government that embraces the Americans could develop Vietnam but cannot make it independent. One that does not could make it independent, but cannot develop it. Do we struggle with this difficulty? Now we have only governments whose officials prepare at once for a forced retirement in Europe. The first act of a new head of state is to deposit large sums of American dollars in the banks of Paris. Do you think this is disguised? It is part of the office routine.

"I know the Communists very well. They will make us a drab people. They do not tolerate the bizarre, the lonely spirit. Hanoi is a gray city. But they promise independence *and* development, and they can easily deceive the people. This is why they grow. We do not give them the opportunity of exposing themselves as liars. We provide them with excuses for their failures, we justify the tyranny they would impose in any case, and we hand them an explanation for their attachment to the Chinese.

"Here are realities. First. The Vietcong are winning the war because they are winning the people. This is disgraceful for us and tragic for Vietnam. Why does it happen? They started small and grew large. We started large and grew small. This happened because we had nothing to say to the people. Now the people are asked to fight with us for what this Ky has the impudence to call 'freedom.' Nonsense. What freedom did we ever show them? What freedom do they want whose ancestors, like themselves, died from hunger and sickness even when there was peace? We must stop defending this 'freedom' which does not exist and rise instead to attack the VC as traitors to the nationalist revolution. Then maybe the people would come with us.

"Second. A permanent solution for Vietnam cannot be seen through cold-war eyes. We do not want to be swallowed by China. But we cannot stand like sentries on America's side. That is to betray Asia and thus ourselves. You must learn this. If you force us to be with you, you are really forcing us to be with China. For us to be with you, in your way, you must simply invade us and conquer us. We are not insane. We know our country must exist not only today, but one hundred years from today. And therefore, five.

"Third. The Vietnamese detest foreign meddlers. Worse yet in their eyes are the Vietnamese who collaborate with foreign meddlers. This was true when the French were here. It remains true now that Americans are here, no matter how different America's reasons may be. For the Vietnamese who speaks only his own tongue, it is very hard to tell the difference between the Frenchman and the American. Both are very tall."

Did this mean he wanted a U.S. withdrawal? "Militarily, no. Things are very bad now. But politically, yes. Or things will only get worse." But what could that mean? How could these be divided? Cao Giao was not so clear. His lucidity for a moment flickered badly. Perhaps an international bank for aid, an international army for defense. But then he flared. "This is your problem because you have made it your problem. We Vietnamese did not make these decisions. The Vietnamese did not divide Vietnam. But for your own sake, if you understand nothing else, you must understand this, the fourth reality: *Any Vietnamese solution to the problem of Vietnam is better than any non-Vietnamese solution.* Grasp this and begin. Ignore it and be beaten."

United States Embassy, Saigon

The Bourgeois Gentlemen's peace plan rests on two assumptions. First, both the government and the Front prefer outright military victory. But since neither side is strong enough to win or weak enough to lose, continued pursuit of victory has become absurd and can result only in the destruction of Vietnam. Second, Vietnam, "a small country cowering on the frontier of the cold war," can survive only if it attains "equilibrium" vis-à-vis the two contending giants. The main features of the plan are as follows:

1. A month-long cease-fire agreement is signed by the two armies, the central political purpose being to test the good faith of each side. If the cease-fire should fail, then Vietnam had no chance in any case. The agreement would not demand the departure of northern NLF troops or the withdrawal of U.S. men and equipment, but it would ban arms shipments and troop movements on both sides.

2. The cease-fire freeze is guaranteed by the signatures of the generals who are actually directing the war, not by politicians. Thus it involves no political recognition — a subtle but important point. It means that the Front is encountered directly by Saigon, not through Hanoi, and that the Front is therefore granted the right to speak for itself. At the same time, there is no implication that Saigon legitimizes through "recognition" the Front's claim to a certain political status. That is, the cease-fire is made by the combatants, and it is incidental that this or that combatant may also be a member of the Front. The force of the agreement, of course, resides precisely in the fact that he *is* of the Front, that he *does* speak for it to Saigon, that Saigon hears (though its face is averted), and that everybody knows this.

3. The cease-fire is controlled during the one-month test period by a mixed commission of government and Front officers. The politics of this continues the thrust of point two—to be generous in realities where one is close-fisted in symbols.

4. The inevitable peace conference follows by a month the making of the cease-fire, which will be continued under the supervision of a strong International Control Commission. This conference must agree to the rapid formation of a strictly provisional and custodial government for the south. It will be made up of delegates from Hanoi and Saigon, who provide for the interests of the Front and the United States. The main business of this government and the ICC is to plan for and oversee general elections. The provisional gove ment must hold these electi within four or five months of formation. Sooner is too soon; la is too late.

5. The first election chooses a tional Assembly, either directly through an electoral college. T assembly's first job is to draft constitution that among otl things stipulates a method for ele ing a president. A presidential el tion is then held and the gove ment is established.

6. Saigon should even now forming "worthy cadres" who go to work with the people at onset of the settlement peri These cadres must be prepa with an ideology that transce Vietnam's Buddhist-Catholic, ru urban, and traditionalist-moder splits. Their program must basically Socialist, but it must detailed by the people themsel who alone are authoritative popular needs.

7. It is unrealistic to expect unwise to demand that Amer disappear overnight. Its interest Vietnamese neutrality — indepe ence of China — will show it prudence of supporting a Socia economic program first in south and then, after reunificat ("someday"), throughout Vietna And since no state can dema moral heroism of another, the V namese must not trifle with Am ica's insecurity. They must allo provisional American military p ence. Thus, Danang will remai U.S. base—a strategic position, one from which there will be m mal interference in Vietnam's ternal affairs.

What is claimed for plan is that it removes the two standing present obstacles to n tiations: if the United States go so far to accept the Front, Front can accept an American terest. If the United States can operate with genuine social cha aimed only at improving the qu ty of Vietnamese life, then Front can acknowledge a pr sional United States military p ence.

Who knows if others will such virtues in the plan? knows if others will even hea it? Shortly after these intervi Nguyen Cao Ky proclaimed " tralism" a capital crime against state. Was this only bluster?

ve the Bourgeois Gentlemen been nced? And if that has occurred, poses the toughest question of :

If Ky has now chosen to seal their e, has he not thereby moved to- rd sealing his own? And that of y following lackey Saigon re- ne? Not only from the Bourgeois ntlemen but from almost every- e we talked with in Saigon and ie, we got the following impres- n: The Front has never repre- nted a truly desirable solution for etnam. But neither has the government. In November of 1963, there was a moment of hope. But as coup upon coup condemned that hope, the wait-and-see loyalism of the anti-Communist middle and upper classes was forced to become a curiously apolitical neutralism which allowed one to speak only of peace. But coup still followed coup, each violent and peremptory change bringing with it a deeper reach of exasperated Americans into the structure of the southern government. For patriotic and proud Vietnamese, Ky is thus a national humiliation. The move has been from loyalism to neutralism, from Saigon to sitting on the fence that surrounds Saigon and divides that political ghetto from the rest of the country. Now that fence grows razor sharp, like bamboo spikes. What happens to the ex-loyalist neutralists when fence-sitting grows intolerable? As James Reston of *The New York Times* has at least been moved to wonder, will we win the war and lose the people? And what in the world could such a victory mean?

FTERMATH TO HARLEM RIOT

he Epton Anarchy Trial . . . . .

Frank J. Donner

prosecution under criminal anar- ny and riot statutes now pending the New York State Supreme ourt against William Epton, for citing the 1964 Harlem-Bedford- uyvesant riot, gives legal form to theory of individual responsibility r racial outbreaks in Northern ties. Epton is the Harlem-based ader of a super-militant, pro-Pe- ng splinter group, the Progressive abor Party.

The Watts riots of this year and ie seven riots of the summer of 964 have produced a gusher of xplanations for civil violence. hey range from environmental easons (chronic unemployment, ick of education) through psy- hological (status deprivation) to ersonal (mass crime in the streets, ubversion, conspiracy). Observers n the center and on the left of he political spectrum blame so- iety and social discontent for the utbreaks. Those on the right (both ear and extreme), along with nunicipal authorities, the police nd their apologists, absolve the ociety, praise local race relations nd point the finger at individual ulprits, desperate and evil men vho prey on their own people, or verzealous civil rights activists vho, it is claimed, inflame to the oint of violence a situation which hey themselves created.

Since all of last year's riots, as well as the Watts affair, were triggered by incidents involving the police, police brutality can hardly be ignored as at least a proximate cause of such outbreaks. But the police and their apologists trot out the same convenient scapegoat: subversion and conspiracy. The total misery of the Negro is discounted as a reason for the violence; individual plotters are blamed, and charges against the police treated not as legitimate grievances but as further proof of the criminal or subversive origin of the riot.

The best exposition of this thesis was offered by Mayor Yorty of Los Angeles in his explanation of the Watts riots:

> *No problems existing here or allegations of police brutality can excuse the attacks of criminal elements upon the people of this city.*
>
> *Criminal elements have seized upon the false charge to try to excuse their lawlessness. It's the "big lie" technique. The cry of police brutality has been shouted in cities all over the world by Communists, dupes and the demagogues.*
>
> *Certainly Negroes in the South have been deprived of their rights and deprived of justice, but this provides no excuse for the criminal elements who terrorize their own people and indiscriminately and wantonly attack the citizens of our city.*

The now almost forgotten 1964 riots in New York were no small rent in the fabric of public order. Violence broke out in Harlem on the night of July 18 in the aftermath of a demonstration against the slaying of a 15-year-old Negro boy, James Powell, by Police Lt. Thomas Gilligan. Thousands of Negroes raced through the center of Harlem, attacking white persons, pulling fire alarms, overturning cars and looting stores. Rioting on a reduced scale continued for five days thereafter, and on the third night it

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spread to Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section—again, after a demonstration against "killer cops." The outbreak resulted in the death of a Negro by shooting, injuries to more than 100 persons (including thirty-five policemen), 185 arrests and several million dollars' worth of property damage.

The riot quickly brought Mayor Wagner home from a sojourn in Europe, with promises to investigate police brutality, give sympathetic consideration to demands for a police civilian review board and, as a token of his good intentions, a summons to Martin Luther King, Jr., to parley with the embittered Negroes of New York about their demands for a curb on the police.

No action was taken at the time of the riots—or since then—to meet the grievances of New York's Negroes (complaints of police brutality are more numerous now than ever before). The action that did occur was the empaneling of a grand jury on August 3, 1964, to ascertain if there was criminal responsibility for the riot. The grand jurors—all of them quite affluent members of the white power structure—turned out to be enthusiastic believers in Yortyism. Two days after the grand jury was convened, it indicted Epton for criminal anarchy.

The indictment, though speedy, was not exactly a bolt from the blue. The Progressive Laborites had been denouncing the Harlem police for a long time prior to the riots and had been involved in a number of confrontations on the issue of police conduct in the Harlem ghetto. Indeed, ex-Police Commissioner Murphy, at the time of his resignation last May, bitterly complained to his intimates that he had gone undefended when he was given the racial tag "Bull Murphy" by the Epton-led group, which had sought to gain political support by exploiting the widespread ghetto bitterness over the conduct of the police.

However, the August 5 indictment did not mention that Epton and his group had made police racism a primary target. It alleged simply that, shortly before the riot began, Epton—in a twenty-minute speech (recorded by a red-squad agent in the audience) at a rally protesting the Powell killing—had advocated criminal anarchy: the violent overthrow of the "organized government" of the state of New York by killing its officials, especially its police. What Epton actually said is in doubt, because the tape is blurred at that point, but even if he urged an assault on the police, the law would find him guilty of a misdemeanor, not of a political crime. However, the thrust of the indictment is that the speech was a revolutionary incitement to anarchy which took the form of a harangue against the police. But the indictment did not specifically link the speech to the riot and was conceived of as a holding action pending a more comprehensive charge by the grand jury causally relating Epton's revolutionary politics, his "criminal anarchy" speech and the riot.

After a ten-month investigation (to which I shall return) the grand jury handed down a superseding indictment on June 6 of this year which refashions the case against Epton and makes his anti-Gilligan speech a detail in a vast subversive enterprise. It charges Epton individually with the advocacy not only of criminal anarchy ("the duty, necessity and propriety of overthrowing and overturning the organized government of the state of New York by assassination of the executive officials of the government and by force and violence") but of riot as well. But that isn't all. The advocacy of criminal anarchy and the Harlem rioting are each alleged to be the fruit of two connecting conspiracies, a large political conspiracy to advocate violent overthrow and a smaller one to riot.

Both conspiracies were allegedly furthered by six unindicted co-conspirators, five of whom (like Epton) are Negroes and involved with him in the Harlem Defense Council, an offshoot of the Progressive Labor Party. The sixth is a printer whose complicity rests on the fact that he reproduced a poster, widely circulated by the Progressive Laborites, describing Gilligan as "Wanted For Murder." This new legal howitzer threatens Epton with a jail term of seventeen years and $17,000 in fines.

The indictment is a forest of ideology and leaflets, with nary a sprig of action or preparation for action. No claim is made that either the defendant or his helpers committed even a simple behavioral offense against persons or property such as disorderly conduct, breach of the peace, assault or resisting arrest. At one point the indictment tantalizes
us with the charge that the defe
ant discussed the use of, and
preparation of such a pamph
"Molotov cocktails." But for all
know the defendant may have be
opposed to their use and vetoed
preparation of such a pamphl
since none of the pamphlets a
leaflets referred to in the ind
ment relates to Molotov cocktails

The profligate use of the cons
acy device (not one, but two c
spiracies charged against a solit
defendant) was designed to ma
possible a conviction based on hi
ly remote and hearsay evidence
evidence not of plotting or parti
pating in a riot but of engaging
highly unpopular politics. Both
individual and the conspir
counts of the indictment raise gr
questions of free speech, press a
assembly. Most of the overt acts
forth in support of the conspir
counts, as well as the individ
substantive charges against Ept
involve only verbal attacks on
police. The disturbing premise
the entire indictment is that su
attacks are steps in a criminal
terprise.

The defendant and his associa
are alleged, primarily through th
anti-police agitation, to have in
gated a multimillion-dollar ca
and caused a death and scores
injuries. This is Yortyism wit
vengeance!

The zeal of the grand jury
find a scapegoat for the riots o
ran the available resources of
New York penal law. The crimi
anarchy statute, last used forty-f
years ago against Benjamin Gitl
was passed in 1902 in specific
sponse to the justification by
anarchist Johann Most of the ass
sination of President McKinley.
was aimed at violent anarchy a
not at the Marxism which Epto
party espouses. And the crime
riot, a collective offense for wh
liability may be imposed vicariou
has fallen into disfavor because
violates the principle that guilt
personal. (Conspiracy also impo
vicarious liability, and the ind
ment charges the crime of cons
acy to riot, a double form of vic
ous liability, long ago judicially
owned in New York State as a le
monstrosity.) The almost arch
portion of the riot statute deal
with incitement to mob defiance
constituted authorities, which
invoked by the indictment agai

on individually, has given way
ler the pressures of a changing
itical order to individual crimes
h as resisting arrest and dis-
erly conduct.

t hardly requires acute analysis
recognize that reprisal played a
e in the indictment. The law
ich Epton and his associates
lly violated is an unwritten one:
ticism of the police involves the
k of a charge of law violation.
e law, after all, is the personal
bience of the policeman, and his
nmunity of interest with the
secutive authorities stands him
good stead when his own law-
sness is under scrutiny. (The use
the law as a shield for guilt is
n most often in the charge of re-
ing arrest brought against the
tims of police brutality.)

n none of the riots, last year and
s, has the need for police vindi-
ion been as urgent as in New
rk in the summer of 1964. Not
y did the Gilligan tragedy ex-
de the riots, but a long train of
ice abuses against minorities had
de a police civilian review board
prime demand of civil rights
ups. The Epton indictment con-
niently confirms the thesis of the
w York police that movements
civil rights groups to check and
cipline its behavior are a smoke
een for revolution or extremism.
e conservative William Buckley,
, was wildly applauded when, in
speech this summer before a po-
e audience of 6,000 members of
Holy Name Society, he dropped
me consoling words about the
abama State Troopers and con-
ded: "Men who rail unthinking
the police . . . tend to have a re-
ionship with the revolutionaries."
ly a short time later, Robert
ses in a speech before the St.
orge's Guild also linked demands
police reform to leftism.

In April of this year, ex-Commis-
ner Murphy emphatically rejected
nild compromise plan for a Civil-
n Review Board proposed by the
mmittee on Civil Rights of the
w York County Lawyers Associa-
n. He explained that criticism of
Police Department was confined
a small and vocal segment of the
mmunity." The Epton indictment,
nded down after Murphy's resig-
ion, was offered to the commu-
y as his vindication.

The mood of the police and
red squad for reprisal was revealed in the ten-month grand jury investigation which was used to destroy the Progressive Labor group without the formality of a trial.

From August, 1964, to June of this year about forty witnesses were summoned before the grand jury, most of them members of the Progressive Labor organization. The investigation relied heavily on informers and surveillance. The key witness to the alleged conspiracy is a police agent and provocateur planted in the ranks of the group. The red-squad head, Fritz Behr, was also apparently working undercover among the Progressive Laborites. Mail was opened, telephones tapped and dwellings bugged with wireless microphones. Homes of the group's functionaries were ransacked without warrant; FBI and red-squad agents tailed members of the group and tried to "break" them through hostile interrogation. Printers were discouraged from working on Progressive Labor publications; the partners of one printing firm were forced to surrender their business records to the grand jury and subjected to a grilling about their finances. One member of the group who lives in South Carolina was held in New York as a material witness. Lawyers for witnesses before the grand jury were smeared and intimidated.

The dawn or early morning service of subpoenas by red-squad agents was a routine abuse. One special police agent broke into the home of a young woman living by herself at 6:30 A.M. Subpoenas were also commonly served at the witness' place of work; a number of Progressive Labor Party members lost their jobs as a result. One witness, William McAdoo, was served four times at his place of work until he finally lost his job. McAdoo was served by seven plain-clothes men on one occasion; he was summoned before the grand jury six times in all. The police read his mail and riffled through his books, knocking over his 2-year-old daughter in the process. When the witnesses came to the grand jury room they were already thoroughly demoralized and in some cases terror stricken. The questioning frequently assumed a ranting and hectoring quality.

Witnesses were systematically questioned about the political affiliations of themselves and their associates, the obvious purpose being to compile dossiers on the Progressive Labor membership. For example, the first count of one contempt information is the refusal to answer the question, "Are you a member of the Progressive Labor Movement?" The second count is based on a refusal to identify the four employees of the witness' corporation. The third count is based on refusal to answer the question: "Who else do you know at the Harlem Defense Council?" The hunt for names was so pervasive that two members of the organization were served with subpoenas on a picket line by red-squad chief Fritz Behr, who recognized them as members from his prior undercover activities.

The refusal to answer questions seeking the identification of individuals resulted in contempt citations because the witnesses were invariably granted immunity and thus could not plead the privilege against

250' WINES AND LIQUORS 250
WINES AND LIQUORS
mosi

self-incrimination. The plea of the First Amendment was routinely ignored.

The grand jury became a high-production contempt factory. Of the forty witnesses called, some seventeen were cited for contempt; a number of them have already served contempt sentences. Four of the witnesses are young women, three of them students of CCNY. One of them, Eleanor Goldstein, was sentenced to two thirty-day jail terms —the second time to the oppressive Women's House of Detention (the judge explained that he was sending her there deliberately). Miss Goldstein was convicted of contempt for refusing to answer precisely the question for which she had originally served a contempt sentence. A number of other witnesses who served contempt sentences were warned that they might be recalled and again asked the same question. And the worst is not over: the grand jury's term has been extended, for the fourth time, to the end of this year.

The district attorney can proceed in a contempt case under judiciary law which provides f punishment of thirty days in and $250 fine or under the p law which permits sentences o to a year in jail and fines of $ In every case but four the dis attorney in this situation took more punitive course, despite fact that contempts are freque brought under the more len statute.

And when the harsh penal approach was used, the distric

(*Continued on page 372*)

Smut Hunters

THE NEW JURISPRUDERY . . . . Howard Junk

The days of book burning, alas, may be over. The new smut hunters, having learned that nothing incites the liberal, literate backlash like vigilante techniques, are now vigorously working by the side of the law. Moreover, Citizens for Decent Literature, Inc., the foremost independent (though predominately Roman Catholic) group of anti-dirty bookmen, insists that it deplores fanaticism and opposes censorship.

"Wild-eyed crusaders," warns CDL's Procedures Handbook, "fanatics, and zealots can destroy our public image, and do great harm to our cause. We are responsible citizens. . . ."

CDL does want to alert the public to the problem, but it also wants to stimulate the authorities to do their job, which is to arrest, prosecute and convict. CDL wants to muster nonflagrant support for the law. "We would have a resurgence of book burning," says CDL's Director of Public Relations, Thomas Blee, "the citizenry would be revulsed and bluenose groups would rise again, if there were no organizations like CDL fighting pornography."

Shortly after this not too preposterous statement, made to me at the fourth biannual CDL convention held October 22-23 at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, Blee showed me a small sampling of smut CDL had assembled and was keeping under padlock in a room adjoining CDL's press room. First, Blee demonstrated a nudist magazine, carefully leafing through the pages so that I could get a good look at the problem we're up against. Then Blee went through two cardboard boxes full of paperbacks, pointing out the somewhat old-fashioned (by today's standards) promiscuity titles as well as the more hip Lesbian, homosexual, fetishistic and so on kind of books. Included in the collection was the 1964 yearbook, *Keyhole*, from the Ben Davis High School, which contained a snapshot of a group of boys reading *Playboy* with obvious pleasure. And there was one paperbook, *Youth Against Obscenity*, which bore this blurb on the cover:

> *In the crowded auditorium they preached and screamed about obscenity in magazines, but on secluded beaches and private bedrooms they enjoyed their sex in about every imaginable way. . . .*

As we left the *camera segreta* to return to the convention proper, Blee said to an associate: "Keep your eye on the room." And as we walked to the elevator, Blee explained that it is essential to screen people who want to join CDL. Preferably, "they should be at least 25, with a family and with church affiliations. People who can handle such material over an extended period without being adversely affected."

Blee, who is amazed at the filth in *Playboy* whenever he reads it, which is regularly, is no prude. He is a 35-year-old adman in Fort Wayne, the father of four, clean-cut and forthright. Nor is Charles H. Keating, Jr., a Cincinnati yer who founded CDL in 1 conspicuously strait-laced. Kea has been a fighter pilot—"wi flip of the switch I could tri death from six 50's in the w —has a handsome wife and children, including two high-sc daughters who dined at The Seasons on the Friday night of convention. While talking with ("I'm too busy with other thing tilt lances with anyone") he "crap" once and once referre a bevy of CDL-letter-writing as "quail." Blee, Keating and rest of CDL resent the implica that they regard the examina of pornography as anything than a painful duty. Such an plication, said Keating, appe in *The Nation's* story of Ju ("The Anonymous Smut Hunt by Norman Mark) which quot national magazine publisher's servation of the audience at a film: "hundreds of little old l in gym shoes have gotten their sexual kicks in years from film." In no uncertain, though printable, terms, Keating and CDLers assured me that they rived no personal gratification viewing *Pages of Death*.

At the convention I saw *Pr* *Poison*, which cost about $4 to produce and contains a len though rapid, montage of lurid terial, with black masks on faces and genitals—for the pr tion of the performers, claime CDLer, explaining that m especially nudists, do not al know what they are posing

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Howard Junker is a free-lance writer.

Printed Poison chronicles the tri-nph of a good citizen who is not fraid of treading on the golden lf of free speech," and who is fficiently aroused by the menace pornography to go to the police. supine officer tells him, "I can't lp you, my hands are tied. You t the D.A. to prosecute, then we n make an arrest." The D.A. is t moved either, but one of his sistants is. So carefully plotted, epared and procedurely correct tion is begun, culminating in ar-st, prosecution and conviction. nd the moral: "none of this would ve been possible if *you* hadn't ken the first step."

That is the basic premise CDL: prosecutors would prose-te, judges would convict, if they lt the public were behind them. eanwhile, our youth are being rrupted—about 70 per cent of all rno, says CDL, finds its way to e hands of youth. Crimes def-itely caused by porno are being mmitted. Most of the nineteen reat civilizations the world has nown have crumbled not under tack from without but from moral ry rot within. The fight, then, is atriotic. It is also, of course, moral nd in the interest of human dig-ity, for God, for America, for other, sister and daughter. More-ver, the laws are on the books.

The bastion of decency is the upreme Court's ruling in *Roth* 1957). *Roth* said that obscenity not protected by the First Amend-ent (freedom of speech) because is "utterly without redeeming so-al importance." The test of ob-enity, wrote Justice Brennan, is whether to the average person, ap-lying contemporary community andards, the dominant theme of e material taken as a whole ap-eals to the prurient interests."

Though CDL would like to see e "redeeming social importance" ophole plugged, and retired Navy aplain and California State As-mblyman E. Richard Barnes, who ddressed the convention, has un-ccessfully tried to push through gislation to that effect, and al-ough CDL feels that "community andards" are to be construed by e individual smut patrol, CDL is vesting its greatest energy at resent in an attempt to extend e power of obscenity laws by re-uiring jury trials in all cases.

At present in New York, for ex-mple, as King's County Assistant District Attorney Joseph Meglio explained to me at the convention, selling obscenity is a misdemeanor, liable to trial only before a judge, who is usually "pseudo-sophisticated." (In other states, defendants in obscenity cases simply waive their right to trial by jury.) As *Reader's Digest* staffer O. K. Armstrong, who addressed the convention, wrote in the September *Digest*:

> *The criminal court, with jury, is the forum that assures the greatest chance of success, for the 12-person jury, drawn from the local community, can best assess offending materials on the basis of known "community standards."*

A number of CDL delegates managed to widen their horizons at some point during the weekend by touring 42nd Street. And on Friday night, in a slot in the program titled, "The Way to Victory: A Panel Audience Discussion" — which I walked out of a moment too soon — a great debate broke out between the tourists and the townies over local effort to clean up the filth. According to the Rev. Morton A. Hill, S.J., head of Operation Yorkville, a New York City anti-obscenity group—none of the visitors I asked would tell me the story —the locals were accused of being lax in their efforts to arrest, prosecute and convict. What Cincinnati fails to understand, said Father Hill, is the "liberal climate" in New York. As Father Hill sees it, the forces for pornography, spearheaded by the American Civil Liberties Union, vastly outclass the forces for good. And though Father Hill admits that he is not as concerned with 42nd Street as he is with rooting porno "from the candy store and the corner store where our kids are going in and out," he feels that President Keating and the others underestimate the ACLU and overestimate the power of private citizens. In short, the educational and public relations battle must be won, before the legal one is begun.

As a parting shot, Father Hill told me of being blackballed at an ACLU-organized, Board of Education-sponsored course on the Bill of Rights, offered to city teachers for credit. Father Hill claimed that "the champion of freedom of expression," the ACLU, had refused to allow dissent in its course.

Aryeh Neier, executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, tells the story a little differently. Father Hill was granted permission to attend an occasional class in the course, which was not open to the public, on the condition that he remain silent. But Father Hill arrived in the middle of one class, which was not the first session, did interrupt, did begin a discussion and left when he had finished his statement.

It is easy to understand why smut hunters regard the ACLU as satanic. The ACLU maintains that in order "to guard against the stifling effect of censorship no ban should be placed on allegedly obscene material, even though much material may be intensely disliked by many persons." At worst, the ACLU concedes, only material that constitutes "clear and present danger" of criminal behavior should be banned.

Though CDL cites common sense, the occasional discovery of a cache of smut in a rapist's closet, and the authority of J. Edgar Hoover ("We know that an overwhelmingly large number of sex crimes is associated with pornography"), the actual linking of reading habits and criminal behavior has so far eluded the efforts of science.

CDL insists that it is against censorship. It publishes no list of forbidden books, although it does offer a list of materials judged obscene in federal and state courts. It does not participate in or encourage boycotts, which, in any case, have been declared illegal in various "no prior restraint" court decisions. CDL does, however, advocate the one-man boycott, individual pressure on a store or newsstand in the form of polite comment to the owner that whereas in general his merchandise is of high caliber, some of his books and magazines are disgraceful. This, too, is the line taken in CDL letter-writing campaigns, which in Cincinnati apparently have posted "tens of thousands of letters." CDL letter writers are urged to be polite and complimentary, "never to mention a religious or group affiliation," to mail by first-class registered—these letters "are usually given personal attention"—and to follow up successful action with congratulations.

(Youth CDL, which appeared 200-strong at the convention, with forty Cincinnati high school students presenting skits they had rehearsed in the bus on the way up, devotes much of its time to stuffing envelopes and assembling printed matter for Adult CDL. Youth CDL also writes, telephones and give speeches on its own.)

The sincerity of CDL's noncensorship piety is further compromised by the ease with which its warriors drop gutter fighting to take out after quasi, finally genuine, literary figures. Mention of Ralph Ginsburg, whose case has reached the Supreme Court, stirred the delegates to titter as if they knew a dirty man when they heard his name. ("We've got to be in on this case [with an *amicus curiae* brief]" Keating told me, "because what happens here will be used as a blanket everywhere else.") That Maurice Girodias of the Olympia Press should come to the United States when France, "known for its sex-mindedness," would not have him, was interpreted for the convention as a sure sign of our moral decay. Hugh Hefner, who two years ago lashed out at CDL in "The Playboy Philosophy," was called "our most infamous pornographer" by the Rev. Francis X. Lawlor of Santa Rita High School in Chicago and spiritual leader for the Illinois Knights of Columbus Moral Decency campaign. Father Lawlor also told the convention that he didn't think our country's librarians knew they had been "betrayed and misrepresented" by the Intellectual Freedom Committee of the American Library Association, which had filed an *amicus curiae* brief before the Supreme Court in defense of *Tropic of Cancer*. *Tropic* was digested for the convention by O. K. Armstrong as "a young man's adventures with numerous prostitutes in Paris."

The single grain of wit among the chaff was Cleveland Amory. Hailed as a courageous man for daring to go against the Eastern Literary Establishment, Amory warned the convention "not to lose your sense of balance," and suggested that the best weapon against smut was ridicule. Amory read several passages from dirty books; the audience was not amused.

The Knights of Columbus, whom Keating joined two days before the convention, have contributed $15,000 to CDL and have persuaded the National Fraternal Council, ninety-eight societies with 10 million members, to launch an anti-pornography campaign. *Reader's Digest* has kicked in $2,000, *Newsweek* $100. And the convention itself was addressed by a Houst rabbi, a Baptist senior deacon, t Knights' Supreme Knight, a Pen sylvania Supreme Court justice, California Assemblyman, the Ne York City Schools Superintende plus doctors, lawyers, Father La lor, Fulton Oursler, Jr., and Clev land Amory. Except for Amor these men spoke at length, wi great fervor and the rhetoric of se appointed virtue. The hot air alo was enough to turn me against CD

And there is something more. is that "any time you try to sell cause to the public," as Keating co fessed to me, "you attract all so of people you'd rather not have an where near you." Such as bo burners, censors, zealots and prud Such as the people who might p CDL's "Stamp Out Smut" bump stickers next to "Support Your L cal Police." Such as the *Digest* writ for whom *Tropic of Cancer* is odyssey-*cum*-prostitutes. Such as t California Assemblyman who wa ed to remove the *Dictionary American Slang* from high scho libraries. Such as the Supre Knight who considers pornograp "as potentially pernicious as bom from Peking, rockets from Mosco or missiles from Havana." Such James J. Clancy, CDL legal couns and sole paid staffer, who seem reluctant to admit to me that he ceived $20,000 a year, but who d not shrink from urging the recall New York's Judge J. Irwin Shapi who ruled in 1963 that "novels a stories of no literary merit have place in our society. There are th who, because of lack of educatio the meanness of their social exi ence, or mental insufficiency, ca not cope with anything better."

Perhaps a more sophisticated titude toward obscenity would ha to follow George Steiner's argume against High Pornography in t October *Encounter*. Besides the " escapable monotony" of the n erotica, Steiner resents its invasi of our privacy, its usurpation of o imaginings. In fine, says Stein "these books leave a man less fr less himself than they found hi they leave the language poorer, le endowed with a capacity for fre discrimination and excitement."

In any case, the defense of fr dom of speech as an absolute ne seemed as necessary to me, as wh I listened to CDL proclaiming th for every freedom there is c responding responsibility.

'I Come From Julius'

VITATION TO AN INQUEST. By Walter and Miriam Schneir. Double-day & Company. 480 pp. $5.95.

Fred J. Cook

June 19, 1953, Ethel and Julius senberg were sent to the electric air in Sing Sing as "atom-bomb ies," though doubts and suspicions a miscarriage of justice troubled any. By some of the best detective rk in modern journalism, Walter d Mirian Schneir advance these ubts to a point of proof which can- t be ignored. They have produced book which is also a vital social cument, one that should be not just "Invitation to an Inquest" in the senberg case, but into the whole itch-hunt era, and, most importantly, to the role played by J. Edgar Hoo- r and his virtually sacrosanct Bu- au of Investigation in this and her celebrated cases of that era.

To understand the significance of hat the Schneirs have done, it is cessary to sketch the bare bones the Rosenberg tragedy. Julius and hel Rosenberg went to the electric air on the judicial premise that ey had committed "the crime of the ntury" and "a crime worse than urder" by transmitting atom-bomb crets to Russia. Morton Sobell, who as convicted with them on the most nuous evidence, still remains in ison. The Rosenberg-Sobell case, as has come to be called, developed t of the confession that Klaus Fuchs ade to English authorities. Fuchs, ho had worked on the atom-bomb oject, recalled that he had funneled formation to the Russians through courier whose identity he did not ow and whom he could describe ly vaguely.

With only this to go on, J. Edgar oover and the FBI determined to eir own satisfaction that Fuchs's urier had been Harry Gold, a Phila- lphia chemist, originally mentioned Elizabeth Bentley's tales of es- ionage. With Gold in hand, the FBI veloped its own bigger and better tom spy case. As polished and re- rbished and ultimately produced in court under the guidance of the Right-gaited tandem of Irving Saypol and Roy Cohn, it went like this:

Gold testified that he had gone to Santa Fe to pick up information from Fuchs in early June, 1945. On his return trip, he stopped off in Albuquerque, where he contacted David and Ruth Greenglass. David Greenglass was in the army, working as a machinist on the atom-bomb project at Los Alamos. He was the brother-in-law of Julius Rosenberg and, according to his subsequent testimony, Rosenberg had recruited him to spy for Russia. Greenglass later testified that he first gave Julius some secret details of the atom-bomb project while in New York on furlough on January 1, 1945. Ethel Rosenberg, the Greenglasses were to testify, retyped this material for transmission to the Russians, and Rosenberg made arrangements with Greenglass at this time for the subsequent pickup of information at Albuquerque. According to both Greenglass and his wife, Rosenberg had torn a Jello box top (or box side, the versions slightly differ) in an irregular pattern and had said that the courier who would come for information would present the matching half. Gold testified that he had been given the matching piece of box top by Anatoli A. Yakovlev, the Russian Vice Consul in New York. As may be seen, the entire atom-spy case hinged upon these dovetailing tales of Gold and Greenglass: for, though Gold had had no direct contact with Rosenberg, the details to which he testified inevitably implicated Rosenberg. One of the most dramatic of these details was Gold's account of the manner in which he supposedly appeared out of the blue at the Greenglasses' door in Albuquerque, flashing his half of the Jello-box talisman, and introducing himself with the magic words, "I come from Julius."

Greenglass produced sketches of the lens mold of the atomic bomb, and Gold handed Greenglass an envelope containing $500. Returning to New York, Gold transmitted the lens-mold sketches to Yakovlev; and, at the trial, Gold testified that the Russian subsequently told him "the information I had given him some two weeks previous had been sent immediately to the Soviet Union. He said the information which I had received from Greenglass was extremely excellent and very valuable." This was the basis for the grotesque magnification of the Rosenberg case into "the crime of the century."

To support this entire fabric of the dovetailing stories of Greenglass and Gold, there were just two bits of documentary evidence—a June 3, 1945 hotel registration card and a bank record showing that Ruth Greenglass had opened an account with a $400 deposit the day after Harry Gold left Albuquerque. The hotel registration was basic; for, if the Hotel Hilton registration for Gold was legitimate, it would establish that he had been in Albuquerque at the time he testified he was, and this, tied up with the immediately following bank deposit, would tend to support the entire account of espionage.

From the first, there were implausibilities that challenged belief, but they never had a chance to register with the jury because Emanuel Bloch, the Rosenbergs' attorney, incredibly chose not to challenge a single item of the Gold story. Yet Gold, who had admitted in a previous trial that he had habitually told so many lies over a period of years that it was a wonder "smoke didn't come out of my ears," was a witness who was a sitting duck for a stiff cross-examination, and his account of his adventure in Albuquerque was loaded with inconsistencies. As Gold told it, he arrived in Albuquerque on a Saturday night; he went to see the Greenglasses; he found they were out for the evening, but would be home Sunday. He then found himself space for the night in the hallway of a rooming house, and *the next morning*, Sunday, he registered at the Hilton *just for the day*. He never intended to stay overnight at the Hilton because he had to get back to New York fast to keep a prearranged June 6 date with Yakovlev. Then why did he register for a hotel room he wouldn't need?

This question led John Wexley in *The Judgment of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg* to challenge the genuineness of the hotel card and to theorize that it could have served only one

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red J. Cook is the author of many nportant special articles for The ation.

purpose—the prosecution's courtroom purpose of establishing that Gold had indeed been in Albuquerque when he said he had. In his investigation, Wexley discovered that there had been a second Hilton Hotel registration card that was never produced at the trial. This showed that Gold had registered at the Hilton on a subsequent trip on September 19, 1945. Wexley was puzzled because it was clear the September trip could have had no connection with Greenglass, who was on furlough in New York at the time. Therefore, why would Gold go to Albuquerque in September when the contact whom he would presumably have gone to meet was in New York? On the basis of this reasoning, Wexley concluded that both hotel cards must be forgeries, and he theorized that the Hotel Hilton had been chosen for the deed because it was the only one in the area that kept hotel registration cards on file more than three years—and so the only hotel that could have had the needed documentation when the FBI came searching in 1950.

The Schneirs have carried Wexley's research several leagues onward. They discovered that the June card, though dated the 3rd on its face, had been time-stamped on the back: "June 4, 12:36 P.M." All hotel officials agreed that the time stamp would be the accurate record. But by June 4 Gold was on his way back to New York to meet Yakovlev, and Greenglass had returned early in the morning to his army chores. What this time stamp said, in effect, was that the elaborately constructed courtroom case couldn't have happened as Gold and Greenglass had testified it happened. But the Schneirs' discoveries were only beginning.

Their interest was further aroused when they learned that FBI agents had spent several days in the hotel attic, sorting through back records. Under the hotel's filing system, it should have required only a matter of minutes to locate the registration cards of Harry Gold. Why this protracted search? (The Schneirs theorize it may have been necessary to determine what rooms were available on June 3, who was on desk duty, etc.) More vital was the Schneirs' discovery that both the June 3 and September 19 registrations had been initialed by the same desk clerk—A.K. At this point, suspicion became virtually confirmed. One does not need to be a handwriting expert to come to the almost instant conclusion that there was remarkably little resemblance between the neat, clear penmanship on the September 19 card and the harsher, upward-slanting lines (they look as if they had been traced by a left-handed writer) on the June 3 registration.

At this point, the Schneirs decided to trace A.K. She turned out to be Mrs. Anna Kinderknecht Hockinson, now living in Florida. Mrs. Hockinson furnished the researchers with examples of her handwriting, and these, together with photostats of the registration cards, were turned over to Mrs. Elizabeth McCarthy, an attorney and a document expert for the Boston police and the Massachusetts State Police. Mrs. McCarthy concluded that Harry Gold had in all probability signed both cards, but she found that the June 3 card bore evidences of being a forged document. Its typing and spacing varied in minute but important details from that on the September 19 card, and the desk clerk's writing did not appear to be that of Mrs. Hockinson.

Mrs. McCarthy could give only a qualified opinion since she was working from photostats. This handicap was the result of one of the series of fantastic blunders, if that is what they were, by which Bloch helped the prosecution insure the conviction of his clients. Irving Saypol had waited until Gold was off the stand, dismissed without a single question in cross-examination, before he gingerly informed the court and the defense that he had *a photostat* of Gold's June 3 Hotel Hilton registration. The original, he said, was being flown from Albuquerque, and he had a witness who would testify to it; but it might simplify things all around if Bloch would just stipulate that this was the card. Ever obliging, Bloch stipulated—and thus relieved the government of the necessity of *proving* anything about this vital bit of documentation. As a result, no document examiner can now study the original to compare its composition and its ink with other cards of the June period in the Hilton Hotel files.*

In this context, another of the Schneirs' discoveries seems important. It is an invariable FBI practice, wh documentary evidence of this natu is discovered, for the FBI agents u earthing it to initial it and appe the case number. The back of t September 19 card contained the d it was unearthed in the Hilton fil May 25, 1950, the initials of th FBI agents and the FBI code des nation, "65-6." The back of the Ju 3 card was blank except for the i tials of the hotel manager.

If the Schneirs' researches h ended here, their work would ha been infinitely significant and va able, though it would have stopp short of the final full measure proof. But the Schneirs did not st They added the final and vital gredient. They unearthed the det of the story as Harry Gold origin told it before it was refined and alt ed for its courtroom presentation.

Parenthetically, it should be no that the record is clear and unde able concerning the veracity of Ha Gold: he was a pathological liar. the Brothman-Moskowitz trial t preceded the Rosenberg case, he been exposed as such an arrant f ricator that he admitted having galed his fellow workers for ye with a never-ending fantasy abou wife he didn't have, children he did have, and domestic discords problems that were entirely ima nary. In 1955, four years after Rosenberg-Sobell trial, Gold took stand in Dayton, Ohio, as the p cipal witness against one Benja Smilg. The defense in this case handled by William F. Hopkins did not, as Bloch did, let Gold esc cross-examination and praise him his candor.

Hopkins, by making use of the Br man-Moskowitz record that had b equally available to Bloch, expo Gold for what he was and got him admit that, in the family soap op he had concocted, he had lied lied "for a period of sixteen ye not alone six." Then Hopkins q tioned Gold about his appearance fore a federal grand jury in New Y in 1947 and drew from him the mission that he had lied under o about far more important matt This is the sequence:

> HOPKINS: Before that gra jury, the question came up of man named Golos. . . .
>
> GOLD: Yes, Jacob Golos.
>
> HOPKINS: Before that you did know him?
>
> GOLD: I didn't know him bef that.

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*In a letter to William Kunstler, dated Sept. 10, 1965, J. Edgar Hoover wrote (with reference to the original registration cards of the Hilton Hotel, Albuquerque, for June 3 and Sept. 19, 1945, in the name of Harry Gold) that "due to passage of time these cards are no longer available." *The Editors*

HOPKINS: Never met him?

GOLD: Never met him.

HOPKINS: Before that grand jury you faced those ladies and gentlemen, under oath, the same as you are facing these folks, and you concocted imaginary telephone conversations, even giving it word for word of what he said to you and what you said to him; is that true?

GOLD: That is true.

HOPKINS: And you didn't even know the man?

GOLD: I didn't even know the man.

HOPKINS: Never had had a telephone call?

GOLD: Never had a telephone call.

HOPKINS: And you were under oath?

GOLD: And I was under oath, yes, sir.

In view of such a background, it ecomes of the utmost importance to scertain what tales Gold told *before* ny lengthy conference with FBI gents. This is the crux of the Rosenerg case, as it has been the crux f other cases throughout the witchunt era. Whittaker Chambers, the ccuser of Alger Hiss, was an aditted perjurer. Elizabeth Bentley, ne nemesis of William Remington, hanged her testimony like a weather ane whirling in a williwaw, in order o meet the changing needs of the rosecution. In all these cases, imortant aspects of step-by-step changes f testimony are hidden in closely uarded secret files of the FBI, under he pretense that the very security of he nation depends upon the presrvation of such secrecy. In this erspective, perhaps one of the greatst contributions the Schneirs have nade lies in the fact that they found . way to tear aside the veil; they have roduced Harry Gold's pristine recolections—and by contrasting this tesimony with that which was presented n court, they make a strong showng for a rigged case.

The Schneirs credit Robert Moris and the Senate Internal Security ommittee with an unconscious assist n this endeavor. In 1956 the Senate ommittee brought Harry Gold back o the stand for some more revelaions; in publishing his testimony, it ppended two statements that he had vritten for his attorney, John D. M. Iamilton, one-time chairman of the lepublican National Committee. Each tatement had been written by Gold *nonths before* the Rosenberg-Sobell rial. In one of these statements, Gold xplicitly contradicted "the crime of the century" trial testimony he was soon to give. "Yakovlev . . . told me that the information received (from Greenglass) was of *no value*," he wrote. (Italics added.)

The other statement indicated that Harry Gold's mind was being changed about substantive facts, not as he testified at the trial by any direct word he received from Russia, but by what *he was being told* while in custody. "Earlier, I have said that I believed the information to have been unimportant," he wrote, "but *I have since learned that it was highly valuable*. . . . Greenglass was a machinist and *I have been told* that he worked on a very important phase of the bomb assembly." (Italics added.)

Gold further disclosed that *he couldn't even remember anything* about the rendezvous with Greenglass when the FBI first began questioning him. He said he told agents "the full story about my relationship with Klaus Fuchs in every detail . . . the David Greenglass incident I had actually completely forgotten about . . . until some time after my arrest, all memory of this incident had fled from me. . . . *And I had forgotten the man's name completely*." (Italics added.)

How, if Gold had "completely forgotten" the man's name, did he later come to identify David Greenglass so emphatically? He explained—and this is perhaps one of the most incredible parts of the story—that this is what was done:

> *A list of some twenty names was selected; first we eliminated the least likely ten; then we cut the list further; finally a group of the three most likely was chosen, and lo, Greenglass' name was at the top. For the wife's name we did likewise and again "Ruth" headed the list.*

The peephole that Robert Morris and the Senate Internal Security Committee had unwittingly opened into the maze of the Rosenberg-Sobell case encouraged the Schneirs to press their researches further. They learned that John D. M. Hamilton had recorded on disks lengthy conversations in which Gold presumably had told his attorney the full truth shortly after his arrest and *before* the arrest of Greenglass and the building of the atom-spy case. So the Schneirs went to Philadelphia and saw Hamilton. The attorney told them they would have to get Harry Gold's consent to gain access to the material in his

He rose from hoodlum, thief, dope peddler, pimp—to become the most dynamic leader of the Black Revolution

He said he would be murdered before this book appeared

"This is one of the great books of the world. Its dead level honesty, its passion, its exalted purpose, even its manifold unsolved ambiguities will make it stand a monument forever to the most painful of truths."
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Poems: W. S. Merwin

In Autumn

The extinct animals are still looking for home
Their eyes full of cotton

Now they will
Never arrive

The stars are like that

Moving on without memory
Without having been near turning elsewhere climbing
Nothing the wall

The hours their shadows

The lights are going on in the leaves nothing to do with evening

Those are cities
Where I had hoped to live

After the Solstice

Under the east cliff the spring flows into the snow

The bird tracks end like calendars

At noon white hair
Is caught in the thorns of the abandoned vineyard
Here the sky passed

The old are buried all down the slope
Except the wrists and the ancient
Message *We are with no one*

At midnight we raise their wine to tomorrow

Crows on the North Slope

When the Gentle were dead these inherited their coats
Now they gather in late autumn and quarrel over the air
Demanding something for their shadows that are naked
And silent and learning

The Cold Before the Moonrise

It is too simple to turn to the sound
Of frost stirring among its
Stars like an animal asleep
In the winter night
And say I was born far from home
If there is a place where this is the language may
It be my country

New Moon in November

I have been watching crows and now it is dark
Together they led night into the creaking oaks
Under them I hear the dry leaves walking

That blind man
Gathering their feathers before winter
By the dim road that the wind will take

And the cold
And the note of the trumpet

December Among the Vanished

The old snow gets up and moves taking its
Birds with it

The beasts hide in the knitted walls
From the winter that lipless man
Hinges echo but nothing opens

A silence before this one
Has left its broken huts facing the pastures
Through their stone roofs the snow
And the darkness walk down

In one of them I sit with a dead shepherd
And watch his lambs

s. The Schneirs wrote to Gold, d much to their surprise, Gold au-rized Hamilton to give them full ess to everything. The result was t the Schneirs got the opportunity play back the Harry Gold disks d to hear Gold telling his attorney his own words just what had hap-ned.

The key recording was one that ld made for Hamilton on June 14, 50, exactly one day before the FBI ved in on David Greenglass and wife. At this point, Gold had been estioned for 102 hours by FBI ents: his blank mind had been re-shed about his trip to Albuquerque. t it is highly significant that after 2 hours of questioning and col-oration with the FBI—at this point dway between the original nothing-ss and the final dramatic story told the witness stand—the vital de-ls of that espionage trip as Gold alled them bore virtually no re-nblance to the court-presented case.

On June 14, 1950, Gold told his at-ney that on his 1945 trip to Albu-erque he had stayed in a rooming use overnight on Saturday, and on ving the rooming house Sunday rning, he had "checked my bags the railroad station." He made no ference to any stay at the Hotel lton on June 3, 1945, and the ecific detail that he had checked bags at the railroad station seems clinch the argument that he never nt near the Hilton — and that the ne 3 registration card is a forgery.

In his trial testimony, Gold was claim that Yakovlev had given him a p of paper with the name "Green-ss" on it and an address on "High reet." He was to testify: "I intro-ced myself to Greenglass as Dave m Pittsburgh. . . . Greenglass in-duced me to his wife Ruth. Mrs. eenglass said it was a coincidence at my first name and the first me of her husband were the same." l of this petty and seemingly au-entic detail, related so positively by ld at the trial, was absolutely miss-g from his recollection on June 14, 50, after 102 hours of collaboration th the FBI. In this recording, he ver mentioned Greenglass by name aybe the grab-bag name game dn't been played yet), but kept ferring to him as "the GI" and "his fe." He said specifically: "I don't member the name of the street. . . ." d as for that charming bit about e matching names of Dave, it never ppened. Gold told his attorney that he had introduced himself to "the GI" by "the name of Mr. Frank, possibly Raymond Frank, possibly Frank (indistinct)."

Once more, in this recorded interview, Gold indicated that whatever information he may have brought back from Albuquerque was inconsequential. He told Hamilton that he "turned the information over to John (Yakovlev); John never mentioned anything about it." At another point in the recorded interview, Gold said he had later reminded Yakovlev that "the GI" was going to be home in New York on furlough. Perhaps they should contact him? But Yakovlev, he said, told him "we could forget all about him . . . apparently the information received had not been of very much consequence at all and that they believed the risk attendant upon seeing him did not make any such effort worth while."

At the trial, Gold was to testify that Yakovlev had written out for him, along with the Greenglasses' name and address, the recognition code: "I come from Julius." He testified that he introduced himself with these damning words—the words that virtually put the Rosenbergs in the electric chair. He testified that he had presented his matching piece of the Jello box—a talisman that had been given to him by Yakovlev and that, if it ever existed, would establish the conspiracy because Yakovlev could have received it only from Rosenberg. Yet none of this vital evidence appears in Harry Gold's June 14 recital to Hamilton after 102 hours of collaboration with the FBI. Indeed, at one point, Hamilton himself raised the question about how Gold had been expected to identify himself to "the GI."

> HAMILTON: I want to interpolate something at this point. Didn't you have some recognition signal as between the two of you?
>
> GOLD: Yes, we did, and while this is not the exact recognition sign I believe that it involved the name of a man and was something on the order of Bob sent me or Benny sent me or John sent me or something like that.

Not yet born, evidently, was the dramatic detail of the Jello box top; not yet born those words that were to condemn Rosenberg and his wife, "I come from Julius."

But how, one may ask, was David Greenglass brought to testify against his sister and to send her to the electric chair if there was no truth to the case? The answer plumbs abysmal depths of the human mind. A confidential memo in the files of the Greenglasses' attorney, O. John Rogge, shows that Ruth Greenglass stated her husband had a "tendency to hysteria." She told her attorneys, according to the memo, that she had known him since she was 10 years old and he "would say things were so even when they were not." It is admitted that Greenglass had stolen a piece of uranium from Los Alamos, and there are suggestions in the record that he may have been stealing government property and hocking it in the black market, an activity that might explain, not just the $400 bank deposit on June 4, 1945, but deposits in other accounts that the Greenglasses maintained in other banks in Albuquerque. It is clear, too, from the memos in the Rogge files that one of the first things that suggested itself to Greenglass and his wife, when the FBI came questioning, was full cooperation. The circumstances suggest that Greenglass was a man in trouble, and a man in need of a deal.

Benjamin Pollack subsequently interviewed Greenglass in Lewisburg Penitentiary while preparing a report

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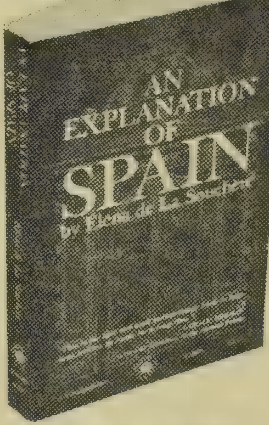

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on the case for Attorney General Herbert Brownell. The report has been classified as a secret document, but its tenor may be gleaned from Pollacks' frank comments to the Schneirs when they interviewed him. Pollack apparently experienced an almost instant revulsion when Greenglass greeted him with the boast, "I'm the smartest man you ever met." The Justice Department attorney told the Schneirs frankly that Greenglass impressed him as a man who had "no conscience at all," and he added: "If I were a judge, I wouldn't take his testimony too seriously." Significantly, Greenglass complained to Pollack about the "raw deal" he had received and disclosed that he was "the most shocked man in the world" when, after testifying for the government against his own sister and her husband, he failed to get a suspended sentence.

The ugly possibility of judicial murder, so strongly advanced by the Schneirs' work on the Rosenberg case, is especially horrible because it reached a climax in the electric chair in Sing Sing. The question inevitably arises: Why? Why should this have been? Why would the agencies of government build a fraudulent case against innocent persons?

The motivation can be understood, I think, only in the context of the times. The groundwork for the Rosenberg case was laid in those pre-election months of 1948 in which the Alger Hiss and William Remington cases were pumped into scare headlines by Congressional witch hunters. The purpose was to splatter the New Deal, the Fair Deal and all liberalism with the Communist tar brush. That the Russians had stolen our atomic "secrets" with the help of pro-Communist American traitors became a sacred tenet of the House Un-American Activities Committee, and this was reflected and reiterated in daily newspaper headlines.

As the Schneirs make clear in earlier sections of their well-documented book, we possessed no secret. The theory of the release of the power of the atom was known to scientists of every nation. Once the Hiroshima bomb was exploded, we revealed our only real secret—the fact that theory could be made to work. It was only a question of time (and relatively short time at that) before others would duplicate our feat. Our scientists appreciated this reality and tried to make their voices heard, but they were drowned out by the raucous cry of the witch hunt.

In that period, lives and reputations were ruined and public pol
and justice formulated on the w
of discredited informers. This sho
never be permitted to happen aga
but there is no guarantee that it
not, so long as we allow an age
to exist with such potential power
harm and with total immunity fr
public scrutiny. Prior to the Jen
ruling of the United States Supre
Court, defense attorneys could
compel the release of the *original*
counts related by informers to
FBI. Now the disquieting question
"frame-up" must be opened, even
this leads directly to the sacred f
of the FBI, by a commission appoin
by Congress or the President. Ot
wise we are being asked to conti
to believe that psychotically twisted
dividuals—the Whittaker Chamber
and the Elizabeth Bentleys, the Go
and the Greenglasses—are the t
heroes and heroines of our culture

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Underlaw

SOUTHERN JUSTICE. Edited by Leon Friedman. Foreward by Mark DeWolfe Howe. Pantheon Books. 306 pp. $5.95.

George Feifer

If you are born black in the deep South, you are taught to stay down or get hurt. That's life and that's the law. Each shapes and is shaped by the other toward an overriding goal: white supremacy. *Southern Justice* examines the role of Southern courts in this process, particularly as they operate to destroy civil rights. It is a collection of seventeen short essays by nineteen lawyers who have worked in the South. We are given descriptions of special anti-civil rights legislation passed by Southern states (there is a recent Mississippi statute providing criminal sanctions for the birth of a second illegitimate child!); detailed narratives of illuminating cases tried in lower Southern courts by contributors to the book; analyses of Southern court systems, trial and appeal, state and federal, in an attempt to devise the best among unsatisfactory methods of protecting Negroes and helping their struggle for equal rights; and some general statements about the federal government's responsibility — and its reluctance to shoulder it—in protecting the rig
of citizenship in the United Stat
The essays bear the marks of le
scholarship: they are restrained a
analytical, factual and unemotio
—and all the more effective for th
They schematize the *system* of
justice which dominates the Sou

The system is quite simple.
people who burn churches and bl
houses, who refuse to desegreg
public schools or register Negroes
vote—who violate the civil rights
Negroes in a hundred ways—are
tually immune to prosecution.
local law-enforcement officials sh
the attitudes of the white comm
ties which elect them; in fact, t
are often among the communit
most violent segregationists. Those
whom Negroes must appeal to ri
civil wrongs—state troopers, sheri
lawyers, district attorneys, may
registrars, judges—are usually d
cated to holding Negroes down
hurting them. Those who are
trusted with administering jus
tacitly condone injustice and viole
or explicitly encourage the wro
doers, or actively participate in
wrongdoing. "As a result," writes
of the contributors, ". . . 'law
order' is nothing more than lo
white custom, i.e., the Southern W
of Life, 'underlaw.' "

In local courts of first insta
underlaw, the living law, is very of
the reverse of the written law.

George Feifer is the author of Justice in Moscow *(Simon & Schuster).*

' minor victories achieved, after
nful effort, by the volunteer law-
s who contributed to this book are
exceptions that prove the rule.
great powers of imagination are
uired to picture what would have
opened in these cases had they
appeared as counsel for the de-
se.

Appeal to higher state courts rare-
brings satisfaction; for these too
staffed largely by men whose
t allegiance is to white supremacy.
ges honorable in other respects
: their sense of honor when deal-
with the civil rights of Negroes.
:y resort to all manner of subtle
l not-so-subtle tricks of the judicial
le—including lying, when neces-
y, to maintain the old order. With
pect to civil rights, "the state's
al process has become a sham,
d not to grapple with tenacious
stions of fact and law, guilt or
ocence, but solely to maintain class
l race power."

But state courts accomplish some-
ng much more pernicious than
rely dispensing injustice. They also
their best to thwart the intentions
federal law and of the Supreme
urt, depriving Negroes of new
nts of citizenship as they have
rived them of the old. The Su-
me Court cannot do more than
ablish guiding principles in a smat-
ng of significant cases, relying on
er courts to "give them flesh."
through the use of a wide range
tactics described in these articles,
e courts, even state supreme
rts, flout both letter and spirit
Supreme Court decisions, with full
wledge of, and delight in, their
obedience. For Negroes, the su-
me law of the land is powerless
ore underlaw. For the nation, the
y foundation of our constitutional
em is undermined.

This leaves the federal courts
the only channel of progress—an
atisfactorily shallow and narrow
. For although many cases are
y quickly removed from state to
eral jurisdiction, many others are
. and there is something barbaric
ut forcing Negroes to exhaust all
sible "remedies" in state courts
ore permitting them to apply for
ef to the federal judiciary. (The
bama Chapter of the NAACP was
ced to cease operating for eight
rs, from 1956 to 1964, because
the ponderous operation of the
in reversing the effects of an
iously unconstitutional "temporary" order by an Alabama state circuit court.) Besides, even when civil rights matters do come before lower federal courts in the South, Negroes are often treated shabbily; for the federal courts too in the deep South are staffed almost entirely by Southern white men.

This is not to say that the federal courts have failed to help the "Negro revolution." Many federal judges, acting on their consciences, have spoken out courageously to give the written law some meaning; and other judges, acting on the knowledge that in the federal judicial system legitimate grievances may sooner or later be heard, have kept their own segregationist passions somewhat in check. Honest work by a handful of federal judges is changing too little too slowly. (A decade after the Supreme Court decision in *Brown,* to take the most obvious example, less than 1 per cent of Negro pupils in the eleven states that comprised the Confederacy are attending integrated schools.) If there is a consensus among the contributors to *Southern Justice,* it is that the federal government must do more, very, very much more, to end the massive violation of federal law that is tolerated and encouraged in the deep South.

Recommendations for increased federal protection within and without the court system are made, some of them novel, most of them well known. But as several commentators point out, there has been no lack of recommendations — and no lack of federal authority and power to implement them. What is lacking, simply, is will. The value of this book is its demonstration that little, really, has changed in the South and its raising again the great question of why the federal government does not use its powers to bring about the change that the President professes to desire. There is a "continuous and total violation of the constitutional rights of every Negro citizen" in several of our states. This we tolerate because we are willing to, not because we must.

I cannot end without mentioning my own reaction to these articles. Why is it, I wondered, that they affected me so mildly? They are full of descriptions of outrageous miscarriages of justice, full of details about the frustrating, appalling, gruesome experiences of all who are not white supremacists in Southern courts. That the law is used to support and enshrine injustice is, as a federal judge said ninety years ago, a greater stain on our civilization than any crimes with which the law is meant to deal. Yet the violations of civil and human rights described here did not shock me; what shocked me was my calm.

It was a calm bred, I am afraid, by a sense of familiarity. After all, we have all known for some time that Southern courts behave *something* like this. The details of how Southern jurists pervert the law are fascinating in the way that the details of the Moscow trials are fascinating. But there is nothing new, nothing remarkable about the pattern of evil in Southern courts. We have all known, at the very least from a scanning of headlines, what happens when Southern men are tried in Southern courts for the murder of a Medgar Evers, a Viola Liuzzo and a Jonathan Daniels. Nothing in this book is more shocking than those trials, conducted with full national publicity, and in full keeping with the Southern way of life. I am afraid that what I read in *Southern Justice* seemed normal. Last year's outrages, broadcast and headlined and photographed daily, become this year's commonplaces. When one has supped full of horrors, he loses his power to be stunned—which is the greatest horror.

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perspective, that I am beginning to grasp again what it means to a society and its people when the law is used not to protect those suffering from injustice, but to wound them still more. And I am beginning to feel an antipathy again to those responsible for perpetuating this grotesque system, from President Kennedy, some of whose appointments to federal district courts in the deep South were inexcusably bad, to the justice of the peace in Oktibbeha County, Miss., who held court in his greasy gas station. The defendant was an 18-year-old Negro civil rights worker who was forced off the road by a white truck driver—and prosecuted for reckless driving on the latter's recommendation. "These boys here," said His Honor to the defendant's lawyer, pointing to the six white toughs who composed the jury, "would sure admire to play a game with your boy. We call it Dropkick the Nigger."

That Man, Those Years

WAGING PEACE: The White House Years, 1956-1961. By Dwight D. Eisenhower. Doubleday & Company. 741 pp. $6.95.

Paul Jacobs

Everything in *Waging Peace* can be completely anticipated, and yet it is unbelievable. It is not merely that the President writes woodenly, nor that he is writing about a wooden period of administration. (After all, he was a general, not an essayist, before his election.) But what is so startling about this book is that it is such a clear expression of Eisenhower's view of the country and the Presidency, a view which so clearly matches one very important strain in American life. In that sense, the book is a mirror of the attitudes held by a majority of the voters in 1952, again in 1956, and by a huge minority in 1960, when Nixon lost to Kennedy by only 113,000 votes.

Take the clichés which dot the book: describing a visit to England in 1959, President Eisenhower writes, "Finally we reached the Embassy residence and settled down for a short but pleasant evening with Ambassador Whitney and his charming wife, Betsey." On the next page, he says, "We went to pay a visit to the Queen Mother, that gracious lady, who lived in a modest dwelling not far from the castle," and ends, on the same page, with: "At the afternoon picnic by the lake, the Queen acted as hostess and simple housewife, gracefully cooking the 'dropped scones' over a charcoal burner. . . ." Later, he describes a series of "satisfying and reassuring talks" with Chiang and his "charming wife." Indeed, throughout the book, all women are charming, at the very least.

But such writing, painful as it is to read, would hardly be important if it did not reflect the ugly truth: during all the years of the Eisenhower administrations, our policies, domestic and foreign, were seen by the President as merely the extensions of moral clichés. From a reading of *Waging Peace*, there seems to be no doubt that Eisenhower really believed in these clichés, and was bewildered, genuinely, when they did not operate effectively as a guide to policy. Unlike Johnson, who is overtly cynical about politics, and Kennedy, who masked his understanding of the political process with an elegant style, Eisenhower is the prototype of the
boy who made good and then belie
everyone capable of doing the sa

The dilemma of the Eisenho
years was that the country, under
administration, was never able tc
beyond the boundaries of the clic
and especially those in which
Presidency was viewed as being al
politics. This concept, combined
Eisenhower's continuous reluctanc
engage in a real political disp
either with McCarthy or over the
rights issue, resulted in governm
by default. The institution surv
the leader, but only just.

Recently, the ex-President said
he sometimes conjures up a visio
himself in those days: "You se
poor, rather stupid fellow sitting
hind a desk and you wonder wh
couldn't do better than that. U
tunately, that picture comes up
often."

Unfortunately, too, that same v
emerges very clearly from a rea
of *Waging Peace*. It is as if Wa
Harding had lived into the 1950s
been forced to cope with such b
dering problems as the cold war
civil rights revolution, McCarthy
a rising rate of unemployment
political instability in every pa
the world. *Waging Peace* is, I am
a true if necessarily incomplete
ture of how Dwight Eisenhower
tempted to cope with these probl
In that sense, the book is no
feeble than the policies it describ

Paul Jacobs is on the staff of The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, and is the author of the recently published Is Curly Jewish? *(Atheneum).*

MUSIC

Benjamin Bo

AGAIN, THE FORD MILLENNIUM

The $85 million program in support of American orchestras announced last month by the Ford Foundation is perhaps the most extreme instance of pure foundationism ever perpetrated on our aching national culture. For of all foundation programs in either the arts or the sciences of which I am aware, this one is most blatantly addressed to the maintenance of a certain level of activity without the least concern for the level of cultivation or responsibility on which it takes place. Given Ford's catastrophic experiences in some of its previous arts programs, notably in opera, where the various objectives, conditions and limitations that were enunciated resulted mainly in artistic fiasco, public embarrassment and undying professional resentment, one can understand the a
tions of a program of neuter
ological and critical content, w
would nevertheless permit the
gorgement of a huge chunk of
money for an apparently rat
purpose, and allow the soundin
monumental verbal fanfares
". . . historically . . . the greates
of philanthropy in the arts by a s
national agency."

An adequate description of th
tire program is shockingly easy
sentially, Ford has surveyed the
dition of American symphony
chestras and found it exceller
all respects except financial. It
fore intends to release $21 m
outright and $64 million on a m
ing basis to orchestras in two
gories—"major" and "metropol

sed entirely on budgetary measure- nt — for application toward ex- nses and endowments. In the long nouncements released by the foun- tion, there is not a single men- n of a projected responsibility or ntent for future orchestral activity, ly of its desired proliferation and curity. Indeed, the Ford directors ve become so principle-shy that ey carefully avoid even any asser- n that the activity in any way ac- ally justifies the support being of- red, or that musical culture as a hole has any importance — orna- ental or otherwise — in American tional life, beyond such bold decla- tions as Mr. Henry T. Heald's that . . a wealthy nation cannot neglect e cultural pursuits that are a part human fulfillment along with ma- ial well-being."

Much more significantly, the ob- ous problems that are in fact de- roying the orchestra as a cultural source in America are not only phorically overlooked in the Ford erature, but in many areas actual- belied. Thus, no consideration hatever is given to the scope or evance of programing, to the des- rate problem of the development d employment of young American nductors, or to the completely achronistic relation of available or- estral resources and contexts to the ntemporary development of the usical art. The entire affair, in fact, akes one wonder to whom, perhaps their desperate desire to avoid still ore friction, the Foundation's lead- s turned for professional advice on e cultural role, responsibilities and eds of American orchestras.

Regardless of the identities of ese advisers, however, the degree unreality in the premises they pro- ded for the Ford Foundation's salva- on of American orchestral activity quite extraordinary. Readers of this lumn, at least, may be genuinely rprised to learn that "American mphony orchestras . . . are usually e artistic leaders in their commu- ty" [*sic*]—when even our most com- acent journalists have occasionally ted a certain implicit stagnation in e almost universal prevalence of e notorious fifty-piece orchestral pertory. But I found it even more rprising that "any player in a ajor symphony has had to spend least as much time, money, and fort on his education as a teacher. . . Fortunately, most symphony usicians love music and love playing in an orchestra even though many endure penalties due to their meager salaries. As a genuine professional, the orchestra player is willing to do his best under less than ideal conditions of salary, rehearsal time, or acoustics, but he wants the opportunity to show himself and his orchestra at their best. . . ."

No one who has attended even one orchestra rehearsal—especially of one of our "major" ensembles—where the nature of this "genuine professionalism" is most evident, could be unaware that one of the most serious threats to contemporary orchestral survival is precisely the shocking inadequacies in the musical and instrumental education, professional morale and general cultivation of most orchestral musicians. And not only are they thus poorly equipped to fulfill any sort of responsible cultural role but (even if the widespread legend of their total hostility to all music is somewhat exaggerated) their resistance to any music or any approach that challenges the simplistic routines that define their jealously guarded "professional" domain certainly contributes to the absence of any significant production of new orchestral compositions in America. Apparently, the Ford Foundation sees no reason not to approve and reward such typically "professional" behavior as that of the members of the New York Philharmonic during last summer's French-American Festival in greeting one of our most serious and accomplished young composers whose new work they were rehearsing with a chorus of boos and hisses. And lest this be taken with complacency in satisfaction of anyone's anti-composer inclinations, it should be noted that the richest folklore among orchestral good fellows are the anti-intellectual conductor-hating anecdotes of the "You talk-a too much, Klemp'" variety. Naturally, there are players who practice their instruments despite long years of suffering while playing side by side with their incompetent colleagues, and who have remained aloof from and ashamed of the indifference surrounding them. But to them, especially, Ford's irresponsible endorsement of the *status quo* can seem only a final repudiation of whatever faint hope remained for restoration of musical dignity and value to their professional lives.

Similarly, the principles on which the Ford Foundation intends to evaluate the relative merits of orchestral institutions are surely unique in the history of cultural normatives. One reads that "The American symphony orchestra is surprisingly pre-eminent in terms of age, numbers of concerts, and ubiquity. . . . The Vienna Philharmonic gives twenty-three concerts in a year. The London Symphony performed sixty-six concerts in 1963-64. In the same year, the Boston Symphony gave 121 concerts; the Philadelphia 159; the New York Philharmonic 183. . . . Great ingenuity and energy are being shown by managers in developing new activities and audiences. The New York Philharmonic has not only added pops concerts but last summer free concerts in the city parks. . . . The Carnegie Hall program of bringing American orchestras to New York has pleased New York critics by the quality of the performances. The reviews which orchestras from Minneapolis, Cincinnati, Houston, Dallas and Detroit have received have shown once again that these orchestras measure up to high professional criteria. . . . The eligibility of each . . . orchestra and the amount each receives will reflect the level of its operations, its artistic and managerial stability, the breadth of its musical program, and its capacity to raise matching funds." Despite a first impulse to dismiss such utterances as self-ridiculing and there-

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fore harmless, they acquire a frightening dimension when one considers that they have provided the entire ideational basis for "the greatest act of philanthropy in the arts, etc." For certainly the positive destructiveness of massive misspending is as real as its purely negative toll in crucial opportunities forever missed.

Thus one must regard with great seriousness the absence in the quoted passages or elsewhere in the release of any suggestion that orchestral growth might best be encouraged by explicitly liberating orchestras from their invariable crowd- and critic-pleasing responsibilities. Real damage is done, too, by Ford's evident failure to recognize and encourage the one hopeful sign of orchestral life in recent years: the willingness of a few smaller-city groups to extend their programs into the mid-20th century, to commission new works, and to explore the full range of the traditional literature as well. But this tendency forms no part of Ford's assessment of the vitality of the American orchestral scene; those orchestras mainly responsible for it (Buffalo, St. Louis, Kansas City) are not even mentioned among those capable of living up to "high professional criteria."

As far as the actual effects of the new project are concerned, I see no reason to suppose, as several of my journalistic colleagues already appear to have done, that the same administrators, artistic directors, players and critics who have generated and maintained the present orchestral miasma, should become adventurous, responsible and energetic merely because a great deal of money has suddenly been made unconditionally available to them. And why one should further suppose that any dedicated and educated young musician would be especially attracted to an institution whose imaginative poverty and irresponsibility have thus been officially enshrined and perpetuated is beyond my inferential capacities.

Here, presumably, is Ford's final solution to the culture problem: if an institution can support itself popularly, then both the value of its methods and its cultural significance have thereby been definitively proved, and it therefore deserves additional support by the full resources and prestige of the Ford Foundation. Conversely, to support an aspect or a segment of artistic life manifestly in desperate need of it is apparently regarded as an act of gratuitous interference with natural forces, upsetting balances achieved — between, for example, such equally matched contenders for popular approval as the Boston Pops Orchestra and a twelve-tone composer — within the profession itself. Although the Ford Foundation has never entrusted any of its projects directly to composers at all—they have been involved only functionally in grants to "established" opera companies, to secondary schools, to concert artists and to orchestras—it has managed to grant about $3
million over the last ten years
projects involving new music,
which the cost of operatic prod
tions, high-school residencies, a
grants to concert artists account
for $2,800,000. The relation betwe
the pathetic remainder and the pr
ent orchestral grant seems sufficien
eloquent testimony to the Ford Fo
dation's exclusive regard for the ma
tenance of public musical appe
ances. But surely music in Amer
deserves a worthier measure of
cultural value, a less trivial reas
to survive.

THEATRE

Harold Clurma

DANTON'S DEATH

A genius, George Buechner (1813-37) wrote *Danton's Death* at the age of 22. The play was so far in advance of its time that it was not given a production till sixty-seven years after its composition. Not only were its technical demands beyond the capacities of the 19th-century stage, but its artistic character and inner significance are difficult to appreciate by any audience not profoundly aware through personal and social experience of the contradictions between action and being, feeling and behavior.

"History walks on two feet," in other words, it is man made. Yet the men who make it are different from what they make. The consequences of the historical process exceed the intentions of those who set it in motion. There is an inexorability in the march of history which almost inevitably overwhelms and discards its leading actors.

Though Buechner was himself a radical, he understood the tragedy of revolution. "The Revolution," he has Danton say, "eats its own children." This is not because of the villainy of particular people. There are no heroes or villains in *Danton's Death*. In this lies one of the most impressive attributes of the play. In brief scenes which move hectically and spasmodically like the turbulent events of history itself, scenes dense with characters of crucial importance who are at the same time almost no more central than the passing fragments of the surrounding mob, one senses the palpably human fabric, the very texture of history.

Danton is that complex of traits which mingles the burning idealism,
the passionate energy of the de
cated revolutionary with a voraci
sensuality which tends toward p
sivity, skepticism, even corrupti
Embarked on the tempest of his
litical course Danton finds hims
weary of its strain, longing for gr
fication in creature comforts, th
things for lack of which he
propelled into action. He is horrif
by the cruelty and chaos released
his initial political impulses and c
mands. Yet he is incapable of beli
ing that similar violence will be d
to himself and his comrades. In ev
fiber of his being he feels the ne
sity and justification of revolut
but he cannot bear to witness
shattering disruption which the re
lution entails. What he has d
brings about the negation of th
sweet and warm satisfactions
which he is so thoroughly endo
and for which he so despera
yearns. He dies in defiance of
executioners and with a sense of
lief that his dilemma is being put
an end.

They are all here—the dram
personae of the French as of m
bloody revolutions: the ascetic Ro
pierre, ruthless in logic, to all
tents and purposes immovably
vinced of the justice of his dicta
no matter how painful, and still
cretly disturbed by doubts and
mentary tugs of pity; St. Just,
with suave sophistry, rationalizes
ror; Camille Desmoulins, roused
the ardor of his youthful eloque
beyond the recognition of his
vulnerability; the aristocrats tur
radical with a haughty disdain wh
is part sovereign obligation and
cynical indifference to their own s

the crass bureaucrats, drive with- : conscience; the women, tender npanions who stand by their men the very end, encouraging their ·oics, suffering their defeats; the ts who live off the detritus caused the male-engendered upheaval; addled populace veering from side side according to prevailing winds 1 the pressure of their needs. All presented as straws in the fateful rm of destiny.

So rich a play, it would seem, nnot but produce a tremendous ef- t on the stage. But a miracle has :n wrought at the Vivian Beau- nt Theater (Lincoln Center). The y has not simply been rendered ll but made almost wholly unin- ligible, communicating next to thing.

I am not being supercilious when speak of this as a "miracle." The th is that I am not quite certain w the phenomenon has been ought about. The actors have strong ices and articulate clearly enough in fact they are often given to outing — but one does not really low what is being said. Meaning nehow fades in mid-air. One does t even enjoy the masochistic pleas- e of being bored or outraged; one simply reduced to a state of inani- n. The performance has no definite *esence*; one sits in the theatre as enveloped in a vacuum.

I am sure that the director, Her- rt Blau, a most intelligent man, un- rstands the play. But his under- nding has taken no specific shape. e actors have not been transformed rough clearly marked characteriza- n. No character lives as a charac- . (Perhaps the only exception is bespierre who strikes one as a Re- blican appointee to the judgeship a small American town.) Many of e actors appear embarrassed by the rds they mouth as if there were a avage separating language from e person. The dialogue, more in- lved in this translation than in any her and certainly less lucid than e original German, seems to issue m inanimate sources.

The scenic scheme, elaborate and pensive, also fails to register. Some the most important scenes are ayed on the forestage (really an ron attached to a proscenium) so at instead of creating any sense of vironment we get the impression of tors at rehearsal handicapped by ck of props or proper space. Physi- lly the production is altogether without atmosphere except for the mechanics of a revolving stage floor, sliding panels, set pieces advancing toward us on tracks.

My bewilderment at what was happening or not happening in this notable play (which I had previously seen in two different and thrilling German productions) was so upsetting that I began to blame the very edifice in which I found myself. Perhaps, I thought, the theatre itself, a combination of imposing architectural forms, with large esplanades fronted by a gigantic Henry Moore sculpture and a square pool, with an interior which is neither exactly intimate nor epically sweeping, was at fault. But that is going too far! The trouble lies elsewhere. There is some deep incongruity in the assembled elements: the text, the company, the audience (what's Hecuba to them or they to Hecuba?), the premises and the auspices of the occasion.

I have often asserted that a repertory theatre of the sort Lincoln Center aims to provide must be allowed at least three seasons to prove itself. Thus nothing I have said about the first production of the season under the new management must be construed as a condemnation of the entire enterprise, though it is certainly a cause for worry.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS

SALT OF THE EARTH

THE RAILROAD MAN

Fellini's *Juliet of the Spirits*, which has come into New York with the kind of journalistic bugling usually reserved for visits by heads of state, turns out to be a millinery and lingerie extravaganza that recalls, though at a level of greater competence, the jaded surrealism of the American cinematic underground. For two and a half hours it proliferates pseudo-psychiatric fantasy in the chemical pastels of technicolor to create a world of marzipan decadence (in all justice, the film must be given credit for projecting a sense of sweet and sticky evil). It is expensive, derivative, self-indulgent and a bore. I have no doubt that Fellini intends his new film to be ironic and sophisticated, but it turns out arch and chic.

At the focus of all the flouncing is, of course, Giulietta Masina, she of the candid eyes and vulnerable smile. As ever Cinderella, it is Signora Fellini's misfortune this time to be deeply in love with a peacock husband (Mario Pisu) who scarcely troubles to conceal his infidelity, and to be subject to baroque hallucinations induced by her present unhappiness, her childhood indoctrination by hysteric nuns and a disposition to put trust in soothsayers, mystics and swamis. Juliet's reveries—her spirits—supply opportunities for the more extravagant Bergdorf Goodman revels, but the somewhat hazy point of the film seems to be that the world of reality has become for her only a degree less whimsical than her dreams. She inhabits a blancmange house in a pistachio and chocolate forest; her next-door neighbor is some kind of sexual technician who is camping out in a derelict mansion liberally supplied with mirrors, who has herself conveyed to the beach in a litter borrowed from some recent Serpent of the Nile production and who entertains playboys in a tree house to which one gains access by an electric-powered wicker basket.

The subconscious is less promising ground for romping entertainment

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than it may seem at first thought. Dreams tend to be clichés and anyone who goes in for deliberately concocting them runs the danger of being more extravagant than original. There was one elegant circus sequence in *Juliet of the Spirits*, and it reminded me that too many long stretches elsewhere in the film looked like Ringling Brothers in its years of desuetude.

The action of the film is the emancipation of Juliet from the domineering illusions of her contemporaries and the crippling superstitions of her past. She wins her freedom with the help of the wraith of her grandfather, a lascivious old atheist who travels about with a bareback rider in a Wright Brothers' airplane. Juliet's friends and family (haughty mother and cruel sisters) are garbed about evenly as Diaghilev hobgoblins and George White show girls. Indeed, the picture could be compressed into a fifteen-minute production number with little loss of content and a great economy of time. A big finale with Mae West stage center.

Twelve years ago, when *Salt of the Earth* was just out of the cutting room and ready for the theatres, Herbert Biberman, Michael Wilson and Paul Jarrico, respectively, director, author and producer of the film, were all on the Hollywood blacklist. Understandably, the picture got few bookings (it's a miracle it got any) and the present "revival" is virtually a first run.

The passage of time may be a help to the picture. Its content exhibits a struggle between a naive and stilted social message and the persuasive and endearing performances of a predominantly Mexican cast. Being in any case a little dated, the pamphleteering can now be accepted as period quaintness, and attention focused on the detail that gives the film vitality.

The story concerns a lead mine in New Mexico, which is on strike because the workers, first-generation immigrants, demand the same pay and conditions as prevail in the "Anglo" mines operated by the company elsewhere in the region. The Mexicans' living conditions are also inferior, and their wives wish that such matters as hot water and indoor plumbing might be made part of the union demands. However, the husbands dismiss these issues—as indeed they dismiss their wives—as not worth a man's serious attention.

A Taft-Hartley injunction bars miners from the picket line. The men are thrown into despair; they would settle. But the wives seize the picket signs from their drooping shoulders, face the wicked bosses with a female defiance they are not equipped to counter, and win both the strike and the respect of their husbands. Solidarity forever and momism, Latin style.

But the performances of Rosaura Revueltas and Juan Chacon as the leading Mexican couple, of Clinton and Virginia Jencks as a husband-and-wife organizing team, and of the supporting cast provide a steady incidence of national contrast and domestic interplay that is as witty and genuine as the film's overall posture is pompously doctrinaire. It is astonishing how these good actors find scope for individuality and a seeming improvisation within the stiff mechanics of the plot. Biberman is a subtle director of human behavior, however simplistic his understanding is (or was) of the war between the reptilian bosses and the noble serfs.

Another film that is a little simple-minded as to plot—but not saved by internal veracity—is Pie Germi's *The Railroad Man*. T homily in the style of Italian reali tells of an engineer who runs dow suicide, through no fault of his ov but who then, because of a repu tion for hard drinking, is dismis by the company. Comes a strike a the fallen hero of the wine shops sc from bitterness and wounded pri Ostracism ensues, but is lifted— Italian indulgence toward hum weakness—in time to afford the king of the rails the most joy Christmas of his life—so joyous, deed, that he dies of a heart att in the fullness of love for the wh world.

Germi plays the lead himself, a that perhaps explains why he unc took the film. It is a role to deli the swashbuckler that lurks in ev actor. The film is easy remorse a healing embraces all the way hom immoral like all sentimentality in t it teaches that a man may dance life and not pay the fiddler. A sh gun marriage subplot involves engineer's daughter and a groc clerk; it also works out to sunsh and the benevolence of tears.

Anarchy Trial

(*Continued from page 358*)

torney uniformly proceeded by information rather than by indictment. This form of charge deprived the defendants of a jury trial, a deliberately imposed discrimination. In other, nonpolitical, cases indictments are commonly used.

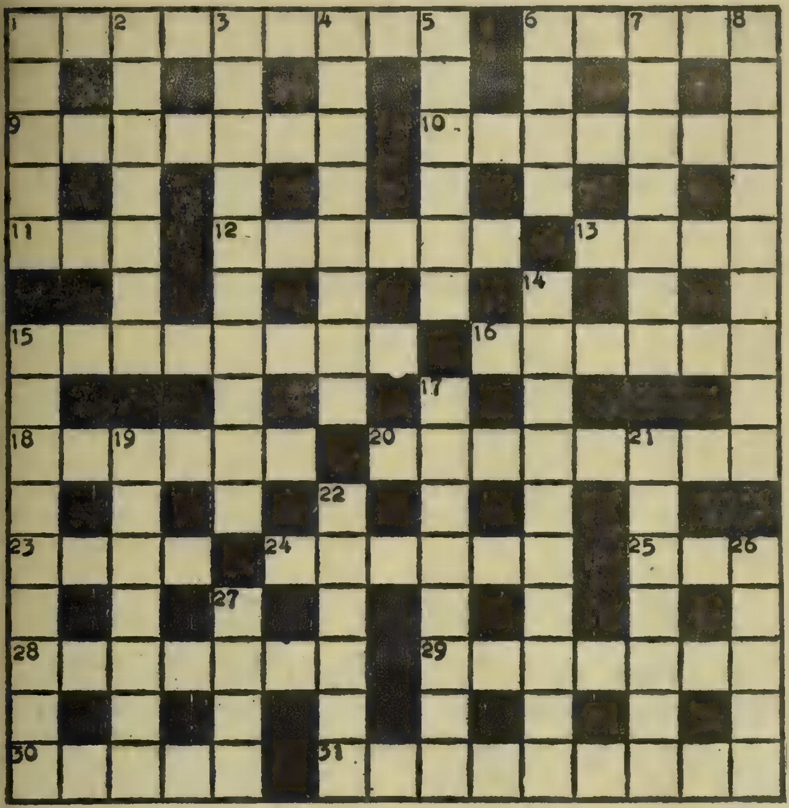
A decision to prosecute for political deviation or for large-scale riot is not made by the prosecutor who appears in court, but by the politically responsible administration — in this case, City Hall. The city fathers —and in particular their spokesman, City Counsel President Paul Screvane, recently defeated for the Democratic Mayoralty nomination — belong to that ever-growing school of public officials who are convinced that a problem can be made to disappear if the Reds can be linked to it. Soon after the rioting began, Screvane, then Acting Mayor, proceeded to ascribe the affair to what he called "fringe groups including the Communist Party." In the long, hot summer of 1964 the easy opportunism of a political prosecution was attractive, both as a means of vindicating the police and of avoiding confrontation with the problems which the riot had flung into New York's fa

While the law-enforcement a of the city administration was hu ing for scapegoats, the execut was proclaiming that individu could not be held responsible Harlem-type riots. In a speech Puerto Rico on February 18 of t year, Mayor Wagner said, "Th are lions in the street, angry li . . . we had better do somethi about these lions, and when I spe of lions I do not mean individu I mean the spirit of people. Th who have been neglected and pressed and discriminated agai and misunderstood and forgotte But this rejection of Yortyism v ignored by the district attorney's fice and the police.

The Epton case is a scalding co mentary on the irresponsibility a cynicism of the New York pov structure. A conviction in the c can only infuriate the Negro mas and obliterate in an important a a claimed distinction between Nor ern and Southern justice. T Progressive Laborites may take co fort in the validation of their p diction that the law is an instrum of racial oppression and the cha of violence a pretext for preserv the *status quo*. There is little co fort in the situation for anyone el

Crossword Puzzle No. 1127

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 These are held quite logically in a studio of sorts. (9)
6 See 19 down
9 Although it's sharp, when this goes down, it's soft. (7)
0 Refuses to accept what an apple-polisher does again and again. (7)
1 The measure of punishment? (3)
2 See 28 across
3 See 1 down
5 Taking care of the sick implies no expense to the recipient. (8)
6 High spirits might include one, even in the process of headache-rubbing. (6)
8 When it comes to sex, Tolstoi has it—and is highly in favor of it! (6)
0 Loading ships? Match their equivalent! (8)
3 A study of the gulf? (4)
24 Fish the Spanish regarded as a modified leaf. (6)
25 See 19 down
28 and 12 across Usherettes in the theater? (7, 6)
29 Not approved by the British in the works of bridge, perhaps. (7)
30 Fusses over food? (5)
31 Some times the wife might be on a diet! (5, 4)

DOWN:

1, 15 down, and 13 across When does the batter realize a strike is called? (5, 3, 4, 2, 4)
2 Fall away. (7)
3 What is his bad habit? That would be telling! (10)
4 One could scarcely call it rarely exaggerated! (8)
5 One who hopes for an ace or a trey as a sound possibility. (6)
6 Bunting, descriptively. (4)
7 Pro, currently accepted. (2, 5)
8 What an accountant does, perhaps. (9)
14 See 19 down
15 See 1 down
17 Loss paid out of assignment. (8)
19, 14, 25 across and 6 across The fancy material with the rest, and the shade to which charitableness should be applied. (3,4,3,4,3,3,5)
21 Is a note false, if in Russia? (7)
22 Runs headlong into 20, perhaps. (6)
26 Merits what might be listening points. (5)
27 One might be pretty much like a mile, as they say (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1126

ACROSS: 1 Equivocator; 9 Polished; 10 Prized; 11 Rockers; 12 Moments; 14 Infant; 15 Overwork; 17 Landmine; 20 Scrimp; 22 Skid row; 24 Cowhide; 26 In hand; 27 Intruder; 28 Storm center. DOWN: 2 Quicksand; 3 Inherit; 4 Odds; 5 Approve; 7 and 13 Go Down Moses; 8 Better; 16 Warehouse; 18 Asking; 19 In order; 20 Shorten; 21 Madder; 23 Draft; 25 and 6 Zinc oxide.

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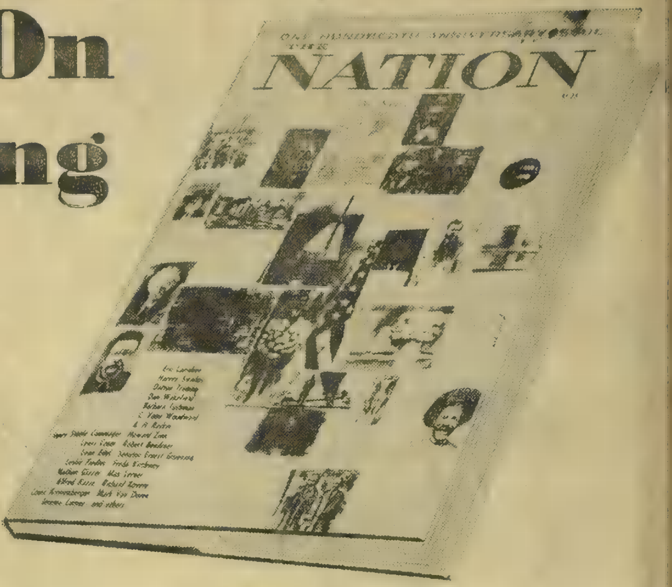

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William Ryan

The GOP Today

Schism Within A Dilemma

MILTON VIORST

Con Edison's Hudson Caper

David Cort

GENOVESE ON THE SLAVE SOUTH

Aileen S. Kraditor

LETTERS

One with Ninevah?

New York City

Dear Sirs: I am shocked to laughter by the almost hysterical reaction of the Administration and its allies concerning the anti-Vietnam War rallies. On second thought, however, this overreaction should not be a cause for joy to those of us who have supported these rallies. . . . It bodes ill for the very reason that the Administration evidently does not understand the tenor of these rallies, does not comprehend the minds of those, mainly students, who are participating, does not grasp the meaning that these students bring for the future. . . . Their minds and their hearts are the future of our country, for they are the true lovers of America.

And what will happen to us if they are cast aside? . . . We are now, and in two generations time we will still be, the most powerful nation on earth. But will we be America? . . . Or will we be Assyria, the Assyria which rose like a comet, whose raw power conquered the world, but which soon disappeared, forgotten, men with mailed fist but no heart? The Administration should listen to these students. . . . Their anguish, their laments, even their rage is our grace; their presence is our grasp into the true American future, a lovely and beautiful country, of strong and just and humane men. *Philip Siekevitz*

The Rockefeller Institute

Faith?

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: A quite valid criticism of the demonstrators was made by Attorney General Lynch of California: "[These people show] a shocking lack of faith in the institutions and men which govern this nation."

To which one can only reply: Alas.

Michael Wales

Politics for the Left

New York City

Dear Sirs: After all that has been written on the New Left, it seems relevant to underline that its existence is a challenge to the whole Left to unite in political action and organization. . . . The objectives of the peace movement must go beyond ending the war in Vietnam to changing the foreign policy which requires such wars, and replacing the economic system which develops such a foreign policy. . . . If the Left of today is to do these things it must be better, more powerful, than the Left of the 1930s, and to be better it must first of all be as good. . . . The student movement itself inevitably has a turnover of more than 25 per cent a year and rests on the annual recruitment of freshmen. . . . Even the strongest revolving student movement requires an organization into which to graduate. . . .

Can the New Left find a way to add 15 million organized workers to those already organized? To do better than the Left of the 1930s, not only must that be done but a radical political party must be organized, stronger in New York State than was the American Labor Party, which had trade union support, and stronger and more enduring nationally than the Progressive Party of 1948. For lasting results, political action and political organization cannot be ignored just because the parents of youth now constituting the New Left suffered subsequent defeat.

Activities for civil rights, for peace, and to raise the standards of those who live in ghettos are good in themselves. . . . But the broad objective of America for the Americans, Negro as well as white, and peace for America (meaning Asia for Asians, and so forth) requires a radical political party. And a political party requires an ideology, not unity through "knowing nothing." *J. B. C. Woods*

High cost of killing

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: If you watch such TV fare as *Combat, Convoy, The Lieutenant, War Zone* or any of the late, late war movies, you will see that one resourceful lieutenant or sergeant with a single squad of dedicated men, be it World War I or II or the Korean or Civil Wars, were all that were needed to destroy a bridge or set off an ammunition dump or capture a command post or control a road junction.

Today it's different. It takes a couple of dozen mammoth B-25s based in Guam or the entire Seventh Fleet to do the same thing. And you know what that costs.

Haakon H. Hynek

Vote for democracy

Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs: The war mongers were sure upset about the peace mongers protesting our part in their current war. But you just can't please everybody, so let the record show that some people *do* support our efforts to impose "freedom" on the Vietnamese, whether they want it or not. But I would like to cast my vote for democracy. Why can't we allow the Vietnamese to decide for themselves what they want? Or is that what the peace demonstrators were suggesting?

Reynolds Moody

Lt. Col. USMC (Ret.)

THE
NATION

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EDITORIALS

e Debacle

ere has never been anything like it since Thomas lison established the first American central power ›n in New York City in 1881. For twelve hours, chilly autumn night, electric power failed all New England, New York State, parts of other s as far west as Michigan, and across the Cana- border into Ontario. In New York City life as we / it came to a standstill. The traffic lights were and monumental traffic jams resulted. As many 00,000 riders may have been imprisoned in the 'ay during the evening rush hour, other thou s were trapped in elevators. That there was no c, that the city and its suburbs continued to tion after a fashion, is to the credit of the citi- . the police, and the radio newscasters, whose and for once human voices came from every sistor set in the area. Nevertheless, some grave tions remain to be answered.

r years the Consolidated Edison Company, which lies electric power and gas to New York and its hern suburbs, has been advertising on the radio its interconnections with other power companies down the cost of electricity for consumers, and ugh this is unmentioned in the broadcasts) keep lividends for the stockholders. The grid thus cre- was the pride of electrical power engineers, it lleled other regional grids, and the industry look- orward to an ultimate linking up of all the elec- power resources of the nation into a few great ems. Consolidated Edison by itself is enormous. a capacity of well over 7,000 megawatts (a mega- . is a million watts or a thousand kilowatts), and chief partner in the grid was upstate Niagara ıawk, about equally big. Both companies were d for bold and progressive engineering, in cer- directions at least. Con Edison, for instance, re- tly installed the largest turbogenerator in the ld, a 1,000-megawatt unit at its Ravenswood sta- , opposite the United Nations on the East River. that installation in itself is evidence of the fact the zeal of Con Edison's engineers is not matched vhat might be called scientific prudence. The lubri- ng pumps of the giant turbines were operated by tricity, with no alternate stand-by power, and when current failed, the main bearings burned and the erator was disabled for upward of a week.

. E. Slade, executive vice president of Iowa Power Light, was quoted by *The Wall Street Journal* as eving that blackouts of a similar scope are a fairly ng probability for the future. The industry, he , has been guilty of a "too rapid push on the tic," and he cites two smaller power failures that e occurred in the pool in which his company par- pates.

on Edison admits itself baffled by the most recent disaster and gives no guarantee that the darkness will not fall again. It seems, however, to feel no embarrassment at a display of ineptitude that carries the threat of catastrophe, and indeed uses the occasion to lash out at the conservation forces which have attempted to block its despoliation of Storm King [see article by David Cort, p. 387] and to threaten a further increase in consumer rates.

But what has happened in New York City, and in Boston and other cities, is dismaying on a scale as great as the power companies' technological and business success. The story as it appears on the morning after is that when the breakdown occurred Con Edison was drawing some 300,000 kilowatts from the 345,000-volt feeder line connecting it with Niagara Mohawk.

If that account is correct, the strange feature is that the Con Edison system was knocked out beyond speedy restoration by a tie line which at the time of the trouble was supplying only about 6 per cent of the city's power. Apparently there was sufficient protection for the Con Edison plants, which dumped load when matters got out of hand upstate, but there was no reverse current protection, set to operate ahead of and to shield the local devices. The power which Con Edison was buying from Niagara Mohawk cost a little less than its own power, but what does it avail a utility if it gets a block of power at a reduction of a few thousand dollars only to suffer a potentially disastrous outrage? Engineers will long be discussing what happened, but the principle is clear: continuity of service is vital, and instability cannot be tolerated on systems so vital for public safety and convenience.

The Great Draft-Card Hubbub

There is widespread misunderstanding about the crime of burning a draft card, on the part of both those who condemn it and the minority who approve. The punishment seems excessive—and indeed it is—but five years in jail or a $10,000 fine or both are uniform penalties for all violations of Selective Service provisions, including refusal to report for induction, failing to register, failing to report a change of address, etc. Of course the full penalties are not always, or usually, invoked, but they are on the books for use when the government deems it appropriate.

A parallel case would develop if some John Doe became infuriated by the annual sacrifice on the highways of 40,000 or 50,000 lives. As a symbolic act of protest, he blocks traffic on, say, the Golden Gate Bridge and there, having alerted the television networks, he holds his driver's license aloft and in the glare of the floodlights burns it. Clearly he has committed several misdemeanors, and will commit another if he drives without the license in his pocket, but he did not commit a moral or legal wrong.

In other words, the new statute against public incineration of draft cards is not aimed at a substantive evil. It is designed to discourage a form of unorthodox and hence publicity-generating protest. The act was signed by the President on August 31 after being rushed through the Congress with virtually no consideration. It was a pet project of L. Mendel Rivers (D., S.C.), Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee and one of the leading war hawks. With his usual elegance, Rivers refers to draft-card burners as scum, filth, etc.

Selective Service did not ask for the measure; nor has Selective Service anything to do with enforcement—that devolves on the Department of Justice. And the crucial factor in draft evasion is not the presence or absence of a card but the record of a name—or absence of that record—in the files of a local draft board. Registrants' names are a matter of public record and, according to Selective Service, local boards soon become aware of attempted evasion. For one thing, parents whose sons have been drafted often report youths who have failed to register.

The American Civil Liberties Union takes no stand on the merits or demerits of U.S. foreign policy, in Vietnam or elsewhere, but it is opposed to the draft-burning penalty on constitutional and other legal grounds. It is held to punish a political action, it serves no necessary or legitimate purpose, and it is an infringement of the right of free speech, which includes symbolic acts as well as verbal expression. The New York Civil Liberties Union is defending David J. Miller, the 22-year-old pacifist who burned his draft card in public on October 15, to insure that infractions of constitutional rights do not result from reaction against this form of protest.

The Negro on TV

In the Washington *Evening Star*, Walter Pincus has recently given accounts of an interesting pair of questions in the field of race relations: (1) Are Negroes entitled to protection against discrimination in broadcasting? (2) Should the Federal Communications Commission license radio and TV stations which propose to supply specialized service to Negroes? In at least one case the answer to the first question, though far from clear-cut, is in the affirmative. Up to about a year ago, a Jackson, Miss., station, WLBT-TV, was managed by a member of the local White Citizens Council on an openly segregationist basis. The station editorialized against integration, refused Negroes equal time on civil rights issues, programed on a lily-white pattern, and never used "courtesy titles" —Mr., Mrs. and Miss—in referring to Negroes.

Beginning in 1963, WLBT's electronic racism came under serious challenge. The Office of Communications of the United Church of Christ joined with Mississippi civil rights leaders to monitor the station's programs, and the record was filed with the FCC in support of a petition to deny renewal of the station's license. The FCC did renew, but only for one year, and with the provision that the station "comply st ly" with the fairness doctrine of handling civil ri issues and "immediately cease" discriminatory graming. The FCC refused to recognize the chur right to intervene, although the material prese had obviously played a part in the proceeding. church has now gone to the U.S. Court of Appeal have its standing in the controversy upheld and license-renewal decision reversed.

Thus WLBT is sitting with a time bomb unde chair. A license of its type is estimated to be w more than $2 million, and even the Murchison br ers, who are the beneficial owners, take a coupl millions seriously. The station retained the Wash ton firm of Arnold & Fortas. Paul Porter, a for FCC chairman, became involved in the case, anc portedly forced programing and personnel chan The White Citizens man was succeeded by a general manager, who has held meetings with N civil rights leaders, including Aaron Henry and Cha Evers. Some Negro entertainment and sports mat is now broadcast, and a local Negro institution, To loo College, is to be given a place on the stati "Know Your College" series. WLBT's license ren comes up again next June, and the United Ch is monitoring not only that station but 118 televi and 900 radio stations in nine Southern states.

Specialized Negro TV has been proposed in M land and Illinois and promises to become a recur question in metropolitan centers with large N populations. Until recently, no new TV channels available, VHF being fully allocated while UHF nothing but a sure way to lose money. Now, ever, with manufacture of all-channel receivers m datory, the 70 UHF wave lengths are coming demand. In Chicago, two groups are contending the city's last unassigned UHF channel. One is Chicago Federation of Labor and Industrial U Council, which already operates a nonprofit r station and seeks to expand into television. The o is Chicagoland TV, a company owned chiefly by Negroes. If Chicagoland gets the license, it will the station primarily to attract a Negro audienc

A number of foreign-language radio broadcas stations are in operation, but this seems a dub precedent for TV, where differentiation would based on race, not language. Some Negro lea favor Negro-oriented TV, but a majority appea be opposed, on the ground that it would ten perpetuate a feeling of separateness on the par Negroes and other racial minorities. Another a ment is that if the station wished to broadcast terial in favor of integration, few whites woul in the audience and Negroes would be talking to groes, as leftists have talked mostly to leftists in past. As for routine programing, there is no re to believe that it would be ethically or culturally perior; Negro TV would be no less commercial white TV. The argument that Negroes do not enough of themselves on TV is perfectly valid, the WLBT experience indicates that with a frow

C looking over their shoulders, station owners are sceptible to reason. The networks have taken some nid steps toward integrated broadcasting, and an celeration of this trend is surely preferable to elec- onic segregation.

n Epidemic of the Heart

In the first weeks of November, we moved from rning our draft cards to making torches of con- ience of our own bodies. These gestures deeply ouble many who share the hatred of the Vietnam ar—and of all war—which motivates them. It is lt, of the first, that it may be interpreted as a state- ent of personal disaffiliation rather than as an act sed on principle; and of the second, that the heart- reaking desperation of the deed may lend credence those who pretend that opposition to Mr. John- n's holocaust is evidence of fanaticism. The risk of strangement is indeed implicit in these symbolic estures, but they will have that effect primarily on ose who see Vietnam as a political issue, or even s an issue of military power—matters, that is, on hich responsible men may reasonably differ.

But it has become obvious in recent weeks (to all, at is, but the Administration spokesmen who have fted the reedy cry of Communist infiltration against he opposition that now threatens to engulf them) hat the resistance to the war against the people of ietnam has shifted from logic and logistics to mo- ality. In the moral context, symbols become relevant. ndeed, no Christian will deny the power of martyr- om; the great edifice of his church is built upon it.

It is probable that this shift in the generative power of the opposition foretells the end of Mr. Johnson's attempt to find peace through escalation. The new form of resistance is incalculably stronger, and for two reasons. In the first place, it cannot be confused and divided by argument over facts, to which the Administration can always claim superior access. Official rationalizations, seeking to prove that war is an instrument of peace, are powerless against a monolithic conviction that this war is wrong.

And in second place, a moral crusade does not grow by the slow arithmetic of logic but by the germs of conscience. They infect everyone — believer and atheist, rich and poor, scholar and artisan — in a sweeping epidemic of the heart. It is a central fact of the new situation that the clergymen of the country, who were in many cases moved to action by the nation-wide student protest, find that their outcry against the Vietnam slaughter gains them a congregation that is oblivious to sectarian lines. Priest, rabbi and minister are breaking what Dr. Howard Schomer, president of Chicago Theological Seminary, calls "the dialogue of the deaf."

The time of argument is over; strategy is no longer relevant. The Johnson Administration today is faced with a tide of moral indignation that swells with every passing hour. It will not be stopped by threats and bluster, and the President does not hold (nor do we believe he would use) the instruments of tyranny. The best minds in Congress have publicly parted from him, the teachers and clergy are his most vocal critics, youth is up in arms. Mr. Johnson may still count a statistical majority of support, but it is melting even as the polls he so reveres are rushed to his desk. The people are speaking now from their hearts.

THE GOP TODAY

Schism Within A Dilemma . . . . .

Milton Viorst

ohn V. Lindsay notwithstanding, he elections of November 2 offered o compelling sign of a resurgent epublican Party. To be sure, vot- rs in New York, Philadelphia and leveland expressed a strong sense f dissatisfaction by turning against he administrations in power. But hey did so only within limits, and hey were looking not so much for Republicans as for new faces.

Though New Yorkers elected Lindsay, they rejected his two run- ning mates. They kept the City Council Democratic with a substantial 30-to-7 majority, and actually unseated an incumbent Lindsay supporter as borough president of the Bronx. It is even likely that they will fill the Congressional seat that Lindsay vacates with a Democrat. They demonstrated a preference for Mr. Lindsay himself, but no confidence in his party.

In Philadelphia, the voters slapped down another superannuated Democratic administration by electing Arlen Specter as district attorney. Specter, once a liberal Democrat, had the support of the ADA and other liberal political groups. He decided to run as a Republican when he failed to get his own party's nomination.

Cleveland came close to throwing out its Democratic mayor. Ralph S. Locher emerged a narrow minority winner with some 63 per cent of the vote against him, two anti-machine Democratic candidates having diverted 46 per cent of the anti-Locher vote. Fewer than 17 per cent voted for the Republican candidate. The returns indicated serious discontent with Locher but no particular fondness for Republicans.

The New York Times, which backed Lindsay, took the scattered Republican victories to mean: "The emergence of a new breed of Republican big-city winners, who play down their partisanship and play up their promise of civil uplift (for the independents) and civil rights (for the Negroes)." There were scarcely enough such winners to

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make up a fair sampling, but even assuming that the *Times* was right, do the Republican victories of 1965 have any significance for the national party? A political party, as Americans commonly understand it, cannot be satisfied with a handful of local offices but must aspire to power at the federal level. Do the victories mean that the Republicans have improved their competitive position in the nation?

National Chairman Ray Bliss and other Republicans, after surveying the wreckage of the Goldwater debacle, concluded some months ago that the party's most serious area of weakness was in the cities. Several columnists have already written that the 1965 elections show this weakness to be repaired and the Republican Party to be once again an urban competitor.

But Mr. Lindsay was not willing to gamble on that possibility. He accepted nomination from both the Republican and Liberal Parties. But as a campaigner, he abandoned the Republican label completely and ran as a nonpartisan "fusion" candidate. (Asked by a television interviewer whether he was in the "fusion" tradition of La Guardia, Lindsay replied: "Sure. There's Mollen, he's a Democrat and running with me for controller; there's Costello, he's a Liberal and running with me for council president; and there's me. I'm running for mayor.") He bypassed the Republican city machinery and went conspicuously, even rudely, out of his way to dissociate himself from the formal leadership. Senator Javits, New York's most successful Republican, supported Lindsay with great energy but not without misgivings. Javits, loyal to the party's organization if not to its doctrines, thought Lindsay overdid it. But the final vote proves that the Republican nomination alone would not have been enough. For a Protestant Republican, Lindsay ran well among Jews, Negroes, Italians and Puerto Ricans, but he received far from a majority. He polled 873,000 votes as the candidate of the Republican Party and 293,000 votes as the candidate of the Liberal Party. Lindsay won by 136,000 votes out of 2,500,000 cast, and the Liberal vote made the difference.

But an even more compelling reason than election statistics for questioning the urban potential of the Republican Party is the way in which Republicans in Washington have treated the cities. Lindsay, like any thoughtful city dweller, recognizes that the only possible escape from the dilemma of swelling problems and a shrinking tax base is through greater federal assistance. But one need not point to Barry Goldwater to show that the Republican Party—as distinguished from individual urban Republicans like Lindsay and Javits—is not the party to come to the rescue. Year after year, the Republicans in Congress have given convincing proof of their disregard for matters of the utmost importance to the cities.

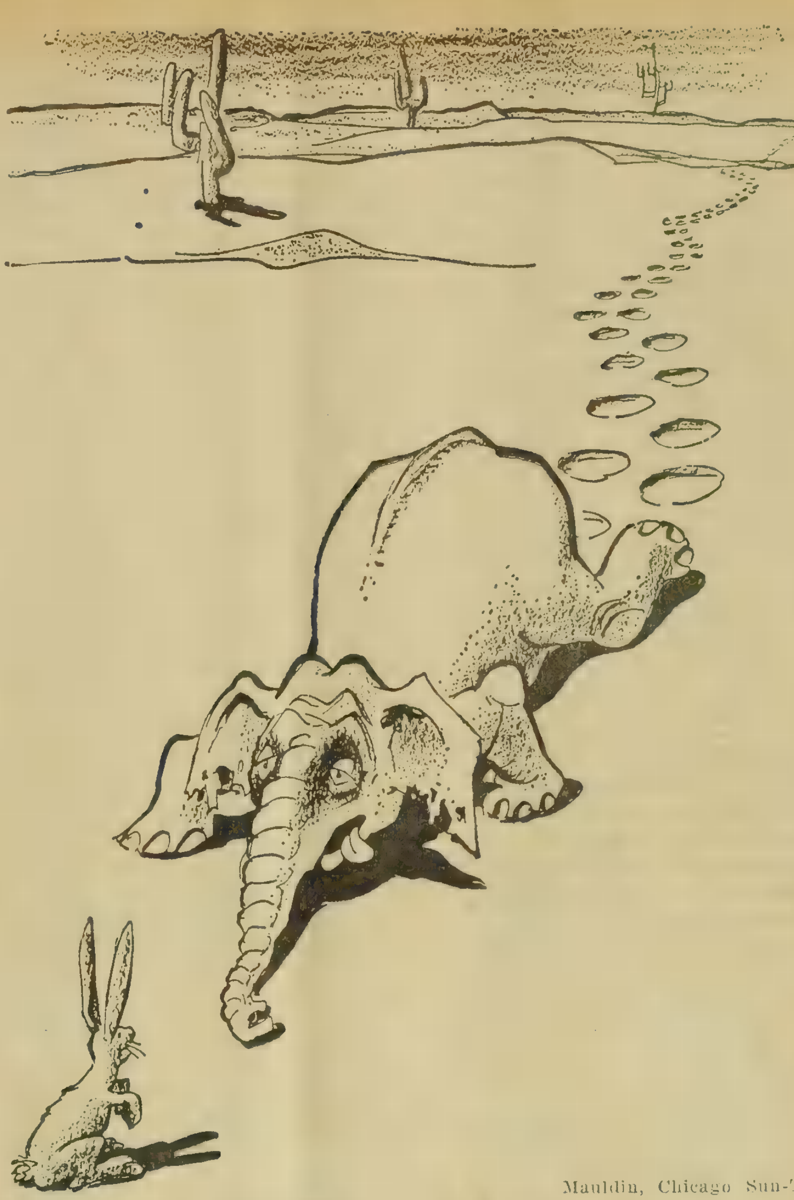
The voting pattern of Republicans in Congress during the last session maintained that stance. In the key House vote on the housing and urban rehabilitation bill, 130 Republicans were recorded against, 4 in favor. The four were Lindsay, Halpern, Reid and Horton, all of New York. In the Senate, the Republican tally was 7 in favor, 19 against. The Republican vote in the House on the basic provision to establish a Department of Housing and Urban Development was 5 in favor, 122 against. House Republicans voted 35 in favor, 96 against federal aid to public schools. They voted 65 in favor, 73 against medicare. They voted 121 to 19 to place extra restrictions on the immigration reform bill. Such a record suggests that the cities would be signing their own death warrants if they voted Republicans into national office. It is unlikely that the cities will be unaware of this and walk heedlessly into that disaster.

Wayne Dumont, rather than Lindsay, might very well be looked at as the big lesson of the 1965 election, though it is a very shabby lesson indeed. Dumont, a conventional Republican who has long aspired to the governorship of New Jersey, found no better campaign issue in a state beset with problems of growth and change than an indiscreet statement by Eugene Genovese, a then obscure Rutgers professor, about the war in Vietnam. [See Genovese: *The Political Economy of Slavery*, reviewed by Aileen S. Kraditor, p. 390.] Dumont and the New Jersey Republican Party, which until a decade ago dominated the state, showed themselves intellectually bankrupt. They made absolutely no effort to offer sol tions to New Jersey's needs. B bringing in Richard Nixon the simply emphasized the void.

The electorate responded to th Dumont campaign by yawning th Republicans off the ballot. Gove nor Hughes, who has conducted sound if unexciting administratio was overwhelmingly re-elected an into office with him came the firs Democratic legislature in a hal century. The Republicans were s badly beaten that their organizations were disrupted down to th county level. If the party is to com back at all, the recovery will tak a massive effort and years of rebuilding. The inept Dumont seeme to prove that if the Republican could come up with nothing bette than right-wing demagogy the would have to pay a heavy pric for it.

That lesson might have bee salutary, but alas in Virginia th Republican experience was almos precisely the contrary, and onl slightly less exasperating. A. Linwood Holton, a young attorney fro Roanoke, made what had been advertised as the first serious Republican effort in a century to win th Statehouse. Like his Democratic opponent, Lieutenant Governor Mill E. Godwin, he bowed to the ne voting power of Virginia Negroe and chose to conduct a decent an moderate campaign. The race issu was scarcely mentioned by eithe Republican or Democrat throughout the campaign. But Godwin, wh has made an amazing transition i recent years from extreme racis to relative liberalism, had the support not only of Harry Byrd's ol courthouse crowd but also of labor liberal Democrats and most Negr groups. Holton, on the other hand was punished for his moderatio with a Conservative Party candidate, one William J. Story, runnin on his right. Story, an avowed segregationist and John Bircher, wo heavily in southside Virginia, wher the schools were once closed t avert integration. Godwin was th first Virginia Democrat in memor to receive less than a majority o the votes for governor, but Holton thanks to Story, ran behind the lackluster Republicans of previous gubernatorial contests. If the lesso of the Dumont defeat was that Republicans could not win with extremists in the North, the lesson o the Holton defeat seemed to be tha

ɣy could not win without them in
: South.
Most Southern Republicans have
·n saying for years that the party's
ure in the South lies in extrem-
ı. In 1964, the only gains made
the party in the entire nation
re made by right-wing Southern
publicans. Sen. Strom Thurmond,
.o defected to Goldwater last year,
w controls the Republican Party
South Carolina. John Grenier, one
the young masterminds of the
ldwater nomination, runs the
rty in Alabama. It is no secret
ıt since the 1964 election, the
ın Birch Society has, in many
alities, virtually merged with the
publican Party. "Infiltrated," the
vorite verb of Northern moderates
ıo seem suddenly to have learned
ıt the Birchers are dangerous, is
ırcely appropriate. The John
rch Society has not *infiltrated*
to positions of authority. It has,
ite openly and quite painlessly,
ken over lock, stock and barrel.
ıe Birchers, like Southern Repub-
ans generally, bear little resem-
ance to the crackers of the Ku
ux Klan, who remain faithful to
e sputtering old Democratic ma-
ines. They are invariably middle
ass and college educated. They
ıve, for all practical purposes,
cluded any moderate influence
om Republican councils. Whether
e Republican posture will, in gen-
al, drive the Democrats to the
ft, as it has in Virginia, or further
the right, as it has in Alabama,
mains to be shown. But extremist
epublicans in the deep South will
ake a strong argument for them-
lves out of Holton's defeat.



Mauldin, Chicago Sun-Times

"Which Way to the Mainstream?"

The extremists, it must be
dmitted, can be very persuasive
hen they deride Republican mod-
rates. With the possible exception
f a few New Yorkers, the mod-
rates have for years been barren
f ideas and devoid of inspiration.
hey have offered neither vision
or blueprint, neither program nor
olicy, for a better America or a
etter world. One must, presumably,
ive them credit for shifting their
esponse to Democratic proposals
ıis year from an automatic "no"
ɔ a reflective "yes, but in smaller
oses." Senator Dirksen, of all peo-
le, is now free to beat his chest
nd denounce Republican "Neander-
ıals." But Dumont joined the
Neanderthal herd because he had
othing to say that Hughes couldn't say more convincingly. The moderates simply can't find good reasons why anyone should vote for them, unless it's to save the two-party system, and a party ought to contend for votes with something more arresting than a pitiful plea for its own preservation.

It was no coincidence that the moderates disintegrated last year before the Republican rightist onslaught. They knew they couldn't fight something with nothing. At best, their alternative to extremism was a pallid version of the Democratic presentation. If he said nothing else that made sense during the entire campaign, Goldwater was right that he offered the electorate "a choice, not an echo." And his followers made a good case for going South, rather than left, in quest of votes. Since Republicans can't out-Robin Hood the Democrats, they might as well offer the reverse. Southern whites were obviously receptive, and in politics one makes alliances where one has a chance to win.

The extremists, whatever else one may say about them, believe in something. They'll fight any time against anybody in behalf of their cause. They'll even take on Karl Mundt, the second or third worst reactionary in the Senate, to show their devotion to their principles. And like Buckley in New York and Story in Virginia, they'll feel sufficiently redeemed, no matter how badly beaten, for having accepted the challenge.

The fight inside the party rages more furiously than ever. In the summer of 1964, the country was treated to a lot of fantasy about how Goldwater would defeat Johnson. It is interesting to note that Republicans have stopped talking about beating Democrats. Now they talk only about defeating one another. Dirksen and Ford, former stalking-horses for reaction, demand that the Birchers get out of the party. Sen. Thruston Morton, the Kentucky barometer, recently said the Birch Society was "as dangerous as the Ku Klux Klan and the Communist Party." But fair Ronnie Reagan marches onward to the gubernatorial nomination in California, which the moderate Senator Kuchel doesn't want, and Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly, defender of Birchers and writer of Goldwater diatribes, advances toward the presidency of the powerful National Federation of Republican Women. Extremists of the Right are as busy as ever acquiring control of party machinery or consolidating what control they have. The prospect of another Goldwater debacle seems to whet their appetites. Meanwhile, the moderates look on impotently.

But what of Lindsay, the hero of 1965? Can he reverse this course? Even before his victory, the handicappers talked of him as a Republican Presidential possibility. He has, of course, the personality and a winning record as a candidate. But he has obstacles. Two New York Republicans, Rockefeller and Javits, are standing in line ahead of him and it will take some fancy footwork to pass them. He has the even tougher job of deriving any credit from managing the chaotic affairs of New York City. With what was probably the largest, most skilled, best prepared and highest paid campaign staff for any local election in history, Lindsay failed to come up with any stunning ideas for restoring civilization to New York. He made a lot of promises, however, and he'll have to make good on most of them before he can climb another step on the political ladder.

But Lindsay's most difficult obstacle to winning the Presidency is getting the Republican nomination. Though more curious things have happened in politics, it staggers the mind to imagine that the party which chose Goldwater would choose Lindsay. The Republicans would not nominate Rockefeller, who could have paid his own way and who in 1960 would probably have won. They would sooner nominate Javits, who is liberal and Jewish but has at least never denied his Republican allegiance. Throu out its history the Republican Pa has not been good to its maveri of the left. It made a pariah out La Guardia, the last reform ma of New York and a better politici than Lindsay. Walter Lippma looking desperately for signs th the party has mended its ways, sists that Lindsay is "in the ma line of Republicanism as it con down from Lincoln and Theod Roosevelt," but he fails to menti that the party finally estrang them both. Senator Dirksen has clared, quite indignantly, that t John Birch Society "smacks of t old Know-Nothing Party" and he quite right. But he does not go to say that the old Know-Nothi Party lost its identity by mergi into the Republican Party, where created a tradition more enduri than that of Lincoln and Theod Roosevelt.

It is not at all impossible th the American people would el Lindsay President; what does see impossible now is that they shou ever get a chance to vote for hi More dismaying still, the Repub can Party shows no sign of eme ing from its internecine gougi with an alternative instrument salvation.

TURKEY

The Discovery of Politics . . . . Constantine Poulo

Istanbul

Superficially, the recent Turkish elections suggest that Turkey's peasants and villagers still prefer an Islamic theocracy to a Western-style secular democracy. A deeper look uncovers the paradox inherent in modern Turkish political affairs, and its potential effect on NATO's eastern flank.

The Justice Party, which won an unexpectedly overwhelming vote and a decisive majority of seats in the Turkish parliament, is the party of the financial interests, big business and most of the big landowners. Its basic electoral support came, however, from the rural proletariat. The Justice Party is the overt and direct heir to Mr. Adnan Menderes' Democratic Party, which was outlawed after the military *coup d'état* of 1960. Mr. Menderes and other leaders of the party (and government) were executed for having "violated the constitution" by suppressing the opposition, misusing power and changing the electoral laws to perpetuate their rule.

Second in the elections was the Republican People's Party, led by aging former Premier Ismet Inonu, who with Kemal Ataturk—founder of the Turkish Republic — established the party forty-two years ago. Of the six other minor parties represented in the election, the newly formed Turkish Workers' Party — the first Marxist-oriented political grouping permitted to exist in Turkey since 1925—contributed significantly to the pre-election debate. The electoral struggle, ho ever, was a duel between the t major parties.

The Republican People's Par conducting a pedestrian campai relied as it has for almost two d ades on the mantle of Ataturk carry it through. Not even "mil progressive," the party lost its tionalistic revolutionary fer many years ago, and when Inonu announced last summer th the ideology of the party wo henceforth veer "left of center" was not persuasive. His party's sentially bourgeois support, bas on the army officer corps (35,0 on the active list), the state reaucracy, small industrialists a businessmen, and a few big lar owners, seemed to rule out a possibility of a dynamic, imagi tive program. The People's Pa

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dcd up with fifty less deputies ın it had had in the previous rliament, trailing the Justice Par- by more than 100 seats.

The victorious Justice Party, off- ring of the self-destructive Dem- ratic Party, effectively exploited e ghost and "martyrdom" of Mr. enderes. It played stridently on e resentment still lingering over enderes' execution. His eldest son ıs placed on the Justice Party ·ket, as were the son, a daughter ıd a widow of other ousted Dem- ratic Party leaders. The party lopted as its symbol a white-gray ırse, a device that takes punning lvantage of legend. For the Ana- lian peasant, an iron-gray horse *demirkirat*, as close as they can ›proximate the now Western word, lemocrat"; and a horse of this par- cular shade has Robin Hoodish ssociations in the rural folklore. y using the horse symbol, the aders of the Justice Party clever- by-passed the law forbidding any ference to Mr. Menderes' ill-fated arty.

The Justice Party also made good nd plentiful use of smear tactics. . freely stigmatized both Mr. ıonu's People's Party and the new Vorkers' Party as "Communist." It istributed throughout Turkey hun- reds of thousands of photographs howing Mr. Inonu kissing Mrs. ındrei Gromyko's hand at a diplo- natic reception in Ankara. For the ıuge illiterate masses of Anatolia communism" is anathema because t means "Russia," the historical nemy of Turkey. Added to that is he ingrained belief that "Russia" ınd "Communist" mean abolition ıf private property, confiscation of ivestock, religious persecution by he godless (shades of Ataturk), ree love and "other shocking prac- ices."

The major significance of he election is that the campaign lid, however, evolve into a discus- sion of economic and social issues rather than wrangle over personalities and purely political debating points as in the past. Credit for this must go largely to the Workers' Party. Its platform, drawn up by intellectuals, called for nationalization of all major industries, although it pledged to leave room for a degree of private enterprise for "some time to come." It advocated drastic land reform and rapid industrialization supported mainly by state capital. It also suggested nationalization of foreign trade and banking. It favored Turkey's withdrawal from NATO and the improvement of the country's relations with the Soviet bloc and the nonaligned nations.

Although naive, in some ways unserious and deliberately overdrawn, this appeal to the Turkish masses to overthrow the feudal landlords, usurers, officials and professional politicians who have exploited them for centuries marked a hesitant step toward a better, though still far distant, future. The Workers' Party forced public discussion of such issues as foreign oil exploration (and exploitation), the need for serious land reform, the currently soaring cost of living and foreign policy. Its leaders know that they still have to show that they can arouse the sullen, slumbering masses of Anatolia, but they plan to continue their efforts — with the building of a nation-wide organization—to bring Turkey into the 20th century before the century ends.

The emergence of a Left movement in Turkey was inevitable. By his remarkable "revolution in stages" Ataturk intended in the first place to solidify his control of the minuscule, educated upper class in order to insure its support of his drastic Westernization policies and to put off to a later period— "eventually" — effective improvement of the lot or status of the submerged, illiterate masses.

In fact, Ataturk died before the first stage was completed, and his successors have barely paid lip service to the second. Turkey's two largest parties, different sides of the same coin, are both controlled by vested interests. Consequently there has been little evidence of a genuine intent to develop far-reaching, long-range programs of economic and social innovation.

The educated minority is small and the great majority is virtually illiterate. Having won so handily on a program of traditionalism (taking full advantage of the education gap), the Justice Party cannot move easily toward progressive modernity. And having been backed so lavishly by the landowners, the financial, industrial and business interests, it cannot (even if it wanted) turn against them.

Thus it is the election campaign itself, rather than the results, that suggests the beginning of a change in the thinking of Turkey's educated elite. There was, after almost four decades, a debate between Left and Right. In arguing about land reform, private versus state enterprise, welfare problems, foreign investment and oil policies, the voice of the Left has once more been heard in the land. Unless it is again suppressed, it will continue to gain intellectual, middle-class and professional support. It will begin to be taken up by the workers. But all this is a portent of things to come; Turkey today is far from the distinct polarization between Left and Right that prevails in most developing countries and is implicit in many modern industrial societies. Only time will tell how many Turkish leftists — frustrated by the glacial pace of worker-peasant response to their

Catherine Morill

appeals—will retain the pledge to democracy which they now profess; how many will secretly swing toward revolution.

The landslide victory of the Justice Party does not, however, necessarily augur a period of stability, as believed by some wishful-thinking American officials who are too easily satisfied by the party's seeming close adherence to U.S. touchstones: NATO, CENTO, anti-radicalism, the defense and further encouragement of foreign (American) investment. Unrest, though largely inarticulate, is widespread, and eventual upheaval is not out of the question. For the present, the vested interests have been able to turn the people's attention away from the lack of economic and social progress to focus on the "injustice" done to Turkey by the Western powers, and particularly the United States, in the Cyprus affair.

This deliberately fomented anti-Americanism (originally instigated by the two major parties) was brought to the surface by the Workers' Party during the election campaign. But that party hardly deserves blame for the unpretty, wholesale anti-U.S. bias now prevalent in Turkey. Cyprus would not have been a "national issue" had not Turkish officialdom (and the vested interests) wanted it to be—for the usual and obvious reasons. But having fanned the flames without considering the consequences, they then had to place the blame on a handy scapegoat—the United States (as did the governments of Greece).

The self-induced Turkish "emotional disillusionment over Cyprus" has been exacerbated further by unscrupulous Levantine designation—even by secularists—of American companies operating in Turkey as "the big *Christian* firms." Finally, this overused "emotional disillusionment" is the excuse for making advances to the Soviet Union. But surely, Turkey will not kick $4.5 billion of U.S. aid in the teeth; the new Justice Party government is not at all likely to snap any of the nation's Western commitments. It is historically understandable that Turkey should start looking in other directions, but unofficially basing its current *rapprochement* with Russia on "emotional disillusionment" with the United States over a picayune and manufactured "issue" is more or less blackmail.

Nonetheless, Turkey is now cautiously feeling out paths similar to those taken by its southern neighbor Iran, and by Pakistan. This amounts to experimenting with a semblance of the currently fashionable coexistence trend, winning greater "independence" from the West, and getting on more familiar terms with the Afro-Asian world. (Turkey has managed to be recognized as both a European and
Asian country, a convenience tl
the USSR, with considerably m
territory on both continents, is h
ing trouble achieving.) Here t
the NATO-CENTO era is gradua
coming to an end. A policy of ri
pro-Westernism, combined with
flagging allegiance to our anti-Co
munist cause, can no longer
expected of our allies.

As Harvey Goldberg wrote
The Nation (July 6, 1963) ". . .
cent events [in Greece, Turkey a
Iran] rather clearly imply that t
American decisions of 1946-47 a
the alliances which crystalli
them resulted in a 'holding ope
tion' rather than a definitive pol
cal settlement." That Turkey is n
in the process of making still
other crack in the pro-Western
liance is not surprising.

It is unlikely that we could ha
advanced the positive internal
velopment of Turkey during t
past seventeen years of U.S. a
Given our primary goal of conta
ing communism and our own
terpretation of that goal, we h
little choice but to work throu
repressive governments and th
selfish supporters. Neverthele
having "contained" the Soviet U
ion and communism for sevente
years, we now find the governme
of Turkey only shakily and war
behind us, and the people of Turk
hating us and blaming us for
their woes, real and imaginary.

Savage Discovery: The Moynihan Report

William Rya

The Labor Department publication, *The Negro Family* (usually called "The Moynihan Report" in reference to its presumed chief author), has had an enormous impact on public discussion about the Negro in America. It contains frightening statistics about broken Negro families, illegitimate Negro children and Negro welfare recipients, and these have been seized on by journalists who proclaim in loud voices what the Moynihan Report states very quietly: Negro family instability is a basic cause of the Negro inequality and "pathology" that are reflected in unemployment statistics, census data and the results of sociological research.

In view of this influence, it is important to make public the serious shortcomings of the report that a careful analysis uncovers. Briefly, it draws dangerously inexact conclusions from weak and insufficient data; encourages (no doubt unintentionally) a new form of subtle racism that might be termed "Savage Discovery," and seduces the reader into believing that it is r
racism and discrimination but t
weaknesses and defects of the N
gro himself that account for t
present status of inequality betwe
Negro and white. The docume
can be criticized on three leve
first, the methodological we
nesses; second, the manifest m
statements; and, finally, the na
error of interpreting statistical re
tionships in cause-and-effect tern
that is, of stating that, since A
associated with B, it follows th
A causes B.

Among the methodological we
nesses is the use of such mater
as census data without appare

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wareness either of its deficiencies r, more important, of the exist-nce of other well-known or well-stimated data within whose con-xt this material must be con-idered. The outstanding example f this failure is a highly sopho-oric treatment of illegitimacy.

Illegitimacy looms large in he Moynihan Report, in the text nd in the illustrations. Only 4 per ent of the relatively dull tables ut fully 22 per cent of the large nd dramatic charts and graphs oncern illegitimacy, which shines hrough the report as the prime ndex of "family breakdown." This s one of the main beams in the ypothetical structure being put to-ether. In an oversimplified way, he implicit hypothesis goes like his: the values of Negro culture produced by centuries of slavery nd mistreatment, to be sure) are uch that there is little commit-nent to the main components of amily organization — legitimacy, naterial stability, etc. The implicit oint is that Negroes tolerate prom-scuity, illegitimacy, one-parent amilies, welfare dependency, and verything else that is supposed to ollow.

The authors of *The Negro Family* take at face value Census Bureau statistics that record illegitimacy rates for whites at about 3 per cent, for Negroes at about 22 per cent. More careful consideration, *in the context of other well-known facts*, would reveal not so much a careless acceptance by Negroes of promiscuity and illegitimacy, as a systematic inequality of access to a variety of services and information.

If we do not attribute the 7-to-1 difference in illegitimacy rates to Negro family instability as a subcultural trait, what does account for these differences? Here, very briefly, are a few pieces of additional data:

Reporting. Illegitimate births are significantly underreported, and are more underreported for whites than for nonwhites. This is true, first, because reporting is dependent upon discriminatory white sources. Second, white illegitimate births occur more often in private hospitals, are attended by sympathetic—and white—doctors, and involve the cooperation of social agencies, all of which work consciously to help the white unmarried mother conceal the fact of illegitimacy.

Shotgun marriages. A large portion of first-born children are conceived "illegitimately," with the parents marrying before the child's birth. Such marriages are less frequent among Negroes because of the man's financial insecurity.

Abortion. It is estimated that more than 1 million illegal and unreported induced abortions are performed each year. Authorities agree that one-fourth to one-half of these are performed for unmarried women, and that the overwhelming majority of abortion patients are white. Abortions alone account for most of the differences in the census illegitimacy figures.

An attempt to calculate the "illegitimate conception" rates — an awkward but interesting term — would probably show that for whites it would be 12-15 per cent, for Negroes 25-30 per cent. The differences are clearly not so striking: the ratio drops from 7 to 1 to 2 to 1.

Contraception. Access to contraceptive information and services is also unequally distributed in favor of whites. The extent of inequality is not known, but if the differential were as low as 2 to 1 in favor of whites, we would be able to conclude that "illegitimate intercourse" —if we may push the terminology this far—is about the same among Negroes and whites.

In any case, it is not necessary to introduce a complex and highly speculative hypothesis about the malformation of the Negro family by slavery and post-Reconstruction semi-slavery—that is, the sins of our grandfathers. The facts are more easily explained as the results of straightforward discrimination—that is, the sins of ourselves and our contemporaries.

Aid for Dependent Children and Adoption. When they wring their hands about Negro family life, the journalists who have seized on the Moynihan Report are most fascinated with illegitimacy, but their next favorite is its presumed consequence: the number of Negro mothers receiving AFDC support. How, we may ask, does a Negro mother with an illegitimate child "get on" AFDC? First, of course, she must decide to keep the child; how does she make this decision? The answer is remarkably simple: she is rarely called on to make the choice. The services of adoption agencies and maternity homes are mostly for white mothers, who account for about 90 per cent of agency adoptions of illegitimate children, and probably an even higher proportion of independent adoptions. Again to oversimplify: white illegitimate babies get adopted, their Negro counterparts "go on" AFDC. And again we are faced with *contemporary* discrimination — our sins, not the sins of our grandparents.

To summarize, the reported rates of illegitimacy among Negroes and whites tell us nothing at all about differences in family structure, historical forces, instability, or anything else about which the authors speculate. From the known data, we can conclude only that Negro and white girls probably engage in premarital intercourse in about the same proportions, but that the white girl more often takes Enovid or uses a diaphragm; if she gets pregnant, she more often obtains an abortion; if she has the baby, first she is more often able to conceal it and, second, she has an infinitely greater opportunity to give it up for adoption.

The treatment of illegitimacy data in the Moynihan Report is one example of inexpert methodology. A more general defect is the subtly irrational presentation of correlational data to imply a cause-and-effect relationship. The method of argument is, first, to present data about "family breakdown" among Negroes — separation, illegitimacy, broken homes, female household heads, etc.—and then to juxtapose statistics about the "tangle of pathology" among Negroes. In the manner of a propaganda document, the report allows the reader to make the cause-and-effect connection on the basis of his own prejudice. Little or no actual cause-and-effect data is presented.

Of the total of 125 different blocks of information presented—forty-seven tables, eighteen charts and sixty pieces of data in the text—*more than 80 per cent* is purely descriptive, retailing stale and well-known sociological facts. Only nine pieces of information (a scant 7 per cent of the total) relate to the conclusions drawn by the authors. Of these nine, six are reports of studies showing a relationship between broken homes and delinquency, and one is drawn from the 1960 census to show that children with both parents present in the home are—not unsurprisingly—less likely to drop out of school. The final two pieces of evidence show that the tested IQs of children with fathers in the home are higher than those without fathers in the home.

This is the sum total of evidence from which the authors draw such sweeping conclusions as:

> *At the heart of the deterioration of the fabric of Negro society is*

Laura Knight, A.R.A.

> *the deterioration of the Negro family. It is the fundamental source of weakness of the Negro community at the present time.*
>
> *Unless this damage* [the deterioration of the Negro family] *is repaired, all the effort to end discrimination and poverty and injustice will come to little.*
>
> *Three centuries of injustice have brought about deep-seated structural distortions in the life of the Negro American. . . . The cycle can be broken only if these distortions are set right. In a word, a national effort toward the problems of Negro Americans must be directed toward the question of family structure.*

Confronted with such enormous conclusions based on such tiny scraps of evidence, an uncharitable response would be "irresponsible nonsense!"; the most charitable possible verdict would be "not proved."

Of the other thirteen pieces of data in which evidence of relationships is presented, two are somewhat tangential, showing that poor people have larger families than rich people, a fact that has not heretofore been very well concealed. The other eleven show relationships between: unemployment and broken families, unemployment and illegitimacy, income level and illegitimacy, and unemployment and public assistance under the AFDC program. These, too, are well-known relationships and anyone with a tolerable command of social statistics could add a whole set of additional correlations: unemployment and infant mortality; income level and dilapidated housing; broken families and number of tuberculosis cases, etc., etc. What these cool correlations mean, when translated from census data to the lives of human beings, is that poor people tend to live in slums, to be oppressed and exploited and mistreated, and to experience enormous amounts of social, economic, mental and physical suffering as a result. A disproportionate share of the poor are Negro and they experience a vastly disproportionate share of this suffering. It would be far more reasonable to conclude not that "family instability" leads to a "tangle of pathology" but that poor Negro families—that is, half of all Negro families—are bitterly discriminated against and exploited with the result that the individual the family and the community ar all deeply injured.

It is not possible to comment on this smug document with out pointing out a few errors o fact. The first—"conditions in Harlem are not worse, they are probably better than in most Negr ghettos"—is followed, predictably by data about high illegitimac rates in Harlem to suggest apparently that even in Harlem, the ver paradise of ghettos, the Negro family is falling apart.

Another stupefying statement i the report is: "It is probable that at present, a majority of the crime against the person, such as rape murder, and aggravated assault, ar committed by Negroes." To suppor this statement the authors quot *arrest* and *conviction* rates, which are notoriously different from rate of crimes committed. It is wel known that Negroes—guilty and innocent alike—are more readily arrested, and convicted, than whites To conclude from the data offere that Negroes commit the majorit of significant crimes is an inep piece of interpretation.

Another fantastic error deserve to be quoted: "The white family ha achieved a high degree of stabilit and is maintaining that stability By contrast, the family structure c lower class Negroes . . . is approaching complete breakdown Such a statement reflects a doubl standard: if we were to use the authors' indices of family stabilit principally divorce and illegitimac we should have to say that bot white and Negro families—American families in general — ar "crumbling." White divorce rate have zoomed almost 800 per cen in less than 100 years and whit illegitimacy has increased mor than 50 per cent in the last twenty-five years — a rate of increas greater than that of Negroes.

What we are confronted with, i fact, is another example of the authors' ineptness—the careless tyin together of such vague concepts a "family stability" with a few specific measures of family composition. No sophisticated social scientist would rest a broad concept o such crude and simplistic measures. That the family is an extremely complex institution is a

too well known to require
tement. Its structure and func-
vary in subtle ways, over time.
from one culture to another.
ve were to adopt *The Negro
ily's* narrow and wholly inade-
e framework for evaluating
ily stability, we could raise an
ully sensational storm about
urban family falling apart
n compared with the farm fam-
or the modern family when
pared with the family of our
dfathers' day. Which may sug-
why it is unwise to take a few
es of census data and draw
h portentous conclusions about
fabric of society" and "family
cture" and "structural distor-
s in the life of the Negro
erican." It takes more than a
calculator to make such judg-
nts.

Evidence of improvements
American race relations is to be
nd all the way from Birmingham
ch counters to national televi-
commercials. As yet, however,
change has had little impact on
life of the average American
gro. He remains badly housed,
ly educated, underemployed and
derpaid. The terms of the dis-
rse change, but the inequality
sists; and we spend more time
explaining this inequality than
doing something about it.

he explanations almost always
us on supposed defects of the
gro victim as if those—and not
racist structure of American so-
ty—were the cause of all woes
t Negroes suffer. The Moynihan
port, following this line of think-
, singles out the "unstable Negro
nily" as the cause of Negro in-
ality. But the statistics, as has
n suggested, reflect current ef-
ts of contemporaneous discrimi-
ion. They are results, not causes.

The new ideology, accepted now
n by some liberals, would make
seem that unemployment, poor
ucation and slum conditions re-
t from family breakdown, "cul-
al deprivation," and lack of "ac-
turation" of Southern rural mi-
nts.

To sustain this ideology, it is
essary to engage in the popular
w sport of Savage Discovery and,
fit the theory, savages are being
covered in great profusion in the
rthern ghetto. The all-time fa-
ite "savage" is the promiscuous
ther who produces a litter of illegitimate brats in order to profit from AFDC. Other triumphs of savage discovery are the child who cannot read because, it is said, his parents never talk to him, and the "untenantable" Negro family (apparently a neologism for "unbearble") that is reputed to throw garbage out the window.

If we are to believe the new ideologues, we must conclude that segregation and discrimination are not the terrible villains we thought they were. Rather, we are told the Negro's condition is due to his "pathology," his values, the way he lives, the kind of family life he leads. The major qualification—the bow to egalitarianism—is that these conditions are said to grow out of the Negro's history of being enslaved and oppressed—*generations ago*.

It is all an ingenious way of "copping a plea." As the murderer pleads guilty to manslaughter to avoid a conviction that might lead to his being electrocuted, liberal America today is pleading guilty to the savagery and oppression against the Negro that happened 100 years ago, in order to escape trial for the crimes of today.

The theme is: "The Negro was not initially born inferior, he has been made inferior by generations of harsh treatment." Thus we continue to assert that the Negro is inferior, while chastely maintaining that all men are equal. It is all rather painful, as well as fallacious. For the fact is that the Negro child learns less not because his mother doesn't subscribe to *The Reader's Digest* and doesn't give him colored crayons for his third birthday, but because he is miseducated in segregated slum schools.

The Negro is more often unemployed because he is last hired and first fired—not because his mother preferred a succession of temporary lovers to a permanent husband. Whenever we move toward full employment, the Negro is employed, usually, of course, at the bottom of the status ladder. When workers are needed badly enough, the supposed lack of skills of the Negro suddenly becomes less inhibiting. This was shown during the war, when it was more important to have someone operating the lathe, even if Negro, than it was to preserve the myth of Negro inability.

And the squalor of the Negro family's home in the Northern slum requires no farfetched explanations about Southern rural background. In the first place, most of these families are not recently from the South and few are rural. In the second place, the condition of the housing is more easily explained by the neglect of slum landlords, and the crowding caused by the criminal shortage of decent low-income housing.

It is tempting, when faced with a complex problem, to wallow in the very chaos of complexity rather than to begin the task of unraveling and analyzing and, ultimately, of acting. It is obviously true that the Negro suffers from a never-ending cycle of oppression not only from generation to generation but, in the case of many individuals, from medically uncared-for birth to premature death. Each condition has its labyrinth of causation, and we soon discover that the Negro family of six in the three-room apartment has been placed there not only by the greedy slumlord and the barbarous realtor but also and equally by the venal housing inspector, and even by the noble woman leagued with her sisters in voting for a "progressive" zoning ordinance in her trim suburban town.

But to move from the recognition of infernal complexity to the refuge of damnably inaccurate simplicity is surely heresy. Much has to be done. All of it is difficult, tangled and anxious-making. Still it must be done; there's no escape in the world of sociological fakery.

Time after time, the Negro has had to deny in action the myths and lies that have been constructed to soothe the conscience of his oppressor. He had to deny his supposed docility, first by hopeless revolts against his slave-master, and then by fighting in blue uniforms by the hundreds of thousands; his lack of interest in education by almost magically expanding the few dollars he could lay hands on to send his sons through high school and his granddaughters to graduate school. He had to deny the myth of apathy both by the organized brilliance of a Woodlawn organization in Chicago and the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party in Mississippi, and by the unorganized bursts of blind energy that we called riots in Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Harlem and Rochester.

If we persist in creating a new

set of myths to justify the *status quo*, calling on the sociologists and their friends to give us the ammunition of "family disorganization" and "cultural deprivation," the Negro will doubtless destroy these too. But when we've started to move toward ending the myths that have bound us so long, to end the racism that has truly caused a "breakdown" in our community and our nation, why turn back?

Obviously, if we stop discriminating tomorrow, great damage will remain—damage ranging from miseducation that is at best partly reversible, to hatred and bitterness that may be unalterable. This damage calls for correction and compensation. But we must be clear what we mean by "compensatory programs" and we must face directly what we are compensating for. Compensation *should* mean that we give back what we took away. For the millions of grown and half-grown Negro Americans who have already been damaged, we must make up for the injury that we did to them. This is what we must compensate for; not for some supposed inherent or acquired inferiority or weakness or instability of the victim whom we injured.

What, then, is to be done? The young Negro man who dropped out of school or, worse, graduated from high school with a seventh-grade education, represents a specific example of damage done—in *his* lifetime, in *our* lifetime. The damage must be corrected to the greatest extent possible, by re-education, by
training, by any means that
come necessary. If a result of
demoralizing experience of g
ing up Negro is that a man
not in fact have the skills to ob
available work, he cannot be
ten off and relegated to a lif
welfare subsistence. And it is
most as cruel to go through
motions of furnishing him ir
vant skills for imaginary jobs

But the first order of busines
mains, now and in the near fu
to bring a real end to real discr
nation and segregation. These
the major causes of the condit
which the Moynihan Report so e
labels "family instability" and
"tangle of pathology." We must
forget to end discrimination or
our good works will amount to
little.

Conviction or Convenience

The Trap of the Great Society

Richard F. Hamilt

What will the Great Society look like? What are its likely characteristics? What, to quote President Johnson, who in turn was quoting Paul Goodman, will be the quality of life? Domestically, the two major aims of the Great Society are the end of want and the end to formal and informal inequalities of opportunity. It is striving for the realization of liberal goals, not just, as in the past, to make *ad hoc* responses to the more grievous problems as they arose. In this respect, the Great Society would break with most of the previous history of the world, a history in which want and inequality have been the dominant events.

There are no technical impediments to successful accomplishment of this resolve. Some West European countries have, in fact, already done away with poverty and slums. Want could be eliminated from this country right now with transfer payments of roughly $10 billion. A more adequate solution, one reducing the need for such payments by going to the roots of the poverty problem, is possible within a relatively short period.

But though the technical means for achieving the Great Society are available, the context in which any change will occur is one which may make success very difficult. The fact that both goals—the end of want and of unequal opportunity—are high on the scale of values of most Americans (or, at least, are central to their interests) means that the party in charge of this transformation will have an overwhelming edge over any opposition. Where that opposition, as with the Republicans, is a minority to begin with and split into factions, one of which is obtuse, shortsighted and intransigent, the advantage will be that much more decisive.

The opposition is in a hopeless plight. The conservative Republicans cannot win under any circumstances. On the other hand, a Republican program that presented a serious challenge to the Great Society party would permanently alienate the obtuse intransigents, whereas a compromise agreeable to both factions would never attract a majority of the electorate. Thus split, the moderate Republicans would begin the campaign with only about one-fourth of the electorate behind them. It would
an extraordinary set of condit
to convert a second fourth of
electorate needed for an elect
victory.

Even demography works aga
the Republicans—Democrats h
larger families, and nowadays
live almost as long as Republic
Previous nonvoters who enter
electorate come in for the most
through the Democratic door.

Up to the summer of 1964,
elites (outside the South) gave s
support to the Republicans. In
fall of that year the monoli
character of this bloc collapsed.
full implications of traditional
publicanism became clear
when it had a candidate of
choice. The response was defec
or silence. This meant more t
just the votes or support of a
thousand wealthy men, their w
and retainers. It meant that m
of the newspapers and magaz
at their disposal also defected
were silent. The instrument
which over the years sustained
haps one-quarter of the total
publican vote was also lost to th
The integration of elite Republic
into the Democratic ranks or, m
precisely, into the ranks of
Democrats, has not received
ficient comment. From 1961 u

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recently. for example, the three posts in the government after President were held by Repubns — Treasury by Dillon, Dese by McNamara, and CIA liaiby Bundy. The newly integrated ublicans attend to finance, dese and foreign affairs for the at Society party, leaving dostic welfare as the exclusive vince of the Democrats.

n the legislative field the sheer of the Democratic electorate, ether with the end of malaptionment, means a "corrected" ority status for the Republicans the Congress. In Senate and use they are fragmented and the first time in many years, elessly outmaneuvered. Here the opposition is being conted, with Senator Dirksen "comaround" in much the same way t Johnson did under Eisenhower. Democratic legislative ranks now making some first moves the direction of a "disciplined" ty on the European parliameny model. It is unlikely that the sident Democrats from the South l be able to withstand the imt of the "other half" of the uthern electorate, who will now voting for the first time; these ig remnants must either cont to Great Society politics or go der.

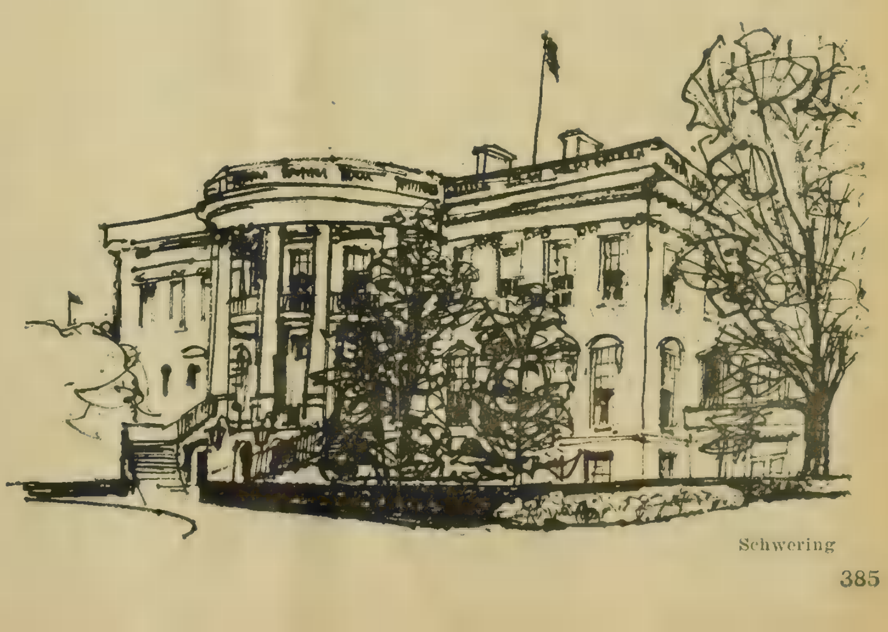
All these developments—the eral preferences of the electorate, breakup of the elite monolith, conversion of the overtly politimass media, and the merger the elite level—mean that Amern politics is coming to be domied by one huge centrist party. is withering away of serious itical opposition, this depluralizan of public life, poses the fundantal problem for the Great Soty.

At one time, the "me tooism" of Republican Party steadily pushthe Democrats in a more liberal ection. With every claim of "yes, now agree, only we can adminr it better," the Democrats were to "differentiate their product" d make a move which the Repubans could not follow. This is not say that the Republicans were only force working to change Democrats; important "encourment" over the years came also m pressure groups, protest movents and third parties. From 1932 however, the Republicans never iously competed by creating a new, more attractive, offering. They never outflanked and moved ahead of their opposition; they always followed. In their campaigns, they sternly avoided domestic liberal concerns, favoring rather not too easily assessible charges about the conduct of foreign policy and the issue of how many Communists there were in the State Department. As far as their domestic program was concerned, they were an unpresentable party. Their only national success in the last thirty years came by running a bland popular hero who could pose as all things to all people—a point which supports the present argument since people *thought* their liberal wants would be attended.

Democrats, in the meantime, have worked out a very satisfactory arrangement. No longer seriously troubled by a Republican threat, they are currently being prodded by the civil rights explosion, by the threat on the Left. Their response has been a series of spectacular legislative moves which will, no doubt, undercut the entire movement. Like Bryan borrowing from the Populists, the Democrats are now repeating a classic maneuver; they are stealing the issues.

In an affluent society, a liberal, welfare-oriented party can go a long way toward satisfying the wishes of its followers. Rather than preside over a drawn-out struggle between the people and the interests, as if it were an either/or game, the new style is to give both what they want and pay for it out of the returns from a stable and rapidly growing economy. In essence this is the Galbraithian solution — not to struggle over the "take" but to increase its size. Thus, the typical new figure on the political scene is the liberal demagogue —one who can cater to the masses because he is willing to pay them off and can do so without depriving the interests of what they want. He can be for civil rights, for improved housing, for urban renewal, for a poverty program, and at the same time can vote against a reduction of the depletion allowance. The Great Society synthesis overcomes that age-old problem of liberal politics: how to reward the clientele. Before affluence, the result was a long, hard and usually indecisive fight with the interests or it was capitulation. The new liberal, however, does not have to fight or switch.

A third major effort of the Great Society has been the conduct of a more aggressive foreign policy. This robs the lingering Republican opposition of its key issue. The UN dues-payment reform, the MLF controversy, the current Vietnam war and the Santo Domingo affair were all actions that generated hostility among our enemies, antipathy among the neutrals, and problems for our friends. This formidable opposition in no way deters the policy makers who, on the whole, appear immune to public opinion, foreign or domestic. The domestic opposition to Vietnam has been remarkable on the part of intellectual, religious and other groups, but it too was ignored. Although *The New York Times* was dubious editorially of the Southeast Asia policy, one consequence of "elite



Schwering

integration" is that their coverage of teach-ins stressed the "lighter side" of the activity as opposed to its content, when indeed there was any coverage at all.

In the face of even this opposition officials have called for consent as if it were somehow linked to national loyalty. There is a plea for withholding criticism, for lining up behind the President; a stress on the need for unity. The simple question here is: Why? The long-run price of unity is immobility and irresponsibility. A demand for unity is in effect a demand to remove the very checks and criticism which serve as an incentive to progress and virtue. As such, any call for consent is irresponsible. And this argument overlooks the fact that it is an authoritarian summons, alien to the democratic tradition.

One final point with respect to this description and prediction of American political events: Center parties—those which dominate the political spectrum, reaching far to the right and the left to achieve a sweeping majority—have inherent problems. Their success is based on campaigns waged under liberal banners. Hence they have a great need to perform; they have to push their liberal program. In a formally "free enterprise system," this means that they must pick up the support of wide ranges of business which will carry through the program. Among these are the construction firms that build low-cost housing, the demolition firms that profit from urban destruction preceding the renewal, the supplier firms that sell materials for the new solutions. Large numbers of entrepreneurial types have recently discovered that "there's money in poverty."

The need for performance, therefore, and the profits to be made from it, bring into the party large numbers of new decision makers, usually at influential levels, who may be described as "liberals of convenience" as opposed to the "liberals of conviction." The Center party may well have been founded with a large idealistic endowment, but its need to perform and the involvements stemming from it bring forth the opportunists.

Where idealism is characteristic of the amateur citizen (the one who loves his citizenship), the interests of the opportunists are closely linked to their full-time occupations. They can bring to bear all the technical expertise and informal connections associated with their corporations, thus hopelessly outmaneuvering the liberal whose convictions must be supported in his "spare" time.

The history of Center parties, therefore, is a tragic one. Idealists are shoved aside in favor of those leaders who are "more flexible," more able to "compromise." The party stops moving forward because progressive leaders no longer guide it. The party does not stop performing, but it performs in the interest of the opportunists. When the liberal supports low-cost public housing, he finds he gets some of it but it is shoddy, overpriced, unattractive and in poor locations. He supports it, and the Center party supports it, because it is "necessary to compromise" and, of course, even this new housing is better than the old. The liberals support urban renewal because they find the cities hideous and degrading; but the civic improvement they get is an upgrading of downtown merchants' properties and frequently a city which is worse to live in than before. They can, however, do their shopping in easily accessible, attractive stores.

The basic formal problem facing the Great Society, then, is the tendency toward depluralization, toward consensus. When one party dominates, the possibility of wheeling-dealing corruption is ever present. This is the case in any society with a dominant Center party. When liberals of convenience manage the program and there is no effective force to check or correct the course, the achievement is apt

to be limited, falling far short
what is both technically possi
and morally desirable.

The dominance of the liberals
convenience will erode even
Galbraithian solution. Increasin
we will be given the *appearan*
of accomplishment rather than
reality. Already we have seen
anti-poverty program whose fu
go for the support of upper-mid
class administrators, an Appalac
program which builds roads rat
than attacking the roots of pove
an anti-smoking measure which
a special favor to the manuf
turer. The housing program
touted as a great new accompli
ment but as the *New York Tir*
correspondent notes, most of
$6 billion authorization "represe
a continuation of existing spend
levels," and its enactment "proba
means that there will not be
other major housing bill for s
eral years." This occurs at the ti
when the "war babies" of twe
years ago are forming families a
beginning to demand housing.

Another facet of the low-qua
accomplishment appears in
handling of the unemploym
question. The liberals in charge
domestic affairs indicate that t
will be satisfied with a "nonin
tionary" 4 per cent unemploym
level. This free gift of low-qua
life compares with the fraction
a per cent found in numerous W
European countries. We, howe
are going to plan, build in, not
anything about a permanent st
of in-and-out employment for w
will be roughly 10 per cent of
population. That is, among ot
things, their contribution to c
war politics and the national tr
balance. Again there is no veh
present to organize the oppositi

All this assumes that we are going to have at least an appearance of liberal accomplishment, low quality though it may be. But even this will come about only if the "needs" of foreign policy do not cut into the increased income available for domestic needs. Obviously there can be no guarantee. The current military build-up and our taking on the role of the "free world's" policeman (whether the world wants it or not) make clear the threat to domestic welfare, not to mention that of the rest of the world. Achieving a trade balance through the sale of new and used weapons (official gun running, in other words) merely escalates the size of the conflicts we will later undertake to pacify. Opposition in foreign affairs, which could check these dangerous moves, has been threatened with the state's repressive powers.

Both the quantity and quality of the possible liberal achievements are threatened. Ironically, it is the very "success" of the Great Society party, its sweeping electoral accomplishment, which makes possible the eminently desirable solutions, and at the same time gives us these problems.

Since the problem stems from the dwindling of our position, the solution appears to lie in the creation of such a force—and not just one which marches, protests and petitions. Isn't it time for a socialist or labor party in this country?

Con Edison

THE HUDSON RIVER CAPER . . . . . David Cort

After the recent power failure over the Northeastern United States, nobody needs to be reminded of the significance of electricity in this civilization. Its place in the whole ecology is most legibly and most ironically dramatized by the current story of New York City's Consolidated Edison. Even before the collapse of November 9, Con Ed had brought everybody into an act which was staged on the premise that the term public utility means that a power company may use the resources and convenience of the public for the greatest possible utility of the corporation.

This one probably began when New York City ordered the great gas and electric company to desist from its use of cheap residual fuels in its city power plants by 1969, since the smoke is rich in sulphur dioxide, poisonous to man, who also wants to be conserved. This must have put Con Ed into a fixed paroxysm of schizoid fury, for its alternative power proposal was calculated to enrage the maximum number of people and inflict the maximum blight on the habitat.

Con Ed had no real problems, except *lèse majesté* and cost accounting. It had no practical need to visit new injuries on America. It was permitted to go on poisoning New Yorkers until 1969. (The great black plumes of smoke — which seem to have grown blacker lately — ought properly to terrify the citizens but do not trouble Con Ed, whose officers live in the suburbs.) It could have gone to gas turbines, and had already begun using atomic power. But the key to its situation is that the range of economical transport of electricity has recently been extended from 300 miles to 1,500 miles.

The bothersome characteristic of electricity is that it must be used on the instant it is created; it cannot be stored. But power demands vary widely during any twenty-four hours. Thus in New York City, at 5 A.M., 1,600,000 kilowatts are used; at 9 A.M. 4,200,000 kilowatts, and production must be scaled accordingly. But at a range of 1,500 miles, a power grid embraces two time zones, and peak loads can be leveled out over the area.

Naturally Con Ed knows all this; the whole Establishment knows it. Since government owns a great deal of power in the electrical sense, the biggest business decided, well before the last Presidential election, that a truly national grid of electrical power required big business to go along with big government (Goldwater was doomed, even before he opened his mouth) Con Ed has access to electricity from New England to Appalachia by interconnections already set up or about to be set up.

So what Con Ed now proposed to the Federal Power Commission was that it really ought to go just 50 miles up the Hudson River, to the northern entrance to the superb Hudson Highlands, and disembowel Storm King Mountain. True, it had a cute idea. During the early morning hours, when New York demand was slack, its city-generated power would be used to pump Hudson water up a 2-mile, 40-foot-wide tunnel to a reservoir between Misery and White Horse peaks. Then, when the rush load came at 9 A.M., the water would run back down again, generating power to meet the high demand. The New York City generators would contribute three kilowatt hours for every two kilowatt hours produced by the runback. Thus the total sulphur-dioxide exhaust spewed on the city would increase, not decrease, but nobody would notice the plumes of sulphurous smoke in the pre-dawn hours.

But there were other ominous side effects of the proposed plant. Con Ed would have to buy Cornwall's main reservoir (a fine source of good water) and flood it nightly with polluted river water. Cornwall would therefore have to tap New York's hard-pressed Catskill Aqueduct. Until recently, no New York community had the right to sell its water supply and Cornwall could not have been bullied into doing so by the Federal Power Commission. But in 1963, Governor Rockefeller had hurried through a bill permitting such sales. Only Cornwall has used the privilege.

Not far upriver is the proposed Chelsea pumping station, which is expected to save New York City from drought. It can draw usable water from the tidal, brackish Hud-

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David Cort is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

son only because the heavier salt water sinks, and Chelsea would skim its fresh water off the top, primarily at ebb tide. But the gigantic turbulence, twice a day, at the Storm King intake-outlet would probably stir fresh and salt together, putting Chelsea out of business.

There was a further side issue about fish (shad and striped bass) which spawn in the Hudson Highlands stretch. The sole witness (Con Ed) swore that the fish would not be endangered and that the most recent study on the subject had been made in 1938. It soon appeared that a study had been made in 1956, and the two biologists who made it said of the Con Ed witness: "He knew of our work. In fact, he hired us." And their study contradicted the testimony of the witness.

The press hates to use the word "lie." But lies are much of the substance of this story. And stories iridescent with lies hold and fascinate even the most incurious. One day somebody noticed and photographed at Indian Point a half-acre pile of dead striped bass. They had been killed by some still unexplained combination of the warm water outflow and the shore structures. Soon armed Burns guards appeared and ran off the intruders. There were later denials by the New York Conservation Department that any fish had died or any pictures been taken; and, alternatively, that Con Ed was in any way at fault for the slaughter. Had the Conservation Department admitted the existence of the pictures, it would have had to prosecute Con Ed. And so a survey, subsidized by Con Ed, of the fish situation was commenced and the Conservation Department blamed the kill, improperly, on the Atomic Energy Commission. There was no prosecution.

Thus were brought into the Con Ed caper some 400,000 Atlantic fishermen from New England to Cape May who catch the fish that spawn in this stretch of the Hudson. And that is no contemptible host.

At the Con Ed hearings before the four-man Federal Power Commission it was left delicately unclear whether the ingenious Storm King plant would produce 1,800,000, 2 million, 3 million, or even perhaps 4 million kilowatt hours. Asked whether Con Ed had fully explored interconnections with other power sources, every Con Ed witness gave "non-responsive" answers which the commissioners (with one exception) tactfully accepted.

Mortimer Borne: Public Works of Art Project

Docks on the Hudson

For the instruction of the Power Commissioners, Con Ed estimated the construction cost of the world's largest "high-head pumped storage development" at Storm King at $162 million, of which $14 million would go for overhead transmission lines cutting a ruthless 250-foot swath through the two counties just north of New York City. It barefacedly testified that the cost of putting the lines underground would be $99 million, a prohibitive figure.

This last may be the most sparkling lie in the whole affair, but it is endorsed by all utility companies everywhere. An underground line requires, not a 250-foot strip, but a narrow lane, which vastly reduces condemnation costs. This lane might not even have to be bought outright. The cost to the whole society, in damage to property values and loss of land use, would be almost nil with underground transmission, and inestimable with overhead transmission, especially through highly developed communities, as in this case. Guided by the considerations, I assert that transmission would actually be cheaper underground than overhead. But the former would deprive the utility of much of its tyrannical powers over just ordinary citizens. The clerks who run these companies like that power. In a previous confrontation, utilities have claimed that underground distribution of power costs ten times as much as overhead.

In this case, a head of slowly gathering anger was building up among ordinary citizens. A dozen organizations had begun to make harsh noises, and a new one, Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference, mobilized some money, some power and some initiative.

Probably in response to this, Rep. Richard L. Ottinger, freshman Democrat of Putnam and Westchester Counties, introduced HR 3012, a bill to create a federal Hudson Highland National Scenic Riverway, to preserve and rehabilitate the river's course, and abate water pollution. This could block Con Ed completely. Presently ten similar bills were introduced in the House, and one in the Senate by Senators Kennedy and Javits of New York. In the ensuing months, a steady stream of Congressmen sponsored Ottinger's bill.

Meanwhile, on March 9, the Federal Power Commission officially handed Storm King Mountain over to Con Ed, while remanding for further hearings the matters of the transmission routes and the methods of protecting fish at the water intakes. Three commissioners agreed. One, Charles Ross, dissented. He did not think, as the applicant semed to, that "without an immediate decision, the world is coming to an end." He thoroughly doubted Con Ed's solemn cost estimates for going underground in transmission, and pointed out that the utilities' fight against going underground anywhere, anytime, "is to them a deadly serious war. . . . When a utility doesn't wish to do something, it becomes prohibitively expensive."

Storm King in hand, Con Ed announced an alternative route for its great swath of overhead transmission lines. This turned out to threaten the property of many who had publicly opposed the project, including officers of the embattled organizations. It is perhaps coincidental, but not irrelevant.

Now a new figure belly-flopped into the river — Governor Nelson Rockefeller. First he rushed through the State Legislature a bill, signed May 28, to run an expressway right along the Hudson River shore of Hastings, Dobbs Ferry, Irvington, Tarrytown and Yonkers, with an inland spur passing Rockefeller property that had been thoughtfully rezoned for commercial use. Then, in wild paradox, he rushed through another bill to set up a Hudson Valley Scenic and Historic Corridor, much of whose values the first bill would blot out. The corridor was intended to block Ottinger's riverway. But in fact a state can do nothing to stop five existing federal agencies from doing whatever they like with the Hudson. But Ottinger's proposal could stop them.

Rockefeller injected some absolutely original thinking into the affair. Anybody who wanted to save Storm King, he said, should simply buy the mountain. The 800-foot generator plant, he said, might very well become a greater tourist attraction than the mountain itself. Perhaps rattled by the general bedlam, Rockefeller's assistant press secretary pointlessly asserted that Rockefeller had never owned any Con Ed shares. Yet Rockefeller's official statement in 1959 listed Con Ed as one of his major holdings.

Now a brochure handsome with art work appeared: it generally endorsed the Hudson River and ended with a lament for its imminent "sentence . . . to federal custody . . . parceled out to federal caretakers.' (Like a cemetery, see?) This was issued by the Rockefellers (via Brother Laurance's Hudson study commission), its only detectable point being to emphasize the profound Rockefeller feeling for the river. One beauty of the Hudson Valley modestly not mentioned is the vast feudal Rockefeller estate at Pocantico Hills, where whole villages are tenanted by Rockefeller retainers and the public highways run between miles of high-wire Rockefeller fences.

The mounting uproar took visible form when public hearings on Ottinger's bill were held in the Hudson Valley towns, before the National Parks and Recreation Subcommittee of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, July 24 and 25. The crowd at North Tarrytown, for example, was estimated at 600.

The Congressmen soon got the idea that these people, though well mannered, were in earnest. They cheered and booed. The testimony was revealing. Politicians from industrial towns like Newburgh and Yonkers, whose shores were already ruined, were in favor of "further study," a euphemism for opposition to Ottinger's bill. Towns hoping for power installations (Storm King would increase the locality's tax rolls ten times) were also opposed. Rockefeller's man, Conrad Wirth, was curiously plaintive in opposition. Of course everybody was the Hudson River's best friend. But some of the pressure groups had the insolence to describe conservationists, who are simple patriots, as just another pressure group. It is a dark day when we must count patriots as one small factor in a large equation of greedy pressures.

Each time a witness attacked Rockefeller and his riverside expressway, the crowd--in a strongly Republican area—gave thunderous and prolonged applause. Several witnesses said the highway belonged inland along Saw Mill River Road (9A), partly adjoining the Rockefeller estates. On a hot Sunday morning, the Congressional committee was given a short tour of the river, found its broad bosom strewn with sewage, debris and detergent foam, and passed Newburgh's gaping sewer mouth. Thus the once beautiful but still noble river.

What the Hudson River caper had tied together were the hitherto unrelated factors of air pollution, electric power, scenery and recreation, water pollution, water for people, water for fish, federal agencies, strontium radiation, local politicians and underground versus overhead transmission lines.

Starting back from this snake pit, Congressman Ottinger introduced some more legislation. A three-bill package, supported September 9 by Sen. Maurine Neuberger of Oregon and others, set out to encourage the utilities to develop underground transmission. Another bill asked for a study of the fish and wild-life resources of the nation. A third would restrict the Secretary of the Interior in disposing of wild-life refuges.

Nor were the ordinary citizens idle. The Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference filed with the Federal Power Commission a motion of Stay of Opinion and Order Issuing License. It has taken an appeal against the FPC order into the New York federal courts. The Cornwall Taxpayers' Water Protection Association has begun proceedings in Orange County to force Con Ed to return all land already taken over, and to stop acquiring any more.

On September 2, a four-month survey of the Hudson River, to be conducted by four federal departments, was announced. And all this tangled plot was set in motion by Con Ed.

But if any impression has been given that Con Ed does not truly, in its way, love the people, this must be corrected at once. In its public relations booklet, enclosed with gas and light bills, it tells us that it employs a man with binoculars at the top of the Empire State Building to scan the horizon for nasty smoke from Con Ed power stacks. "Air pollution control is serious business at Con Edison." (So serious that Con Ed is regularly fined by the city.) At night, presumably, the man with the binoculars goes home. Public relations never go on in the dark. The night is for real.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Slave South: Beyond Economics

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SLAVERY: Studies in the Economy & Society of the Slave South. By Eugene D. Genovese. Pantheon Books. 304 pp. $6.95.

Aileen S. Kraditor

Engels, complaining about distortion of his and Marx's views, once wrote:

> *The determining element in history is* ultimately *the production and reproduction of real life. More than this neither Marx nor I have ever asserted. Hence if somebody twists this into saying that the economic element is the only determining one, he transforms that proposition into a meaningless, abstract, senseless phrase. The economic situation is the basis, but the various elements of the superstructure . . . also exercise their influence upon the course of the historical struggles and in many cases preponderate in determining their form. . . . Without making oneself ridiculous it would be a difficult thing to explain in terms of economics the existence of every small state in Germany. . . .* (Engels to Bloch, Sept. 21-22, 1890)

Engels complained in vain. Sixty-two years later, Eric Goldman wrote that Karl Marx "prided himself on the rigidly scientific nature of his economic determinism" (*Rendezvous with Destiny*). When respected scholars make such statements, is it to be wondered that most American readers of history take it for granted that Marxism and economic determinism are the same or at least compatible? It is easy to expose the absurdity of such assumptions; one need merely quote Marx or Engels against their interpreters. One can, in addition, show how economic determinism fails to answer important questions or creates insoluble problems for the historian who tries to apply it to historical data. But showing Marxism and economic determinism to be antithetical and economic determinism to be an invalid theory is one thing; showing Marxism to be a useful tool for historical analysis is another. Herein, quite aside from Genovese's contribution to our knowledge of the facts concerning the slave South, is the enormous value of this collection of essays.

Why is it entitled *The Political Economy of Slavery* and not *The Economics of Slavery*? Because as a Marxist, as distinguished from an economic determinist, Genovese does not believe the slave South can be "explained" in terms of economic elements alone. Slavery was not *only* an economic institution, a special way of exploiting workers for a profit. In addition, slavery was the foundation of a complex social edifice; it created, in Genovese's words, "a class of slaveholders with a special ideology and psychology and the political and economic power to impose their values on society as a whole," a class that increasingly came to see slavery "as the essence of morality in human relationships. Under the circumstances the social conflict between North and South took the form of a moral conflict." The slaveholders' "pride, sense of honor, and commitment to their way of life made a final struggle so probable that we may safely call it inevitable without implying a mechanistic determinism against which man cannot avail."

This interpretation contrasts with the two most popular theories of the causes of the Civil War. One school argues that slavery was nothing more than a special form of capitalist exploitation of labor, that Southern capitalism clashed with Northern capitalism over domination of the new West and of the federal government, and that war was inevitable in the sense that it was the choice of no individual or group but determined by the irreconcilability of the economic interests of the two capitalist classes. The other major school points to conflicts of economic interest in other places and at other times, conflicts that did not result in war, and argues that such clashes were not fundamental enough to bring the two sections to blows, that on the contrary there were no *real* conflicts that could not have been resolved by reasonable men, and that therefore war was caused by the tragically enormous influence of demagogues seeking power and fanatics seeking perfection. The first view sees the economic conflict as the

Prison Poem

(after Tollas)

A spider is sewing the silence;
He stitches up my shabby loneliness.
In the world I would not have seen you,
but here I greet you, fellow of my solitude.

First living thing I've seen for months!
I can talk to you!
Please look on me as a gigantic fly. Believe
I am caught in your web.

Suck my blood! What do I care?
I know. I know it is agony
to be hungry. But this is dinner for me —
to be able to give myself to you.

See, slowly they appear through the air
Poison spiders with two legs.
When they bite me with the hate
in their eyes, or choke me in their iron snares,

I let them. Ejaculate all your poison!
A weight of fluid now protects me,
and the beauty in my heart moves toward the sun
though I am trapped by webs of stone.

John Logan

Aileen S. Kraditor is now on leave from the History Department of Rhode Island College, working on a study of the abolitionist movement. She is the author of The Ideas of the Woman Suffrage Movement, 1890-1920 *(Columbia University Press).*

l" one; the second sees the psy- logical conflict as the "real" one. ovese, accepting both as "real," ues that there was an economic t of the Southern expansionism t precipitated war; but there were itical, social and psychological ts, too:

> *Each supported and fed the tap- ot—the exigencies of slaveholder egemony in a South that fought ainst comparative disadvantages the world market and that found self increasingly isolated morally nd politically. From another point f view, each was a manifestation f those exigencies. Although some ppear to be objective, or matters f social process, whereas others ppear to be subjective, or matters f psychological reaction to pos- bly imaginary dangers, the differ- nce becomes unimportant when ach is related to the fundamental osition of the slaveholders in outhern society.*

The narrowly economic interpreta- n has taken a number of forms in e past fifty years, and it has em- asized a number of different his- rical problems. One very old bone contention among scholars is the estion whether slavery was profit- le to the slaveholders, and Geno- se criticizes in detail the most im- rtant recent contribution to the ntroversy, an article by Alfred H. onrad and John R. Meyer, first pub- shed in 1958. The question of slav- y's profitability is of course a legiti- ate and important one for historians ho wish to understand the slave outh. What makes the article espe- ally relevant here is that, as Gen- vese says, "the most sweeping so- al and political questions have been ought to be hanging on the calcula- on of profit and loss." His criticism, must be said, is devastating, as to onrad and Meyer's method as well s to the conclusions they draw from heir study. In regard to method, for xample, he notes that in calculat- ng capital costs, they include "the nitial cost of work animals and as- ume that they were thereafter self- eproducing," despite the fact that, s Genovese notes, "the great bulk of he work animals consisted of mules nd oxen"! Less entertaining but more ignificant, perhaps, is Genovese's udgment that one cannot understand what was happening by making the planters' ledgers (even correctly in- erpreted) the principal primary source. He points out that a finding that slavery was profitable can be made a starting point for a theory that the Civil War was either a repressible *or* an irrepressible conflict; and a theory that slavery was unprofitable can also lead to either of those conclusions. "Great social transformations do not come about as a result of a kind of popular income accounting; . . . an ideological and psychological assessment of the Southern slaveholders is essential to an understanding of Southern political economy."

Poetry Editor

The editors are happy to announce that Michael Goldman has been appointed poetry editor for *The Nation*. Himself a poet whose work has appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly, The Kenyon Review, The Virginia Quarterly Review, The New Yorker* and elsewhere, Mr. Goldman teaches in the Department of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University. His *First Poems* was published last summer by Macmillan.

Denise Levertov, to whom the magazine owes a great debt for the excellence of the poetry that was published under her editorship, has resigned her post with us in order to gain more time for her own writing.

That assessment is an integral part of the detailed analysis, from the author's own Marxist standpoint, of the Southern political economy that takes up the bulk of this book. The essays were written at different times, and each of them can stand by itself. The first offers a general interpretation of the slave South; each of the others explores a different subsidiary topic. The chief points may be summarized (and vastly oversimplified) as follows:

Frontier farmers in both North and South used the soil in wasteful ways, but the effects of soil exhaustion were overcome in the North by crop diversification and other changes once the frontier stage was past. In the South, soil exhaustion continued to be a problem for reasons that can only be hinted at here: slavery perpetuated a one-crop system that prevented sufficient rotation; it fostered an aristocratic attitude and a propensity to consume (on the part of the planters) that discouraged the accumulation of enough liquid capital to purchase fertilizers on a large scale; it forced planters to use poor quality farm implements; it kept down the number of farm animals and therefore the availability of manure. Reformers like Edmund Ruffin agitated for scientific methods, but most planters were unwilling and usually financially unable to adopt them.

The author argues that in the upper South, wholesale reform would have, ultimately, been introduced only at the expense of the slave system itself. To raise the money to buy fertilizers a Virginia planter would have had to sell many slaves. Crop rotation as a means of replenishing the worn-out soil would have meant diversification, which in turn would have required an urban market for a variety of foodstuffs. Slavery discouraged urbanization because it discouraged industrialization. Therefore the potential market for the foodstuffs grown on the scientifically managed farms in the border states would have had to be in the North. The border states would thus have become increasingly a part of the free-state economy, a process that would have been accelerated by the sale of surplus slaves to the lower South. Agricultural reform in the upper South depended on the existence of a market for its slaves, a market that could continue to exist only if other

Richard Hofstadter,

Pulitzer Prize-winning historian, traces the "great conspiracy" theory of history back to its 18th-century origins – and comments brilliantly on other moods and beliefs that have affected American political life.

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parts of the South continued to use the very methods that made the reform necessary. Hence, he concludes, "a general reformation of Southern agriculture could not take place while slavery was retained."

Why couldn't urban markets develop in the South? Because, replies Genovese, large-scale urbanization can come about only where an agrarian revolution takes place, creating diversified farming and livestock-raising to feed the cities, and introducing efficient methods that reduce the number of laborers on the countryside, forcing the surplus rural population into urban industry. The city dwellers become the consumers of the food grown on the farms and the producers of the agricultural implements, textiles and other commodities needed on the farms. The bulk of the ante-bellum Southern population consisted of slaves and whites too poor to be an adequate market on which a Southern industrialization could be built.

One might ask why the leaders of the South did not see their long-range interest in ending slavery and building a progressive capitalist economy with free labor. If economic interest alone were sufficient motivation, this question would be unanswerable. The point is that slavery was more than an economic institution. It was the basis for a civilization. It produced, says the author, a master class with anti-capitalist values, a class that

> *recoiled at the notions that profit should be the goal of life; . . . that thrift and hard work should be the great virtues; and that the test of the wholesomeness of a community should be the vigor with which its citizens expand the economy. . . . The aristocratic spirit of the planters* [who set the tone for the whole society] *absorbed acquisitiveness and directed it into channels that were socially desirable to a slave society: the accumulation of slaves and land and the achievement of military and political honors. . . . Slavery established the basis of the planter's position and power. It measured his affluence, marked his status, and supplied leisure for social graces and aristocratic duties.*

And it thus could foster behavior, on the part of the planters, sometimes directly contrary to their long-range economic interests.

Aside from purely financial reasons, therefore, the Southern ruling class, with individual exceptions, would not have subscribed to a program to end slavery gradually, replace it with free labor, and build a South of commercial farms and flourishing industries. To have done so would have been to condemn their entire way of life. Genovese believes that their only alternative was to continue to expand their system into new lands to replace the worn-out soil of the older South and to provide markets for the surplus slaves of t seaboard states. Even where the n territory was unsuited to plantati agriculture, the slave owners could have agreed to containment with implicitly agreeing that slavery w evil, rather than the foundation the finest civilization in the wor When the North prevented furtl extension of slavery, the plant quite rationally (from their sta point) decided, as Genovese puts "to stake everything on a desper gamble for a political independen that would have freed them to pu their system southward. . . ."

Genovese supports his analy with a wide variety of sources, incl ing planters' records, ante-bellu newspapers, treatises on agronor and studies of the problems of mc ern underdeveloped nations, ancie Rome, medieval England and coloni Latin America. He enriches his d cussion with insights drawn from t works of thinkers from Hegel a Machiavelli to Maurice Dobb a Paul Baran.

This work is a noteworthy cont bution to our understanding of t pre-Civil War South. To the exte that the author proves his thesis, also demonstrates, first, that pr posals to change one socio-econom system into another piecemeal, or elections, or by sitting around a co ference table and converting tho with a deep emotional as well political and economic stake in t old system, are visionary; and se ond, that even a "doomed" ruling cla can be capable of enormous effort and even certain successes, in i efforts to stay in power.

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Going to Jerusalem

THE MANDELBAUM GATE. By Muriel Spark. Alfred A. Knopf. 369 pp. $5.95.

Helen Yglesias

The most unlikely candidate to suffer a problem of Jewish identity would seem to be a Muriel Spark heroine, though there were hints of this theme in her first novel in 1957. Between the subtly sketched conversion to Catholicism in *The Comforters*, however, and Barbara Vaughan's problem in *The Mandelbaum Gate*, a shift of emphasis has taken place. The intermeshed themes of Jewish identity a Catholic faith come forward sta center, and there is definite cause f alarm in this: Jewish identity has a ready reached jungle-growth propo tions in contemporary literature. Wi the introduction of half-Jews into th search, the subject threatens to sprea weedlike over the world. In the voic if not the spirit of thanksgiving, the Passover liturgy, it is high tim to intone, "It would have been suff cient!"

Mrs. Spark's new work is alarmin in other respects. It is a frighteningl greedy novel, gulping up theolog philosophy, politics, current event and fashionable gossip; a seemingl

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Helen Yglesias is assistant to the Literary Editor of The Nation.

dless stream of name dropping: om the Dead Sea Scrolls to the Eichann trial; from spying for Nasser filming *Lawrence of Arabia*. This astonishing enough for an artist io excels in working a small area ftly and brilliantly; what is more rprising is to see her structure ain and falter. Beginning with *The mforters*, Mrs. Spark has demonrated a construction as tight and cky and pleasing as a puzzle. *The andelbaum Gate* too has the conruction of a jigsaw puzzle, but inead of the last piece falling perfectly to place to our applause, it is as ough the author's elbow has been gged. All the little odd-shaped pieces iow their cracks.

The Mandelbaum Gate is named r one of the world's sore spots, the ontier crossing between Israel and rdan, so called because a Mr. Manelbaum once owned the house on the orner. It is here—since she is an Engsh half-Jew on a Catholic pilgrimge—that Barbara Vaughan's troubles egin. Some predate Jerusalem: the ilemma of *Who am I?*, a lover she ill not marry unless Rome clears his ivorce, and a jealous woman friend n London who does not want her to narry at all. Having entered Jerusaem, poor Barbara is embroiled with ushy Israeli guides and subtle Arab nerchants; she encounters British forign service officers, pimps, advenurers and blue-eyed sexy Arab girls; lisguised as an old Arab woman she s rescued from a nunnery, and smuggled across the Mandelbaum Gate disguised as a nun; there are flash-backs o her Golders Green Jewish background and to her polo-tennis-and-tea English background; she catches scarlet fever; she turns up as an observer at the Eichmann trial; she has a fist fight with a woman spy for Nasser who neatly fits Sunday supplement terminology by embracing communism, Hitlerism and anti-Semitism in one trim English head; Barbara even gets to visit the Holy Shrines.

Tricks abound. Barbara disappears; Freddie loses his memory; time moves in circular repetitions; the novel's point of view wavers as if directed by a hand-held camera. In the end it is all wrapped up in single-sentence packages: "Suzi married a lawyer in Athens. . . . Abdul Ramdez and Mendel Ephraim left Israel and managed to reach Tangier, where they opened a cafe. . . . Barbara and Harry were married . . . they had one child. . . ." It is the gates of Jerusalem which claim the last paragraph, "Damascus Gate, that gate of the Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday," and the Mandelbaum Gate, "a piece of street between Jerusalem and Jerusalem." Despite the cracks, there is a pattern in the puzzle. "The city that is one day to be" remains the goal; the spur is faith, that which "gives substance to our hopes, which convinces us of things we cannot see."

Because a note at the back of the book tells us so, we know that Mrs. Spark is a convert to the Roman Catholic Church and, like her heroine, endowed "with the beautiful and dangerous gift of faith which, by definition of the Scriptures, is the sum of things hoped for and the evidence of things unseen." In the presence of these self-proclaimed wonders, we tiptoe and speak softly. They create a shield beyond which it seems ill-mannered to penetrate. Besides, these are mysteries—will they yield to critical reason?

Barbara Vaughan herself hurls reason against the mystery of her identity, but definition eludes her. "I am who I am," God's answer to Moses, she dismisses as too large. Later, when her Jewish blood is considered a danger in Jordan, she is delighted with Freddie's defense: "Jewish blood or not, the point is, it's hers and it has got to be protected." Pressed to explain why she has substituted one religion for another, she argues that Christianity is a new ordering of the Jewish religion. This is Zhivago's argument, but flatly stated, without Pasternak's poetry or passion; and without his ideological view that Jewish exclusiveness deprives the Jew of meaningful life within the mainstream of society.

Her Israeli guide, a Polish Jew who fled the Nazi occupation, makes himself disagreeable, demanding reasons for abandoning her Jewish heritage. She finds it a difficult question. "In Poland," he tells her, "the Catholic priests used to lead the pogroms." Her response is, "Well, they shouldn't have."

Although she longs to marry her lover and stay within the Church, she reaches a point where she will marry him without Rome's clearance. But a jealous friend, hoping to do harm, inadvertently puts everything right. Barbara gets her man and keeps her Church: by error, by an act of evil intent, Barbara is restored to grace. At the trial, she listens to Eichmann patiently expound "once more, the complex theology in which not his own actions, not even Hitler's, were the theme of his defense, but the honor of the Supreme Being, the system, and its least tributary Bureau IV-B-4," and adds the comment, "It was a highly religious trial." It is the Hannah Arendt view of evil, with the added twist of Mrs. Spark's irony.

The earlier Spark novels were sustained in an aura of quest for a state of human grace into which we willingly plunged with her, as if into a gay adventure: realistic detail, high comedy and religious mystery perfectly adjusted to a mechanism which opened door after door down a corridor of endless speculation. If there was something downright nasty and strange in these novels, there was also an element which soared beyond ordinary matter. The box within a box within a box of *The Comforters* conveyed a witty and meaningful mystery, and for all the terror of the message of the presence of death in *Memento Mori*, it was, on a realistic level, a brilliant destruction of the illusion that old age is a time of wisdom garnered in tranquillity and resignation. Ronald's epileptic seizure in court in *The Bachelors* and the judge's question, "Is this man a medium?" were marvelously

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SCRIBNERS

funny even as the scene invited serious wonder about the power of the senses. And *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* appeals on several levels: it was a superbly realistic rendering of a group, while Sandy, clutching the bars of the nunnery, pondering betrayal, carried it far beyond its genre.

In departing from miniatures and from her playful dual approach, Muriel Spark has stumbled into difficulties. To the overwhelmingly complex social, political and human questions raging at the Gate, she has responded with a razzle-dazzle entertainment, weighted with ambiguous ironies and hovering in an atmosphere of a passion play. But she is playing it cool. She conveys no transforming experiences—holy or human. The tiring discomfort of her heroine's pilgrimage to the shrines is recorded in realistic detail, undoubtedly accurate. Of my own visit to those shrines many years ago, before the Gate but not before the problems, I remember now only Rachel's Cave and the Wailing Wall. They were disappointing: little dirty places whose significance evaded me. A greater experience was a recent visit to the Catholic shrine in northern Spain, Santiago de Compostela, upon whose famous Gloria Portico the argument of Christianity's spiritual ascendancy over Judaism is told with such open, passionate conviction, it is irresistible. Irresistible, the delightfully natural march of the granite figures of Adam and Eve, David of the crossed feet and the harp, Moses, Esther and smiling Daniel—all led to Jesus by way of St. James. Irresistible, the *botafumeiro,* a huge censor of flaming incense, swinging from nave to nave of the immense cathedral. Glorious artistry convinces in the first place and glorious showmanship in the second; what is missing in this novel is some of each.

Implicit in the discussion of the measuring and sorting of Barbara's blood is the fact of the extermination of the Jews. It is central to the novel's true dialogue between good and evil, finally always Mrs. Spark's compelling interest. Her approach levels and cools the debate and ends with an invitation to partake of ambivalent doubt and ambivalent faith—within the true Church or without. Civilized by wit, faith shall save us and gui
our view of the modern conditio
Under the general law that every r
ligion is entitled to its *mishagos*, it
certainly possible to smile at the a
surdities of particular Church ruling
laws, myths, commercializations: t
whole silly lot. But from the Crusad
to Vietnam, the worldly uses of t
power of the Church, whether st
dently active or acquiescently silen
are another matter. For such matter
the novel's answer is: "Well, the
shouldn't have." But this is hindsigh
everybody has enough vision for hin
sight. More, it converts too easily in
a mechanism to guide us throug
paths of moral reconciliation wit
things as they are. The world of fixe
good and evil calls forth a highly a
commodating faith from Mrs. Spar
It lacks frenzy: the fierceness of
cleansing illumination of the mess
the Mandlebaum Gate extending b
yond indulgence to a prophetic visio
of that promised city which is on
day to be.

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW

VOL IX, NO. 4 FALL 1965

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Yuricks Way

THE WARRIORS. By Sol Yurick. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 189 pp. $3.95.

Robert Hatch

There was a time when the gradient, up or down, from the neighborhood of letters was readily negotiable; the road was not out on the Guermantes Way and a cab would take you to the lodgings of Raskolnikov. Today you must jump, in the language of modern physics, from one "state" to the next, and since the writer is usually readier for this exploit than the reader, the two may find themselves in orbits whose expectations are not analogous. The distortion of communication can then be severe. It may seem to the reader that he has been shoved in with lunatics, forced to negotiate landscapes of skewed perspective, asked to apply himself to a metaphysics of paradox and a logic of *non sequitur.* The word "absurd" gets tossed around in ways not intended, and the author, who is trying to show what he has found, is praised for his fantastic invention or condemned for morbid self-indulgence. How to throw a bridge across?

Something of this must have concerned Sol Yurick when he determined to write yet another novel of the juvenile tribes that share out the territo
of New York City. The problem wit
this subject matter is notorious.
you tell such a story within a conte
that the reader *thinks* is well know
to him—the streets, the neighborhoo
landmarks, the sounds of traffic an
the neon—he may reject the behavi
of your characters as irrational an
state with some heat his refusal
become involved in the exploits of th
criminally insane. And yet except i
science fiction you cannot write
New York and put subway sto
where none exist or set palm tre
out in Tompkins Square.

Yurick resolves this predicame
with ingenuity and style. First, h
proposes an initiating situation whic
without being at all incredible,
sufficiently removed from actualit
to warn the reader that he is co
fronting a known place in an u
known context; then he pilots h
story home along a familiar pat
whose coordinates of allusion hol
the chronicle within the limits
moral relevance. The event that tri
gers his action is an all-city congre
of fighting gangs convened in Va
Cortlandt Park, to which come th
warriors of the title, representative
of a brotherhood in Coney Island,
the edge of the mapped world. Th

:h down which Mr. Yurick runs his rrative is Xenaphon's *Anabasis*—: road back to Greece. He dwells :haps too insistently on this model these Negro boys are not the iltrious remnants of a professional ny; they are a tribal party, bound ;ether by magic rites, disciplined paternal authority. Nevertheless, : comparison serves excellently to stain an atmosphere of naked exsure to a world unknown in which : episodes of the novel can be acoted.

A small body of fighting men, ipped of their weapons by adverse :tune, must gain their way through succession of principalities whose stoms and prowess are unknown, t all of which are well understood be jealously defended. The deportent of these boys will not begin to ake sense until the reader accepts at they study a subway map with actly the challenged awe of a ıoenician gazing upon a chart of e waters west of Spain. Terra ingnita and they are flung down in e midst of it.

The adult community of the three roughs through which the six dropıts must journey scarcely figures in eir calculations. Men, women, non'filiated juveniles are part of the ıpersonal environment endured ike by all the named peoples; it is background unspecifically hostile ıt readily kept at bay by trained ımpaigners. Or eliminated. When man resents the warriors, they knife m to the ground in a ritual annihition; his offense was not great, but became mortal in the equation of ıeir exposed peril.

Nor do they give much thought to ıe police; they are the gods, incalılable and unappeasable, and the ıost intrepid warrior can do no more ıan avoid their gaze and flee their resence.

It is the other peoples—the other angs—that must be approached with uile, placated, overawed, outwitted. he Dominators from Coney Island, diplomatic party placed unexpected- on a war footing, must avoid battle, nd their best chance of doing so is seem as proudly truculent as game ocks. Sexuality is a crucial factor in he subtle game of face.

Yurick's journey home allows ne to see plainly what has not been vident before: these gang youths are ıot at odds with society; they move hrough society on trails cut between ettlements. Anything this surrounding jungle offers they will take (and it is as lush and poisonous as a rain forest); any threat it puts forth they will strike down. What to the reader is the Times Square IRT station is to them a lava pit of seething monstrosity; what to him is a car full of punters homeward bound from Yonkers Raceway is to them an assemblage of Titans. But what the reader sees as a group of delinquents lounging in the dim light of a store window, they recognize as the advance patrol of the Borinquen Blazers, elegant on their own turf, ruttish with *machissmo*, small but how dangerous?

The steady soldier; the dreamer sick with intimations of cowardice; the violent giant, half shield, half menace; the young recruit, to be blooded and sheltered—these are living anachronisms: bronze-age infantry tossed by some grotesque time trick into a 20th-century metropolis. Their native land is a half dozen square blocks, their known world 50 or so square miles, the race to which they belong a few thousand boys and girls who live the gang life. They are ignorant, superstitious, lecherous, cruel and treacherous—by society's standards. Yurick has set up the prisms that allow one to judge them by their own. It is only fair, and carries the bonus of a story that blazes through the hot city night.

ARCHITECTURE

Frederick Gutheim

FOGGY BOTTOM'S DOLCE VITA

Washington

Some 240 lawyers and lobbyists, executives of booming research and redevelopment corporations and retired major generals have put down as much as a quarter million dollars each for cooperative apartments with 90-foot balconies overlooking the Potomac. They are now beginning to move into the first unit of the Watergate, a large new apartment complex in Foggy Bottom. Architecturally this development brings Washington 1,000 miles closer to Miami Beach. Culturally, *La Dolce Vita* has reached the shores of the Potomac.

This has been the shrewdly accurate aim of the project's sponsors, an Italian syndicate. While it has provided some apartments in the relatively moderate price range of $35,000 to $60,000, the design and the social tone are geared to those recently arrived in the higher brackets. It has even attracted a few of the wall-to-wall set from their suburban homes.

The Societa Generale Immobiliari, a public stock company, which counts the Vatican as one of its principal shareholders, has a background of speculative apartment house buildings in Rome, and is now engaged in such jet-assisted projects as a business complex in Montreal and a satellite town outside Mexico City. SGI's chairman, Aldo Samaritani, presides over the Watergate Corporation. Hence the presence of Luigi Moretti, the Italian architect of this richly conceived development with its surprising curvilinear forms, its fountains and mar-

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Frederick Gutheim, former president of The Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies, is now a member of a Guggenheim project studying recent architecture in Finland.

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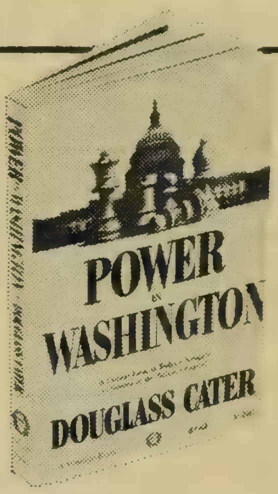

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moreal open spaces and its neo-b roque details, all so exciting in the floodlit decadence. And of course tl plush interior decor of Arturo Pini San Miniato. And the Italian manag ment—down to the last bidet.

What these gentlemen have achie ed, and what they are still achievin stands about a five-minute walk fro the State Department. One gent curving caterpillar of a building ha been completed; four others, inclu ing an office building and an apa ment hotel, are in work. The Fogg Bottom district, lying between th White House and Georgetown, ha been for some years responding the new concentration of governme employment. It has generated a su prising number of reasonably attra tive new apartment houses and th charming conversion of older ro houses on the Georgetown-Capitol Hi model. Measured now by this eno mous new development, the earli efforts seem puny and piecemeal, a though they have established a ce tral-city vernacular that is as plea ant as it is unique.

Watergate hopes to create a foc for the commercial and public li of this larger area. Its multi-lev shopping center contains both suc local services as barber and beau shops, drug and food stores, and th branch banks, restaurants, clothin shops and other enterprises design to serve the surrounding communit Residents can splash in four swim ming pools. The entire developme will contain 900 dwellings, plus th hotel and the offices; it should hav an ultimate population of about 6,00 As with most large central-city res dential developments, this is highl self-conscious "turf" with its own r stricted gardens, armed police patro and proprietary services. A fourtee camera, closed-circuit television sy tem guards all entrances.

The vast elliptical forms of th Watergate will occupy nearly a qua ter mile of river front between th site of the J. F. Kennedy Memori Arts Center and Rock Creek. It is al situated in a tangle of expressway and interchanges, the characterist curving lines of which are an evide source of the project's design. Wash ington first became aware of the po sibilities for this neglected site, lon shadowed not merely by the river miasma but by smelly gas tanks, wit the new highway locations. An am bitious, unified development progra was offered but staved off by inte d developers. Thereafter a fan- c collection of new buildings be- to rise around what the planning mission documents call "Potomac a."

or years, frustrated architects at- oted to reconcile the lines describ- Potomac Plaza on the two-dimen- al city plan with the emerging ns of such buildings as the flat- ted, neo-classicism of the Peoples Insurance Company, the cramped ing curtain walls of the Pan rican Health Organization offices, the red tile façades of the national dquarters of the American Asso- ion of University Women. To this itectural smörgasbord has now added the biggest dish of them Any hope that a unified plan will rge has long vanished.

dward D. Stone's unfortunately ted Kennedy Arts Center will soon over that the Watergate is a crush- companion. The 485-foot contin- s façade of Watergate East is just start. When the next two units completed in the fall of 1966, and entire complex by 1968, its bulk have to be compared less with thing adjacent than with the fan- ically booming commercial center Rosslyn, that piece of downtown shington that has slipped its moor- and drifted across the river in last couple of years. Between these areas the virgin wilderness of odore Roosevelt Memorial Island almost obliterated. Upstream the sequences of this large building predictable. The redeveloping rgetown water front between the ros of M Street and the river as- nes a less parklike, more distinct- urban cast.

Given the careful planning and itectural quality that have made emerging Southwest development satisfying a design, the unanswered stion in Washington is why that et, in-town residential standard was ndoned for the developers of the tergate. Even in its rather dubious hitectural company the Watergate ks out. From the interior well of completed building one looks up the toothy concrete fretwork of long, curving balconies. One is teful it is not taller than the city's ximum height; for holding that we can thank the Fine Arts Com- ssion. Miami Beach has a certain ndard within which one can dis- guish between good and bad vul- ity; in Washington vulgarity still the power to shock.

Those responsible for building the Watergate have pretentiously noted that their site "has emerged as the power center of the Western world, the most important city of our age"; and they are confident that it "is destined to become the cultural and artistic center of Washington." But it is impossible to find in what they have created any response to this challenge.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

MARKING TIME

If the opening of a season is to be timed on the dial of excellence the new theatre year has not yet begun. The best offering thus far, Peter Shaffer's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* (Anta) can get by only through sufferance.

That it should be mistaken for a good play, even a "masterpiece" in the sloppy lingo of Broadway journalism, is not surprising. It is semi-allegorical, a play with an "idea" and "well-written." The aging mercenary Pizarro, crippled, cynical, without hope of gaining anything in this life better than gold, encounters in his conquest of Peru the young Inca sovereign Atahualpa whose rule is just, his people content, his economy opulently communal, his disposition gentle. Pizarro's heart is touched as he beholds something in the Incas' world nobler than the conquistadors' reality of savage plunder. But Pizarro cannot escape from the corruption of his civilization; he is obliged against his soul's desire to destroy the trustful sovereign and to ravage his land and people.

This idea, presumably pregnant in itself, is set forth in scenes dramatically commonplace, in language without individual savor or edge. It is good writing only insofar as it is not bad. But in our theatre where fine writing is rare, literate speech of any sort impresses. Peter Shaffer is educated, and he manages the prose needed to tell his story as any deft English university fellow might.

The actors who represent the Spaniards are directed to speak in an accent vaguely foreign, while those who play the Incas speak in even stranger accents when they are not making outlandish sounds, which in all such plays (or movies) are supposed to imply a primitive vocabulary.

The costumes are colorful, the Inca masks in metal fascinating. Movement is ritualistic in the fashion of certain modern dance recitals in which no special skill is required. There is a certain amount of intoning in unison. The stage, a raked circular disk, is attractively lit in golden tones and our pleasure (if any) is pictorial. Everything in fact is well arranged though fundamentally conventional—that is, lacking in specific content.

Christopher Plummer who plays Pizarro is a real actor. He has an interesting sense of characterization, a voice which he employs to convey age and other special effects. His make-up is an achievement in itself. One feels too a reaching for a deep-rooted pathos in the part, the yearning of a bitterly disillusioned man, a crusty dejection, a kind of cracked idealism. If Plummer, an actor of marked dedication, does not move us as much as his gallant and talented effort warrants, it is because of a basic hollowness in the play.

It is all a product of *ability* and not of a genuine, subjective impulse or original insight. That is why the ele-

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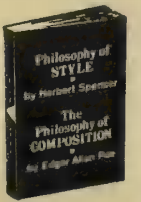

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ments of spectacle and artfulness in the production made me smile as if I were watching the posturings of children playing at being awesome and august. But even this may satisfy audiences hungry for a semblance of theatre.

Barbara Harris waited three years to appear in *On A Clear Day You Can See Forever* (Mark Hellinger). The show by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Burton Lane (music) reminds me of the man who knew a joke and wanted a musical built around it. *On A Clear Day* is about a simple working girl who has extrasensory perception. She is also able to recall a previous life in 18th-century England when she was a high-born lady. That's all. Nothing is added to the "idea" except a lot of expensive scenery. An orchestra seat costs $11.90. A great deal of money is going to be lost. That's show business.

Barbara Harris is an extraordinary talent. She is all transfiguration. She can make anything of herself. Putty-faced, she resembles a woebegone kewpie doll. But she can make herself look like a romantic star, an exquisite aristocrat, a *femme fatale*. She appears to have no ego or identity of her own: she acquires one through the person she plays. One can see a whole series of instantaneous transformations in her present performance inside a very brief span of time because the character she is supposed to impersonate is nonexistent and she is obliged to replace it with whatever her fancy dictates. She improvises new personalities throughout. A *dybbuk* seems to be in control.

As I watched her in the new show she took on a symbolic dimension. She became young American stage talent in general: charming, mercurial, full of delightful quirks and astonishing leaps of the imagination, deprived of a fixed destination, a secure purpose. It is a state of perpetual dispersal. She is elusive, provocative, funny and ultimately quite sad. Who will write Barbara Harris a real part?

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The latest London import is *The Right Honourable Gentleman* by Michael Dyne (Billy Rose). It concerns a sex scandal stirred up for political reasons (in 1886) by Joseph Chamberlain, father of the unspe able Neville. Written and construc as though by some lesser Rattigan, must have interested the English by minding them of recent political-cu sex imbroglios, and because its Lond cast was brilliant (only the comma ingly handsome Coral Browne is pr ent in New York). Then also, the E lish middle-class frame of mind ne alters completely even when its ty cal dramaturgy has all but withe away.

I am told the play still attracts number of people here because it a plot with a beginning, middle a end, that it is well made (only re tively so), that it boasts proper, thou naughty, ladies in nice clothes, a that its acting is neatly pattern Theatre anyone?

FILMS

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NOB HILL FESTIVAL

San Francisco

The Ninth Annual International Film Festival has just ended, and compared to the miserable tank-town affairs of previous years it was a real success; at least it was well attended and on certain occasions downright brilliant. This year, there were no prizes, no winners and, therefore, no public defeats to spook a picture later. The festival was advertised as strictly a *cultural* event with an emphasis upon the word that can be laid there only by persons who do not realize that if you talk about your culture all the time it's a dead sure sign you haven't got it. During the black-tie opening at the spacious white marble auditorium on Nob Hill, the Mayor came on stage and said there was going to be culture; he was backed up in this by Shirley Temple. She was just as unabashed and embarrassing in her real-life young-matronly performance as in an interminable clip from one of her curly-top films in which she, Jack Haley and Alice Faye, dressed in Ruritanian castle-guard uniforms and shouldering wooden guns, sang chorus after tedious chorus of *The Toy Trumpeter's Tattoo*. The house, packed with dinner jackets and sweeping Trigères, commenced to squirm. When the polite applause was over, grown-up Miss Temple was joined stage by, one by one, the Russ delegation looking bewildered but a seeming overwhelmed by the gr deur of the event, by Ruth Rom several identical television actors black tuxes, Ed Begley and Wi Mays. Somebody in the audience y ed, "Play ball!" Except that it lac gardenia corsages for the girls, affair evinced all the style of a co try-club formal in Winnetka. It was high style, it wasn't even camp, it *must* have been culture.

After its self-conscious open night (the picture, when it fina came on, was an international duction from Twentieth Century- called *Rapture* which has already b seen in New York), the festival tled down to serious business. It organized as a center ring, with s porting divertissements. In the m feature series there were not m really good films, but there were as in the past, very many really ones, films that only desperat could have sponsored. A good is as hard to find as a good m

The law of averages seems not function on the screen as elsewhe there were more great films to be s when fewer films were being ma Also, the international film indus (excluding Hollywood, which rema wondrously isolated) has turned

---

Calvin Kentfield's most recent novel is All Men Are Mariners *(McGraw-Hill). He is also the author of a collection of short stories,* The Great Wondering Goony Bird *(Random House).*

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1965

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litely cannibalistic. One director feeds delicately off another. Even Satyajit Ray, way out in India, judging from his entry in this festival, has been nibbling away at the toes of Truffaut, with the result that his film *Charulata* is not quite digestible. *La Soldatesse*, an Italian film directed by Zurlini, should have been made by Rosselini twenty years ago. It is the story of a truckload of Greek whores being taken to the Albanian border to service the Italian troops during World War II. There are many fine moments, but the film is ultimately reduced to not-bad by its budget and its technique. The citizens scavenging in the rubble for bits of food are all wearing brand-new clothes, the girls (Anna Karina, Marie Laforet, et al.) are all lovely to look at and beautifully made up—resembling, in fact, a truckload of international movie stars. The lighting is artful and the camera work is slick; but no one who has seen Anna Magnani in that awful skirt and heartbreaking sweater, racing in agony down the street in the terrible natural light of Rosselini's Rome, could accept *La Soldatesse* as a great film about the war.

The 1939-45 war provided subject matter for 28 per cent of the festival's films, the most intensely awaited of which was *Das Haus in der Karpfengasse*. It was reported to be the first German-made film dealing with the Nazi deportation and murder of the Jews. It is interesting because of the point of view, but it too suffers from overfeeding on numberless other films of many nationalities dealing with the same subject. Rather than filming from either literature or life, the film makers are filming from films.

Yoyo, one of the best pictures shown during the week, was made by Pierre Etaix who must surely be the most brilliant Clair since René, the most whimsical Tati since Jacques, and the downright funniest dead-pan Keaton since Buster, but they've all been there before him. There is a sequence, however, in *Yoyo* in which the great man's spat is removed, his shoe unlaced—slowly, slowly—and the long limp tongue languidly lifted out by the delicate fingers of three gorgeous girls, that is one of the lewdest and most hilarious pieces of film ever printed, ranking in my esteem with Chaplin's shoe-eating in *The Gold Rush*, Keaton's galley scene in *The Navigator*, and the eating scene in *Tom Jones*. But Etaix's genius is for the short film and, like Fellini's *8½*, from which he has picked up many a morsel, *Yoyo* becomes tediously sentimental in the end.

James Agee once said in this magazine that *Zéro de Conduite*, a film made a long time ago by Jean Vigo, was made from the inside out as all great works must be. Ironically enough, the best film in the festival —which was notable for producing no inside-outers—was a short made by Danes about old Michel Simon, who spent most of the footage talking about Vigo who committed suicide when his works were mutilated by vulterine distributors, and who was new wave when Resnais, Godard and Truffaut were schoolboys.

The surprise of the festival, popular and critical, was a picture made around San Francisco by John Korty who gave it the unfortunate title of *The Crazy Quilt*. Everybody said that amid so much sex and war it was refreshing. It was described as charming, tender and funny; and Korty was called a Smollett of the American cinema. I only repeat what others have said because I'm in the film and am therefore disqualified from making public comment.

The *Tokyo Olympiad* closed the festival. It was a disgrace, a barely passable piece of hack editorial work that really could have been great. With 1,031 cameras, 232 different kinds of lenses, 400,000 feet of film, 164 cameramen, we end up with two hours of banality and bathos. It was shocking. No wonder the Japanese film industry is sick.

At midnight each night at a suffocating little movie house down in North Beach another festival was held of films by young directors. To my mind this was the most ruthless failure of the whole business, not because of the films, some not bad, but because of the conditions under which one had to view them. Surely the bright new people of the medium should be given equal, if not preferential treatment and not be stuck into a hot little hole after midnight.

The third part of the festival, "The American Director," was where Hollywood came in strong. It was for the old parties and it was nifty. People one had forgotten all about turned up in person—one a day—as though from Forest Lawn. Hal Roach, King Vidor, Busby Berkeley. Each afternoon, Albert Johnson, who was handling the series, showed clips from the films of whoever was the director of the day, then introduced the director himself. The revered guest then sat and reminisced or expounded or answered questions from the audience which was young, attentive and fascinated even by such cryptic types as Lewis Milestone. Each session finished with a showing of the director's favorite film. William Wellman showed *Wings* and Milestone showed *Of Mice and Men*, two great movies still. King Vidor showed *War and Peace* and Mervyn Leroy showed *Random Harvest* but, of course, you didn't have to stay if you didn't want to. For a rare view of the world behind the screen that movie nuts almost never get, this series was an inspiration, especially valuable for those bright young faces (students got in free) who were discovering Ronald Colman and Barry Fitzgerald.

On Saturdays, in the morning, two special programs were shown. They were listed as *Masterpieces of the Cinema of Fantasy*, but they were out-and-out kids' shows and sold out solid. The first was *The Bluebird* made in 1940 by the now departed Darryl F. Zanuck and starring Miss Temple who introduced it in her own unbelievable style. The other was *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Disney, himself, flew up from the Southland to take charge, and in all that vast crowd (somehow the management sold 400 more tickets than there were seats) not a *Film Quarterly*, not a *Sight and Sound*, not even a *Nation* could be seen.

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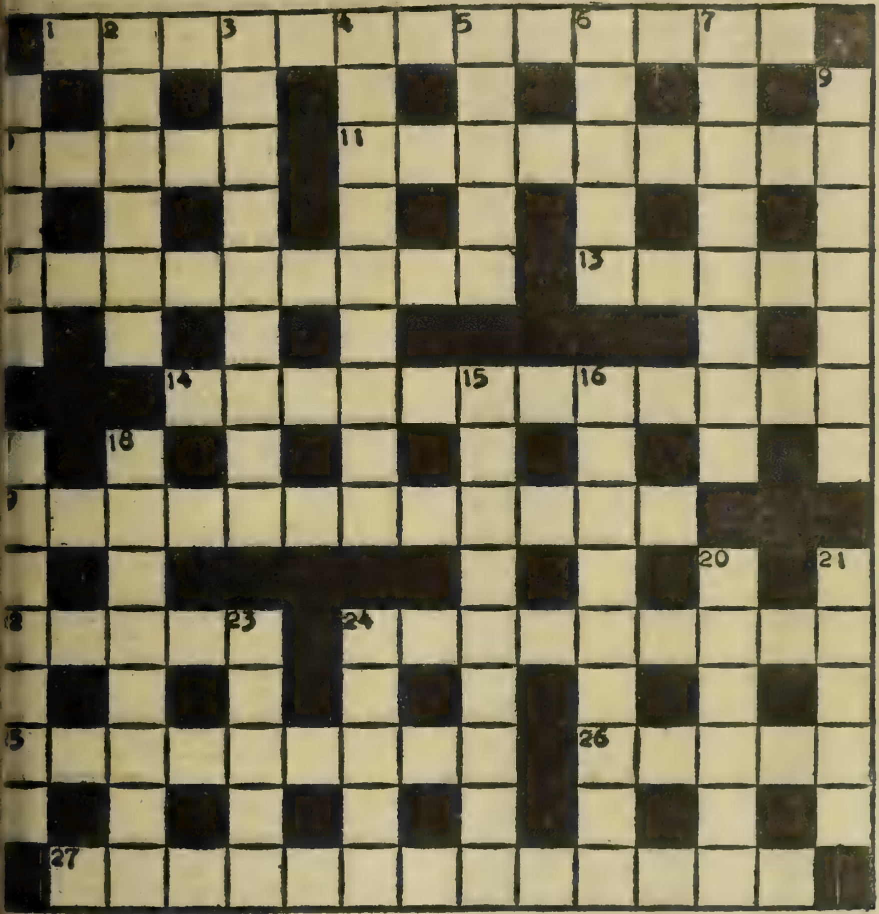
Crossword Puzzle No. 1128

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Argentine language implied, if one is? (6-7)
0 See 23 down
1 Was there no end to her husband's dining-room furniture? (9)
2 One who takes back an implement for the doctor? (9)
3 In France, what might be said and sung in church. (5)
4 Pack tightly, like an instrument in its case? Very well! (3, 2, 1, 6)
9 and 9 down Responsible for wheat there? It might help (or hurt) the crop! (1, 6, 2, 3, 7)
22 The weight of some jewelry depends on them. (5)
24 Brad might follow little Tom with a few words. (9)
25 The King's English? More properly this, in a title. (9)
26 and 15 down His calling might identify your proper station. (Some college courses try to.) (5, 9)
27 Right-minded people, to say the least. (7, 6)

DOWN:

2 Do they take delight in play? (6)
3 Did he tell the Romans what to do, and save Spain trouble. (9)
4 The proper thing to save if self-concerned with a turn in the army. (5, 4)
5 Rosie is obviously willowy. (5)
6 Followed by one of 11's boyfriends? (5)
7 Smooth water surface at night. (8)
8 Regulatory bodies are concerned about the interest taken in such activity. (5)
9 See 19 across
15 See 26 across
16 A bid in the way of getting occupied. (9)
17 A small jumper might furnish an obstacle, with a past. (7)
18 He was rhapsodic about Spain (possibly because confused by Bach at first). (8)
20 This goes out with a little pushing, as a safety measure, like an inappropriate song. (3, 3)
21 Is it hard to be a pirate? (5)
23 and 10 across Room does, for the habits of an astronaut. (5, 5)
24 No tag dance, obviously. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1127

ACROSS: 1 Auditions; 9 Thistle; 10 Rebuffs; 11 Rod; 15 Treating; 16 Cherub; 18 Extols; 20 Lighters; 23 Aden; 24 Carpel; 28 and 12 Leading ladies; 29 Spanner; 30 Stews; 31 Salad days. DOWN: 1, 15 down and 13 After the Ball is Over; 2 Dwindle; 3 Tattletale; 4 Overdone; 5 Server; 6 Baby; 7 In favor; 8 Describes; 17 Disposal; 19, 14, 25 and 6 across The lame, the halt, and the blind; 21 Estonia; 22 Barges; 26 Earns; 27 Miss.

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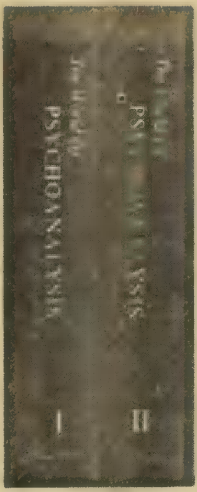

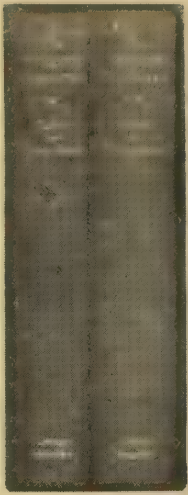

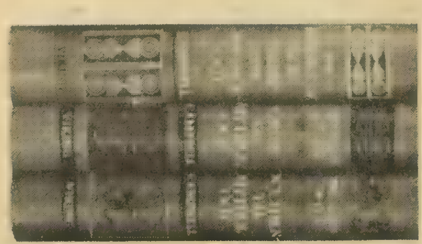

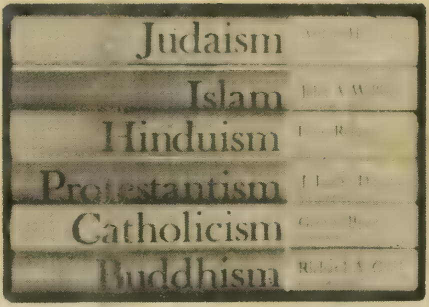

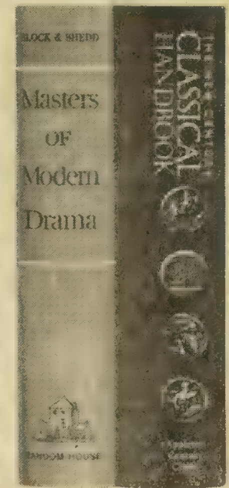

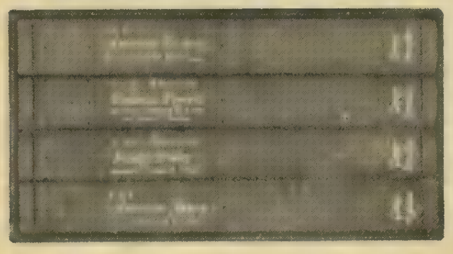

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THE NATION

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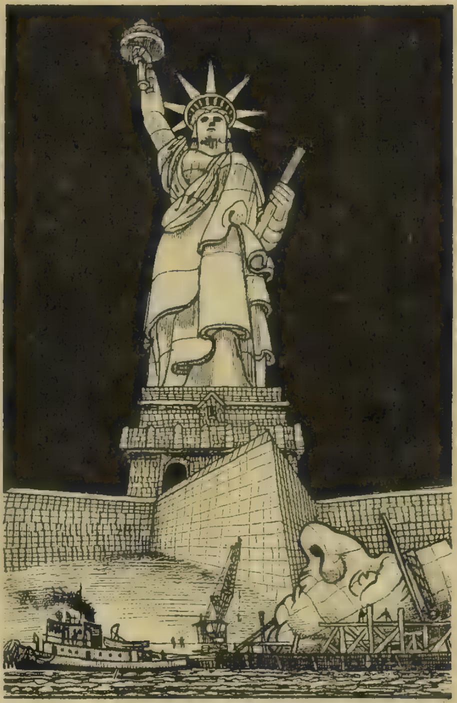
DE GAULLE
America's Elder Statesman

ALEXANDER WERTH



Macpherson, Toronto Star

Conscience of an Art Colony
PREJUDICE BY THE SEA

Frank Potter

SPAIN: War and Art

Ana María Matute and Jose Yglesias

LETTERS

Army of Sisyphus

Chappaqua, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Although "How To End the Draft" by Prof. Ross Wilhelm (*The Nation*, Nov. 15) was a comprehensive, to-the-point *reductio ad absurdum* of our present military conscription policy, there are a few other aspects that make it even more ridiculous than he depicts it.

Throughout our society, for example, there is preached the doctrine of incentive rewards. To decry this doctrine is to risk being regarded as a Communist. Yet the military services do not offer incentive rewards but drag in the young as though they were so many Chinese coolies—or Chinese Communists.

On the other hand, the suppliers of military hardware and services are very much on the incentive-reward system. In order to engage their services the government must guarantee fat profits. If young men should be forced to serve in the armed forces at coolie pay, why should not these suppliers do their job at cost plus a purely symbolic fee? . . .

Of broader significance is the fact that the United States is very gradually slipping into the position of the Roman Empire, dedicated without any debate or public decision of any sort to maintaining a Pax Americana all over the world. Like the conscript Roman legions who were continually engaged, until the empire collapsed of its own excesses, in beating back "barbarians," i.e., non-Romans, wherever they created a distubance, so our conscript legions are called upon to quell everyone who breaks the peace on the theory that they are Communists, the modern version of the barbarians.

The Romans never did quell the barbarians, from whom most of us are descended. Are our conscripts doomed to carry on a similar endless labor of Sisyphus? . . .

Ferdinand Lundberg

Klan probe

New York City

Dear Sirs: Walter Goodman's "The Klan Discovers HUAC" [*The Nation*, Nov. 8] displays more wit than accuracy. . . .Goodman writes: "Despite complaints of HUAC's opponents, the Supreme Court has never declared that the production of laws is the sole legitimate excuse for the existence of the committees of Congress." While it has been allowed by the Court that Congress may decide against legislating after an investigation, the relationship of inquiry to legislation has been deemed vital. This goes back to *Kilbourne* v. *Thompson* a century ago, the Sinclair case in the '20s, and more lately in the Watkins case. Chief Justice Warren, for the majority, said, "No inquiry is an end in itself. It must be related to, and in furtherance of, a legitimate task of the Congress." . . .

Goodman uncritically repeats Weltner's acrid gratuitous smear at the conclusion of Shelton's dubious "testimony," to the effect that grave doubts were now shed on the sincerity of the protesters against HUAC's hearings, and the validity of their protests in the past, as last May in Chicago, when the "leftists" were the object of the committee's attack. Why? Weltner adduced this totally unrelated charge from the lack of picket lines or other demonstrable fervor evinced by HUAC's opponents this time. Goodman ought surely to know and mention that it is illegal to picket on Capitol grounds, and that protests were, on the contrary, organized against these hearings. Kindly note critical resolutions of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, CORE, SNCC, ACLU, Commission of Religion & Race of the National Council of Churches, and that of thirty of the country's most distinguished church leaders organized by the National Committee To Abolish HUAC (see *Christian Century*, Sept. 22). . . .

Goodman compounds his errors. "The notion of many liberals that these men were plotting to turn the K.K.K. hearing into an attack on the civil rights movement was understandable but misconceived." Nothing of the sort. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., speaking for SCLC and backed by other civil rights groups, said that a HUAC probe of the Klan would provide the opening wedge for an attack on them—for balance. . . . The opposition alleges and implies that HUAC undoubtedly sought through this hearing a dual purpose: (1) to retrieve its damaged national image with this specious "liberal" stance, and (2) to allow the government to evade its responsibilities down in Dixie. . . .

Sylvia E. Crane
Vice-Chairman, National
Committee To Abolish HUAC

White Plains, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: If the Supreme Court accepted Mrs. Crane's notions of what is unconstitutional behavior, the Committee To Abolish HUAC could abolish itself without further ado. But Congress has a long and by no means discreditable history of investigating for purposes that are not primarily legislative—though, to be sure, legislation is always a *potential* objective.

It is true that civil rights organizations have issued statements opposing

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THE
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Volume 201, No. 18

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Michael Goldman, Poetry

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

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MAY 10

EDITORIALS

esidential War

e purposeful semantic confusion about police ac- s, “an advisory role,” and the rest of it can now be rded. American combat forces are suffering nearly the casualties and doing most of the ground fight- in South Vietnam; practically all plane attacks on h Vietnam have been made by U.S. pilots; Ameri- officers are now in command of numerous South nam units; the costs of the war far exceed the nillion a day of a year ago, and 1,000 American ualties have been reported to date. Nor is the end ight: more troops are being sent, more planes are g flown in. Indeed the greater the degree of our lvement, the longer the shadows extend. Listen few of many warning voices: Gov. George Romney, attitude at home is too optimistic . . . my im- sion is that this war could get a lot worse before ets better”; Jack Foisie in a *Washington Post* on dispatch quotes an “astute American offi- ”: “it will take a generation”; and Sen. John nis, Chairman of the Preparedness Investigating mittee, “it is sad but true that many of the 6-year- youngsters who started to school this year can ect some time in their lives to patrol the swamps mountains of Vietnam . . . the most serious and yet unanswered question [remains] what happens n we win in Vietnam?” Patently, the South Viet- nese are exhibiting a diminishing enthusiasm for war, and rumors of still another *coup d'état* are ading. From Taipei our faithful ally and retainer, ang Kai-shek, reports that the Vietnam war can- be won in Vietnam “no matter how many troops” send in.

hese views may be wrong, but they cannot be dis- sed out of hand; they suggest the urgent need for eneral reappraisal before the next—the irreversible teps and decisions are taken. The fact is that we now engaged in a full-scale war in Vietnam, not an “advisory” capacity but in our own name. The raordinary aspect of this war is that it is being ged not by a declaration of the Congress pursuant Article I, Section 8, Clause II of the Constitution, by Presidential fiat. Korea is not a precedent for type of unilateral action, since we fought there ler the thin cover of United Nations sanction. nese and other legal issues are ably developed in lemorandum of Law on “American Policy Vis-à-Vis tnam” just issued by the Lawyers Committee on erican Policy Toward Vietnam, copies of which can obtained from the committee at 38 Park Row, New k, N.Y. 10038.) Never has so large, so dangerous, so costly a war been fought without formal Con- ssional authorization. Clearly the President cannot tinue to wage his war in Vietnam much longer hout asking Congress for a declaration; he has been te explicit that “this is really war.”

Yet a declaration would make it increasingly difficult to restrain the hawks who have been itching to strike at Hanoi and Haiphong, and it would greatly complicate the problem of negotiating a settlement. Before taking such an irreversible step, the President should give renewed thought to the urgent arguments for taking the issues directly to the United Nations. Now that we are an unconcealed belligerent, we are not in a good position to initiate negotiations for a cease-fire or a settlement. For this task we need the services of the sorely tried Secretary-General, who may still be able to arrange the meeting with the North Vietnamese that we would have none of prior to the first Tuesday of November, 1964. By the same token, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee should schedule hearings at the earliest date on the dangers of Presidential wars launched without clear constitutional sanction, without sharply defined or realizable objectives, and, more important, without regard to our obligations under the Charter of the United Nations.

The Paranoid Style

> *The distinguishing thing about the paranoid style is not that its exponents see conspiracies or plots here and there in history, but that they regard a “vast” or “gigantic” conspiracy as the motive force in historical events. History is a conspiracy, set in motion by demonic forces of almost transcendent power. . . . The paranoid spokesman sees the fate of this conspiracy in apocalyptic terms—he traffics in the birth and death of whole worlds, whole political orders, whole systems of human values. He is always manning the barricades of civilization.*

Thus Richard Hofstadter in *The Paranoid Style in American Politics*. Mr. Hofstadter is writing about the feverish visions that haunt the far Right and the far Left on the domestic political scene. But he has also provided an apt description of the “style” of American foreign policy in the post-World-War II period. The *Congressional Record* continues to be studded with speeches in which otherwise rational men denounce the “international Communist conspiracy” in terms that exactly fit Hofstadter's description of “the paranoid style.” The state papers of John Foster Dulles will be found to contain numerous examples of this same style at its blowziest; indeed it has become the language of American diplomacy. The strange alliances we have formed, the billions we have spent on foreign military aid, the dubious methods we have pursued in counterinsurgency and similar endeavors, are but a few of the consequences of overindulgence in this style and the hallucinations from which it springs.

On the domestic scene we have come to reject “the paranoid style” as it is practiced by spokesmen, say, for the John Birch Society, but we are reluctant to concede that the pursuit of American foreign policy could, in any degree, be characterized as paranoid. The excuses usually advanced in the past to explain our indulgence in it have long since lost whatever validity they originally possessed. "The international Communist conspiracy" has now been supplanted by a number of "Communist conspiracies" in some of which Communists conspire against other Communists. Yet we continue to interpret "*the* international Communist conspiracy" in apocalyptic terms and to impute to it transcendent powers; we cannot rid ourselves of the delusion that all revolutions are Communist-inspired, that is, that history is a conspiracy.

The New York Times has suggested that if we were as politically mature as we like to think we are, we would elect to regard the recent Supreme Court 8-to-0 decision, declaring unconstitutional the 1950 statute that individual members of the Communist Party must register, as marking "the end of an era." Logically, we should then proceed to extirpate, in all its manifold forms, the notion that an American citizen does not have the right to be a Communist. The failure to concede this right was what set the stage for the "paranoid style" in American domestic politics which, in turn, has so deeply influenced American foreign policy. Sooner or later, if we are ever to fashion a more realistic and workable policy, the paranoid aspects of the assumptions underlying cold-war diplomacy must be critically examined and rejected; otherwise our spokesmen will continue to live in fear not of "the enemy" but of domestic political blackmail on the Communist issue. Communists are not ten feet tall. Communist power is neither transcendent nor monolithic. Coexistence with the several brands of communism to be found in the world today is not only feasible, it is imperative. We can no more preserve intact the fabric of constitutional liberties while denying the right of a citizen to be a Communist than we can secure world peace while engaged in a global war against "the international Communist conspiracy."

Cambodia Vindicated

The image of Prince Norodom Sihanouk in the American press is that of a capricious, hypersensitive sophisticate who has permitted himself to become a puppet of Chinese power. But from time to time the curtain of "the official line" is raised a notch or two and a different presence emerges. Seymour Topping's fine series of *New York Times* articles in mid-October pointed out that the Prince is genuinely indignant about the incursion of South Vietnamese troops into Cambodia; it was on this issue that he broke relations with the United States. The Prince reported to Topping that there had been 726 border incursions, of which nine were particularly serious, in 1964, as against 476, of which three were serious, during 1965.

Topping went on to say that intelligence reports had failed to sustain the old charge that the Vietcong were using Cambodia as a sanctuary or as a supply route. True, he pointed out that it would take an
thirty times larger than Cambodia's 30,000 troo
police the border effectively and that doubtless
Vietcong had sought refuge from time to tim
Cambodian soil. But his conclusion was clear: "U
States intelligence has not reported any confi
instances of the interception of arms being smu
across the frontier. It is the consensus of We
diplomats and independent observers statione
Cambodia that the country is not a major sanc
or a major route for the delivery of military e
ment and supplies to the Vietcong. This was als
prevailing view among American officials post
Pnompenh before the severance of diplomatic
tions."

The recent release of a hitherto "secret" rep
the International Control Commission in London
strong support to Topping's findings. The IC
vestigated eight instances between May, 1964,
May, 1965, in which Cambodia had charged
tions of its territory by South Vietnamese troop
reported, unanimously, that the eight charges
true. It also found that none of these incursion
been provoked by any action of the Cambodian
ernment. Dated July 15, 1965, and released in
don, the report has attracted little attention i
American press. "No comment" is all that the
Department has had to say about it thus far.
the report proves is that this country has been
ing, advising, equipping, training and financing
Vietnamese incursions against a member state o
United Nations in clear violation of the Chart
the report were generally available here, it might
to reduce by several decibels the self-righteous
of State Department pronouncements and brin
"image" of Sihanouk into a somewhat closer ap
mation with reality.

The Lemmings

Periodically a "task force" or a "study group"
Congressional panel cranks up the old statistica
chine and turns out admonitions and warnings
man's seeming intent to reproduce himself i
crowded, uncomfortable and even starving cond
It was heard once more at the recent White
Conference on Health.

Each night 30 million Americans go to bed hu
each year a quarter million illegitimate babie
born in this country; by the end of the centu
the present birth rate, our population will have
by one-third and, more frightening, the world'
have doubled. The Atlantic seaboard from Bost
the Carolinas will become, in Sen. Ernest Grue
phrase, "a sprawling megalopolis with an a
floor" and the Pacific Coast "a huge motor slum."
where in the world, where the birth rate is even
disastrous, a panicky citizenry can be expected to
to such remedies as in Chile, where in just one
there were 54,000 hospital admissions for com
tions arising from abortions.

bviously somebody needs help. It is probably not ming too much, for example, to suppose that the ter million unmarried women who had children year would have preferred to avoid pregnancy. surely it is no wild assumption to say that mothers se existing brood go to bed hungry, or who eat in ts, would rather not add to the line-up. Ignorance, sometimes poverty—not shiftlessness—are at the of it, as medical-social workers discover again and n.

f the several billion dollars being spent this year he Agency for International Development, report- only $1 million is going for birth-control in- ction. One million dollars. That compares to the million we are spending on foot-and-mouth re- ch. So much for our much-touted concern for a gry and ever hungrier world.

t home we do better, but not much. Officials of anti-poverty program only a few days ago agreed xpand their program for married women to include e living in rural areas. The first grant, a tightwad ,684, goes to York, Pa. Washington is so slow to lle enthusiasm for birth control that last year when ators approached the Department of Health, Edu- on and Welfare for a statement of the extent to ch the federal government is giving money to the es to operate family-planning clinics, they were that HEW didn't keep records of that type. More nt inquiries indicate that that is still HEW's policy. l Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, president of Planned Par- ood Federation, was hardly exaggerating when he l that federal policy and federal programs are not ays the same, pointing out that although Secretary nterior Stewart L. Udall made birth-control devices ilable to reservation Indians five months ago, only out of every fourteen Indians has actually been ught into the program.

hree generations ago there was a federal law inst sending contraceptive information through the il. We have come some distance from that, but the l evidence of progress will be some sign that Presi- t Lyndon Johnson and the Congress have decided at to do about the proposal of the White House ference that up to $75 million (roughly the cost two space shots) be spent to supply all American nen with birth-control instruction and devices, if y want them. But especially they are to be supplied he poor, many of whom literally do not know where babies come from.

oyage to Nowhere

he New York Times has suggested editorially that e first question raised by the ugly *Yarmouth Castle* aster is how long can this country continue to allow afe foreign-flag vessels to risk the lives of hundreds American travelers for an easy tourist dollar."

hat's a good question, and we can answer it. The will probably continue as long as the State Depart- nt and the Department of Commerce persist in oking Congress with the warning that to require foreign-flag cruise ships to upgrade their safety standards would ruin us.

Rep. Edward Garmatz of Maryland, who co-sponsored legislation last session that would have forced the "junkyard flotilla," as one witness called it, to submit to the same safety inspections that American ships must undergo, says that the State Department "raised hell" with him for doing it. And in a letter to the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, an Assistant Secretary of State argued that to insist on safe standards for the foreign-flag cruise ships that carry half a million Americans every year would be "unreasonable discrimination."

As for the Commerce Department, its minions came before that committee and tearfully deplored any such safety upgrading because it might, indeed, put some of the junk ships out of business and thus "have an adverse effect upon the economics of the Caribbean islands." Commerce Department sincerity in this might be more believable if it were not by now well known that its main objective is not to help a few islands in the Caribbean but to gut the U.S. passenger fleet; for months it has been trying to disband our fleet as uneconomical and to give all such business to foreign ships, safe or otherwise.

The role of the travel agent is also important. When the safety legislation was coming up in Congress this year, the AFL-CIO Maritime Committee sent out to 5,000 travel agents a startlingly prophetic four-page leaflet, the front page of which showed a burning ship. Written over the flames was the warning, "Beware Floating Firetraps—Substandard Foreign-Flag Cruise Ships Can Turn Your Holiday into a Holocaust." The leaflet listed some of the more notorious cruise ships—including the *Yarmouth Castle*.

But that argument was not as persuasive as the evidence that in 1964, for example, foreign-flag ships carried 90 per cent of American cruise tourists (with revenues totaling $100 million). The president of the American Society of Travel Agents, Inc., wrote the House committee that his organization "enthusiastically" opposed the safety legislation because it would hurt business.

And so—despite testimony that a dozen of the foreign-flag cruisers are more than thirty years old, despite testimony about cruise ships that carry canvas firehoses riddled with one-inch holes and lifeboats equipped with broken oars mended with string—the safety legislation was allowed to die. This is all regrettable, but reviewing it does not answer the *Times'* question of how long *"can"* this country allow unsafe foreign ships to risk American lives.

It can go on until an old law is reviewed and reinterpreted intelligently. Since 1886, federal law has prohibited any foreign vessel from transporting passengers between ports in the United States, either directly or by way of a foreign port. Lawbreakers would have to pay a $200 fine for each passenger carried. But in 1912 the Attorney General ruled that this law did not apply to foreign ships taking U.S. passengers on a round trip which returns to the same port. That, the Attorney General said, was a voyage to "nowhere."

When that silly ruling is nullified, as all logic demands, then the problem will be done away with in a stroke, and the business of cruising American citizens will have been returned to American ships, inspected by the U.S. Coast Guard under the strongest safety regulations in the world.

Do Animals Have Rights?

Albert Schweitzer preached "reverence for life" and carried it to such an extreme that he is said to have halted a hospital building project because an ant hill was in the way. In the West, such a view will gain few adherents, but equally rare are persons indifferent to brutal treatment of living creatures, especially those sufficiently docile and affectionate to qualify as household pets. Yet one does not need to be an anti-vivisectionist to become disturbed by widespread laboratory mistreatment and, surprisingly, this appears to be more common in the United States, where Park Avenue poodles promenade in boots and fur coats, than in less affluent Britain.

The British have a tight regulatory system. No one is allowed to experiment on animals without a Home Office license, which is issued only after close investigation of the applicant's professional qualifications and sense of responsibility. Thereafter the work is subject to constant Home Office inspection. Infringement of the regulations may lead not only to withdrawal of license but to prosecution.

In America, a distressing phase of the problem is procurement of animals for experimentation. According to an article by Patrick Young in the October 11 *National Observer*, serious abuses occur in some areas of this sizable industry. Researchers at medical facilities receiving federal funds used more than
1,750,000 dogs and 500,000 cats in 1964, at an
mated cost of between $30 million and $50 mil
Rep. Joseph Resnick (D., N.Y.) says that "overwh
ing evidence" shows a substantial percentage of t
cats and dogs to have been family pets which had
stolen from their homes. The Humane Society of
United States, a national association of local hun
societies, estimates the number of dogs stolen ann
at 1 million, the great majority for medical rese

Stealing dogs is an occupation. Some "dogna
bring a bitch in heat into a suitable neighborhood
at night and pick up the male dogs that come f
Often the "dognapers" wear uniforms and imperso
dog catchers. Many humane society employees
dogs to laboratory suppliers without giving the ow
a chance to retrieve them. Children's pets disappe
this way. At dog auctions, the animals are kep
filthy, overcrowded quarters and sold by weight.
auctioneer in Pennsylvania grossed about $750
last year, buying and selling 500 dogs a week,
puppies bringing as little as 10c apiece.

In the first session of the 89th Congress Sen. Jo
Clark (D., Pa.) and Representative Resnick introd
bills aimed at this situation. These and some par
bills would regulate interstate commerce in ani
used in research by requiring licensing of dealers
empowering the Secretary of Agriculture to set st
ards for humane treatment. Medical researchers
peared to oppose the bills on the ground that
might open the way for anti-vivisectionist obstruc
One would suppose that the effect should be the
posite. The board of directors of the American A
ciation for the Advancement of Science said as m
when it passed a resolution last March reaffirming
association's stand for humane treatment of labora
animals, and in effect calling for federal legisla
to curb abuses.

De Gaulle

America's Elder Statesman . . . Alexander Wer

Paris

It was a piece of good showmanship. France had generally assumed that de Gaulle, though 75 on November 21, would run for President in the December 5 election; but he kept the country waiting for a definite yes, and in the last few days before his TV announcement of November 4 even let it be suspected that he might *not* run. It had been announced a few days earlier that the technicians and cameramen who were to shoot the film at 6 P.M. would remain incommunicado at the Elysée Palace until after the 8 o'clock announcement. This suggested that de Gaulle planned a dramatic surprise, and his yes, when it finally came, produced a universal sigh of relief.

Not that the French people as a whole had been uncritical of de Gaulle. But they foresaw a long period of political unrest and confusion if he did not stand, since his departure would leave Prime Minister
Pompidou (a Gaullist, but wit
de Gaulle's glamour and author
the stuffy ex-Vichyite politician
Pinay; M. Mitterrand, the c
date of an incoherent "Left,"
the loud-mouthed, Goldwaterish
near-Fascist Tixier-Vignancour
the probable competitors for
presidency. A change before
long is inevitable, but the pros
unnerves the French and they w
like to put it off, at least for a t
For one thing, de Gaulle has
yet solved the problem of the "
cession." His halfhearted att
to groom Pompidou as the dau
has failed, and it is already rum

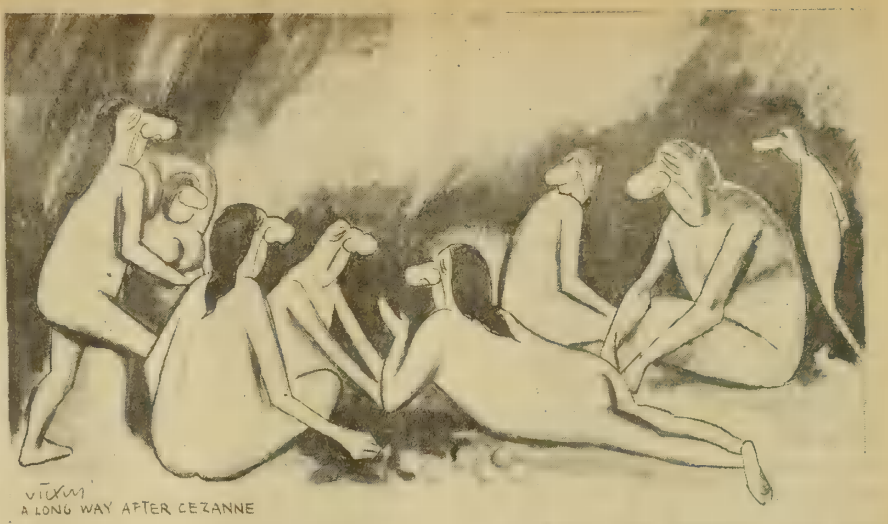
Alexander Werth, The Nation's *European correspondent, is the author most recently of* De Gaulle: A Political Biography, *which has been published in England and will be brought out here by Simon & Schuster.*

after the election he will start ing up a new successor who d have a better chance than 'rime Minister of perpetuating Gaullist republic. The people inely dread a return to any- ; like the destructive instability e Fourth Republic.

In his November 4 broadcast, aulle harped chiefly on the dark ɔect if he were not re-elected: ountry, "delivered to the quar- g parties," would "fall back into ormer state of helplessness"; France, now independent of ign pressures," would be sub- d to them once again. "The republic would collapse and ce—this time with no one com- to her rescue—would fall into nfusion worse even than what had known in the past."

short, France would have to se between de Gaulle and chaos. was perhaps the most arro- statement that even de Gaulle ever made, but it was designed psychological jolt and probably uced just the effect he intended. does not mean that the speech yed a good press; the reaction been hostile. *Le Monde* called he most blatant call yet for a ight plebiscite," and many other ers commented on the extra- nary contempt de Gaulle showed his own ministers by suggesting only he could prevent the col- e of the new (i.e., Fifth) Re- lic. But perhaps this criticism remature: de Gaulle will cer- ly speak two or three times more re December 5, and may either n, or immediately after the vote, icate what constitutional meas- s he has in mind for perpetua- the regime in the event of his rement or death. My guess is t he will wait until after the tion to propose a reform where- the prime minister would (like American Vice President) take r in such an emergency.

nother serious criticism of de lle's broadcast was that he sted of the prosperity France experienced under the Fifth ublic, and of the immense prog- s made in social reforms, housing education. In reality, the prog- s has been less marked in the last en years than during the last or seven years of the Fourth ublic. Since 1963, deflationary dencies have had a regressive effect. Economic growth has been uneven, the position of the underprivileged majority (the working class and peasantry) lagging behind that of the privileged minority. Real wages have risen much more slowly in France than in, for instance, Western Germany, Belgium, Holland or Italy.


VICKY
A LONG WAY AFTER CEZANNE

Vicky, New Statesman: Ben Roth

Les Grandes Européenes, Another Impressionist Masterpiece on the International Market

Yet, despite these criticisms, it is generally believed that de Gaulle will be re-elected; the only question is, by how many votes? Will he get an absolute majority in the first round, or will he suffer the "indignity" of having to stand in the second round against the most successful of the other candidates? That a second round is not out of the question is suggested by the semi-official announcement that de Gaulle "probably" will run in the second round, if there must be one.

The voting, one may be sure, will be marked by a certain emotionalism, and public-opinion polls, for what they are worth, suggest that the women's vote (54 per cent of the total) is more wholeheartedly "Gaullist" than the men's. Hence the eagerness with which de Gaulle's government hastened to show interest in birth control, after M. Mitterrand, the rival "Left" candidate, advocated the repeal of a 1920 law that banned birth-control propaganda and services. But perhaps too much has been made of this in the foreign press. What is more important is the sentimental appeal de Gaulle continues to exert on French national sentiment. For the older generations he remains the hero of World War II; for younger people he is still the man who "saved France from civil war" in 1958, and who put an end to the futile seven-year war in Algeria. There are no regrets about Algeria, except of course among the traditional extreme Right, which includes the greater part of the several hundred thousand French-Algerian repatriates, most of whom will support Tixier-Vignancour. The fact that de Gaulle has made France "talked about" in the world, and admired by the Third World—above all, that he "stands up to the Americans" and is against the war in Vietnam—flatters national vanity and recommends him even to many people who normally vote for the Left. The attack upon de Gaulle by the State Department and a large part of the American press just as the election campaign was about to start will win him a million votes or more! To be *persona non grata* in Washington is no liability in French politics. Even Pierre Mendès-France, who has come out against de Gaulle and in support of Mitterrand, admits that the war in Vietnam makes opposition to de Gaulle very much more difficult. The French believe his assertion (off the record, it is true) that the biggest threat to world peace comes today from the power-drunk United States.

Before dealing with the complexities of de Gaulle's foreign policy, here is a brief look at his five presidential rivals. On the extreme Right is Tixier-Vignancour who, for all his "liberal," "European" and "pro-

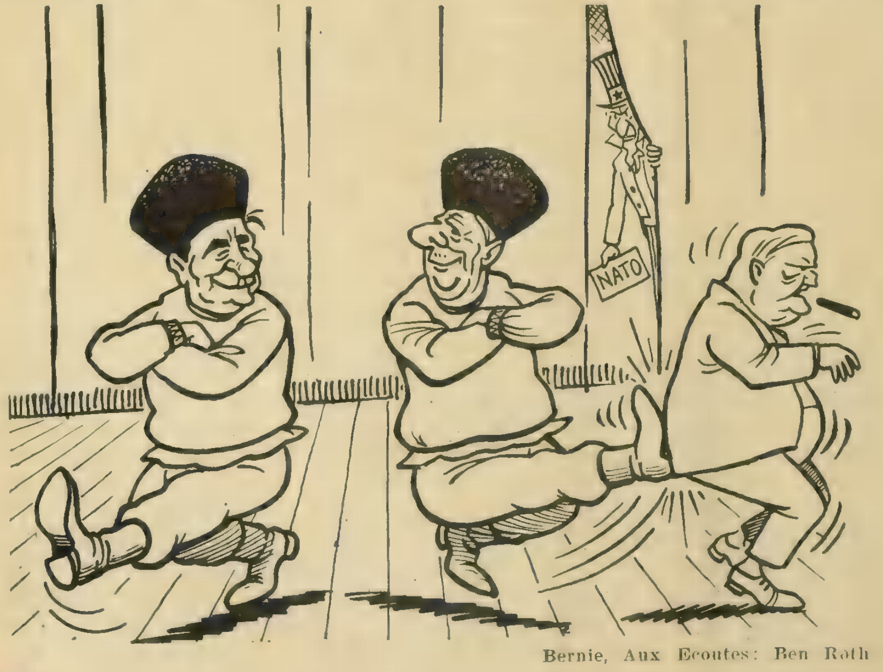
American" airs, is a typical near Fascist, supported by the most reactionary Vichyite, Poujadist and ex-colonialist elements in France. He provides the best evidence that de Gaulle is not a man of the Right, still less of the extreme Right. In home policy, with his Poincaré-like insistence on financial orthodoxy, de Gaulle is no doubt conservative, but in foreign affairs, he is, as Jean Lacouture remarked in a recent book, "more left-wing than the Popular Front ever dared to be." Tixier-Vignancour, who has considerable funds for his campaign, may get as many as 3 or 4 million votes out of a total of 26 million. Three other candidates—M. Antier, an ultraconservative who claims to represent peasant interests, M. Lecanuet, the young Catholic MRP candidate (most of whose following will vote for de Gaulle in the end) and an obscure right-wing Senator, M. Marcilhacy, sponsored by a certain "McCarthyite" fringe—may be written off as unimportant. There remains François Mitterrand, the candidate of the "United Left." He is supported —in every case, somewhat half-heartedly—by the Radicals (a Right, rather than a Left party), by the half-dead Socialist Party, whose president still is the lamentable Guy Mollet, the hero of Suez and the man who, unlike de Gaulle, proved incapable of standing up to the army and the Algiers Fascists, and by the Communists! Mitterrand's principal assets—and his posters make the most of them—are that he is young and handsome. Nothing would please him better, he said at a press conference, than to become France's Kennedy!

But good looks are not enough. M. Mitterrand's great liability is to have been a Fourth Republic politician which, as *Le Monde* has said, is "the shirt of Nessus" for any public man in France today. More important, his supporters are such a mixed bunch that he has to confine himself to generalities and platitudes; he must sound "European" and "Atlantic" to please the Radicals and Socialists, but not too explicitly so lest he annoy the Communists, without whose 5 million votes he has little chance of giving de Gaulle any sort of run. So while saying that he is "Atlantic," he has to add that he is also for "coexistence," and even for a "community comprising all the countries of our continent" —almost a paraphrase of de Gaulle's "Atlantic-to-Urals" Europe! The rest of his program is a job lot of generalities about greater social justice, educational reforms, liberalization of the Republic (which would avoid both the "anarchy" of the Fourth and the authoritarianism of the Fifth), and so on.

His most concrete proposal concerns the abolition of the *force de frappe*, the French nuclear deterrent, and the "categorical reconversion" of France's atomic industry to peaceful uses. Apart from this highly controversial issue (and it is hard to say what exactly the French feel about their national deterrent), his policy statement was dismi
by M. Depreux, the leader of
small PSU, the independent (
Mollet) Socialist Party, as "a
diocre and unrealistic" attem
be all things to all men: it is,
Depreux, the kind of program
heads of uneasy coalition go
ments used to throw together
der the Fourth Republic, in ord
scrape through parliament
narrow majority. Similarly, M.
Marie Domenach, editor of the
gressive Catholic *Esprit*, while
ing that he still wasn't sure
he would vote, stressed that
whole concept of "Left" and "R
had long been hopelessly conf
in France. A large part of the "
had been for Munich; it w
"Left" premier, Mollet, who had
barked on the Suez adventure,
a "Left" minister, Lacoste, who
supported the colonialist die-
in Algeria. Furthermore, ce
men of the "Left" had been wi
to follow the United States bli
—even endorsing the war in
nam—in the name of "Europe"
"Atlantic solidarity." What D
nach implied was that a Mollet
ported Mitterrand should no
trusted merely because he wo
"Left" label. Had not the same
let tried to make a deal with
reactionary Pinay, and were no
Socialists, here and there, guil
a cheap Poujade-like demagog
dealing with the shopkeeper c

The big question is how
the Communists will support M
rand. It was convenient for
not to run a candidate of their
against the formidable de G
and instead to give official and
conditional" support to a cand
of "the entire Left." De Ga
countermove was, before ann
ing his candidacy, to send Fo
Minister Couve de Murville to
cow. Not only were the talks
cordial than they had been d
Andrei Gromyko's Paris visit
May, but they were also mor
plicit on a number of proble
particularly on the oppositio
both countries to nuclear proli
tion, a polite way of saying that
did not want Germany to
atomic weapons in any shap
form.

It is also clear that the Rus
are far from hostile to de Ga
grand design of an all-Europea
tlement of the German problem.



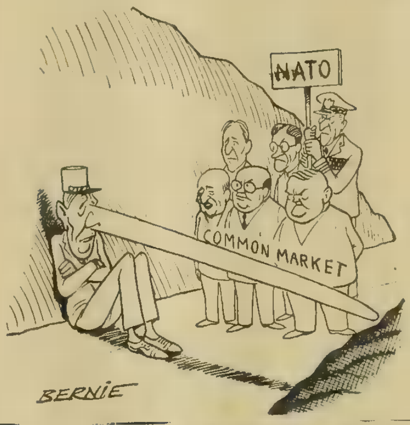
Bernie, Aux Ecoutes: Ben Roth

cordiality shown Couve de ville suggested that if de Gaulle to Moscow he would be given ımphal reception. After the an- ıcement of November 4, a Tass nuniqué stated that not only lists but many others, im- ;ed by the President's "realistic" gn policy, would vote for him. seemed a clear hint to the ch Communists not to bother t Mitterrand! Ex-Ambassador gradov reportedly told Couve lurville that he hoped de Gaulle d be elected. The Communist s here is in a quandary; it did quote Vinogradov, but its "cam- n" for Mitterrand is less than ıearted. At the Soviet Embassy ıs told that they "didn't know" her Vinogradov had made that ment—not exactly a flat denial he had.

De Gaulle's *rapprochement* Russia should be taken seri- y. It is not only an election trick ugh it is that, too), and it is h recording that just about the of the Couve de Murville visit *londe* published an article called ere is only One Super-Power in World Today"—meaning, of se, the United States. Not only Russia been outstripped in the aments race; it had also "lost" ıa and half lost its other allies , economically, was having se- s difficulties. It seemed unable, climatic, geographical and other ons, to feed itself adequately. modernization of Russia's in- tries, dependent to a consider- extent on imported equipment, being delayed because about $1 on a year (a high proportion of available hard currency) was ıg to buy food abroad.

ll this suggests that de Gaulle, ed by the "boundless power" of United States, is tentatively ing a new balance-of-power ıe. He turns the more to this be- se there are growing signs that many, with American encourage- ıt, has begun to rebel against the opean *status quo*. As D. S. yansky said in his Kremlin ad- ss of November 6: "Right now, de the Atlantic bloc, there is be- ning to take shape something a bilateral military alliance be- en the United States and the leral Republic."

n de Gaulle's view, Russian ag- ssion or hegemony is no longer a threat, but he sees a growing danger of American hegemony, combined with a trigger-happy Pentagon. After his abortive attempt in 1962 to join with Adenauer in a sort of Franco-German directorate over Western Europe, de Gaulle now feels that Russia is the only country as determined as France to oppose an American-encouraged West German revisionism. There is still no question of France's recognizing East Germany; nor, it seems, has there been talk of reviving the 1944 Franco-Soviet mutual assistance pact. Nevertheless, these latest moves contain a serious warning to the United States not to supply West Germany with nuclear arms, nor to encourage its territorial ambitions.



Aux Ecoutes: Ben Roth

From his early childhood de Gaulle was reared in the *alliance franco-russe* tradition. In 1944 he urged upon Stalin (with little effect) that only "the two great continental countries"—Russia and France—could keep Germany in order. Today he seems to be returning to this old axiom. He does not oppose German "revisionism" in the long run, but his concept of an Atlantic-to-Urals Europe implies a gradual "Europeanization" of the Soviet bloc (hastened by the Russia-China split), and a final settlement of the German problem through an agreement among all the European countries—with little if any American participation, still less "dictation." For Western Europe, and especially France, to become firmly built into the American bloc would mean in the Gaullist view the isolation of the Soviet Union, an increased American aggressiveness and a greater danger of war. The Russians would no doubt much prefer a friendly coexistence with the United States to even the most beautiful alliance with France, but Vietnam makes this impossible. It is curious that in drafting the Franco-Soviet communiqué, the Russians should have pressed for the insertion of the word "coexistence," and that the French should have rejected it.

De Gaulle also fears that if America gets tough with Russia over Germany, Russia may be driven into the arms of China, and his great dream of a "Europeanized" Russia would vanish. (He always refers to "Russia," never to the "Soviet Union," implying thereby that what matters is the *nation*, not the *ideology*—Soviet messianism being today as dead as the dodo.)

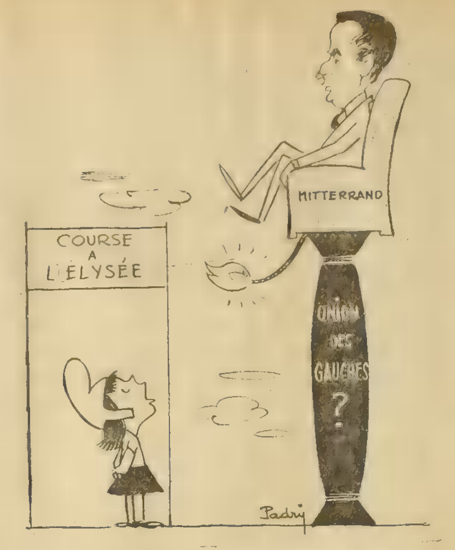
And what of Europe, the Common Market and NATO? As Maurice Duverger wrote in *Le Monde* on November 8:

> *No doubt Gaullist diplomacy is often clumsy in its methods. . . . But does not de Gaulle still raise some fundamental problems which neither the United States nor certain other Western powers want to recognize? Washington thinks de Gaulle's nationalism is evil in itself, because it hampers the progress of great integrated areas like the European and Atlantic Communities. . . . But there is a vast difference between the nationalism of a powerful state, which breeds only domination, colonialism and imperialism, and the nationalism of a weak state like France, where it expresses a kind of resistance to becoming a satellite. . . . The Atlantic Community, embracing several smaller countries grouped round a giant, can only be a pseudo-community camouflaging an American Empire. When Kennedy said he preferred "partnership" to "leadership," he used a noble phrase, but it meant little in practice. . . . All vitally important decisions on NATO will ultimately be taken by the American President.*

In Duverger's view, de Gaulle knows well enough that, whatever he does, France will continue to be protected by the American atomic "umbrella," for the United States simply cannot afford to lose any part of Western Europe and, above all, France, to the Russians. Since the end of the Algerian War, France has had greater diplomatic freedom than ever before. Still and all, there is this fearful contradiction in Gaullist policy; the more he tries to become independent of the United States, and the more energetically he tries to detach the other members of the Common Market from American influence, the more do they tend to gang up with the giant —Germany, in particular, hoping thereby to reap enormous political dividends. Hence de Gaulle's perhaps rather desperate attempt to redress the balance by sending Couve to Moscow, by threatening to get out of NATO as soon as possible, and by firmly opposing the war in Vietnam—almost alone among America's allies. For, without much liking it, he still remains an ally.

No doubt, many people in France are vividly aware of the danger that the Common Market will break up, and that a new kind of community, based on Washington, Bonn and perhaps London, will emerge. Would France then be left out in the cold, until such a day as de Gaulle disappeared, after which it would submit to American leadership? The trouble with the Common Market is that, whereas de Gaulle excluded Britain because he thought it to be America's Trojan horse, he has since discovered that the real Trojan horse is Western Germany —a horse, moreover, with large and dangerous territorial appetites.

Is it still possible to rescue the Common Market of the Six, with at least a semblance of independence from the United States, and with at least a possibility that Britain would join it, partly to outweigh Germany's increasingly strong position? De Gaulle does not want to commit himself for the present. His "nationalism" (in the better sense of the word, as defined by Duverger) is constantly on guard against the "satellization" of France; hence, in large part, the widespread support he can expect in the country. He has also convinced himself that by taking such an "anti-American" line (even to the point of reviving something of the old *alliance franco-russe*) he creates doubts in Washington about "Europe's" loyalty, and thus discourages the wilder me the Pentagon and the State Dej ment, who may imagine that "German problem" can be solve shock tactics.



Aux Ecoutes: Ben Roth

"You Think You're Going Into Space With That?"

Can the Gaullist policy suc in the long run? Can the *status* be preserved until such time as Germans are ready to negotia settlement "among Europeans, de Gaulle has proposed? It lo on the contrary, as though, ex rated by American promises th will soon have access to nuc weapons, Germany is becomin creasingly aggressive and French. It seems that today t are only two countries in the w —France and Russia (plus Rus East European allies)—which the German menace desper seriously. The potential trage that they may be absolutely rig do so.

By attacking him, the State partment has helped de Gaul re-election, but the implicatior its attack are much, much serious. And many American pers are quite wrong when distinguish between that hor de Gaulle and the good French ple. If de Gaulle is Don Qui then the French have a Qui side to them, too. Or does W ington hope that, being also ' istic," France will before very become the Vichy of America? perhaps Tixier-Vignancour as I dent? A sort of French Trujill

Airplanes Abroad

Crashes and Consequences . . . Karl M. Ruppent

Airline crashes make all-too-familiar headlines in the United States, but when such tragedy strikes in this country the ensuing course of action is reasonably clear and the terms of compensation are usually adequate. Because of the overriding interest in safety, an investigation is immediately called. Skilled investigators from the Civil Aeronautics Board arrive quickly on the scene. Roping off the wreckage, they examine it in minute detail. They seek to recover the instruments and to determine their readings at the time of impact. They interview crew, observers and passengers; they listen to recordings of radio conversations. Taking into account all ascertainable facts, they attempt to reconstruct the incident.

These men have been able to unravel some amazingly complex wrecks. They can usually plot the angle of a plane's impact upon a hill. They can often determine the precise moment that fire occurred, and why it broke out. If an accident happens in the air, they often ascertain the speed of plane, its altitude and its dire of flight. With other data, thi vestigation can provide the c of action which is imperative repetition is to be prevented.

So strong is the stress on s in these investigations that ce legal immunities are provided. many witnesses would be inhi in their testimony at formal ings if they feared that their v might later be used against in a civil action, much of thei timony is privileged. The law ly states in this situation tha

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Karl M. Ruppenthal, in addition to being an attorney, has been an airline pilot for some twenty years. He is director of the Transportation Management Program at Stanford University.

e of safety is far more impor- than a suit for damages.

or are there misunderstand- about jurisdiction. The dubious ment over States' rights was to rest when the federal gov- ient pre-empted the field of air sportation. While state and lo- authorities may cooperate with investigation, the CAB is clear- charge. No piece of the wreck- may be moved until the investi- rs on the scene are satisfied it has provided all the useful rmation that can be gleaned.

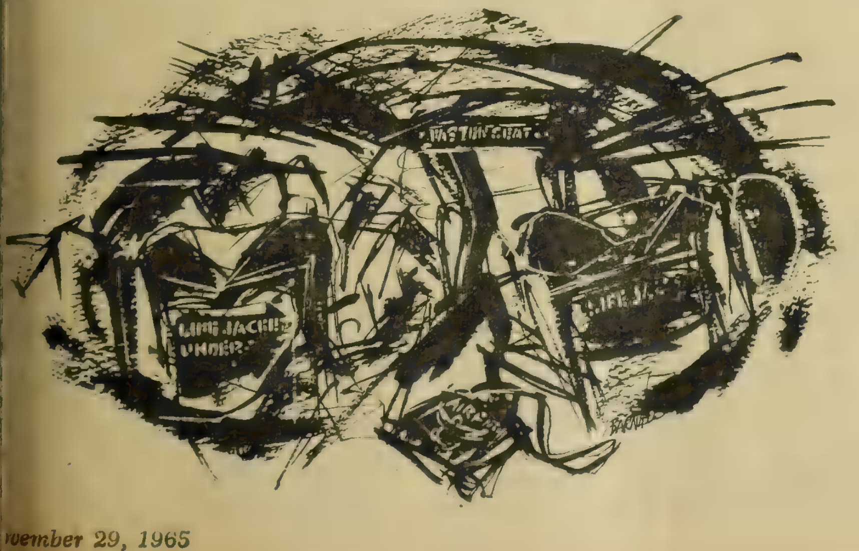
Drawings by Barnell

But in Europe this is not so, ite the fact that an amazing ee of cooperation has been eved by the various nations se planes circle the world.

rough the efforts of the Inter- nal Civil Aviation Organization O), it has been possible to dardize navigation equipment ughout the Western world. Thus lot making an instrument ap- ch in Paris, Pernambuco or ia is able to use standard pro- ires and the instruments with ch his plane is equipped. The orne nations have even agreed n a universal language (Eng-) and have composed stubborn erences regarding feet and ers, inches of mercury and bars, statute and nautical miles. all these accomplishments are he area of technical standardi- on; in other areas standardiza- has not gone far enough.

Vhen an airplane crashes in Eu- e, as one did not long ago at ne's Fumicino airport, a trained estigator from the CAB does not e charge. Indeed, the first offi- who was immediately concerned was not an official of the Italian Government, nor even of the city of Rome. Fumicino is located in a small municipality, and the local equivalent of the justice of the peace is the official in command. Since a death has occurred, it is his duty, under an ancient law, to discover and apprehend the culprit, and to accomplish that end he is vested with full authority to impound chariots, commandeer horses and interrogate men.

Even highly skilled investigators equipped with the most ingenious devices may have difficulty in discovering what flaws or errors caused an accident of this kind. Without a cadre of specialists, no investigation worth the name can be held. Of course, technicians from the nation's aviation department will eventually arrive on the scene, and in the usual course of events, they will invite full participation from our CAB. But the inevitable delay confuses evidence and clouds the memories of survivors. This delay will occur—whether the accident be in Italy or in almost any other country of the world—because the legal system has not kept pace with technology.



The next of kin of those killed in air accidents abroad are in for another shock. When a plane crash occurs in this country, the bereaved relations may receive a substantial indemnity. Following the system of the common law developed in England, every transportation company, whether air line, railroad or bus, is in a sense the insurer of its passengers. Since there is little that a passenger can do to prevent an accident, the law charges the carrier with providing him a safe journey, and if an accident occurs, the law presumes that the carrier is at fault. There is no need to prove negligence; indeed, there is seldom need to prove more than that the accident actually happened. *Res ipsa loquitur*, in legal parlance, "the transaction speaks for itself." The burden is on the carrier to prove that the event was beyond its control.

Sizable judgments for wrongful death are sometimes awarded. Here again the law relies heavily on its English underpinnings. A jury may award more for the death of a prominent man, and for a breadwinner, than for a little-known man or an unemployed member of the family. In theory, the size of the judgment reflects the earning capacity of the deceased and his life expectancy.

In some parts of the country juries are especially generous. If an accident occurs in California, the probabilities of large indemnities are much greater than they are in states where life is presumably held less dear. It would not be uncommon in the Golden State for the jury to award $100,000 to the bereaved.

But your life is far less valuable in Europe—$8,290 to be exact. As a passenger flying from New York to San Francisco, your life may well be worth half a million, but should you be so improvident as to board a flight that terminates, originates or flies through another country, then the bargain-basement price applies. This deflation is the result of a treaty negotiated by some ninety nations in Warsaw in 1929. Troubled by the possibility that large judgments might cripple the then infant air lines, signatories at the Warsaw Convention agreed to this standard $8,290. The convention became applicable to American international carriers when the United States Government ratified it in 1935. By this agreement, potential conflicts in the common law, Roman law, and various other legal systems of the world were neatly resolved. Not until 1955, in the Hague Protocol, was the standard indemnity raised to $16,300. But even this niggardly amount does not apply to all carriers, since the United States has not ratified that pact.

Unsuccessful in its efforts to persuade the various air lines of the world to agree upon more realistic limits, the State Department has now given the required six-month notice of its intention to abrogate the Warsaw Convention. Once this action has been taken, the CAB could then require the U.S. carriers to provide free insurance for all their passengers. But apparently in a conciliatory mood, the State Department announced that it would be receptive to a renegotiation of the Warsaw Convention, increasing the standard indemnity first to $75,000, then later to $100,000 per passenger.

Reluctant to expose themselves to payments of this size, the air lines that are members of the Int national Air Transport Associati have belatedly voted to raise the demnity to $50,000—but only those member air lines that oper to and from the United States. the same time, the IATA agreed *permit* air lines operating in oth parts of the world to increase th indemnity in like amount.

If the State Department accep this compromise, as it may, the would still be tremendous variatio in the value placed on death by crash. The life of a successful bu nessman, flying on vacation to E rope, Mexico or Bermuda, would worth only $50,000. And should suffer a fatal air accident in so of the less well-traveled parts the world, his heirs would coll $8,290—a sum negotiated in Pola when a laborer there earned but a day and bread was 5c a loaf.

Conscience of an Art Colony

PREJUDICE BY THE SEA . . . . . .

Frank Potte

Rockport, Mass.

This is my story. I am the Episcopal clergyman who "produced the show," the symposium called Anatomy of Prejudice. At the moment of writing I am 39 and quite nicely hidden by obscurity as a parish priest in Rockport, Mass., a town of 5,297 (the figure triples in the summer when visitors come to smell the sea and savor the quaintness). In Rockport, not much ever happens from the point of view of a minister viewing "his" world, unless he decides to make something happen. My life here has, however, not been serene, possibly because of my peculiar notion that people should try to live in the century in which they find themselves.

When I first came to Rockport in August of 1963, I looked around and saw a nice, respectable, lily-white town. Not a Negro in sight. Now there is one—thank God for his bravery and that of the landlord who accepted him. I noticed a few Jewish people, but somehow they didn't seem to figure, psychically, in the make-up of the town. Quite well-to-do, ran my quick observation, and apt to go elsewhere when the summer season ended. I saw the members of my parish, of whom some 200 contribute to the upkeep of the ecclesiastical institution. But mostly, remembering an old adage that the church exists for the benefit of those outside itself, I looked around and saw at least 100 art galleries nestled prettily along the narrow streets and under the stately elms. Aha, said I, I am in the midst of a thriving art colony, and this is the world that our church must meet and embrace and learn to love.

To be a minister in an art colony can be a dismaying prospect when the last art museum you attended was twenty years ago at the command of a college professor. Yet there was an obvious appeal, too. In the religious vocation we strive to become artistlike as we plan and conduct services, seeking to express what is ultimately true about man as he confronts what he considers divine. Perhaps, then, the artist and the churchman are more like-minded than would be indicated on the surface. Also, I had my own preconceived stereotype of the a ist as a sensitive, giving soul, acu ly responsive to the ills and nee of mankind, albeit not much infl enced by Ben Franklin's maxi for prudent living. All in all, it w a noble challenge, worthy of t best efforts of St. Mary's parish broaden and extend itself.

So what to do. In August of 19 we put on what we called A Ce bration of Religion and the Arts attempting to proclaim to all co ers that here is a marriage fe where we can joyously drink a to to our joint responsibility to expr what is beautiful, true and go The format was designed for ma mum impact—an exhibition of c temporary art, five evening even and five afternoon discussion riods, all compressed into one week. Our publicity stated—" believe that this Celebration n provide a stimulus to the ARTIST his own life work, afford CHURCHGOER a deepened unc standing of his own faith, and h the COMMUNITY at large to app ciate the vital relationship betw religion and the arts."

The art exhibition, effectiv hung in the parish hall, was

Dr. Frank Potter was graduated from Harvard in 1947 and from Episcopal Theological School in 1960. In the years between he was a Massachusetts businessman.

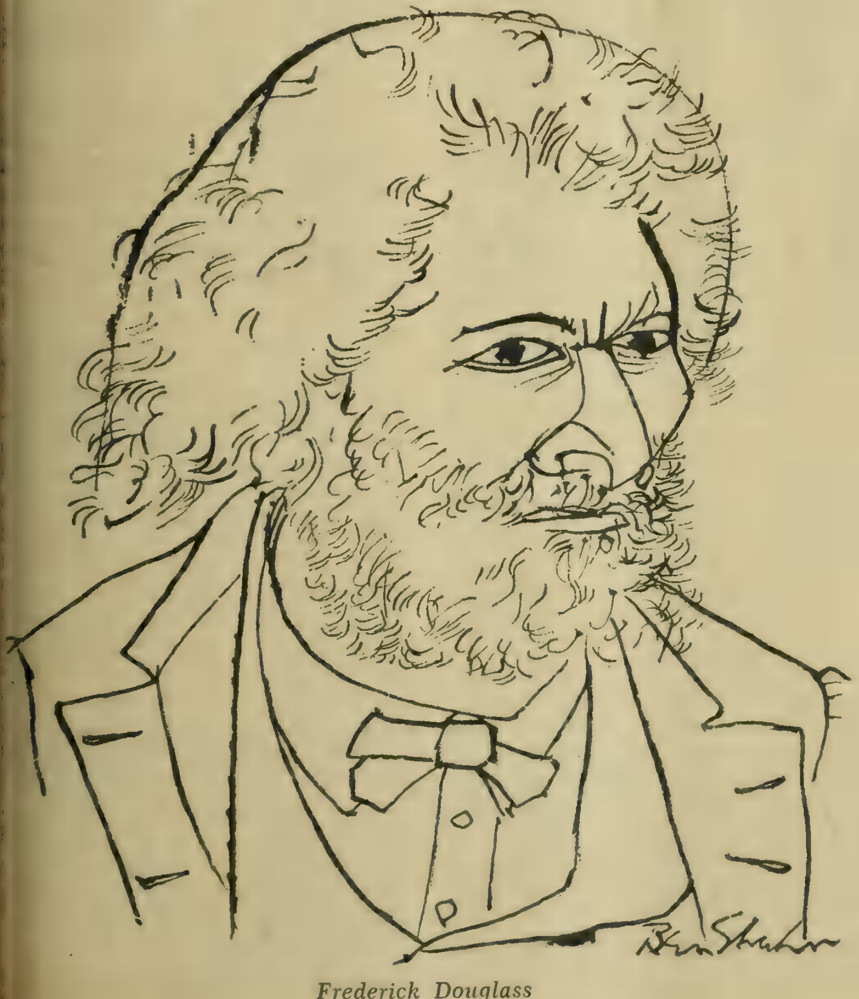
l attraction for the hundreds overflowed our limited facili- all week long. An artist and art :ner were hired to assure a pro- ional quality in the selection of ıtings and sculptures. There was :heme in the work shown; it was ply a collection of sixty works : asked the viewer to ponder the stion, "What is religious art?" A ement by the expatriate Ameri- artist William Congdon: "The les of Cézanne are more religious n the madonnas of Raphael," ved an effective discussion start- Traditionalists and puritans nd plenty to cluck about, their nay being particularly aimed at ıl Zelanski's abstract painting itled "Nailhead Loves the Whole nn World."

)ur evening events featured the n of Harvard Divinity School, horal group from Boston, travel- repertory players from Cali- nia, a panel of artists discussing ir life commitment, and worship h music in modern idiom. When vas all over, we felt justified in rejoicing. Financial costs were covered, and a nice little controversy, mostly about the church's sponsorship of modern art, enlivened the letters column of the local newspaper. I cherished the observation of a young Lutheran minister that we seemed to have captured the same spirit of Pope John-inspired "Aggorniamento" that he had observed at a memorial service for Medgar Evers in New York a week earlier. Yes, I remember thinking at the time, this is about as close to the civil rights movement as we can get, here in Rockport. That was in the summer of 1964.

As the winter of 1964-65 made its usual slow and tortuous way toward spring, people began to ask: "What are you going to do this summer?" I felt confident that we could "do it again" on a bigger and broader scale. In my enthusiasm for the future I conveniently forgot the bad omen of an anticlimactic ending to the Celebration of Religion and the Arts. To mark its happy conclusion, my wife and I had invited the entire active list of the Rockport Art Association—about 200 people with local galleries—to an "open house" at the church rectory. This was the group whose existence had stimulated my dream of a marriage of religion and the arts in the first instance, and not a single one of them came around to share our proffered hospitality. Perhaps it is just as well that I was too exhausted by that time to care about reading the telltale signs. The Anatomy of Prejudice might not have taken place in 1965.

The spark for that venture was struck one morning in early April, when a woman burst breathlessly into my office, handing me a book by Prof. Gordon Allport, *The Nature of Prejudice*, and saying: "Yes, there is something we can do here in the North, here in Rockport. Why not build this year's religion and arts program around the theme of prejudice?" Why not! The speaker, a devout Roman Catholic, had lived all her life in the world of the arts, with twenty years' experience as curator in one of the nation's leading art galleries. At the time she was employed part time by a brand new Rockport attempt at enriching the life of the town—The Land's End Cultural Center. I was a board member much interested in the welfare of this struggling enterprise and I knew from experience that I had to have the expert knowledge of art which my visitor was volunteering to provide. A deal was made. In August, 1965, a week-long symposium in religion and the arts would be called The Anatomy of Prejudice and would be jointly sponsored by St. Mary's Church and the Land's End Cultural Center.

Without foreseeing it at the time, I was asking for additional trouble by linking our church with the cultural center. In some quarters of small-town America, "culture" is a suspect word. No matter that "cultural center" has become the generic term for programs now backed with huge financial resources by our federal government. There is a feeling among the natives that culture may



Frederick Douglass

The portrait of Frederick Douglass is one of nine prints on civil rights and related subjects by Ben Shahn that will be published shortly as a portfolio by the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

be just another way of softening up the landscape for the advent of communism. Perhaps it didn't help that the backbone of the Land's End group included several fine people of Jewish background. Slowly, the stage was being set for antagonism, in the guise of apathy.

Plans went ahead rapidly to borrow art works and secure the services of speakers and musicians, dancers and clergymen, newspaper men and civil rights leaders, for the August event. In retrospect, I suppose I was too much engrossed in the work of preparation to pay attention to the rising tide of negative local reaction. In the spring the governing body of our church was considering major repairs to the church-owned house in which my family lives. A rumor spread around town that the Episcopal Church was spending all that money to house a bunch of "niggers" on the third floor. There could have been substance to this rumor. In June, our Cape Ann Council for Civil Rights played host to a busload of high school boys and girls from Selma, Ala., in our various homes. In early July, we had a Brazilian girl staying with us on an International Fellowship program, and later in the month another group of Negro youngsters, members of Roxbury's Blue Hill Freedom Choir, came to stay and sing and also to dance with us in the parish room of St. Mary's. I'll never forget the sight of the Rockport high school boy on the night of the dance as we awaited the arrival of the bus from Roxbury. Seeing the poster proclaiming "Dance Tonight" on the door of the church, and sensing the air of anticipation, this lad ran home at top speed to change clothes and apply comb to his Beatle mop. Then back to the church at top speed just as the bus rolled in. Eyes popping and face reddening, he turned to his buddy with voice stricken: "Geezus, they're coons!"

August arrived. A few local artist friends helped to hang the exhibition of some eighty works on the theme of prejudice, filling both our parish room and the walls of the former Coast Guard station, now the cultural center and a lovely spot fronting the Atlantic Ocean. George Collins, religious editor of the Boston *Globe*, began a feature story with this quotation:

> *"The only way to bring light into a mass of darkness is to open it up. It will never penetrate from the inside."*
>
> *This philosophic comment on prejudice came this week from Rockport artist Joseph Jeswald as he described his painting, "The Bristling Mass," which has been loaned by the Addison Gallery at Andover for the unique week-long arts program which opens in Rockport on Sunday.*
>
> *Jeswald's painting portrays in dark colors a massive phalanx of people with spears rising above them. At one side of the painting, light flows up to the mass, but is unable to penetrate.*
>
> *"Prejudice is like this in groups of humans," Jeswald said. "Unless man can be exposed to prejudice in all its forms, little change will take place in our society. Enlightenment cannot be forced on mankind, knowledge of truth must come from inside."*

In the weeks preceding the symposium I was coming to feel, increasingly, that the bristling mass depicted by Jeswald in his painting, was not too inaccurate a description of the reaction of the majority of my parishioners. Only a handful showed genuine enthusiasm, and it proved very difficult to find enough volunteers to serve as hosts at the art exhibition and events. Yet I was heartened by memories of the previous year's success, and went right ahead, committing our venture to a budget of $3,000—quite a sum for a small church, whose membership could not be expected to contribute more than $500. How could I possibly justify spending $100 just to have one huge painting, 9 by 18 feet, carted down from Boston by moving van? In a way I was relieved to be relying on outside visitors for the bulk of contributions.

Other reactions from the local community came to my attention. A summer visitor who does free-lance writing for the North American Newspaper Alliance came into my office just before the week began. She was filled with foreboding. With a newswoman's eye for a story, she had read the local publicity for The Anatomy of Prejudice and had proceeded to test opinion throughout the town. Nobody was going to attend, she informed me. They envisioned the town flooded with Negroes, and they wanted no part of it. They were suspicious of the Land's End Cultural Center and thought St. Mary's should go back to minding its o — "spiritual" — business. The l was both right and wrong, as shall see presently.

I tried to dismiss the warnir There was too much to be plea and proud about. Never in my sh career as a clergyman had I more in tune with the times, m certain that I was going about Lord's work. A feature writer for Hartford *Times* quoted me in article that appeared on Septem 4:

> *Mr. Potter said that he started t annual art program because "t church historically has concern itself only with people in their p vate residences and with their p vate morality and has neglect three other worlds in which peop live—that of work, leisure, and pu lic issues."*
>
> *Mr. Potter represents a new at tude in church leadership—a bel that the church must be concern with such issues as urban renew housing, education, and civil righ —as well as theology. Further, says, "The church itself has co tributed to prejudice—if you belo to one sect you are saved. If not. .*
>
> *"Some say the church is only b ginning to recover its insights in social problems that artists ha seen and depicted forty years ago America. As a clergyman I am gra ful for the artists who help us op our eyes and ears to what is goi on. A first class artist sees throu the sham and social life of tod or any other day."*

The article went on to paraphr our art director:

> *She pointed out that through t visual arts we can see graphica and vividly and compactly the diff ent forms of prejudice. They gra your attention—and if they a good works of art, they will not you alone, and this can change t human spirit. Artists are aware l fore other people in the communi They are filled with perceptic Otherwise they would not be artis*

We opened on Sunday, Aug 15. In church that morning a Ne professor from Syracuse read own poetry in place of the serm A clergyman from Puerto Rico, iting our parish for two weeks w his Chinese bride, expressed greetings and gratitude in labo but eloquent English. The art hibition was under way, and alre the dissidents had found an is through which to reflect their tagonism without alluding to c rights.

When placing the exhibition,

erating artists had a worrisome with two magnificent bronze res of Samson and Delilah, exe- d by David Aaronson, former of the Boston University De- ment of Art. The solution was t the figures in the foyer of the rch, greeting all who entered. artistic reasons, it was neces- to cover over temporarily a ze bas-relief which occupies a e in the wall in front of which figures were placed. The sculp- of the bas-relief, a parish mem- who never darkens our doors, incensed to the point of pro- ity, and in no time at all the n was buzzing with the story of badly we were treating the poor n.

ne irate parishioner had the d courage to approach me di- ly. I argued unsuccessfully on stic grounds, floundered again trying to suggest that Samson Delilah (however unworthy as nan beings) were more germane he Biblical message than Sir Gal- d (the subject of the bas-relief). left finally, but with a part- shot: "Well, at least I hope you'll fig leaves on them!" Samson Delilah remained as is, but I nder if it was worth standing ind the decision of my artist nds—even when Ben Shahn re- rked later in the week that he ed to see the day when all rches would be decorated with k of the quality and religious tent of the Aaronson bronzes.

Six straight nights of events an with "An Evening of Peni- ce." The addresses, which focused the common involvement of all n in the sin of prejudice were en by a rabbi, a Catholic monsig- and a Negro Methodist minis- . A cantor from a conservative ple stirred the overflowing rch to spontaneous clapping h his booming basso rendering Jewish liturgical music. The rab- looked out at the faces in the gregation and remarked that it ked as if the High Holy Days d already arrived.

During the week I seemed to find self constantly in conversation th Jews. Often they just dropped in the church office and started speak candidly of their Jewish- ss, of instances of anti-Semitism their own histories. I felt that nehow the Holy Spirit was leading us toward the kind of reconciliation for which all mankind is groaning. At the end of the week a dentist named Cohen said that if I would go to theological school and become a rabbi, his synagogue would hire me. It may become necessary for me to accept that offer.

Ben Shahn

The Los Angeles riots burst in full fury as the symposium started, and this hurt in two ways. As is true all over the country, the riots allowed those whose stereotypes of the Negro were weakening to go back to the old ways of closed minds and hearts. More directly, one of our Tuesday evening panelists for a discussion on prejudice was to have been Rev. James Breeden, a brilliant young Negro clergyman who serves on the Commission of Religion and Race of the National Council of Churches. As representative of the interest of 40 million Protestants he had to be in Los Angeles, not Rockport, that evening. He was sorely missed.

A more humorous upset in plans occurred the next evening when the traveling theatrical troupe arrived two hours late to perform an Ibsen play in the church, and only then because I authorized their chartering a plane at our expense (more tongue wagging at the rector's spendthrift ways). Strangely enough, a hundred persons remained in sweltering heat and saw a midnight show preceded by a hastily devised organ recital. And this was the one evening of the week that most conservatives could enjoy; for though it is apt enough, there is nothing in *An Enemy of the People* to stir one's passions about civil rights.

The next day my sagging spirits were revived by a fan letter from a Roman Catholic, then unknown to me: "Indeed this very fine exhibition and program has taken on the adjective of 'great,' for because of the missing panel member and a tardy play performance, we were given the opportunity of 'feeling' with you the intensity of your dedication to this field of prejudice. Congratulations for making the awareness of prejudice more vital to my husband and me."

Ben Shahn, artist, writer, social critic, was the "biggest name" on our program. Among a capacity audience of ninety for an informal afternoon discussion, there was not one member of my parish in attendance. That same Thursday evening, among 350 assembled at the cultural center for another panel, there was not a single male member on hand to pass the collection plates for a free-will offering. That evening the star who shone brightest was an articulate Negro social worker and consultant, Noel Day, from Roxbury. "I must be nonviolent," said Day. "I cannot do violence to myself." He helped us understand the basic causes of what happened in Watts.

On Friday, a Mass, or Holy Communion, was celebrated in the church, with original music in the folk idiom for singing with guitar accompaniment, and on Saturday a program of modern dance was offered by a New York Company headed by Gus Solomons, Jr., a Negro architect turned artist. Gus Solomons wrote us afterward: "For myself and my dancers I want to thank you formally and officially for inviting us to dance in Rockport. We did have a very good time and the audience's response made us terribly happy."

It was all over and I was terribly happy too. More than $2,500 had been donated during the week, and we were free and clear financially. I could forget how the member of the local art association had commented cheerfully on leaving the church's display of museum pieces (Barlach, Baskin, Beckmann, Bellows, Daumier, Durer, Goya, Grosz, Hogarth, Levine, Matisse Steinberg, et al.), "How nice to see these things without having to go all the way into Boston." I need remember only that the curator of prints from the Metropolitan in New York had dropped by unannounced and had written to our art director: "I cannot go without telling you how much I was moved by your beautiful print show at St. Mary's in Rockport. You used the charming odd-shaped spaces so intelligently, and assembled such unexpected and eloquent images that you made the tour of the show into an experience to remember." But must I also remember that the web of apathy spun from hostility was being drawn tighter and tighter all the while that crowds of out-of-towners were flocking to The Anatomy of Prejudice (they included two Catholic nuns from St. Paul, Minn., who came for the entire week and graced us with their presence at every single event)?

Yes, I must remember. The crowds have gone and winter is coming again. My ministry continues among the good church people of Rockport, a majority of whom have told me in a hundred ways that the program in religion and the arts is a waste of the Lord's precious time. If there were any signs at all of changing hearts among our people, I would try again next summer, but I cannot discern those signs. As a Christian I am free to follow where God may be leading, but as rector of a parish I am the servant of my people.

I must be honest, particularly with myself. The most significant failure of our program has to do not so much with my parishioners as with those in the community whom we set out to embrace in the first instance—the art colony of Rockport. A trusted adviser put it this way: "Frank, you have made an honest mistake, but a mistake. The prevailing climate of Rockport is not artistic, it is commercial. You have sought to engage the interest of men and women who are not artists, but artisans, whose skill in craftsmanship happens to occur with paint and brush rather than hammer and saw. They do not wish to be disturbed, or to think. Their first concern is for economic survival and their values are the same as anywhere in middle-class America."

Prof. Kenneth Clark, author of *Black Ghetto*, said it more vividly when he admitted that he wakes up at night from nightmares, dreaming that the civil rights movement may come to an end with all Negroes being taught and manipulated to adopt the value structure of white, middle-class America. Is there not a better way, a higher ideal toward which we may strive?

I think there is. In the struggle against prejudice in the North the quiet struggle against apa this past summer in Rockpor think I have caught a flee glimpse of what needs to be d I cherish this letter which I ceived in October from a coupl New York City:

> *Shalom and Pax Vobiscum. Af a few days in Rockport this su mer, we came to the conclusion t aside from the art activities, it u a cultural waste-land—that is, u we came upon the poster about y symposium "The Anatomy of Pre dice." This gave us a raison d'e for remaining in Rockport, and thank you. . . .*

Let us start from the stance ta by Noel Day as he addressed gathering last summer: "There no Negro problem in America; th is no white problem. There is a human problem." Let us cr new concepts of community, structures through which the ganization of social change may carried on. It is not sufficient say—the church stands for t the artist stands for that, the b nessman stands for this or t Stereotypes which perceive mar governed by his "role" in life m be abandoned. We need to forr new aristocracy—an aristocracy THOSE WHO CARE.

THE INCOMPLEAT SUICIDE . . . Matthew Huxl

Every twenty-five minutes around the clock in 1963, a human being killed himself in one of our fifty states. Of the 1.8 million deaths that year, 20,818, or 1.1 per cent of the total, were recorded as suicides. These men, women and children who took their own lives were the focus of a widely publicized, day-long Symposium on Suicide held recently in Washington D.C. It was organized by the Department of Psychiatry at George Washington University School of Medicine, with a grant by the Wallace Laboratories.

Despite the fact that the meeting was called to "exchange views about a subject which has reached the magnitude of 'a public health problem,'" the general orientation of the symposium did not show a "public health attitude" in its approach to suicide. Thus, few epidemiological data essential to place suicide in relationship to other causes of death were presented; and while there was much discussion about the causes of suicide and would-be suicide, the primary concern of the symposium was with cause as the basis for individual treatment and rehabilitation, not as an approach to public policies and programs seeking to prevent its occurrence. In short, the meeting was basically a medical symposium on the management of the would-be suicide.

One may speculate that the symposium's emphasis on therapy stems from the general preoccupation of modern medicine with the treatment of sickness rather than the maintenance of health, for certainly there was a strong common b among most of the panelists: of fourteen discussants, only two v non-physicians—a sociologist a Roman Catholic priest; while the twelve physicians only one pharmacologist, was not a psyc trist (though one psychiatrist also a public health officer). professional orientation may have been the reason why the demiologic method was not to determine the issues aro which social policy needed to made. Nevertheless, the var ideas and techniques presentec this symposium could eventu help outline an effective nati approach to suicide.

Dr. Stanley Yolles, dire of the National Institute of Me Health, pointed out that the sui rate is universally and profou

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Matthew Huxley is the author of Farewell to Eden, *a study of acculturation among the Indians of the Amazon (Harper & Row).*

fected by the major demographic aracteristics of sex, race, age dis- bution, population density, urban- ation, marital status, family size id economic level. At the same ne, a number of cultural charac- ristics, such as the competence id interest of physicians, the ad- inistrative system, and the status suicide in the eyes of law, re- gion and the particular social code, ive an equally profound impact pon the accurate recording of its currence.

However, as Dr. Erwin Stengel Sheffield University, England, ointed out in a witty presentation the expense of the World Health rganization's compendium of year- suicide statistics around the orld, one country's statistics may another's disgrace. Underrecord- g is certainly a world-wide phe- omenon, and its degree varies not erely from nation to nation but gionally within countries, and by iltural sub-units of the popula- on. Thus, for example, it has been stimated that somewhere between ne-quarter and one-third of all suicides in the United States go unreported. All that can be said is, the older and more efficient a nation's vital statistics service, the more constant is the relationship of that nation's suicide rate to the reported rates of other nations. There has been a slow, gradual world-wide rise since the turn of the century, a rise which shows definite seasonal fluctuations, only occasionally punctuated by rare episodic peaks and troughs seemingly related to vast upheavals such as world wars and economic depressions.

If the symposium skimped the epidemiological elements, there was no dearth of speculation on the presumed causes of suicide and would-be suicides. Because of the make-up of the group, most of the speculation was psychiatric and psychoanalytical, with sociological considerations running a poor second best. Dr. Roy Grinker (Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago), after discussing a large number of hypotheses, could only conclude: "I do not know—despite lengthy clinical experience which included an average expectable suicide rate—what the dynamics are that push the patient from thought to action. . . ." Certainly suicide stems from no single reason; it is a highly complex behavior pattern, reflecting conflicting tendencies whose outcome depends on their relative strengths, as well as on various other unpredictable factors.

Dr. Stengel has organized all the hypotheses into five groups: the "appeal effect" (which creates guilt feelings in the friends and relatives of suicides or would-be suicides) with its "cry for help," which may not be audible to the untutored listener; the "ordeal function" (gambling with fate or risk-taking behavior, both overt and covert), which is pervasive in our society and runs all the way from penny ante to Russian roulette, from the child's "testing" of his parents to excessive speeding; plus three other groups suggested by Dr. Karl Menninger: that the suicide is simultaneously killing himself, murdering someone else, and fulfilling his wish to die.

Posada

Sociological hypotheses derive in the main from Emil Durkheim's classic and fundamental monograph written at the turn of the century, in which he postulates three types of suicides: the egoistic suicide who was poorly integrated into the social group; the altruistic suicide driven to self-destruction by excessive altruism and sense of duty (a very small group including both martyrs and those committing hara-kiri); and the anomic suicide, which connoted a loss of integration by an individual previously in equilibrium with his society. Prof. Jack Gibbs (Department of Sociology, Washington State University) found difficulty with Durkheim's triad, as have many others. However, starting with Durkheim's unprovable concept that the greater the social integration of a population the lower the suicide rate, Gibbs offered a testable hypothesis which proposes that the greater the *status* integration of a population, the lower the suicide rate. Gibbs concluded by suggesting that psychiatrists need well consider the significance of status patterns in a community before advising patients to change jobs or retire, marry or divorce, etc., since such major changes in status may have very severe consequences.

The problem of the would-be suicide is more complex than the actual suicide by several orders of magnitude. Not merely are we without an adequate definition for a suicide attempt, but an attempt to apply those that have been proposed makes epidemiological investigations extraordinarily complex, difficult and tedious. English, Swiss, Swedish and American studies suggest that the ratio of attempted suicides to actual suicides runs anywhere between 6 to 1 and 15 to 1; and in the extraordinarily few follow-up studies of attempted suicides, the number repeating the first attempt, and succeeding, may run as high as 10 per cent. Thus people who have attempted suicide present a risk group far higher than the general population. In effect, they constitute a pool from which many of the future suicides will be drawn.

It has been postulated that the would-be suicide and the successful suicide show different characteristics and thus represent different populations: more women than men attempt suicide while more men succeed; the attempter group is younger, may have somewhat different motivation, etc. But in Dr. Grinker's candid words: "What is the difference between a suicidal 'gesture' and the bona fide suicide? Gestures which seem to be emergency communications for help often result accidentally in a completed act, and many apparently truly intended acts are frustrated. Little reliance can be placed on the manifest intent or at least on the interpretation put on it by the observer. When [one is asked] the embarrassing question how one differentiates a 'gesture' from an intent, the only honest answer is 'guess.'"

Nevertheless, because these would-be suicides are the ones who are often seen and sometimes treated by the professional, their psychosocial dynamics are of primary concern to the various suicide-prevention centers here and abroad.

The key to these centers' operations is that the would-be suicide (and indeed, the successful suicide) nearly always indicates intent, often well in advance of the act; that his "cry for help" can be heard and its recognition taught; and that help can be provided early enough to assist the individual in his misery and so prevent the attempt. That those calling for help are wretchedly miserable is quite clear: most suicides and atttempted suicides can be classed, psychiatrically, as being afflicted with depressions.

The causes of depression are open to considerable debate, though clearly they range through two components—the first being psycho-social and the second physiological. Of the former, one widely accepted concept is that depression has its roots far in the past, often in early childhood, and slowly builds up through time. The view is somewhat supported by one of the very few studies ever done on child suicides (made in the New Jersey schools between 1960 and 1963). The critical factor seemed to be social and emotional isolation: the child suicides formed part of no social group; they had no close friends, no one to whom they could feel close, with whom they could share their innermost thoughts; no one who could accept them as they were. Their suicides seemed the culmination of a long-drawn-out process. However, Dr. Reginald Lourie (George Washington University School of Medicine), reporting on his study of child-suicide attempters, drew no such conclusion. He remarked upon the seeming impulsiveness of the attempts. Most of his children had "impulse control problems, and came from a cultural milieu which encouraged or even stimulated impulsivity." Chronic depression was not a major determinant in Lourie's group; he suggested that it appeared only later, in mid or late adolescence.

Evidence for a physiological factor was outlined by Dr. Grinker. Stemming from observations that sleeplessness is a major warning signal in the potential suicide, he noted the frequency with which alcohol and barbiturates are found in the body of the suicide (but not as a major cause of death). Alcohol is a psychic amplifier, elevating or depressing the basic mood, and barbiturates are mood depressing (according to Dr. Frank Berger of the Wallace Laboratories). Both drugs affect the higher cortical functions. These functions are additionally modified by anxiety which, althou it is a protection against inter cerebral activity, also induces slee lessness. Indeed, both anxiety a sleeplessness are most frequen precipitants to suicide.

Additionally, depressed patier have recently been shown to ha unusually high levels of adrenoc tical secretions as a stress respon to anxiety. One group of investig tors has gone so far as to be al to establish a correlation betwe suicidal activity in the depressi state and high levels of 17-hydro steroids. In short, the fine balan required of the higher-level co cal functions would seem to be ea ly upset not merely by psychologic but also by physiological, as well pharmacological, stimuli. This w amplified by Dr. Berger in his an ysis of the physiological factor depression, but its possible imp cations were barely noted by t other discussants.

Do remedies now exist f depression? Dr. Berger pointed electroshock as a most effecti therapy for counteracting suici tendencies in the severely depre ed. Among the anti-depressants a tranquilizers (to reduce anxiet can be found specifics which a rapid in their effect upon the p tient, though here the difficu lies in the physician's manageme of the case. Since these drugs gi symptomatic relief only, witho affecting the underlying cause the depresssion, the six-to-nin month cyclical nature of the d order must be kept in mind: sudd discontinuance of the drug bef the depression has run its cou may easily result in suicide.

A diametrically opposite view w held by Dr. Eli Robins (Departme of Psychiatry, Washington Univ sity School of Medicine, St. Loui who asserted: "There are no cr cal data to support the ideas th drugs, electroshock therapy, or p chotherapy are effective in suici prevention. Until such data a forthcoming, hospitalization [in psychiatric institution] seems to the soundest policy."

The suggestion of a speci psycho-active drug has a correl in the possible existence of a b chemical test for the suspected s cide; or, best of all, for mass-scree ing programs. A straw in this p ticular wind is the development

TOTAL MALE DEATHS, SUICIDES AND RANK OF SUICIDE AS LEADING CAUSE OF DEATH, BY AGE GROUP. U.S. 1960

	Total All Ages	0-14	15-24	25-34	35-44	45-54	55-64	65-74	75-84	85 +
1. Deaths from all causes (x 1000) (a)	975.6	83.8	18.1	21.0	43.8	100.1	174.1	251.4	206.1	76.7
2. Total Suicides (b)	14,489	71	950	1,634	2,459	3,154	2,894	2,041	1,068	210
3. Rank Order of Suicide as Cause of Death	8	12	4	5	4	6	7	11	13	16
4. Suicide as % of all Deaths	1.4	0.8	5.3	7.8	5.6	3.2	1.7	0.8	0.5	0.3
5. % of Total Suicides, by Age Group	100%	0.5	6.6	11.3	17.0	21.8	20.0	14.1	7.4	1.5
6. Suicide Rate per 100,000 Population	16.4	0.3	8.0	14.6	20.9	31.2	38.4	39.9	52.8	58.1

(a) deaths for 1960.

(b) three-year average, 1959, 1960, 1961

SOURCE: Vital statistics of the United States, 1960, as modified by Office of Biometrics, National Institute of Mental Health, U.S. Public Health Service.

e 17-hydroxysteroid urine test ich diagnoses changes in the en- crine system even in patients o clinically do not appear to be icidal and who do not admit to icidal intentions.

What then were the sympo- m's views of the suicide-preven- n center? Dr. Robert Litman hief Psychiatrist, Los Angeles icide Prevention Center) believes at these are crisis-oriented services, ld outposts of a medical center: he more extreme the crisis, the s specific professional training necessary to be of help [since the tient] must be transferred with reful haste to a crisis clinic or to (psychiatric) hospital." In public- alth terms, this is a first-aid and ferral program. It is not a pre- ntion program. The center's treat- ent of a suicidal gesture can and es prevent the suicidal act, but offers no program to attack the owth of those underlying causes ich finally bring a potential sui- de to the critical point where he eds the first-aid, emergency serv- . Only Dr. Berger gave any ought to this problem, and he fo- sed primarily upon the potentials biochemical screening tests for se finding.

Certainly, such tests would be of estimable value—as would be ose which could detect the po- ntial schizophrenic. But once we ve found the potential suicide, hat kinds of support can we de- lop in his familial and social en- ronment to prevent his future eakdown? What social mechanisms might be evolved to prevent the accumulation of factors which, when left untreated, transform the potential suicide into would-be if not actual suicide.

Suicide is probably one of the most complex problems that face the epidemiologist today, and while cross-national and cross-cultural comparisons should be received with intense skepticism, this is not to decry all statistics on suicide. Witness, for example, Louis Dublin's elegant analysis of U.S. data published two years ago (*Suicide: A Sociological and Statistical Study*, Ronald Press), or Dr. Stengel's dry summary of 1964 (*Suicide and Attempted Suicide*, Penguin, London), or Durkheim's famous essay of 1951 (*Suicide: A Study in Sociology*, The Free Press).

Even though reporting may be faulty, suicide rates and ratios are useful in examining and developing specific programs. Both Dr. Yolles and Dr. Lourie, for example, singled out the young adolescent male as being singularly susceptible to suicide (see table on this page). When we examine specific age groups for suicide as a per cent of all deaths for that group, we find that the adult male, 25-34, is most at risk. One out of every thirteen deaths of these young men is reported as a suicide, a ratio considerably larger than that of any other age group. If we look at the actual number of suicides, then the crisis years fall in the last two decades of a man's working life, rising steadily from the middle decades, 35-44, and declining somewhat in the first retirement decade, 65-74.

Suicide as a per cent of all deaths within specified age categories; the per cent of all suicides produced by populations within specified age groupings, and the age specific suicide rate, are the simple mathematical tools which an epidemiologist might use to start an attack upon suicide. They would then be applied to other groups into which a total population is customarily broken down: sex, race, marital status, economic condition, etc. These findings, combined with the insights of those treating the would-be and unsuccessful suicide, might eventually lead to an acceptable theory as to causes and a generalized program of prevention.

Only when we pull together the factors that sensitize a human being to killing himself can we hope to develop an effective national approach to suicide. And while these factors are interrelated, they are so diverse that many professional skills and insights must be conscripted for the task. To the psychiatrist, sociologist, pharmacologist and cleric of the recent symposium, then, must be added the epidemiologist, anthropologist, psychologist, physiologist, educator and community organizer. Only a multiplicity of imaginative talents can conceive the programs that will entice the emotional isolate back to the world of the living. Let us hope that we shall find these talents on a next symposium—a symposium that will, in fact, treat suicide as a possible public health problem.

The Deepest Involvement of All

THE SPANISH REPUBLIC AND THE CIVIL WAR: 1931-1939. By Gabriel Jackson. Princeton University Press. 578 pp. $12.50.

Jose Yglesias

In the preface to this superb history of the second Spanish Republic, Gabriel Jackson writes of the Civil War which displaced it: "An entire generation of Englishmen and Americans felt a deeper emotional involvement in that war than in any other world event of their lifetimes, including the Second World War." One of the results of this phenomenon is the many books written on the Civil War whose main concern, Jackson briefly explains, is to place the event in the international context, and he goes on to point out the need for a history of the Republic and the Civil War — inseparable events — from within Spain.

The following pages brilliantly fill this need: there is no better history of the period, and this subject, which has been so pulled apart by passions and recriminations, comes into focus again in Jackson's hands. The controlling, ordering elements are Jackson's own unwavering liberal democratic views and a narrative ability, perhaps matched only among contemporary historians by C. V. Wedgwood. There are good and historical reasons for the ideological disequilibrium which has beset us all—with the exception, perhaps, of reactionaries and Fascists—even before the Spanish Civil War came to a close, and this is so much the case that many people welcomed as a corrective the neutral façade of Hugh Thomas' *The Spanish Civil War.* In the process, the Spanish people, to whom the glory and the suffering belong, have almost been forgotten: the refusal of many to visit Spain today as a gesture of vestigial loyalty to the cause which once united almost all men of good will is one element of that slighting response to the tragedy. Fortunately, Jackson is not neutral; his insistence on keeping the Civil War in the Spanish context is a true corrective and, breaking the bounds of his intentions, brings order to our passions and disputes.

In the summer of 1936, in Spain, all the political forces current in the Western world — from clerical reaction and contemporary fascism to bourgeois democracy and communism —took the stage for a dramatic confrontation which has nowhere been duplicated. We tend, each with our particular political program, to pick at it as at a laboratory experiment which, somehow, went wrong, forgetting that Spain existed not for our sakes but for its own, that those forces all arose in Spain and worked out their destinies there. This is not an academic notion but one which helps correct misapprehensions and misinterpretations. To take one example, Jackson restores to Juan Negrín, the last Prime Minister of the Republic, his rightful stature by showing that he was the expression, among Socialists and the Spanish people, of the will to fight while a chance existed; whereas in the last twenty-five years, Negrín has come to represent to some of those for whom the war was an international struggle, the dupe of the Kremlin for which, according to this particular group, there was some advantage in the Republic's never surrendering. As corollary, Jackson correctly, but without slander, defines Prieto and other right-wing Socialist leaders as defeatists. Inside Spain, then as well as now, these are the roles these men played according to Spaniards fighting Franco.

The non-Spaniards, to take another example, have always floundered at the spectacle of the inhuman warfare that the Nationalist Army waged. Those to whom the clichés about the cruelty of all Spaniards were unpalatable have found an explanation in the tremendous numbers of Moors, Italians and Germans who made up Franco's army. Yet it is a fact that many Italian officers, and Germans too, were amazed at the policy of the Spanish generals. Jackson—who, let it immediately be said, indulges in none of the traditional generalizations about the Spanish character which is the mark of the amateur writing on Spain—faces this question when describing the advance of the Army of Africa through Andalucia during the first three months of the war. Knowing Spain's contemporary class co flicts, Jackson convincingly states "No category of human beings ar more cruel than a threatened rulin class . . . which finds itself challenge by an inchoate mass which will n longer recognize its privileges." An knowing Spain's colonial history, adds "The Popular Front zone was the r bellious colonial area to be reduced It was, of course, the colonial rule without national identification wit the land he coveted, who allowed th Germans to test their theories of a warfare, gave Mussolini's army chance at spurious glory, and broug in the traditional enemy, the Moor to "save Spain."

It is not entirely, of cours the frame he has chosen that mak Jackson's history the best one avai able, for he knows that the Republ fell because of the intervention Germany and Italy, the enmity England, the cowardice of France, ar the neutrality of the United States. is his compassion and his genero democratic views, analogous to wh was best in the Republican leadershi that buttress his account at almo every turn. The unsatisfactory versio of the Civil War to be gotten fro Hugh Thomas' *The Spanish Civil W* and Eléna de la Souchère's *Explan tion of Spain,* to take two importa books of recent years which overl with Jackson's, suffer, in Thom case, from a neutral attitude and, de la Souchère's, though she is Frenc from the stance of the right-wi Spanish Socialists with whom s has worked. Their treatment of t famous Calvo Sotelo speech in t Cortes on June 16, 1936, before t war broke out, and of its afterma is a good example of their metho Sotelo, a monarchist and now a mart in Franco Spain, was assassinated, a the Fascists circulated stories that d ing the Cortes debate he was threate ed with death by both Casares Quiro the Left Republican Prime Minist and La Pasionaria, a Communist d uty. Thomas writes a 4-page accou of the details of the assassinatio borrowed from both Fascist and publican sources, dismisses in a fo note the allegation that La Pasiona answered Sotelo, and states that t Prime Minister's so-called threat w simply an interpretation of the m

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Jose Yglesias is a novelist and translator of modern Spanish fiction.

chists'; de la Souchère, writing in 64 long after Thomas' book, still peats the story about La Pasionaria fact but says nothing about Casas Quiroga in order to make the mmunists alone responsible, a ver-n with little relation to truth but e which suits the right-wing Social-s in Toulouse. Jackson not only als simply with facts, dismissing does Thomas, the Prime Minister's reat and not bothering with the sproved rumor about La Pasionaria, t is the only one to discuss the ntent of the Prime Minister's and lvo Sotelo's speeches, which is, of urse, the historical point at issue.

It is easy to discredit de la Sou-ère's arguments; for the average nerican reader one has only to ate that she holds a partisan political int of view. But Thomas, who pre-nds to be neutral, and consequently jective, commands great appeal, ce these qualities are generally con-dered admirable in a historian. Neu-ality is, instead, a pitfall: neutral omas is at the mercy of every way-ard fact and tall story, so that his erwritten book becomes, at times, dense thicket. It takes assiduous ecking of his footnotes to find out at by page 173, where he accepts e Fascist figures for the number of urders in Republican territory, he s already used Fascist sources at ast forty times: *General Cause* or *a Cruzada*, the official white paper nd the official history published, both cases, by the Franco regime. ne begins to suspect that Thomas' eutrality is as true as that of the ory government during the war.

This is not the place for an analysis f Thomas' book, but it is necessary consider it in order to describe the rtues of Jackson's. Jackson is not eutral, and he has not written his ok to expound a point of view, for ere is a minimum of theorizing in and his liberal sympathies are im-licit in his narrative. But within his oint of view he maintains an ob-ctivity with admirable rigor; un-ke de la Souchère, he does not select r omit at will, but meets every prob-m head on. The question of the num-er of murders on the Republican ide he reserves for a chapter in the ppendix, and it is instructive to com-are the careful judgment he arrives t with the blithe account Thomas ives. In fact, Jackson's subsidiary xplanations are always a pleasure: is footnotes are a way of taking the eader into his confidence and in-olving him further in the narrative, not a game of one-upmanship or an onerous burden the reader comes to feel he must shoulder if he is to be "serious."

And, finally, Jackson also convinces by his style. He is always lucid and disarmingly simple, and one comes to believe that there is not a turgid, overextended sentence in the book because he never overreaches his facts. When he makes a judgment, consequently, it seems usually a felicitous expression of fact. On page 7, describing Alfonso XIII's dropping of the dictator Primo de Rivera, he says of the King, "always agile but never generous," so perfectly characterizing this monarch that one is tempted to give Jackson carte blanche for the rest of the book. It is a style that stands him in good stead: its clarity and his architectural sense of the configuration of events make prosaic periods interesting — such as the economic and political problems of the young Republic — and dramatic events, such as the assault on Madrid, quietly moving.

But every point of view seems to have its limits. If his frame — the view of the Civil War from within Spain — seems to narrow the discussion of the colonial aspect of the war by not going further into its significance for Germany and Italy, so does his implicit view of the uses of historical writing somewhat seal off the subject from the present day. I say somewhat because he does often draw analogies, as in the case, again, of the colonial character of the war, when he compares the treatment of the conquered areas with what has occurred in Algeria and the Congo. His point of view, which could be telescoped into the cliché of "bourgeois liberal," does not allow him to describe, say, the program of the Trotskyist POUM in more than a fair, sober and balanced way; I do not expect him to point to its relevance for the revolutionary Left in colonial countries where it is an important issue today, but it would be illuminating to consider why in Spain it has become the line of most leaders of the widespread student movement. Or why, within Spain, the left-wing parties have again come to the stance of working together as in 1936, and why some followers of the rightist Gil Robles have today evolved into the clandestine Christian Democrats who join the Left on many issues — while abroad the old leaders continue their sterile recriminations.

And, also, there are his anti-Communist assumptions. When he sticks to his tenet that "a historian must deal strictly with what happened," he is always fair, but on occasion he makes an unsupported judgment: the worst, perhaps, that the Spaniards were "the only Western European people to suffer directly the cynical Communist exploitation of the Popular Front ideal." It would have been important here to separate the tactical policies of the Stalinist leaders—and even their crimes, such as the illegal jails they maintained — from the major aims of the Communist movement: the Popular Front ideal was, after all, initiated by Dimitrov and "cynical exploitation" can simply mean that the Communists had socialism up their sleeves, something neither they nor the Socialists ever made any bones about. One could just as easily say, from their point of view, that the Left Republicans cynically exploited the fighting courage of the Communists to maintain a bourgeois capitalist democracy. We cannot do justice here to the damage done by the automatically anti-Communist response (see Christopher Lasch's "New Curriculum

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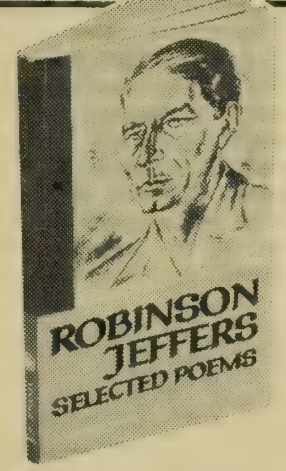

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For Teach-Ins," *The Nation*, October 18) and in Jackson's book it appears as an echo, not a thesis. Nor do I expect that Jackson, were he to agree with me, could reverse the process with his book, for it would take him far afield. But an effort must be made.

Another assumption Jackson makes is that the United States policy was simply one of neutrality, though in relating facts he is careful to state that Texaco was allowed to switch its supply of oil from the Republic to the Fascists. Were Jackson to question his own assumption about the Communists he would have come to the conclusion that the Communist leaders lied to their followers about some of their policies and actions. Were he to question his assumption about our neutrality he would have come to the conclusion that Roosevelt and Stimson and Hull lied to the American people about neutrality, that they never admitted, as they did to Bowers when he returned from his ambassadorial mission in Spain, that they had made a mistake. But the Communists fought for the Republic and met most nobly in the final defense of Madrid the consequences of their policy, whereas our opportunism in relation to Spain continues to this day.

These are important matters for a book on the Republic to deal with, and it is a tribute to Jackson that his book raises such questions: in a sense, his story is the explication of why a whole generation "felt a deeper emotional involvement in that war than in any other event of their lifetimes," and one sometimes wishes he had not confined this argument to the book's preface for, briefly stated, it can seem to a younger generation, as it did to one reviewer, hyperbole. We were all —from plain democrats to capital-C Communists—defeated in that war, and it is an unacceptable ending. The resolution of the Republic's defeat, thus, became the touchstone for the politics of the following decades: we began to doubt the aims of the anti-Nazi war when the 50,000 Republicans in the Maquis were not allowed to cross the border and tumble the Franco regime.

Jackson looks hard at the Spanish tragedy and concludes:

> *The Civil War, too, had a positive meaning which with time will transcend the suffering and destruction which were its immediate consequences. It is a terrible, and repeated, human dilemma that at times men have no choice between submission to tyranny and a war which will in all likelihood destroy*
> *many of the institutions they set*
> *out to defend. In July 1936 the*
> *Spanish people faced the alterna-*
> *tives of submission or resistance. . . .*
> *The majority fought to preserve*
> *Spain, and Europe, from tyranny.*
> *They were conquered, but they were*
> *not humiliated in their souls. The*
> *moral grandeur of a generous Re-*
> *public and a titanic struggle foı*
> *liberty will serve their spirit well in*
> *the future.*

Jackson's book serves this spirit we
— there is none to match it — an
since the Spaniards cannot today rea
it, it is we in the international aud
ence who, after all, stand to gain fro
it. We must use it well.

A Wounded Generation

Ana María Matute

The all-encompassing title of this article requires qualification since I am able to discuss only a small but, in my opinion, representative group of authors — friends with whom I have lived, struggled, hoped, and with whom I feel deep ties of brotherhood. I am not a critic or a professor; therefore, I am not going to judge them because I am too close and because I am one of them. I plan, then, to talk about a group of boys with whom I grew up during a cruel Spanish Civil War. I can discuss only those who remained in Spain after the fighting because I lack the personal knowledge of their environment as writers to relate myself to the authors who were forced by circumstances to leave their homeland. I must look back to the childhood, the adolescence, of those writers: to the childhood which hounded them and is present in almost all the works of those of us who were children on that July 18, 1936, in Spain.

The Civil War was a decisive wound which marked forever my life as a writer, and the lives of all other Spanish writers of my generation. W
were bewildered, curious, anxiou
spectators to the drama of our pa
ents. We were middle class. Th
education received by the children
this class in pre-Civil War Spain ge
erally kept them separate, dista
from that world which did not co
sist of family and intimate friend
Nearly all of us attended a religiou
boarding school. In those years r
ligious education, especially for girl
was extremely isolated and shut o
from the world, which was picture
as something distant, atrocious, te
ribly dangerous, diabolical and co
rupting.

But on July 18, 1936, the wor
changed before our eyes.

With that ambiguous feeling b
tween surprise and rebellion whic
all children experience before actio
they consider unjust, we were vi
lently shown the other side of th
world in which we had been so utte
ly submerged. Suddenly we we
shown, with all its crudeness, th
"atrocious" world, that world whic
had been damned for us in advanc
Overnight, we children had to a
ourselves why the nuns from o
school were wearing street clothe

Ana María Matute, one of Spai
leading novelists, won the Plane
Prize for her first novel, one of s
important literary prizes awarded h
twenty-six novels. School of the Su
(Pantheon) and The Lost Childr
(Macmillan) have been published he
She is presently a Visiting Lecturer
the University of Indiana. This ess
has been translated by A. Gordon Fe
guson, associate professor of Spani
at Illinois State University.

Height

I fear to take a step; along the edge
Of this precipice on which we balance, bearing our burdens,
Fingers appear, clutching; they are the climbers
From below, as we were, to this ample ledge.

May be when we go higher, on to some plateau
Filled with flowers, we will stoop and reach
Down to their hands as once one stooped to ours.
But now I fear to step, to see the faces
Of those who take the fingers under their heels.

Josephine Miles

ıy they fled or hid; why our father's ctory was no longer our father's; hy had the good, clean, upright, nest, pleasing-to-the-sight-of-the-rd world raised so much hatred? ho, if these were officially the good ople, actually were the bad people? handful of bewildered children, eeling on the balconies, from be-nd half-closed shutters, observed e armed men, men they had never en before, running through the reets: dark unfortunate men with ces of hunger and hate, with red ındkerchiefs around their necks, ere pointing rifles and machine ıns at the "decent" houses.

The churches were burning. Why? hat had happened? Why were these ople shooting and burning the an-ls of our childhood? Men, women nd children we didn't suspect exist-l: ragged, vociferous, consumed with n incomprehensible hatred, people e had never seen anywhere, people e never imagined could have lived ı the same city with us. It was as someone had opened a dam of emingly peaceful, clean water, and t the bottom had appeared an un-uspected infinity of filth.

Around what we had considered to e immutably good or evil appeared cloud of doubt. Who now could de-ine the right hand or the left hand f God? Who could point this out ecisively on what map, in what ountry, in what paradise? Where as goodness, justice? A thousand uestions assaulted the world we had onsidered secure, sensible, unques-ionable. In those hot days of July adio voices broke unleashed through he thick fear of night; men, women nd children, surrounding a micro-hone, clamored, challenged, tri-mphed over a word, a word new to s: *liberty*.

A group of bewildered children ob-erved; we were anxious, curious, ex-ectant. A child of 10 is struck by hese things and asks that incessant nd obsessive question with the cut-ing simplicity of childhood: *Why?* nd life—torn to pieces, violent, till hen unknown, but certainly palpitat-ng life—opened up before our eyes. he world was hunger. The world as hate. It was also the desire for ustice; and it was egotism, fear, hor-or, cruelty and death. The life of he city was shaken by bloody revo-ution; war entered; like the wind, hrough cracks and windows.

But the war ended and we rew. I am not going to judge certain

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sectors or tendencies of Spanish life of that time. I merely want to explain the facts and circumstances which define the attitudes of the generation of that handful of children precociously bewildered by the world. That group of children could never again be credulous, lacking in curiosity, or feel themselves in that privileged condition for which we had been prepared. Here, I believe, is the root of our literary vocation. In those boys the seed had germinated and nothing could kill it. They learned to think for themselves. They grew into questioning, nonconforming adolescents.

We witnessed yet another transformation—that change which years later in his book, *The Ditch*, Alfonso Grosso called, "the horrors of peace":

> *In place of grenades, food: in place of men, living or dead, food. Food, food of any kind. Food, to be eaten together by the conquerors and the conquered of a city which sooner or later would beat with the pulse of peace, the first horrors of peace; without cannon or alarms, only the shots against the wall at dawn, and hardly anything to eat.*

After the experience of war we were able to understand the great lesson of words not uttered, of bitten-off cries, and the great, dull silence of the increasingly oppressive gag over thousands of mouths, ears, eyes and, finally, over thoughts. Perhaps that group of incipient adolescent writers who wrote in search of a road to truth in a vast sea of myths and shadows, of mirages and blindness—a road on which to shout their opposition, their hopes and their still unanswered questions—should be called the group which hurled itself—we splattered ourselves—against silence. A silence dressed in indifference, in a world which suffocated itself in cotton. A world which covered its ears and eyes, and which neither shouted nor whispered, but only repeated.

We searched. We went down to the docks, to the slums, to the shanty towns, to the taverns. We sought the pulse and the heart of the people; we needed their words.

We grew up in difficult times for Spanish writers. The Spanish novel of those days could reflect nothing but a spurious hero or the definitive triumph of decency over indecency, of the angels over the demons: the "good guys" and the "bad guys" once again, as in the tales of our childhood.

We brought to the novel a new criterion. When we referred to the war, we simply called it the Civil War instead of the Glorious Uprising, or the Holy Crusade. But that was censored. So were words like *liberty*. There were certain relevant "taboos" in Spain. In the novels written in that epoch, no one, for example, committed suicide or adultery.

Those of us who were then 18 or 20 began to write in this suffocating environment. It was difficult. For five or ten years we were the rebellious children whom time would defeat and who were to be treated with a heavy hand. We struggled, but our worst enemy was not the open criticism, nor even the censor. It was the surrounding stupor, it was the indifference and disdain for anything literary or intellectual. No one read. No one was interested in literature. Most foreign books were prohibited by the censor, and even the majorit of Spanish and foreign classics we expurgated. But we wanted to writ not for escape or for pleasure, but denounce.

The censor dismembered our book

I remember how we wrote, our di covery of forbidden books in the bac of certain bookstores, our discove of new names, of new literary tende cies, in the shelter of silence, alwa silence. We were born to this voc tion, breaking our heads against th systematic *no*, against the oppositio and the negations. Between asept indifference and bought critics wh labeled as Existentialist all they di not understand or approve, we turne our eyes back to the war. And th is easily explained since we ha watched it with ignorant, open ey as it penetrated us; it finally becam

A Little Battle

American correspondents in Spain are often so heartened by announced liberalization measures of the Franco regime that continuance of its authoritarian strictures, which is the real story, tends to be overlooked. No note has been taken of the cancellation of a scheduled concert by Raimón, a young Valencian singer whose talents and following are roughly analogous to those of our Bob Dylan. His songs draw on folk and rock-and-roll rhythms, and his lyrics, in Valencian Catalan, are undisguised social protest. That all last winter he held concerts and his recordings were widely circulated was an example of another anomalous development in Spain's cultural life. By spring, however, the regime had caught up with it: no single new recording or concert performance was approved by the censorship, a situation which, without publicity, continued through the summer.

We have been in correspondence with one of his student followers, a young man who describes himself as a Left Socialist. (Raimón is something of an idol of Spain's New Left. They see in his success a victory for free expression as well as a particular gain for the Valencian-Catalan nationalist movement, since to sing in the Catalan language is in itself a form of protest.) A concert in Madrid had been approved for November 1. The day after its announcement all seats were sold out. Shortly thereafter the student wrote:

"I had already told you that the concert was taking place and all seats were sold out. . . . We'd won, we thought, a little battle. Our own kind of left-wing point of view had gained *entré* in Madrid. We were accepted. This fact, as symbol of our present sad position, had importance. Real importance for us!

"But we weren't able to win this little battle. We couldn't win it because we couldn't wage it. I was with Raimón the night, just a few days before the concert, when he got the call: the Minister himself—Fraga Iribarne—had just cancelled Raimón's appearance. But Raimón went to Madrid. And sang; he sang at the university, high schools, and at the UNESCO Club. At the club there was already an overflow audience two hours before his arrival. A thousand people sat in the street outside waiting for him. A demonstration was attempted. And that's when we had our little battle, after all, a tiny little battle. It ended with his being again prohibited from performing and with the deployment of numerous armed jeeps. In my country, everything ends like this, under a gray sky the same color as the uniform of the police."

The Editors

a way of seeing, vision itself. But the brilliance of what was revealed hurt us; and we were cut off from it, suddenly and brutally. We were surrounded only by echoes, distant rumblings. The words "liberty" and "the rights of man" were torn from our writings and erased from our program. And social justice, that justice for which we were clamoring, they changed to the word "charity."

But that memory of war to which we turned our eyes with increasing insistence brought us names. Our generation grew without writers to emulate. As an example of the arbitrariness of these prohibitions, Dostoevski was forbidden almost entirely, as were Balzac and *Anna Karenina* —or they were mutilated. Almost all the contemporary writers of France, Italy and the United States were forbidden. Also prohibited were our own Baroja, Valle Inclán, Ortega y Gasset, a large portion of Unamuno and Clarín, not to mention the work of those who were forced to leave the country for political reasons.

The silence increased, extended, and the youth, our friends, their backs turned to ideas, became excited only over football. The young people did not talk about literature or politics: they did not even know what it meant. I remember how we sought one another out and found ourselves. Our enthusiastic discussions, our fellowship, our seeking one another's hand blindly in the midst of the hermetic and scornful environment. We did not exist. The few who read us either scolded us or treated us indulgently; we were the *enfants terribles* whom time would subdue. We would grow and turn to "normal" literature and to "normal" ways.

The official censor was no worse than that other censor, those people who would write letters to the editor saying: "Don't give those disagreeable writers access to your magazine. When I drive up to my home in my Fiat "600" and get ready for my coffee, I sit down and read your weekly, and then the misery of other people comes right into my home. I don't want to know about all that, I just want to live in peace." At least we were breaking the terrible apathy, and moving something, a conscience, an indignation, a comfortableness. They attacked us, they forbade us, but by doing so they affirmed our existence. We were saying something, we shouted for something, and they began to hear us.

Around us the awakening was slow. The wound of the war was still open and the consequences of that wound were still throbbing. The young writers no longer wrote about fraudulent heroes with whom the man in the street found it hard to identify, the man who struggled in a daily state of siege with life's difficulties. We still had our frank curiosity, our lack of conformity and the desire for social justice. We could no longer be satisfied with their ambiguous word: "charity." Charity on Sunday afternoon, with formulas to quiet their conscience and to elude incontrovertible duties. We still asked *Why?* We wrote about the men and women who did not have time to think about their psyches because they were hungry, poor, worked twelve or fourteen hours a day, and didn't know how to read or write. Except for writers like Camilo José Cela or Miguel Delibes the traditional novel still focused on stale and petty problems. A new wind swept away these pedantic, strictly stylistic preoccupations, as the wind sweeps papers from a vacant lot.

The memory of the war throbbed in those who were only 10 in July, 1936. That memory, that possibility which made Armando López Salinas write in *The Mine*, twenty years later, of a conversation between two farm hands who were fruitlessly looking for a day's work in the fields of Andalusia:

> *. . . Have you never seen a town shouting in the streets, giving long life to liberty? I'll never forget it. The people milled through the streets hugging each other. They put the flag up on the town hall without firing a shot. That came later. Everything went to pot; they killed my father and my brother in the middle of the street. . . .*
>
> *Once I heard about dividing the land among the poor, but that was too good to be true. In any case it was a good idea, they had us at heart. One lives on hope. Then everything went to hell.*

Jesús Fernández Santos, in his marvelous book, *Shaved Head*, a series of short stories about the Spanish Civil War, presents, perhaps better than anyone, the sensations of the child who is bewildered and curious as he faces the exodus of families fleeing bombardments around Madrid, the constant sensation of fleeing. The curiosity of those children who run toward the unknown, the sensation of something different happening in their lives, something not in accord with the explanations of their parents. One story, "Far from Madrid," provides these sensations of flight and discovery:

> *Ever since the front line had cut the railroad, leaving the father on the other side, the three — the mother and the two children—were retreating, further and further, listening to the orders to evacuate. The days passed in rapid succession, like the towns, the trains filled with soldiers, the new control officers that each morning brought. White lonely villages. Impassive old people, unknown children, looking without greeting, sitting or squatting at the edge of the road. The plains, burning mesas, undulated with the convoy and were left behind unnoticed. Razed churches. Fountains which still flowed, lonely and silently; but above all, the silence of the people, their hostile manner, wary, the fear of the war. And with fear, excitement, the unexpected every day. . . .*

And in the short story, "Cousin Rafael," the curiosity of children going out to play and running toward the abandoned trenches to discover, for the first time, the body of a dead soldier. He writes with all the surprise and horror of those children:

> *He ducked down in the trench again, examining the bottom. The*

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younger boy looked up at the resinous trunks of the trees. . . . He could see the boiling surge of ants, hundreds of them, always moving in the same direction. They seemed to converge on some dwarf pines, clumped under a larger truncated one. They asked each other what that dark immobile shape was that blackened the foot of its trunk. Suddenly the wind stopped rustling in the pines and a penetrating odor seemed to filter into their very bones. He ran down the hill ahead of cousin Rafael who followed frightened, stumbling, scratching his legs and arms. "Shut up. They'll hear you. They'll hear you down at the house." But he could only cry. More and more. His whole body was excited. The frightened older boy said: "It was a dog. A burned dog. . . ." "No, no. . . . I saw it. I saw it first, right away. . . . No," repeated the smaller boy. He remembered it well. He remembered the legs were intact—they had not burned—and the twisted, unbuttoned boots.

Impelled by curiosity, these boys of Fernández Santos, though panic-stricken, run to uncover the unknown. The sensation that something was happening, something big, atrocious, different. A world opens up and one has to know what it is, without blinking, even unto the depths of horror. Perhaps as a possibility of salvation. Again, in the story, "The End of the War," the sensation of something lost, defeated, dark and obscure, floats on these pages:

> *Distant, single firing would once in a while bring back the memory of a war in which no one, sheltered in the pines, had managed to take part. Only changes of front lines, different trenches with the same dirty parapets, boring changes of the guard, and a long unsatisfied hunger . . . rumors of surrender, of nightly desertions.*

In his novel, *El Jarama*, Ferlosio Sánchez pictures youth with its back turned, cloistered youth that did not know the war. A conforming, unfulfilled, unworried youth. There is a moment in which this youth that followed us turned its eyes back to the war:

> *"In the war I believe there were a lot of people killed on this very river." "Yes, further up in Paracuellos of the Jarama they had some of the worst fighting, but the line went all along the river, even to Titulcia." "Titulcia?" "Haven't you ever heard of it? An uncle of mine fell during the offensive right in the town. That's how I know about it." Mely said, "Just think, this was the front and there were so many killed, and we were swimming so peacefully, just as if nothing had happened." "Probably there was a cadaver right where you put your foot." Lucita interrupted, "That's enough! Why bring these things up now?" The other three came back. Miguel said, "What were you talking about?" "Nothing, Lucita doesn't like stories about the dead." "What dead?" "Those killed in the war." "Oh! . . . those, by the way, what time is it?"*

Antonio Ferres, in one brief phras of his novel, *The Squad*, sums u this sensation when one of the me who is building a hut in a slum Madrid says:

> *"Don't you have any parents?' "A grenade got them during th war and someone pulled me out o the ruins. I am twenty years old All I have left from the war is this.' Luis pointed to a scar on his lef cheek. "Only that?" said the other*

We all look back to the war; f a page, a sentence, a word; alwa our eyes turn to the war. We did n have a miserable childhood, nor we we hungry; but in spite of the fa of being middle class, we are n content. We write, many years aft the end of the war, because we a not happy and because we do n conform. Nor are we sleeping, bli or dead. We write because writing a form of protest: a protest while have life and strength against that represents oppression, hypocri and injustice.

Poor Boy Spreads His Wings

THE PAINTED BIRD. By Jerzy Kosinski. Houghton Mifflin Co. 272 pp. $4.95.

Anne Halley

A survivor's story, *The Painted Bird*, belongs to that 20th-century genre which teaches us that our daily and clear, comforting separation of "real" experience from nightmare, of obj tive event from the sequestered ma man's fantasy is neither natural n enduring; human life under the ru of reason, of something like char and love, is life under a special d pensation, a lucky historical accide limited, a luxury. From the surviv out of the Polish villages we can lea again what—drifting down aisles a mass-discount-comfort culture a in spite of riots and demonstrations we may try to forget; human life, t cheapest thing there is, can be ma tained and has been for centuries the midst of chaos, brutality, organiz and disorganized ill will.

The other genre to which this s vivor's tale must, I think, be linked a good deal older. We know this st and these actors, have them in bones, although we have usually n them in symbolic, more bearable, ferently fictionalized and selected tail: Hansel and Gretel in the witc hut; "The Poor Boy in the Grav

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Anne Halley teaches English at University of Massachusetts. She the author of Between Wars and Ot Poems *(Gehenna Press).*

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Chinese Poems

Kenneth Rexroth

I.

Day after day the rain falls.
Week after week the grass grows.
Year after year the river flows.
Seventy years, seventy years,
The wheel of dreams revolves.
Wang Hung Kung

II.

A thousand mountains without a bird.
Ten thousand miles with no trace of man.
A boat. An old man in a straw raincoat,
Alone in the snow, fishing in the freezing river.
Liu Tsung-yuan

III.

I will always remember you
Entering the gate of childhood in the season
When plum blossoms give way to cherry blossoms.
Wang Hung Kung

lorinda and Joringel." The peasants,
ie millers and blacksmiths, the bird
itcher, soldiers, toothless crones,
riests and plowboys, among whom
ie narrator spent the war years—the
bandoned child himself—are deep in
ur consciousness: not only Grimm's
airy Tales, but *fabliaux*, Chapbooks
nd *Volksbücher*, the *Simplicissimus*
hirty Years' War chronicle, super-
itions and customs brought by our
randparents out of old-country vil-
ges, are random examples only of
here we have met both the actions
nd characters in this book.

Thus, a dark-haired, olive-skinned
oy of 6—a child who looks like a
w or gypsy—is sent in 1939 to stay
ut the war with a peasant woman.
fter the foster mother's sudden
eath, the story becomes a nightmar-
h, blow-by-blow account of the child's
artly passive, learning-to-struggle sur-
val: the blows are literal, of course,
r clubs and whips and switches and
dgels and flails are the ordinary
nplements of peasant life. The child
anders, dodging and fleeing from
illage to village, from cruel master
master, and must usually watch the
ccasional kindly host meet a violent
nd. The peasants fear the boy's black
yes, his Jewish or gypsy "otherness";
e is thought to be a kind of change-
ng or child of darkness. Defined by
is darkness alone, and powerless
ithout goods or protectors, he is tol-
rated, exploited, tortured, not quite
urdered, forgotten in good seasons,
ut blamed for bad.

The various episodes, no doubt based on experience, seem to embody and play on recognizable folk-tale motifs, always with that "realistic" twist, or reversal, which shows that there is neither justice, nor reason, nor black or white magic to help one in extremity. Only chance. When the foster mother, a passable witch, burns with her hut, the child is *not* restored to joyful parents—though here, in the first episode, he fully expects to be. Foundlings and strangers are not given bed and board by the poor because they are our Lord in disguise, or may have three wishes to dispense. They are Jews to be misused and turned over to the German ovens. The bird catcher and his beloved are not noble youth and maid but aging, half-mad outcasts who—instead of turning into birds or a flowering bush—are ultimately kicked to death by the other peasants; goats do not turn into princes although peasant girls may love them; the crucifix does not speak, miraculously, for the innocent; to be held under ice or to be thrown into and nearly drowned in a manure pit does not, like the fairy-tale fall-down-the-well, lead to a gentler, magic country but only to the hero's emergence into more cruel trials; the huntsman who is ordered to perform the ritual killing is, interestingly enough, a German soldier who allows the boy to escape. The narrator does not marry the king's daughter after his trials: for a while at least he "marries" the Red Army, whose soldiers rescue him. With the Russian soldiers he is given the change of clothing so important in folk tales for change of identity: not princely garments, but a uniform and a Red Star. Finally, restored by means of the traditional identifying birthmark to his parents, the boy enters not the "happily ever after," but that complex disorganized postwar society, in which ultimately even the saving hagiography of Stalin as protective, hard-working Father, and the ideal of a rational Collective will turn out disproved fairy tales.

The book's epilogue, however, attempts to reverse the bitterly ironic

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anti-fairy-tale pattern: in what seems to me an odd reversal, Mr. Kosinski finds that the freedom and independence, which he learned among the peasants, were subject only to "the limits of his own determination and skill." He implies that America today may be a comparable, fit habitat for the man determined to survive and spread his wings. We may nevertheless hope for a world less natural, less governed by accident, inherited fear, superstition and the brutality that is no one's fault because it has always existed: I mean, a society less traditional, perhaps, in which even those of the wrong color can survive with a less heroic effort of skill and determination, and with less reliance on their luck.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

VARESE

In the few days that have passed since the death of Edgard Varèse, no thought about music could be far from the sharp awareness of what it has meant to us and to music that he lived and composed. One suddenly became conscious that an essential part of every sonic experience in our musical lives was in some way shaped for us by the encounter with Varèse, by what his music taught us and enabled us to hear. At the concert given by the Columbia Group for Contemporary Music two days after he died, Harvey Sollberger's gesture in playing the *Density 21.5* in Varèse's memory was almost superfluous; for his memory was alive in every aspect of the program that had been previously scheduled. The activity itself was a descendant of Varèse's pioneer efforts with the International Composers' Guild at a harsh and lonely time for advanced music in America. The early music on the program recalled Varèse's own days as a choral conductor and his lifelong impatience with the limitations of modern "tempered" tuning. In the Boulez *Mallarmé Improvisation No. 2*, the isolated clusters of timbrally striking sound events recalled a quality first revealed as a fundamental articulative resource by Varèse. Milton Babbitt's live-electronic *Vision and Prayer* not only recalled that Varèse dreamed of electro-acoustic means of sound production and control long before anyone else had even conceived of their possibility, but also that even this pre-eminently pitch music of Babbitt, with its sonic restraint and continuous unfolding, is nonetheless steeped in the dimension of spatial articulation that was another of Varèse's great discoveries. The idea is so fundamentally embedded in the electronic medium with its characteristic multiple sound sources that it is astonishing to realize that Varèse first conceived and successfully projected it with conventional instruments. And finally, the sharp separation of sound levels in Charles Wuorinen's new Chamber Concerto for oboe and ten players was, despite the work's undeniable originality and compositional sophistication, obviously composed out of the powerful experience of Varèse's work.

But perhaps the most impressive evidence of Varèse's continuing vitality for our musical lives has been the remarkable impact and excitement that his own music still generates in performance. Despite the paucity of works (he destroyed some early pieces, and a fire destroyed many others; later, he abandoned composition for
almost twenty years out of the bitt
realization that under the then pr
vailing conditions his works cou
never be adequately played), and d
spite the fact that most of these wor
were more than thirty years old, a
their composer was well over 80, t
younger generation of composers, pe
formers and listeners has found
them the same kind of contempora
immediacy that, more predictably,
found in the music of his middle-ge
eration successors, from Babbitt a
Carter to Wolpe and Shapey. It wa
indeed, Varèse's music that most c
viously required the new virtuosity
contemporary-music performance
rescue it from its previous neglect, a
it is surely his work that has mo
stunningly rewarded it.

As a result, no Varèse memor
concerts will be needed to bring
music to our attention; his work h
been standard repertory for all t
new-music groups so abundan
formed in recent years. Only last se
son the University of Chicago's Co
temporary Chamber Players present
an all-Varèse concert in Carnegie Ha
Gunther Schuller conducted *Intégra*
for the Columbia Group, and *Dése*
also appeared on Leonard Bernstei
1964 *avant-garde* series. Last summ
the MacDowell Colony honored Varè
in a remarkable convocation at whi
both Aaron Copland and Milton Ba
bitt discussed his work. This seaso
his *Equatorial* had already been sche
uled by the recently formed Rutge
new-music ensemble, the Columb
Group had announced the in-progr
Nuit, and the Schuller Twentieth-Ce
tury Innovations series was awaiti
another newly composed work. Lo
before his death, the advanced mu
cal journals on the Continent and
England, as well as in America, we
filled with talk about and concern
his music and its significance.

And even in a negative sense,
quality of Varèse's musical prese
has constantly been returning to co
sciousness since his death. At
Pittsburgh Symphony's Schoenb
concert, for example, one could
help being struck by what an extra
dinarily different sonic world Var
inhabited—and hence created for us
from any in the work of even his m
masterly contemporaries. Indeed,
famous Varèsian antipathy to Scho
berg's music that proved so irresisti
to at least one grudging obitua
must have been almost a necess
condition for the realization of suc
difficult and isolated vision as

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e's. Whatever we eventually find to y about his work, the one observa- n that has come back again and ain is that of all the really original th-century masters, it was Varèse o conceived and projected a sound at seemed to derive from no pre- us music—as did those of Stravin- y, Schoenberg, and even Webern.

But Varèse's place in our musical es was far more personal as well. s interest in and involvement with New York musical community was unremitting that literally up to the ry last moment his presence was an variable and indispensable aspect of ery important new-music concert. oreover, there is hardly anyone who s ever a young "advanced" com- ser in New York during the past irty years who cannot count among s treasured professional experiences e remarkable sympathy and interest with which Varèse looked at his scores and listened to their performances.

We served on committees with him, we encountered him constantly in the homes of musicians and in his own, and it is indeed true, as *The New York Times'* editorial obituary so patronizingly noted, that he was loved and revered as a father figure by all of New York's *avant-gardes*, just as he was a monumental presence to the international artistic community. This, assuredly, is a far truer measure of Varèse's historical position than that "ultimate place in history" invariably invoked to avoid acknowledging the existence of a real musical world of the present. The only history in which we can presume to judge or even be legitimately concerned with Varèse is our own—to what other could he have possibly belonged? And in that history, Varèse's magnificent place is secure.

HEATRE

Harold Clurman

HOGAN'S GOAT

illiam Alfred, author of *Hogan's oat*, is reported to have said that e critics told him what the play is out. One may suppose that there as a concealed irony in the state- ent. On the other hand the admis- on may be a clue to a flaw in Mr. lfred's interesting play.

Its theme, according to another re- ark ascribed to the playwright, has do with the "human tendency to ink you can get away with any- ing and take it back"—in a word, tribution. One pays for one's er- rs, no matter how forgivable they ay be. Without being pretentious, e play aims at tragedy. Its failure this respect does not invalidate its erits nor diminish its attractiveness. hat gives the play color and its ecial quality, apart from its writing, its "historical" aspect.

The story concerns the Irish immi- rants in the Brooklyn of 1890. It as a separate town at the time and e dramatic action centers upon the ayoralty fight between two men: atthew Stanton, 37, who had come poor boy from his native land only elve years before, and old Edward uinn, long the incumbent Mayor, a ynical, corrupt, determined politico, pical of old Tammany. It is a truggle for power which Quinn clings because he knows himself to e worthless without it, and which tanton covets in order to make something of himself in America. Stanton is a reform candidate, bent on throwing out the old rascal, but in his hunger for power he is as ruthless as the boss he would replace. The reformer —"house devil and street saint"—is not wholly aware of the poisons which are bred by his drive to win.

The rather complicated and somewhat melodramatically old-fashioned plot concerns Aggie Hogan, first Quinn's mistress, then Stanton's. (On this account Stanton has come to be nicknamed "Hogan's Goat.") Believing her to have been unfaithful, Stanton abandons Aggie whom he has secretly married. He hides this fact, goes to London for a while where he marries a well-born Irish girl and returns with her to Brooklyn. She feels herself exiled amid the roughs and toughs in her new home and suffers a sharp sense of guilt because she was married only by civil law.

On the basis of this past history Quinn is able to frustrate his rival's bid for power, but not until Stanton, to prevent his wife from leaving him (she has learned of his unavowed marriage), pushes her down a flight of stairs. This leads to her death, his arrest and to Quinn's ultimate defeat because of his connection with the scandal.

In writing his play, Mr. Alfred seems to have been impelled by various ambitions. To begin with, the above-stated intention is implied in such lines as "There are some things in life you can't take back"—the plot consequence of which is that not only the sinner but also the innocent are destroyed. Concomitant with this thought is the idea that in the quest for power lie the seeds of crime.

Further, the author wished to recreate the Irish Brooklyn of old with its mixture of religiosity, ignorance, provincial charm, fecklessness and brutality—the sweetly rancid festering of our ghettos in their growth and in their dissolution. Finally there is the purely literary striving (Mr. Alfred is a professor of English at Harvard) to envelop and elevate all this material through the use of modern verse forms, language which makes poetic patterns of the vernacular.

These several motivations do not altogether coalesce in *Hogan's Goat.* The play is diffuse; it imparts a sense of riding on different tracks to a destination which may be important but which is never reached. Though the characters are ably and often engagingly drawn—notably the crusty monster Quinn—none of them has

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sufficient size or originality to confer tragic dimension. The plot is "pushed" to make its point, and the point, being extremely serious, is not acceptable on the basis of the play's contrivance. One becomes stubborn in such cases, saying to oneself: "I know that what is being said is supposed to be a religious verity, but since it has been demonstrated through patent artifice I refuse to believe or be moved by it."

Still something remains which holds our attention and commands respect. Though the surface is conventional (there are certain old plays and recent novels about similar situations), we are persuaded that we are seeing not simply a story of the Irish in old Brooklyn but a part of the social history that shaped us. We seem to witness the development of our cities through talent, energy, industry, rascality, fraud and idealism. The play not only tells us about those crooks of occasional genius who built the metropolises; it makes us feel and understand them. The American past, nearly always travestied in Hollywood, is rarely used with authentic sensibility on the stage. Our drama seems to have no background in history before 1912 at the earliest. Plays written about us before that time were in virtually all instances even more bogus than the films.

The verse used in *Hogan's Goat* gratifies the ear and, on the whole, convinces as a fitting theatrical medium. The gap between the kind of metaphors and images employed and the characters who speak them is not wide enough to be discomfiting. The happiest touches are short phrases, bits of picturesque insult and homely quips. Except for a speech describing the immigrants' voyage to America in steerage, the sustained passages are less telling. There are flights of rhetoric which either are false to character in their dramatic context, or sound as if the author were taking time out to prove himself a poet. T artistic laxity results in techni awkwardness.

One is scrupulous in noting th faults because it is not enough in case of a fundamentally worth-wh effort by a gifted new writer to joice that he has achieved somethi of a hit, that he has added to support of such an undertaking The American Place Theatre—wh last season brought us Robert Lowe *The Old Glory*. One must regard event as a hearty step in a diffic course which demands critical st ture as well as encouragement.

The play is aptly staged and p duced in direction by Frederick R and in scenic investiture by K Lundell. The company as a whole very well cast in regard to type; acting makes a generally favora impression ranging from the amia stock to the commendably adequ and mounting in excellence to chaele Myers' performance, touch and humorous, as a neighborh bawd.

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LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

the K.K.K. investigation, but Mrs. Crane is disingenuous when she attributes the absence of demonstrators to Capitol regulations. The proceedings would assuredly have been livelier if it was her group that was being probed. And with all deference to the Rev. Dr. King, I must stand on my observation that, whatever the inclinations of the subcommittee members, the hearings have not constituted an attack, direct or indirect, on the civil rights movement. As for Mrs. Crane's interpretation of what the Congressmen are deviously trying to accomplish, that bespeaks an overheated imagination; no one outside of her immediate circle believes that this investigation can redeem HUAC in liberal hearts. . . .

I shall not don mourning if the Court finally does put HUAC out of business, but my assignment was to report on what was happening in the caucus room, not to stoke up the hopes of zealous readers.

Walter Goodman

The homosexual evasion

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Justice for Homosexuals" (Nov. 8), confuses by combining disparate issues. The imperative of "due process" for deviates, as for other offenders, is clear; their human as well as legal rights must be scrupulously honored. But your special pleading for legalizing "homosexual relations between consenting adults" conveys only a plausible f of meaning, in Francis Bacon's phr Citing Learned Hand has becc sheer ritualism; in this area, "Ho nodded," as Hand said of Holmes another context.

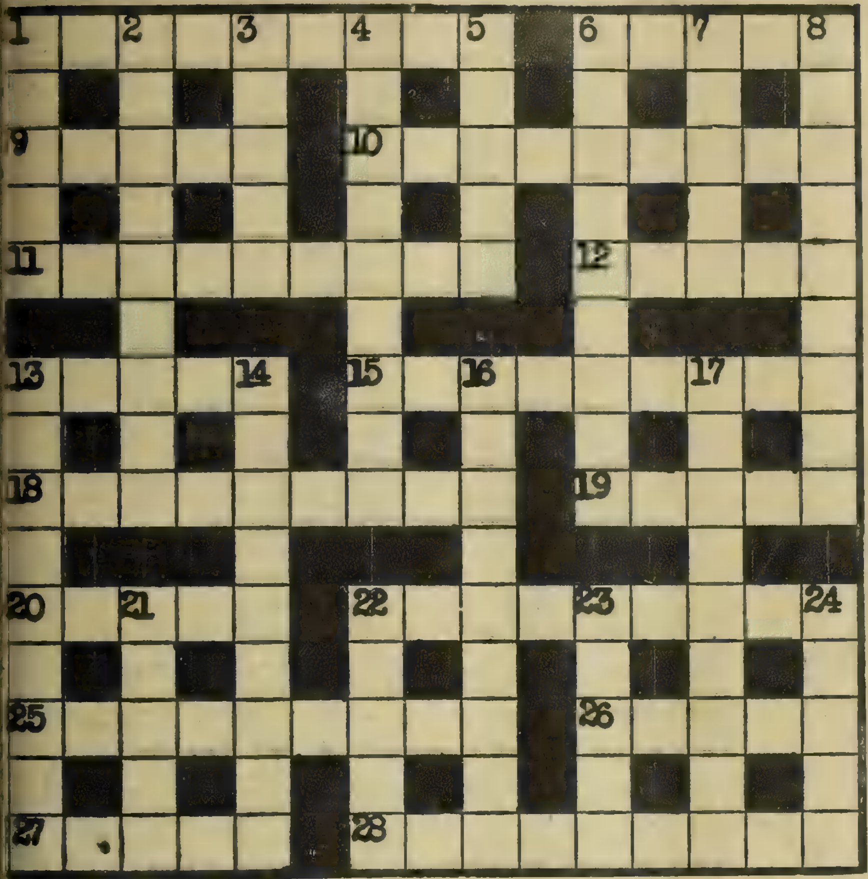
The postulate that discretion privacy in the practice of deviant behavior may be the difference tween a wrongful and a lawful ac clearly inadmissible. Can incest or ing with an animal be so immuni against societal disapproval? Le mizing what for centuries have b regarded as abominations is wh outside our moral custom. Law, i is to be viable, must reflect mo And, it has always been one of proper objectives of criminal law reaffirm societal norms in order maintain respect for and the integ of those norms.

To legalize homosexual cond however practiced, is an injustice society's future. It is a different n ter to urge that its victims be trea medically, psychiatrically, etc., rat than by traditional legal sancti Our aim should be not to accept to abort it by proper education, pa tal and otherwise, and to treat rehabilitate the unfortunates who h fallen into this unwholesome in gence. This would be true compass To legalize homosexuality, then, is evasion of the problem which both individual and society face. It d not represent "justice for homo uals"—nor compassion!

Samuel H. Hofsta
Justice of the Supreme C
State of New Y

Crossword Puzzle No. 1129

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

Roped Uncle Sam without having to wander about making flower holders. (9)

and 9 Short illnesses kept in hand by professional men. (10)

Before the rains, wise campers should be made to carve meat and other food. (9)

The private misery of a Hollywood figure might cast a light on certain types of struggle. (4, 5)

There might be a certain amount of left-overs in a stew, obviously.

Typified by the sort in a trance?

Port should be red, as a matter of incidental information! (4, 5)

September's devoid of warmth for family groups. (5)

The carpet is brought about in, with some feeling of regret. (5)

It might consist of rolls, sliced, and the like, though one is probably not employed in it. (5, 4)

If one declares he likes to hold it, it might be sound in judgment. (4, 5)

and 3 down See how many there are when part of the nobility pries into things. (5, 5)

Bow off? Quite the opposite with a gentle flower. (5)

Is anger used with the working habits of some people? (9)

DOWN:

1 and 13 across Lots of cards confuse those that might bear the load of travel. (10)

2 The 25 would hardly be so rejected. (9)

4 What seems to be the comment of those who refuse to answer the phone? (However, it's not unprintable!) (9)

5 and 22 down Fascinated with the period of work secured? (10)

6 Support political subdivisions, but not in the usual way. (9)

7 Aside from thoughts you might easily have? (5)

8 Fran seems to be confused with 24, but they can easily fix things.

13 Digger from out of here? (9)

14 What Liberty does to the world.

16 One of the 8, with the split end holding tight. (6, 3)

17 The first part of the A.M.? (9)

21 How most encyclopedias are sold with one picture in another, for instance. (5)

23 Pronouncements of Mussolini, when unmounted? (5)

24 Park set irregularly in two directions. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1128

ACROSS: 1 Silver-tongued; 11 Guinevere; 12 Retractor; 13 Motet; 14 Fit as a fiddle; 19 and 9 A change in the weather; 22 Lobes; 24 Thumbnail; 25 Britannic; 26 and 15 Train announcer; 27 Freedom riders. DOWN: 2 Idiots; 3 Vespasian; 4 Right face; 5 Osier; 6 Gleam; 7 Evening; 8 Usury; 16 Inhabited; 17 Wallaby; 18 Chabrier; 20 Bad air; 21 Flint; 23 Space suits; 24 Tango.

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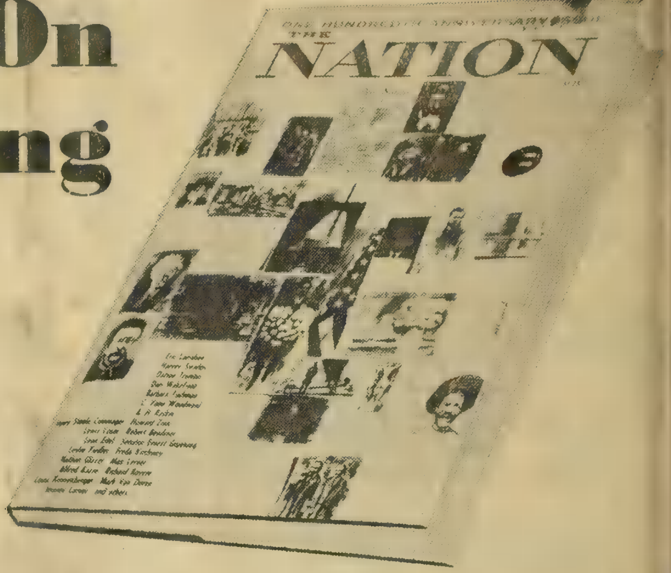

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IS THE AUTO INCURABLE?

Smog Today & Smog Tomorrow

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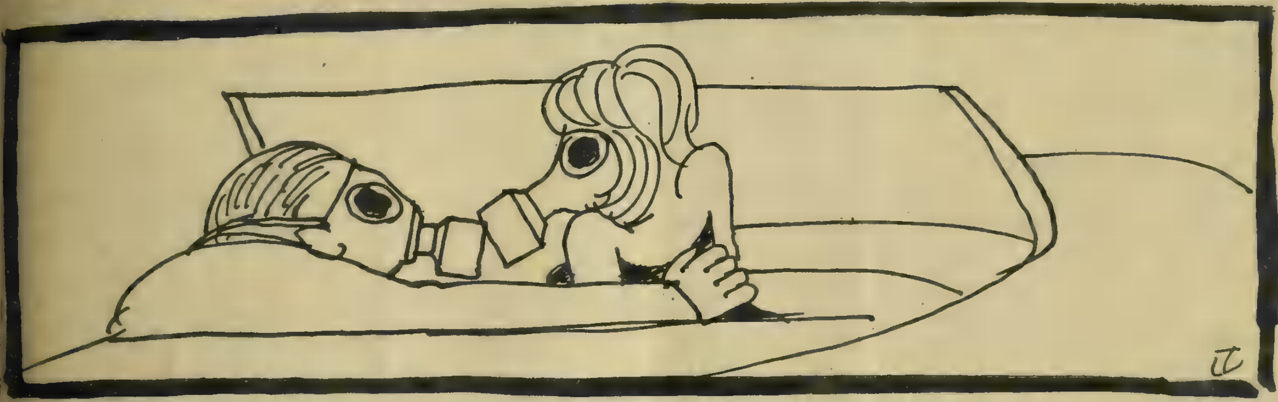

The New Russian Revolution

Margaret Miller

PERRY MILLER'S AMERICA Alan Trachtenberg

LETTERS

Con Ed's string of lights

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Thank you for the splendid, well-researched article ["Con Edison: The Hudson River Caper," by David Cort, *The Nation*, Nov. 22] on the battle to save Storm King Mountain at Cornwall-on-Hudson from the controversial pumped-storage electric power plant proposed by Con Edison of New York. The great Northeastern blackout which paralyzed New York just before your article appeared furnished an ironic footnote to this battle.

Immediately after service had been restored to the city, Con Edison's public relations people went to work trying to convince New Yorkers that the Cornwall plant would have prevented the disastrous power failure and helped to restore service faster. Although the company was careful not to make a direct claim, the inference dominated a number of expensive full-page ads placed in newspapers throughout the company's service area and was sold again and again in public statements and on radio.

Considering that New Yorkers will be paying for the cost of this propaganda campaign in their monthly power bills, they ought to have some idea of the accuracy of what they are being sold. . . .

At the moment of the blackout, which occurred very near the peak of highest demand, New York City was using 4.3 million kilowatts of power, according to available reports. If all of Con Edison's power plants had been in operation, the city would have had a capacity of 7.6 million kilowatts, leaving a margin of safety of 3.3 million kilowatts. As it was, three of the company's plants were down for various reasons and the capacity was 6.1 million kilowatts, leaving a margin of safety of 1.8 million kilowatts. There is no question that 1.8 million kilowatts was more than adequate to handle any foreseeable demand of the city for power.

If Con Edison had pulled the switch and disconnected itself from the failing power grid, there would have been no blackout in New York City.

Now what would have happened if the Cornwall plant had been available? First, the failure in the grid was great enough to eat up the city's 1.8 million kilowatt surplus as though it wasn't there at all. I have not yet seen figures on the total demand, but it is clear from the extent and effect of the failure that it would also have exceeded Cornwall's 2 million kilowatt capacity, assuming that the full capacity was available. Thus, under the most favorable circumstances, the Con Edison system would have been thrown out even with Cornwall, unless the company disconnected from the failing Northeast power grid.

The key to maintaining New York's power was cutting free of the grid and Con Edison had more than enough power to do that and maintain service without Cornwall power. . . .

The antiquated Con Edison system appears to be the real reason that the company took so long getting power back to its captive customers in New York. The Con Edison distribution system has been likened to the old-fashioned string of Christmas tree lights, all connected in series. When one light blows, the whole string goes, and the only way to get it back in service is to check each light. Public Service of New Jersey was offering Con Edison lots of power from its modern jet turbines right after the failure, but Con Edison couldn't accept it until they had gone through their whole system and gotten the plants ready to take it. There were literally thousands of break points that had to be manually operated, using every available man. In short, there was an abundance of power available to help stricken New York, but Con Edison couldn't use it. . . .

Richard L. Ottinger
Member of Congress
25th District, New York

World imperative

Belmont, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Your readers in New England should be interested in a conference being sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee on "Social Revolution — World Imperative," Dec. 10 and 11 in Cambridge. Among the impressive list of discussion leaders are Eqbal Ahmad, author of "How To Tell When the Rebels Have Won" [*The Nation*, Aug. 30], Conor Cruise O'Brien, William Worthy, Howard Zinn and John Gerassi, Latin American expert. . . . Details can be had from AFSC, 44a Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass. *Martin R. Haase*

No end to the draft?

Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: I question two theories proposed by Ross Wilhelm in "How To End the Draft" [*The Nation*, Nov. 15]. Wilhelm suggests that reluctance to face "embarrassing Congressional questions about the undeclared war in Vietnam" is one of the reasons for Administrative failure to discuss a military pay increase that would abolish the need for our forced recruitment system. Why would a discussion about military budget lead to questions not al-

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andor, Credibility, Confidence

Open covenants, openly arrived at, were never any- ng more than a figment of Woodrow Wilson's agination; moreover, while a war is being fought, lomatic moves are apt to be even more tortuous an the deals that are worked out afterward. Each e is intent on winning at the conference table the al victory which eluded it on the battlefield — or, defeat is its portion, on obtaining terms which will able it to fare better in the wars to come.

Accordingly, the normal behavior of governments quires pulling the wool over the eyes of its own al citizens (including those who are fighting and ng) as well as those of allies and neutrals. The ent to which the Johnson Administration has suc- ded in this endeavor is perhaps unequaled in his- y. Under President Kennedy there were complaints management of the news but, as we can see now, s was all on a relatively ineffectual scale. The techques of feeding misinformation to the loyal Ameri- n have been greatly refined since that time, and he takes at face value anything that he reads (with few exceptions) in the commercial press, or sees d hears on his electronic equipment, he must be llfully gullible.

The revelations of the past few weeks have horri- d even some of the most experienced manipulators public opinion. "I feel as if I have been cuckolded," e newspaper editor exclaimed. Sen. Richard Russell, ng a confidant of the President, reflected on the mmunications between U Thant and Adlai Steven- n and on the Hanoi offer in the early fall of 1964 discuss a possible settlement, and concluded that grievous error was committed." Such expressions resentment have been coming from every side; en the war hawks, who now call for the bombing Hanoi and Haiphong, feel that the total lack of ndor in the Administration's pronouncements is f-defeating. Official lying works for a time, but hen the curtain of secrecy is momentarily pulled de the revelations are all the more damaging.

The details that have leaked out -- about the sup- ssion of the fact that overtures for possible nego- tions were made more than a year ago, about the nerican role in the Dominican Republic, about U. S. clear-tipped weapons in the possession of the West rmans—lead to the question: can this Administra- n ever be believed again? The doubts are redoubled the stupid and transparent falsehoods with which spokesmen try to cover up past machinations while esent ones, we may be sure, continue to be perpetrated. We are told, in one instance, that Dean Rusk led to pass information on to the President. And what grounds? Rusk's "antennae" told him that noi was not "sincere," and we had to get into a ll-scale war before Hanoi's sincerity could be attested. Americans and Vietnamese must die in increasing numbers until Rusk, waving his sensitive antennae toward the Asian mainland, decides that an authentic message of submission is finally being transmitted by the crafty enemy.

The damage has been compounded by the treatment meted out to U Thant, on whom to a large degree rest the chances of peace. In the 1964 Vietnam situation, U Thant was placed in an affair so frustrating that he was forced to signal to the American public that if they only knew the facts they would agree that further bloodshed might be avoided. His reward was to be slapped down by the Administration and by the President himself, as if he were an intruder pushing himself into a situation that did not concern him.

In Mr. Johnson we have a President who plays the cards close to his chest, who wants to run everything and to keep all power in his own hands, who loves secrecy and intrigue for its own sake. In the light of the disclosures which have now reached the American public, the President's oft-repeated assertion that his only wish is to bring the Vietcong and North Vietnam to the conference table requires a closer and more skeptical look.

Less and Less Unconditional

Newsweek (November 29) writes that though the United States is still ready to begin "unconditional discussions" at any time, "the discussions are now less unconditional than they have ever been—and it will take a loud, clear signal from Hanoi to get them started." The offer to discuss, then, is not unconditional at all; in *The Nation's* view, it never was. *The Nation's* skepticism was based on the use of the word "discussions" and the careful avoidance of "negotiations"; moreover, by the time of the President's Johns Hopkins speech a strong drumbeat of criticism had to be countered, and a big arms build-up was under way. It seemed fairly obvious that while the Administration might talk peace for domestic consumption, the arms build-up and intensification of the war were its real objectives. The rest was camouflage.

This pattern goes far beyond "negotiation from strength." Our strength is shown by the ratio of Vietcong and North Vietnamese casualties to our own. Unless our opponents obtain matching air power, that ratio will be maintained—or increased. The key figures in the Johnson Administration are banking on massive casualties to bring the North Vietnamese to terms. Rusk is reported to have stressed to a foreign visitor that he was ready to fly to Geneva any time, but he also told the visitor: "We'll lick 'em." In other words, he is ready to go to Geneva to dictate terms of surrender.

He may be disappointed. Any nation—be it European, Asian, or American — pursues victory as long as a few pints of blood remain unshed, and North Vietnam is still far from being bled white. If victory is beyond its grasp, its fighting men will be thrown into the breach to avert negotiation from weakness, which comes close to being no negotiation at all. We knocked down last year's peace feelers because our military position at the time was unsatisfactory and because we feared the effect discussions might have on the government in Saigon. (When Stevenson mentioned this difficulty to U Thant, the latter is said to have replied: "What government?") It is now Hanoi's turn to reason in this fashion, and to counter our passion for "victory" with its own. Everything points, then, to a continuation of the war, to rising casualties and, if matters slip out of control, to a widening and ever more dangerous conflict.

This sequence of events gives the war hawks on our side the leverage they need. In military matters, a kernel of logic always exists within the encompassing illogic, as when General LeMay argues that it is senseless to use B-52s as tactical aircraft. If we are going to use them, why not bomb refineries, tank farms, industries, etc.? Why not — although LeMay has not suggested it so far—bomb population centers, as he bombed Tokyo in World War II? Senator Russell and Representative Rivers, and Richard Nixon, are ready to take the former step right now, and if that fails to work, by all indications they will be prepared to go on to the latter. Moderation has no place in the logic of war.

All this, as *The Nation* has pointed out time and again, is part of the preventive war against China which is the ulterior reason for our war in Vietnam. The Chinese cannot be under any illusions on that score. What if they have taken the possible elimination of North Vietnam into account? If the Soviets did not intervene, the Chinese would have an unchallenged claim to leadership of the Communist world. They could then retaliate with means of their own choosing, presumably occupation of North Vietnam and operations against South Vietnam from bases in the north. This involves risks for them, but they may be willing to take a chance on having their atom factories bombed if they can engulf us in a protracted land war. They bided their time in Korea; they may be biding their time again. Are we being sucked into the vortex we swore to avoid?

Kennedy's Course

In his present political maneuvers Robert F. Kennedy somewhat resembles the Tower of Pisa, which leans, but not enough to fall over. The soothsayers in Washington see Kennedy veering cautiously to left of center, perhaps less from personal preference than as the only means available to distinguish himself from President Johnson and his entourage. Before leaving for South America he took a stance on American policy in Asia which placed him apart from the war hawks, and now he is differentiating himself from Johnson, Jack Hood Vaughn and Tom Mann in Latin American affairs. The opportunity is enhanced by his ju position to Secretary Rusk, who, colorless as ever, been operating in the same area.

Before leaving on his tour, Kennedy was bri at the State Department. State would rather he stayed home, but since he was bent on going Vau was designated to tell him what to say. Bobby did take kindly to this tutelage. When he was aske explain U. S. intervention in the Dominican Repu to the Latin Americans, he bluntly declined.

At Rio, Rusk announced that we would interv unilaterally to put down subversion in Latin Ame although of course we would prefer to do so at side of our OAS allies. This, coming in the wak the offensive House resolution promulgating a lateral right of intervention, could hardly have more irritating, even to those countries which a matically go along with us. Kennedy backed up Johnson Administration only mildly, saying abou little as he decently could. Wherever possible, he s to students and offered to discuss issues even those most hostile to him. He presented the im of a young man who had little use for armed gu and military men, and had no other wish than to Latin Americans man to man. In short, he represe the Good Neighbor Policy of Franklin D. Roosevelt John F. Kennedy, while Rusk was, in effect, the ponent of what the Latin Americans would regar the new Bad Neighbor Policy.

All this has far-reaching political implication home. Unable to get help from the President, Kennedy is establishing himself as an indepen political figure. It can hardly be doubted that he his eye on the Presidency. It is a long way off, bu is not to be precluded that he may make it.

No Holocaust for V.I.P.s

A few years ago, a priest gave it as his ex opinion that a good Christian would be justifie shooting a neighbor who tried to share his fal shelter, such neighbor having lacked the foresigh or the wherewithal — to provide a sanctuary of own. The resulting burst of bad publicity, with ni mares of weeping children vainly knocking on bo shelter doors, no doubt had something to do with collapse of the boom in private shelter buildin although no small number of well-heeled and handed householders have quietly looked out themselves and their loved ones in this respect. ever, chosen executives of great corporations and favorite subordinates are spared the shelter probl For them, expense-account living will continue out interruption, even while 80 million expend Americans perish.

These pleasant arrangements are described Douglas Sefton in the New York *Daily News* (No ber 4). In 1951, the Iron Mountain Atomic Sto Corp. began to convert an abandoned mine near son, N.Y., into survival storage space for compa and institutions — presumably from the New opolitan area, although this cannot be verified, the names of tenants are kept in confidence. idea was then extended from records to people, Iron Mountain has become a "20th-century Noah's for several thousand employees of banks, in- nce companies, advertising agencies and every ner of enterprise, including a modeling agency a dance band. Comes the holocaust, these blessed will be sped to their impregnable refuge, nor will be under the harsh necessity of taking up arms nst intruders. A 28-ton bank vault door, described rger than the one at Fort Knox, will keep out the elect, and security guards will take care of any ting that may be required.

he tunnels and shafts of the original iron mine been converted into office and living space now ing 250,000 square feet, with another 50,000 re feet under construction. The office space in- es an exact reproduction of a modern financial edral, glass doors and all. From the bank floor a dsome curving staircase leads to an "Atomic Hil- for executives and their aides, male and female; s are numbered among the latter. A large lounge is furnished in Early American, a dining area can dle sixteen at a sitting from an up-to-the-minute en. The question of sleeping quarters, which n involves delicate questions of etiquette and an relations, has been solved by providing dormi- s with bunks for junior executives, secretaries the like, while senior executives and their lawful ses will occupy suitable bedrooms.

he farsighted institutions which have made these isions against disaster will presumably receive ly warning so that their chosen people will not aught in the stricken metropolis. Flight time to Mountain in a Mach 0.8 company airplane should exceed fifteen minutes. Once behind the ponderous s, they can enjoy the good feeling of knowing that are sitting it out in the best there is.

here seems to be only one flaw in these excellent ngements. In thirty days the fuel for the emer- y generators and the food and liquor will run out. n if these can be replenished by the storage com- y (which, however, has no obligation beyond thirty s), the refugees must eventually venture forth. then, as the reporter says, "whether anything will waiting for them is in other hands."

he Man Who Tried To Stop e Cold War

a longer perspective it should be even clearer it is today that the quintessential historical point ut the career of Henry Agard Wallace was that he d to stop the cold war—and was struck down with e and violence by the Great God Juggernaut. Up he time that he broke with Truman (or perhaps should say when Truman broke with him) over issue, he enjoyed, for excellent reasons, a deep wide respect. He was an exemplary public official, icated, hard-working, incorruptible; a man of intellectual and moral integrity—and everyone knew it. He was a first-rate practical scientist; he laid the groundwork for an agricultural policy which, whatever its limitations, was certainly a success in allaying farm unrest and raising farm income. His food-stamp plan and his "ever normal granary," and his splendid wartime work, marked him as an inventive and able administrator. Aside from the usual captious criticism of any well-known public figure, Wallace enjoyed a wholly admirable reputation—that is, until he tried to stop the cold war. The fact itself, and not its embellishments, is what resulted in his being cast into outer darkness, well beyond the pale which the Establishment reserves for "responsible" (read "kept") dissenters. That he had no sense of tactics or timing, that he was induced to accept some of the worst political advice imaginable, that the form and content of the '48 campaign were faulty in the extreme, none of this is important when measured against the essential fact: he wouldn't go along with the cold war. If his tactics had been brilliant, if his criticism had been sharper, the result would have been exactly the same. He was a moralist, not a politician. It was because people knew that he acted from principle that they regarded his criticism as unforgivable; expediency can always be winked at, but not high moral conduct.

Because Wallace elected to withdraw almost completely from public life after the '48 campaign and devote himself to pursuits he liked much better than politics — breeding varieties of gladioli, strawberries and corn, and improving the production of large-breasted chicken—he made it possible for the Establishment to deal with his death in surprisingly friendly and generous terms. If he had continued his efforts to stop the cold war, the obituaries would have been shorter, the sentiments in the editorials less generous, and the appraisals less objective. The tone of the comment about his career was also influenced by another consideration. In 1948, Wallace saw clearly enough (he had seen it even earlier) that Truman's cold-war policies would lead to war as indeed they did, in 1950. In retrospect it would be hard for any but the most intransigent cold warrior to deny that Wallace was more right than his critics, that the course of events since 1948 has largely confirmed what he had to say about the cold-war policies Truman substituted for the wartime policies of Roosevelt. Not that the time has yet come for such an acknowledgment. Apparently we must fight a few more wars before we are ready to make the admission. But the year is 1965 and we are at war in Vietnam. This latest war, cruel, dirty and shameful, is an outgrowth of the blind pursuit of the same cold-war policies that Wallace opposed. Reading between the lines of the notices about his death, one could hear a small voice saying, "After all, this man just might have been right." But for all his brilliant achievements, Henry Wallace was a "failure" when measured by the American Gospel of Success; imagine a man who would toss away a brilliant career for a principle!

Is the Automobile Incurable

Southern California is to the automobile what Australia is to the rabbit. A pest elsewhere in the country, it has become a plague in the great urban sprawl along the coast and into the desert from Los Angeles. California has fought intelligently and vigorously to control and confine the car, to tame it and to curb its most destructive characteristics. As the two following articles bear witness, the people have won at best a Korean victory over their beast of burden.

And the epidemic begins to spread. Smog, which the rest of the country took some ironic pleasure in identifying with Sunny California, is now coating the throats and blearing the eyes of citizens in every urban center; super highways are proving to be more boa constrictors than rivers of steel; parking lots overpowering the enterprises resorts they service. Vernon G. kenzie, chief of the Air Pollutio vision of the Public Health Ser warns that the carbon dioxide being poured into the atmosp may turn the earth into an ove trapping the sun's heat. Man new cures for his ailments e year; is there a cure for the

Smog Today & Smog Tomorrow

. . Morris Neiburg

During the last week of October, as the first automobiles to be equipped with systems for reducing the air pollution of their exhaust began to appear on the streets and freeways of Los Angeles, the worst smog of a decade spread over the entire Los Angeles Basin. Eye smarting, headaches and nausea were experienced in sections previously immune to these effects. "First-stage alerts," based on oxidant (principally ozone) measurements exceeding one-half part per million, were declared. The Los Angeles County air pollution control officer, Louis J. Fuller, urged motorists to refrain from unnecessary driving, and prepared to take steps to close down industrial operations and restrict traffic if the second-stage alert, triggered when the oxidant level rises to one part per million, were reached.

The people of the area, lulled for the past few years by assurances that the problem was being met by the control of stationary sources and the installation of crank-case blow-by recirculating devices on cars, and that the remaining major source—auto exhaust—would soon be controlled also, became aroused once more by the intensity, extent and duration of the siege. They demanded to know why, after twenty years of study, legislation and enforcement, the yellow-brown pall was as thick as ever and even more widespread. The answer of officials—that without the controls presently in force the smog would have been much worse — provided small solace. The "buck passing" of some politicians, such as the charge by Mayor Samuel W. Yorty that state officials, particularly Governor Edmund G. "Pat" Brown, have been negligent in developing controls, was recognized as political hay making. But the questions, why the smog is still with us, and what can and will be done, once more preoccupy a weeping, coughing public.

Despite frequent references to its lethal effect, no deaths have been traced directly to the smog of Los Angeles. However, it was surely a contributing factor in some marginal cases, and the general discomfort it produces has in the past given rise to such public reactions as the unseating of a chief of the County Air Pollution Control District and a mayor of Pasadena. Whether it will again have political repercussions depends in part on how realistically the people appraise the nature of the problem and the responsibility for its solution.

It has taken a long time to convince the people that the main offender is not industry — not the petroleum refineries, the steel and chemical processing companies — but rather the motor vehicles, now more than 4 million, driven daily by the citizens of the Los Angeles metropolitan area. Strict controls have been put on the industrial sources. But while motor vehicles had been first pointed to as a probable source in 1947, while the hydrocarbons and nitrogen oxides which are in their exhausts had been identified as the chemical raw materials of smog in 1950, and while by 1955 the major contribution of automobiles had been established, it is in the 1966 models to be sol California that the auto ind has introduced systems aimed a ducing the hydrocarbons. Contr the oxides of nitrogen is not ye ing attempted.

Los Angeles is almost uniqu the frequency and intensity of peculiar type of smog. To be other communities have ex enced attacks with increasing quency as the density of autom traffic has increased, but Los geles, which prided itself on it mate, must dolefully admit that climate, together with other graphical aspects, has mainta its eminence for this new kin misery, so different from the blanket with which coal-bur areas are all too familiar.

The London pea-souper is smog, a combination of coal s and fog. It occurs characteristi in the anticyclonic weather o cold winter season. In Los Ang however, no coal is burned a and smog occurs with low rel humidity, after any fog has "bu off." It appears in summer o warm days in other seasons.

In addition to large numbe automobiles, there must be c or light winds, a temperature i sion, and ample sunlight to co the hydrocarbons to irritating stances by photochemical proce Southern California has all ingredients in good measure: light winds, the strong and pe ent temperature inversion and quantities of intense sunshin addition to heavy traffic const moving (or occasionally sta throughout its network of free and surface streets.

Morris Neiburger, professor of meteorology at the University of California, Los Angeles, has served as senior meteorologist for the Air Pollution Foundation, and as a consultant to the Air Pollution Control District of Los Angeles County.

hen the eye smarting was first
rienced in Los Angeles, during
latter part of World War II, it
attributed to emissions from
ories making butadiene for use
nanufacture of synthetic rubber.
vever, at the end of the war
e plants ceased operations, but
eye smarting continued, the
ods when it occurred became
e frequent, and complaints
e from more parts of the city.

addition to the human discom-
and ailments, the smog caused
damage to vegetation, partic-
ly leafy vegetables such as
ach and lettuce. These plants,
ne time a major crop in the
, can no longer be grown com-
cially in Los Angeles County.

he synthetic rubber plants hav-
been absolved, other industries
e suspected. The Air Pollution
trol District of Los Angeles
nty, established under a state
passed in 1947, set standards
ting the emission of smokes,
es and dusts from process in-
tries, and sulfur dioxide from
neries and other chemical indus-
s. It was recognized that the
kes and dusts were probably not
all responsible for the eye irri-
on. Nevertheless the smog was
ompanied by a depressing haze,
that was objectionable in an
a which gives considerable pub-
ty to its blue skies and bright
shine. At this time, however, the
irritation, as well as some of
haze, was attributed to sulfuric-
d mist which was thought to rise
m the sulfur-dioxide emissions.

ndustry resisted the control
asures, but eventually complied.
refineries protested about the
ected costs of trapping sulfur
xide, but it turned out that in
st cases the sale of the recovered
fur more than paid for the filter-
process. But even though the
fur-dioxide content of Los An-
es air, never as high as in some
l-burning communities, was cut
less than one half by these meas-
s, the eye irritation, damage to
ps, and poor visibility continued
increase.

t was the sensitive nose of Prof.
J. Haagen-Smid, a biochemist at
California Institute of Tech-
logy, that identified the real na-
e of the smog. Professor Haagen-
id, who had specialized in the
ture of the chemical substances
ponsible for odors, fragrances
and flavors, realized that the characteristic odor—almost a stench—which accompanies Los Angeles smog resembled closely the odor produced when certain hydrocarbons combine with ozone. By putting such hydrocarbons together with ozone in a laboratory flask Haagen-Smid produced not only the characteristic odor, but also the eye irritation when persons were exposed to the reacted gases. Plants exposed to them showed the same type of damage to the leaves as is caused by smog.

Drawings by Tomi Ungerer

The existence of ozone in smoggy air had already been demonstrated in studies seeking to explain the cracking of tires and other rubber products. The mystery of where it came from was solved when further laboratory work showed that irradiation of a mixture of hydrocarbons and nitrogen dioxide in sunlight produced ozone as well as the other smog effects. Ozone concentration is now used as the primary index of smog intensity.

At first the oil industry disputed the role of hydrocarbons in producing smog effects and resisted attempts to control their emission during oil production and refining. It employed the Stanford Research Institute to carry on investigations paralleling those of the Air Pollution Control District, for which Professor Haagen-Smid worked as a consultant. Beginning in 1954, the oil interests participated in the formation of the independent Air Pollution Foundation, in which representatives of citizens groups, industrialists, commercial enterprises and the universities of the area joined in the attempt to foster an unbiased scientific solution to the problem.

While the initial investigations of the Stanford Research Institute suggested that many factors contributed to the smog manifestations, the accumulated evidence gradually confirmed Haagen-Smid's theory. A large smog reaction chamber, 50 cubic meters in volume, with artificial light sources capable of producing radiation equivalent to noon summer sun in Los Angeles, was developed under the auspices of the Air Pollution Foundation. In this chamber air containing amounts of hydrocarbons and nitrogen dioxide typical of the Los Angeles atmosphere was irradiated, and was found to develop high-ozone concentrations. To test for eye irritation, air from the chamber was conducted to booths where it passed over the eyes of volunteers. These people were subjected to air from the chamber and to pure filtered air in such fashion that they did not know when one or the other was being used. Their report of whether or not they experienced eye irritation and how much was thus not affected by subjective reactions. Similar tests were conducted with plants to see what concentrations of which hydrocarbons produced damage. The conclusion was that irradiation of certain mixtures of hydrocarbons and nitrogen dioxide, in concentrations which occur on smoggy days in Los Angeles, definitely produce eye irritation and plant damage of the type experienced.

Even before the evidence was conclusive, the emissions from the petroleum industry began to be controlled, at first on a voluntary basis, and subsequently by rule of the Air Pollution Control Board. Refinery operations were converted to closed systems; storage tanks were covered, and leaky valves and pipes were constantly monitored and repaired. From a loss of more than 850 tons of hydrocarbons per day, estimated in 1952, the emissions were cut to less than 100 tons in 1956.

Soon after the importance of hydrocarbons had been recognized, the operation of automobiles was pointed to as being probably as important a source of trouble as the refineries. It is estimated that even when in perfect operating condition an automobile gives off unburned 7 per cent of the fuel it uses. The loss is smaller at constant cruising speed, but in the stop-and-go driving conditions of city traffic the figure is considered conservative. In 1952, on the basis of this estimate, the emission of hydrocarbons by automobiles was approximately equal to that from the petroleum industry. But by 1956, when emissions from industry had come under control, the number of autos and the miles they traveled had increased to the point that car emissions were estimated to be 1,350 tons per day.

To confirm that auto exhaust really causes smog the Air Pollution Foundation smog chamber was again used. An automobile was mounted on a dynamometer which enabled it to simulate conditions on the road while remaining stationary. It was "programed" to spend given fractions of the time accelerating, cruising, decelerating and idling. The exhaust was diluted, introduced into the smog chamber, irradiated, and carried to the booths where the eyes of the test subjects waited. The exhaust was found to contain adequate hydrocarbons and nitrogen dioxide for the formation of ozone, eye irritation and plant damage.

Many people were not convinced. They regarded the indictment of auto exhaust as a "cover up" to shield industry. There were mass meetings of outraged citizens. The mayor of the city of Pasadena, one of the localities most affected, withdrew from the election race in the face of the campaign of Warren Dorn, now a county supervisor, who promised that he would "take decisive action against the causes of smog." Gradually, however, most of the people have come around to acknowledging that the scientists and the political authorities were not protecting industry, that industry had already been compelled to "clean house" to an extent unequaled anywhere in the world, and that further progress depended not on eliminating a few large sources but on controlling millions of small ones.

The emphasis of the attack thereupon shifted to the development of devices to control car emissions. The County Air Pollution Control District attempted to persuade the automotive industry to develop and incorporate appropriate devices in their products. At the same time other manufacturers were encouraged to undertake research, the idea being that as soon as effective devices were approved new regulations could require them on all vehicles in Los Angeles County.

In 1960, the state of California established the Motor Vehicle Control Board to set standards, approve devices and enforce their installation and maintenance. The control of crank-case blow-by emissions, which were estimated to contribute between 15 and 25 per cent of the hydrocarbons in the air, presented no technical difficulty if the recirculating device was part of the original engine design, and the automobile industry incorporated such controls in 1961 models sold in California as well as in 1963 models sold throughout the United States. Crank-case blow-by devices for used cars, although available, raise some technical problems, and the requirement for their installation was postponed by the 1965 legislature.

The control of exhaust emissions, which are the preponderant pollutants entering the atmosphere, proved a more difficult problem. In an attempt to reconcile the desirable with the feasible, standards were set in 1961 which require approved devices to reduce hydrocarbon emissions by 80 per cent and carbon monoxide by 60 per cent. Auto manufacturers were urged to
devise methods to achieve thes
ductions. Other firms and ind
uals were solicited to submit
vices for testing by the board, w
took over the testing laboratory
had been established by Los Ang
County.

For all one knows, the auto
dustry may have begun instantl
work hard on this problem. I
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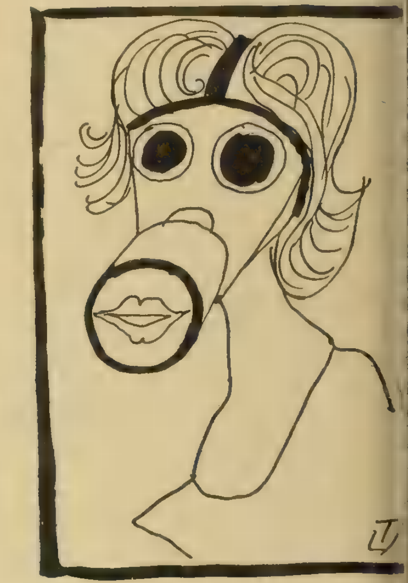
on the 1966 models did Ger
Motors, Ford and Chrysler annou
that they had their systems r
and would install them on all



cars sold in California. The Ger
Motors and Ford systems inv
engine modification in which a
added in the exhaust manifol
complete the burning of the exh
gases as they pass on through
muffler and tail pipe. The Chr
"Cleaner Air Package" modifies
carburetor and spark distrib
system to get more complete
bustion in the engine itself.

The Clean Air Act amendm
passed by Congress this year inc
a Motor Vehicle Air Pollution
trol Act designed to establish st
ards and require control system
new vehicles sold throughout
United States beginning with
1968 models.

With respect to cars alread
the road, the California law
vides that used cars will be requ
to install devices for exhaust
trol when two devices have
approved as meeting the req
ments with respect to effective
durability and price. Only one

has been approved so far. An npt to delete the requirement two approved devices, which ld have given some firm a vir- monopoly in the supply of de- ; for used cars (the business is nated at $400 million) was de- ed in the legislature in October, ie height of the smog attack. No factory second device is in t. Thus for the present the re- ion of vehicle effluents will de- l on the slow departure of old from the scene.

This replacement had not begun in October, 1965, when rse weather conditions gave to a smog siege as serious as previously experienced. Will be the last one, now that cars exhaust-control systems have me available? Since new cars e onto the street faster than old go to the junkyards, it is clear even if the control systems are ntained at the required levels of ctiveness throughout the lives he cars equipped with them, the ction of hydrocarbons will not 80 per cent at the end of ten s when most of the present cars e been replaced. In fact, at the ent rate of vehicle proliferation, reduction may be little more one half that figure, and in ther ten to twenty years Cali- ia may be back to full smog in.

A further concern is the fact that systems presently approved or in prospect do not control the amount of oxides of nitrogen in the exhaust. In addition to being a reagent in the photochemical reaction which produces eye irritation and other smog effects, nitrogen dioxide is poisonous in itself. Scientific opinion differs as to whether reduction of hydrocarbons alone will alleviate smog symptoms, but the consensus leans toward the view that nitrogen-oxide control is in any case essential.

A first step toward requiring this control was taken October 29, when the California State Board of Public Health adopted standards for purity of air with respect to oxides of nitrogen. It set the level at 0.25 parts per million, a value frequently exceeded in Los Angeles smog. The Automobile Manufacturers Association has opposed the setting of standards for nitrogen oxides. It remains to be seen whether the auto industry will make efforts to eliminate these emissions before being forced to do so by competitive devices. It will be years before this pollutant is controlled, for the standards of allowable concentrations in exhausts must first be established, and after that a means to accomplish them must be found.

The people of Los Angeles are becoming aware that the control of pollution from internal combustion engines will come slowly and with difficulty. They are now asking about alternative solutions, such as an adequate mass-transit system, perhaps subsidized by the gasoline tax. The possibility of returning to electric power both for mass transit and for individual vehicles is being called more and more to their attention. Whatever their other drawbacks, electric vehicles are smog-free.

The citizens of Los Angeles and California are somewhat discouraged that after twenty years of hard work the situation seems so far from solution. They are encouraged, however, by the fact that after having fought the battle against smog alone for many years, they are at last being joined by other cities and states, and by the federal government. The recognition that it is not a problem peculiar to the West Coast, and the joining of the forces on a national basis, may possibly compel the auto industry to assume its responsibility for the development of smog-free vehicles. Only when truly smog-free transportation is available can there be pure air in the modern megalopolis. The mustering of the power of the federal government through the Motor Vehicle Air Pollution Control Act may lead to a more alert response from the auto industry than Los Angeles and California were able to stimulate in the past.

ife in the Parking Lot . . . . .

Richard G. Lillard

v freeways and streets in new es and subdivisions increasingly idage the cut-up face of old ithern California, until tradi- ial features are all but masked. l alongside the ribbons are ever ger new splotches of blackish b, the parking lots.

These lots are a synthetic desert, er and uglier than the sandy shes and brown hills that Spanish explorers plodded across. They allow no rain to soak down and no seed or rootstalk to send green shoots up. Acres at a time, created in a day by a few men and machines, parking lots replace a famous scene. They replace an Eden of orange and apricot orchards, vineyards, olive groves, venerable specimen trees from five continents, and fields with soil uniquely fit for lima beans, celery, lettuce and flowers grown for blooms or seed. Homes go, too, whole blocks of them, and commercial structures, along with rounded hilltops, mountain meadows, ocean headlands and arroyos. Just about everything must give way to the car—immobile as well as on the move.

For every hour that the average owner drives his car, or idles it at a stop signal or in a traffic tie-up, he leaves it parked for eleven hours. Though autos in motion are a principal impression the air passenger receives of Los Angeles at night, parked cars are the principal scenery when one dines by the tower windows of Hosts International at the airport or sightsees from the top of City Hall, or when one arrives for the races at Santa Anita or Hollywood Turf Club or winds up to the stadium where the Dodgers are enshrined.

In 1964 the dealers of Los Angeles County sold more cars than dealers in any state, except for California itself and five other states. In that year, California officials registered 3,220,849 automobiles in

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hard G. Lillard, author of Desert allenge: An Interpretation of Ne- la *and* The Great Forest *(both Al- l A. Knopf), is a professor of Eng- at California State College (Los geles). Mr. Lillard is now complet- a book on the major changes ich have occurred in Southern Cali- nia since 1900; Knopf will publish n 1966.*

Los Angeles County alone, and millions more in adjacent counties. Cars in such numbers, plus the ungainly rectangular inflexibility of each separate car, the inherent limit to open space even in this recently agricultural area, the habit of riding alone to work or to shop—these have made the stationing of cars a major economic and emotional problem. It is not much helped by the multistoried parking structures that begin to rise at supermarkets, department stores, office buildings, and at Los Angeles International Airport.

Parking is now a primary concern for government bureaus and for private employers, since most employees, like their bosses, drive to work, solitary amid their tons of metal and safety glass. Parking is expensive in downtown lots, where half-hour charges seem a racket to many autoists, and streetside parking meters, though democratic, are penny and nickel nuisances. Thriving gloriously in the suburbs, a new breed of merchandisers, including discount houses, provide 3 square feet of free parking for every square foot of building at ground level. In valleys and on hillsides away from central Los Angeles and San Diego, Santa Barbara and Anaheim, squat new department stores and shopping plazas are surrounded by plains of blacktop, to which drivers will come for miles in order to make all their purchases at one parking.

Doctors, dentists and beauty-shop operators find premises available to customer parking. With proprietors of theatres, amusement parks, hostelries, race tracks, arenas and cemeteries, parking facilities become an obsession. No parking, no patrons. So the fleets of dump trucks bring in the loads of blacktop and the rollers quickly flatten it for patrons at motels in San Diego's Mission Valley, or amid the sand dunes and the former date palm gardens near Palm Desert, for crowds at Disneyland or at Knott's post-agricultural Berry Farm. At pleasure spots in the San Bernardino and San Gabriel mountains, machine-age lumberjacks deforest long strips to make way for stationary vehicles of summertime lake swimmers and wintertime skiers. Planners in Long Beach say that surfside development is governed not by the number of people who can get on the sand but by the number of cars that can find parking space. Big public developments like Mission Bay in San Diego have elaborate ratios such as 1.25 parking spaces for each guest facility in a motel or boatel, .3 parking space for each 400 square feet of solid ground park area, or .3 parking space for each 2 linear feet of beach.

Churches, high schools, museums, women's clubs, golf clubs and colleges face the same problem. California State College at Los Angeles, reached almost exclusively by private car on its isolated, brand-new campus, provides only 3,100 car spaces for its 20,000 students, but soon a whole vale of modest homes will give way to a parking area. San Fernando State College has 2,500 more student drivers than parking places. As a result, 4 miles of near-by residential streets are a teeming parking district.

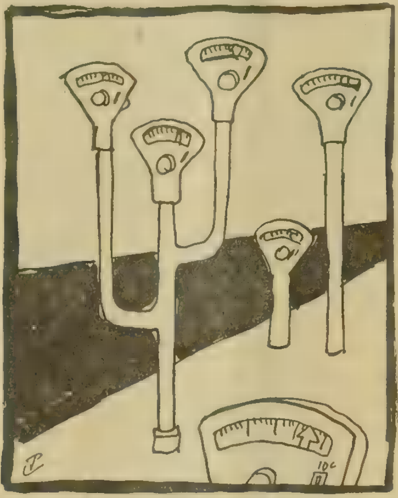
In 1962, the University of California at Los Angeles provided on its ex-hilltops more parking space, paid for by faculty, students and visitors, than is to be found at any other university in the world. Yet each day hundreds of students were turned away from the lots and the one multilevel parking structure, and many students parked a mile away and walked to their classes—a healthful but involuntary act. Some took to biking. Some who had been admitted to the university did not register because they were dissatisfied with the parking arrangements. Two years later — when
24,000 students were enrolle
the university had two more p
ing structures. The three structu
together with forty-four sur
lots, held 9,389 cars at a time,
there were also 425 meter-contr
curb spaces on campus roads.
car ownership and enrollment
increasing faster than par
space. To provide more space,
university uprooted most of an
perimental orchard of citrus
avocado trees and took away s
formerly consecrated to base
soccer, other sports and the RC
Plans now call for an additi
parking structure every seven ye
The official charge for stu
parking, $30 a year, is catchin
with the big registration fee cha
for a free higher education. M
while the university keeps put
up new buildings, adding de
ments and institutes, clogging
the campus with architecture
cars, and officials planning a
have found a constricted area
a space-science center and an a
space science center. There
lard F. Libby and other scien
minds can study and solve the p
lems of supra-campus space.

In Indio and the North
District of San Diego, for two
amples, city planners are busy
studies for underground, roof-
and off-street parking. Increasi
and wisely, planners want to
the cars out of sight, to bury th
Population in densely inhab
areas will be limited, say the L

h experts, by the numbers of r vehicles requiring storage ities. New high-rise apartment ings devote five or six of their r floors to parking space (a haunt for Hollywood thieves), some home owners in fashion- districts pave part of their front s and gardens to provide park- or guests. A 1965 Beverly Hills iance, designed to preserve the arance of elegant residential icts, requires that not more 65 per cent of a front yard may be paved.

ie time-honored way to accom- ate standing autos in the cities outhern California is to raze ntown buildings and use their nd area for parking, an expe- t now being used in Nice and r car-infested European cities. solution demolishes the city rder to save it. New buildings ie center of Los Angeles add a on square feet of office space ar, and car-parking needs go up t 10 per cent annually. The lt is a quickened destruction, e exact than wartime bombing, iseful and sometimes historic dings. The Civic Center area s more and more like Arizona's ument Valley, with monolithic rs scattered amid a vista of sterile pavement covered with lifeless bodies of automobiles, ing in the sunlight, radiating heat, giving to sun-baked mo- ts walking toward shade such machine-age sensations as hot s, sweaty torsos and squinting .

Each Southern California er who goes to the theatre or nvited out to dinner faces the problem of stationing his car within feasible distance of the address. All plans must allow plenty of time for the rituals of parking. The Los Angeles City School Districts in announcements of teachers' institute meetings has said: "To insure prompt arrival at the place of meeting it is recommended that an allowance of at least twenty minutes be made to overcome the parking problems which are encountered everywhere."



Many hosts couple their invitation with instructions as to where to park, especially in crowded apartment-house districts, on constricted beach-house peninsulas as at Newport, or near boulevards posted with "No Parking Anytime." Hillside hosts for wedding receptions and other special events sometimes have their guests park on a wide boulevard below and then transport them up and down by means of a shuttle bus or cab service. Couples on a tight budget take the cost of parking, like the cost of baby-sitting, into account when figuring the prospective expenses for an evening out at a theatre or restaurant. People have been known to let family ties and friendships fade and die because parking was too difficult near where the others lived.

In a world of self-transportation, one solution to parking is to make the vehicle part of the event. Hence the early success of drive-in eateries, the building of drive-in banks and liquor stores, the present incipient success of drive-in churches sanctified parking lots), and the widespread success the year around of drive-in movie theatres (attended by families by the carload).

The logic of this trend leads to the trailer park, where people inhabit their vehicles, existing organically connected to their tires, license plates and automobile-registration slips. There are more than 250,000 trailers in Los Angeles County, together with 200,000 in other Southern California counties; a high percentage of all these are dwellings. In California, as in Arizona and Florida, the trailer park is the ultimate in automobile society — it is round-the-clock living on the parking lot.

More and more, the Southern California that attracted the nation's mobile millions by its natural beauty, its exotic crops, and its tree-lined residential streets is being resurfaced with parking lots for the cars and trailers of the thousands who arrive each month to see the very things that their arrival and their motor vehicles are destroying. The process will end when Southern California is completely paved from the ocean to the Colorado River.

anagement, Distribution, Planning

he New Russian Revolution . . . Margaret Miller

October 4, 1965, Russia's Coun- of Ministers approved the new rter for Industrialists which been promised by Premier ushchev as long ago as Novem- 1962. This was the final step he sweeping economic reforms ated by Mr. Khrushchev and tinued by his successors. The lights of the new law give practical details of the way it affects plant management.

The manager must still operate within the general limits of the state plan, as decided by the government and conveyed to him in the form of "control figures" by the body to which his enterprise is directly subordinated. But within this framework he is free to work out his own plan according to the capacity and resources of his plant. It is the duty of the supervisory body to insure that the plan finally

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Russian Foundry

given to the enterprise provides the director with the labor, finance and materials he needs to carry out the duties assigned to him, and also that these duties are mutually coordinated. Once the plan is set, the higher body is specifically debarred from making any changes during the course of the planned period, unless the enterprise is first consulted, and corresponding changes are made in the amount to be produced, planning indicators and budget allocations. A factory which has successfully fulfilled its plan and has materials and by-products left over is given a new freedom to use these for further production, at its own discretion. The aim of this section is to give the director fewer and more general planning directives, and to let him work out the executive details himself.

The new charter shows definite indications of a desire to strengthen local initiative in these matters. The plant director confirms the contracts entered into with building organizations in the case of capital construction and repairs, and with research institutes when improvements in technology are concerned. Part of the central funds allotted for these purposes can, at the discretion of the director, be used for construction that benefits his staff: housing, children's nurseries, medical buildings, etc.

The provisions here also strengthen local initiative by leaving at the disposal of the enterprise a much larger proportion of the profits accruing from its work, and from allowances for depreciation, instead of directing the bulk of these to central funds as hitherto. The director thus gains considerable scope for ploughing money back into his own concern. For example, the production fund could be used to finance technical improvements, modernize equipment, expand production, in ways he decides woul
most good. Evidently such resou
had been very sparse in the
In commenting on this part of
law, Premier Kosygin said that
had amounted to only 700 mi
rubles in 1964, but would ris
more than 4 billion rubles in 1

An incentive fund, also buil
out of profits, would enable th
rector to pay efficiency bonuse
construct welfare amenities,
bly housing, for his workers.
again, Mr. Kosygin revealed th
adequacy of previous provi
when he said that only half of
sia's industrial enterprises had
special funds of this kind, an
these only a few were adequ
Bonuses had had to be paid ou
the general wages fund, w
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enough money to give the wo
effective monetary and welfar
centives. Specific provisions
hibit the supervisory body
alienating or redistributing
money in these funds.

Increased freedom is c
terbalanced by new responsibili
The director no longer gets his f
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from the state. They are alloc
to him as long- and short-
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alent of a rate of interest. Thu
is encouraged to "mobilize his
ternal reserves" and make the
economic use of his resources. S
of the provisions of the act r
directly to "internal reserves"
exist in most factories in the s
of temporarily unused or su
equipment, buildings, mach
and so on. The director may
dispose of these, either by se
them or renting them to
bodies at prevailing local rates
is also empowered to write of
solete equipment, bad debts
minor losses due to spoilage.
personal interest in doing all th
secured by allowing him to us
sums accruing as additional w
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An impressive list of new po
is accorded to the manager i
cruiting, handling and paying
employees. Previously he was
how many workers, of what gr
he was to hire, how much an
what way they were to be paid,
their rate of productivity shoul

the percentage by which it ild increase. Now, in place of hese separate indicators on la- the factory plan will contain one, the general wages fund. hin this, the manager can "hire fire," decide the proportion be- n administrative, technical and ual workers of all grades, set ime and piece rates, bonus sys- s, including special bonuses of o 30 per cent of normal salaries highly qualified personnel.

One's first reaction to this g-awaited piece of legislation is astonishment that three years of nsive work behind the scenes, ompanied by an avalanche of eches by Soviet leaders, pro- als and counter-proposals by nomists, industrialists, govern- nt officials, should have done more than confer upon Soviet nagers executive powers that taken for granted by their coun- parts in free-enterprise societies. In fact, any Western director who failed to exercise them would be held to be in grave dereliction of duty. Against the background of Soviet conditions, however, the changes are tremendous, indeed revolutionary.

The key to their significance lies in the frequency with which the charter intervenes between the supervisory and the subordinate body, with the aim of giving the latter genuine freedom of action. The highly centralized, detailed control from above, characteristic of industrial management in the days of Stalin's "command" economy, has definitely been put aside. Mr. Kosygin's deputy, K. T. Mazurov, spoke of the former passivity, irresponsibility, even negligence, of some factory managers. Under the new dispensation they are expected to display "boldness" and "independence" in decision making. He did not mention that they had exercised these qualities unofficially in the past; but if they had not done so, the "command" system would have broken down much sooner than it did. Faced with unrealistic and frequently inconsistent orders from above, Russia's practical men had for many years banded together in an "economic resistance movement." They evaded the worst unreason of planning techniques by hoarding labor and materials, employing their own agents to secure needed supplies on the ubiquitous free market, setting up an extensive system of personal extra-plan contacts. An easily recognizable object of the charter is to make such activities unnecessary.

The charter also reveals the disappearance of the doctrinaire insistence on the inherent superiority of Socialist planning over the market mechanism, on the Marxist belief that, labor being the sole source of value, there could be no need for the automatic economic

(Continued on page 453)

SYCHOLOGY of a GUARANTEED INCOME

Erich Fromm

til now, man's freedom to act has n limited by two factors: the use force on the part of the rulers sentially their capacity to kill dissenters); and, more impor- t, the threat of starvation against who were unwilling to accept imposed conditions of work. Whoever rebelled against these nditions, even if no other force s used against him, was con- nted with hunger. The principle vailing throughout most of hu- n history (in capitalism as well in the Soviet Union) is: "He who s not work shall not eat." This eat forced man not only to *act* accordance with what was de- nded of him, but also to *think* d to *feel* in such a way that he uld not even be tempted to act ferently.

The reason that past history is based on the threat of starvation has its source in the fact that, with the exception of certain primitive societies, man has lived at a level of scarcity. There were never sufficient material goods to satisfy the needs of all; usually a small group of "directors" took for themselves all that their hearts desired, and the many who could not sit at the table were told it was God's or Nature's law that this should be so. But it must be noted that the main factor in this was not the greed of the "directors" but the low level of material productivity.

A guaranteed income, which becomes possible in the era of economic abundance, could for the first time free man from the threat of starvation, and thus make him truly free and independent economically and psychologically. Nobody would have to accept conditions of work merely because he feared hunger; a talented or ambitious man or woman could learn new skills in preparation for a different kind of occupation. A woman could leave her husband, an adolescent his family. People would no longer learn to be afraid, if they did not have to fear for their bread. (This holds true, of course, only if no political threat inhibits man's free thought, speech and action.)

A guaranteed income would not only establish freedom as a reality rather than a slogan; it would also establish a principle deeply rooted in Western religious and humanist traditions: man has the right to live, regardless! This right to live—to have food, shelter, medical care, education, etc.—is an intrinsic human right that cannot be restricted by any condition, not even the one that the individual must be socially "useful."

The shift from a psychology of scarcity to that of abundance is one of the most important steps in human development. A psychology of scarcity produces anxiety, envy, egotism (to be seen most drastically in peasant cultures the world over). A psychology of abundance produces initiative, faith in life, solidarity. The fact is that most men

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ich Fromm, psychoanalyst and cher, is the author, among many oks of The Sane Society *(Rinehart). e present essay will appear as a apter in* The Guaranteed Income: xt Step in Economic Evolution?, *ited by Robert Theobald and to be blished by Doubleday in January.*

are still geared psychologically to the economic facts of scarcity, when the industrial world is in the process of entering a new era of economic abundance. Because of this psychological "lag," many people cannot even understand the new ideas implicit in the concept of a guaranteed income.

A further effect of a guaranteed income, coupled with greatly diminished working hours for all, would be to make the spiritual and religious problems of human existence real and imperative. Until now, most men have been too much occupied with work (or too tired after work) to be seriously concerned with such problems as "What is the meaning of life?" "What do I believe in?" "What are my values?" "Who am I?" If work ceases to be the main concern, man will either be free to confront these problems seriously—or he will be driven half mad by boredom. It should follow that economic abundance, liberation from fear of starvation, would mark the transition from a pre-human to a truly human society.

To balance this picture, one must raise some objections against, or at least questions about, the concept of a guaranteed income. The most obvious question is whether it would not reduce the incentive for work.

It is a fact that even now there is no work for an ever-increasing sector of the population, and that for these people the question of incentive is irrelevant. Nevertheless, the objection is a serious one. I believe, however, that it can be demonstrated that material necessity is by no means the only incentive for work and effort. Pride, social recognition, pleasure in work itself—examples of the force of such alternate incentives are not lacking. An obvious one is the work of scientists, artists, et al., whose achievements were not principally motivated by the need for money but by a mixture of factors: interest in the work, satisfaction in the achievement, or the wish for fame. But obvious though this example may be, it is not entirely convincing, because it can be said that such outstanding people will make extraordinary efforts precisely because they are extraordinarily gifted; hence they give no clue to the reactions of the citizenry at large. This objection may be overcome, however, if we consider the incentives for people who are not notably creative. What prodigious effort is expended on sports, on recreation, on hobbies, from which no material rewards are to be expected! The extent to which interest in the work process itself can be an incentive for working was closely demonstrated for the first time by Prof. Elton Mayo in his classic study at the Chicago Hawthorne works of the Western Electric Company. The very fact that unskilled women workers were drawn into the experiment of work productivity of which they were the subjects, the fact that they became interested and active participants in the experiment, resulted in increased productivity. As a corollary, their physical health improved.

The situation becomes even clearer from the study of older forms of society. The efficiency and incorruptibility of the traditional Prussian civil service were famous, despite the fact that wages were very low. In this case such concepts as honor, loyalty, duty were the determining motivations for excellent work. Still another motivation appears in pre-industrial societies (like medieval Europe or the half-feudal Latin-American states at the beginning of this century). In these societies the carpenter, for instance, wanted to earn enough to satisfy the needs of his traditional standard of living, and would refuse more work when he had reached that point.

Aside from the multiple nature of the incentives to work it is a fact that man, by nature, is not lazy. On the contrary, he suffers from the results of inactivity. People might enjoy loafing for one or two months, but the vast majority (except for the very sick or the most philosophic) would after that beg to work, even without pay. The fields of child development and mental illness offer abundant data in this connection; what is needed is a systematic investigation in which the available facts are organized and analyzed from the standpoint of "laziness as disease." Modern, alienated man is deeply bored (usually unconsciously) and hence has a yearning for laziness, rather than for activity. This yearning, however, is itself a symptom of our "pathology of normalcy." Presumably, misuse of the guaranteed income would disappear
after a short time, just as the
clerk in the candy store cease
filch caramels after a few w
of gorging.

Skepticism as to the b
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also expressed in the observa
that those who earn a comfort
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to lose a job that gives them,
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still increase the freedom of
large majority, but would do
for the middle and upper clas

In order to deal responsibly
this objection we must consider
spirit of contemporary industrial
ciety. Man has transformed him
into a *homo consumens*. He is
racious and passive, and tries
compensate for his inner emptin
by continuous and ever-increas
consumption (there are many
ical examples for this mechan
in cases of overeating, overbuy
overdrinking, as a reaction to
pression and anxiety); he consu
cigarettes, liquor, sex, movies, t
el, as well as education, books,
tures and art. He *appears* to be
tive, "thrilled," yet deep down
is anxious, lonely, depressed
bored (boredom can be defined
that type of chronic depression
can successfully be compensate
consumption). Twentieth-cen
industrialism has created this
psychological type, *homo con*
mens, primarily for economic
sons, i.e., the need for mass
sumption, which is stimulated
manipulated by advertising. But
character type, once created,
influences the economy and m
the principles of ever-increasing
isfaction appear rational and
istic.

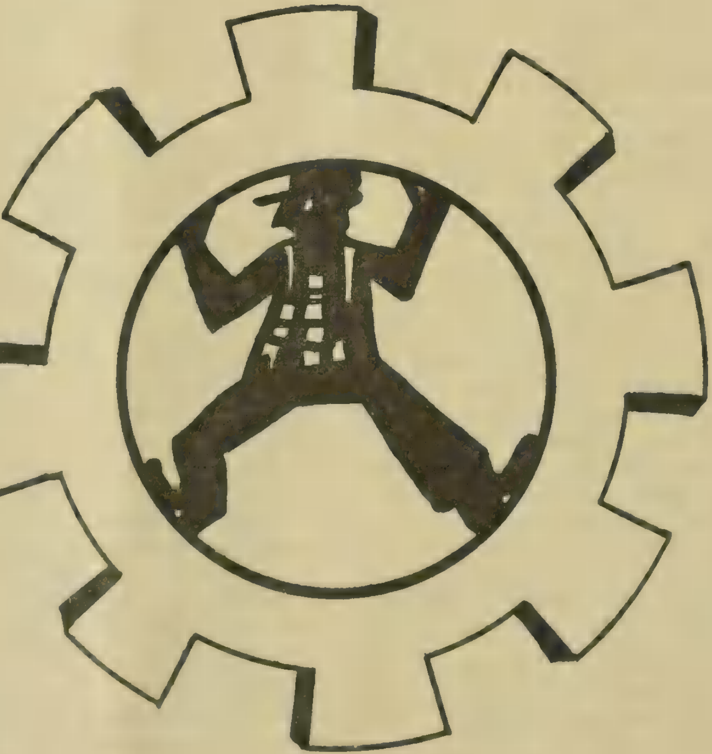
Contemporary man, thus, has
unlimited hunger for more
more consumption. From this
low several consequences: if t
is no limit to the greed for consu
tion, and since in the foreseeable
ture no economy can prod
enough for unlimited consump
by everybody, there can never
true "abundance" (psychologic
speaking) as long as the chara
structure of the *homo consum*
remains dominant. For the gre
person there is always scarcit
he never has enough, however m

as. Furthermore, he feels cov-
s and competitive toward every-
else. Hence he is basically iso-
l and frightened. He cannot
y enjoy art or other cultural
ulations, since he remains bas-
y greedy.
follows that persons so oriented
lived on the guaranteed-income
l would feel frustrated and
hless, and those who earned
e would remain prisoners of cir-
stances, because they were
ntened and had lost the possi-
y for maximum consumption.
those reasons I believe that
ranteed income without a
ge from the principle of maxi-
consumption would take care of
certain problems (economic
social) and would not have the
cal effect possible from its im-
tions.

What, then, must be done to
lement the guaranteed income?
erally speaking, we must change
system from one of maximal to
of optimal consumption. This
ld mean a vast change in in-
try from the production of com-
lities for individual consumption
the production of commodities
public use: schools, theatres,
aries, parks, hospitals, public
sportation, housing; in other
ds an emphasis on the produc-
of those things that encourage
unfolding of the individual's
er productiveness and activity. It
be shown that the voraciousness
homo consumens is directed
nly toward the things he "eats"
corporates); the free public serv-
which enable the individual to
oy life, do not evoke greed. Such
hange from maximal to optimal
sumption would require drastic
nges in production patterns, and
a drastic reduction of the ap-
ite-whetting techniques of ad-
tising.
hese considerations lead to
er problems that require further
dy: Are there objectively valid
eria to distinguish between ra-
al and irrational, between good
bad needs, or is any subjective-
felt need of the same value?
od is defined here as enhancing
nan aliveness, awakeness, pro-
tivity, sensitivity; bad as weak-
ng or paralyzing these human
entials.) In the case of drug ad-
tion, overeating, alcoholism, we
make such a distinction. Study in this area should lead to the following practical consideration: what are the minimum legitimate needs of an individual? (For instance: one room per person, so much clothing, so many calories, so many culturally valuable commodities such as radio, books, etc.) In a society as abundant as the United States today, it should be easy to figure the cost for a *decent* subsistence minimum and also what the limits for maximal consumption might be. Progressive taxation on consumption beyond a certain threshold could be considered. All this would mean the combination of the principles of a guaranteed income, with transformation of our society from maximal to optimal individual consumption, and a drastic shift from production for individual needs to production for public needs.

I believe it is important to consider along with the idea of a guaranteed income the concept of *free* consumption of certain commodities. One example would be that of bread, then milk and vegetables. Let us assume that everyone could go into any bakery and take as much bread as he liked (the state would pay the bakery for all bread produced). The greedy would at first take more than they could use, but after a short time this "greed consumption" would wear itself out and people would take only what they really needed. Such free consumption would, in my opinion, create a new dimension in human life (unless we look at it as the repetition on a much higher level of the consumption pattern in certain primitive societies). Man would feel freed from the principle, "he who does not work shall not eat." Even this beginning of free consumption might constitute a novel experience of freedom. It is obvious even to the non-economist that the provision of free bread for all could be easily paid for by the state, which would cover this disbursement by a corresponding tax. However, we can go a step further. Assume that not only all minimal needs for food were obtained free—bread, milk, vegetables, fruit—but that everybody could obtain, without paying, say one suit, three shirts, six pairs of socks, etc., per year; that transportation was free (requiring, of course, vastly improved systems of public transportation), while private cars became much more expensive. Eventually, one imagines, housing could be solved in the same way, by big housing projects with sleeping halls for the young, one small room for older, or married couples, to be used without cost by anybody who chose.

This leads me to the suggestion that a way of solving the guaranteed-income problem would be by free minimal consumption of all



necessities, instead of through cash payments. The production of these minimum necessities, together with highly improved public services, would keep production going, just as would guaranteed-income payments.

It may be objected that this method is more radical, and hence less acceptable than the proposal to guarantee everyone an income for life; but it must be noted that free minimal services could theoretically be installed within the present system, while the idea of guaranteed income will not be acceptable to many not because it is not feasible but because of the psychological resistance against the abolishment of the principle: "he who does not work shall not eat."

One other philosophical, political and psychological problem to be studied is that of freedom. The Western concept of freedom was to a large extent based on the freedom to own property, and to exploit it, as long as other legitimate interests were not threatened. This principle has actually been punctured in many ways in Western industrial societies by taxation, which is a form of expropriation, and by state intervention in agriculture, trade and industry. At the same time, private property in the means of production is becoming increasingly replaced by the semi-public property typical of giant corporations. While the guaranteed-income concept would mean some additional state regulations, it must be remembered that today the concept of freedom for the average individual lies not so much in his freedom to own and exploit property (capital) as in his freedom to consume whatever he likes. Many people today consider it an interference with their freedom if unlimited consumption is restricted, although only those on top are really free to choose what they want. The competition between different brands of the same commodities and different kinds of commodities creates the illusion of personal freedom, when in reality the individual wants what he is conditioned to want. A new approach to the problem of freedom is necessary; only with the transformation of *homo consumens* into a productive, active person will man experience freedom as the opportunity to do what is most fulfilling and not as an unlimited choice of commodities.

The full effect of the principle of the guaranteed income is to be expected only in conjunction with:

(1) A change in habits of consumption, the transformation of *homo consumens* into the productive, active man (in Spinoza's sense).

(2) The creation of a new sp
tual attitude, that of humanism
theistic or nontheistic forms).

(3) A renaissance of truly de
cratic methods (for instance, a r
lower house of Congress in wh
would be integrated decisions
rived at by hundreds of thousa
of face-to-face groups).

The danger that a state t
nourishes all could become a mot
goddess with dictatorial quali
can be overcome only by a sim
taneous, drastic increase of de
cratic procedure in all spheres
social activities. The fact is t
even today the state is extrem
powerful, without giving these be
fits.

In sum, together with econo
research in the field of the guar
teed income, other study m
search out the psychological, ph
sophical, religious and educatio
parallel effects. And it must not
forgotten that the guaranteed
come can succeed only if we s
spending 10 per cent of our to
resources on economically usel
and dangerous armaments, if
can halt the spread of senseless v
lence by systematic help to the u
derdeveloped countries, and if
find methods to contain the pop
lation explosion. Without su
changes, no plan for the future w
succeed, because there will be
future.

Discipline in the Dark

On Beating School Children

Richard M. Gummere, J

America has generally outlawed the manhandling of prisoners, soldiers, sailors, vagrants, lunatics and animals. But not school children. On the contrary, more of them are being beaten today, in more schools, than were thwacked a generation ago. That is the guess, anyway, of knowledgeable observers of education—and the great trouble is that informed guessing is at present as near as we can come to an overall view of the practice.

The American pupil is punished in the dark. Educators pummel him in private (or before school staff witnesses) not for his protection but for their own. They then tuck their paddles or rulers in their desk drawers. I know one principal who not only calls culprits into his office for punishment—he takes them into his closet. And in some school systems beating is supposed to be done after school hours.

Perhaps educators cloak their punishments in mystery because of fastidiousness—a trait the profession acquired a century ago when the schoolmarm drove the uncouth old schoolmaster out of our classrooms. Perhaps they doubt the worth of discipline by force, perhaps they are ashamed, perhaps afraid. Whatever the cause, I
lieve that this fog of reserve whi
hides the beating of our school cl
dren should be dispelled.

In English schools today—stil
man's world—the view is less
scure, and honest attempts at
covering facts about corporal pu
ishment are being made there. Su
an investigation was feasible
cause for centuries the English ha
been thrashing their youngst
heartily and openly (though for
real thing, say the English, go
Scotland!). Furthermore, the
tional government requires all he
masters to keep a record of all ph
ical punishments inflicted.

Beating was once supposed

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lp make aristocratic young Eng- ishmen into Latin scholars or em- re builders and the rest into an edient proletariat. The symbol of thority in many English schools, blicly handed by a retiring head- aster to his successor, used to be whip. Today, the implement—sually a cane—appears to be ielded not to make pupils study or to mold their character, but mply to help subdue the most othersome of them.

The English are hassling more ociferously than we do over the erits of corporal punishment; the ebate flourishes not only among ducators but in the columns of e *Times* and on the floor of the ouse of Commons. There, one La- our M.P. pointed to a row of old tonians and Harrovians on the Op- osition bench and sarcastically sked: "Are we to take these hon- rable gentlemen as examples of e value of beating the young?" Cheers from the Labour benches.) n the other hand, the discipli- arians even sent Viscount Mont- omery of El Alamein—England's wn Admiral Rickover—to preach ough discipline in America. Among the English, too, well- nown laymen, speaking out on is- ues that baffle the experts, appear be received as soothsayers.) In wo addresses at Columbia Teach- rs College in 1954, the General as- ured our educators that if they beat nore children, fewer would turn nto "hoodlums and criminals."

Thus, many Englishmen read vith dismay the report of a study f discipline in thirty schools, *Caning, Behavior, and Delinquency n Secondary Schools*, West Ryding County Council, Yorkshire, 1961. The more whipping in a school, said he report, the worse its pupils' be- avior as rated by government in- spectors, and the higher the crime ate among them as judged by court ecords. Most important was this inding: if Harold and Henry grew up in the same type of neighbor- ood and home but now attend dif- ferent schools, and if Harold's school eats and Henry's does not, Harold is likely to have the worse record of behavior.

Profiting from the British example, we might lift the veil of decorum that has fallen over corporal punishment on this side of the ocean, and try to assess it for ourselves. Why *are* we so Pollyannaish about it? The issue is rife enough. The National Education Association estimates that three-quarters of our school systems allow principals or teachers to beat their students. And in the last few years there have been signs of increasing interest in it, popular as well as professional. Authorities as diverse as the following have been publicly calling for beating in school: the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO), the editor of the Herkimer, N.Y., *Evening Standard*, the superintendent of schools of Washington, D.C. (over J. F. Kennedy's public objections), the New York State Legislature (thwarted by three gubernatorial vetoes in a row), a judge writing in *The Saturday Evening Post*, a University of Southern California educator in his published doctoral thesis, the school board of Berkeley, Calif. (probably shaken by last year's rebellion at the nearby university) and a New York City bureaucrat, who declared: "We will have to let the teachers hit the kids; it's the only way." Educators in Stamford, Conn., found themselves in an interesting predicament: ordered by officialdom to resume beating some of their worse malefactors, they could find no specifications for an instrument with which to do it and no one who remembered what had been used of old.

So if they feel they must hit the kids—of Stamford, New York City, Berkeley, Washington, Herkimer, or any other town—let them be not so sanctimonious and *not* so devious about it. One gathers that over here, as in England, the purpose may no longer be academic, nor moral, but social—to control a rambunctious minority. Assuming that it is so, the nation should know more about this minority—just what sort of child is beaten, how often, and by whom? With that data, we could then attack the key question: to what effect?

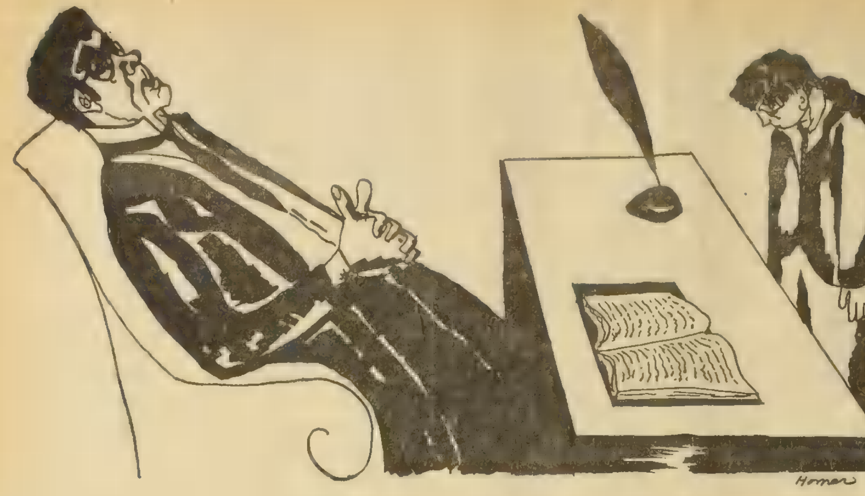
Such empirical knowledge is badly needed, especially because the theoreticians are of little help. They are confined to what psychologist Percival Symonds called "systematic wondering." Old dogmas that once flourished have been scrapped. When Benvenuto Cellini's father wanted him for sure to remember seeing a salamander run through the fire unharmed, he gave the boy a brisk whipping. When 17th-century Puritans wanted their children for sure to pass safely to the next world, they beat them furiously in this one.

Today's educators have no substitutes for the strong assumptions behind those disciplinary practices of the past. Even behavioral scientists have to beg off when asked about the nature of learning and discipline in humans. This is not surprising, since they have concentrated their research on animals, mainly rats, cats, monkeys, and those famous salivating dogs of Professor Pavlov. Out of studies of an army of such simple subjects, and of a corporal's guard of human beings, come what are called "clues."

Some scholars guess that corporal punishment does more harm than good because of "noise"—that term of the communications experts for messages that come through other than the one intended. The principal beats Jimmy to stop him from pitching pennies at recess. Jimmy stops. Fine. That message got through. But Jimmy may have picked up other messages: for instance, that the way to solve problems is by force.

Some guess that moderate anxiety stimulates certain youngsters to learn and behave better. But can "dermal pain" (the phrase of G. Stanley Hall, our great pioneer Edwardian psychologist) induce this moderate anxiety? Hall guessed it can. But which of the youngsters would be stimulated by it and which only rattled? No one knows.

Some guess that beating of school



children serves as a relief for rigid or brittle teacher personalities; or as an outlet for the repressed hostility of professionals downgraded by society, and for the repressed sexuality of modern pedagogical puritans.

Some guess that the value of the whip or its variants is now symbolic, like that bundle of rods enclosing an ax that was carried in the train of a Roman official to remind the citizens of the state's authority to flog or behead them. The 18-inch ruler may be brandished by the principal, not so much to make young Jimmy shape up, as to symbolize the ultimate priority which that school gives to muscle over imagination.

One scholar of comparative education, Dr. Max Eckstein, asks this intriguing question: could we in America today be toughening up school discipline to prepare young people for the work of imposing our currently more imperial foreign policy? Rudyard Kipling showed in *Stalky & Co.* how he thought the discipline administered in English upper-class schools prepared the boys to help Britannia rule the waves and the Fuzzi-Wuzzies. England's role as a world power is waning, while America's is waxing. And in England today there is a growing mood to reduce corporal punishment of school children, in America a growing mood to increase it.

Some experienced educators have expressed another hypothesis: that the recent appeal for stepped-up corporal punishment in our schools may be mainly a social symptom: a protest by "upward-mobile" middle-class parents, administrators and teachers, aimed at lower-class children whom they resent or even fear. Not the Old Adam, but the Unsocialized Rebel has become the adversary. If so, it is no wonder that educators hesitate to let the outside world see how often they punish children who are not bad but unfortunate.

But as our critics guess, our educators beat. As a first step toward gathering statistics, why not unlimber a simple but effective weapon with which our ancestors fought the savage martinets a century ago: a public record of the number of youngsters beaten, school by school.

Our forefathers had no trouble keeping such records. For though their educators flailed away like medieval flagellants, they did it publicly. The all-time champion, both for mayhem and for thorough record keeping, may have been the German pedagogue described by Henry Barnard who noted every punishment he inflicted during fifty years in the classroom. In the end, his total exceeded 2 million, including 800,000 youngsters caned for mispronouncing Latin vowels.

Over here, Nathaniel Eaton, first head of Harvard, used a walnut cudgel to thrash his collegians so violently that even the 17th-century Massachusetts legislature intervened. Eaton was no sadistic eccentric either: his successor, President Henry Dunster, one of the finest educators in our history, enlivened the first commencement in the land by bringing two Harvard freshmen out in front of fellow students, faculty, parents, overseers and honored guests, and flogging them. In schoolhouses the hickory stick, birch rod, leather bridle, whalebone, or eel skin lay on the teacher's desk for all to see. A ca o'-nine-tails hung in some clas rooms. So did a leather paddle pe forated with holes just the righ size to raise blisters. These instruments could be set aside for othe less violent but just as public: th one-legged stool (try sitting on on for a few minutes), or the woode gag, like a horse's bit, to go in th mouths of the incorrigible talke (who are still with us).

The punishment was always visible; indeed, it was theatrical fo as in the spectacle of a hanging, it chief value was thought to lie in it edifying effect upon onlookers. Ol pictures of American schools sho a sort of umbrella stand, up fro containing the teacher's armory c canes. Sometimes he set up a whipping post in the classroom. He ceremoniously thumped transgresso on the head with his Bible, in whic it is written that we should bea our children "betimes." A teache could assert his authority on opening day by whipping everybody. H could even thrash the girls, thoug he might punish them still mor drastically: he might order one o them, burying her crimson face i her apron, to sit among the boys!

The bravura and visibility o his punishments were the old teacher's forte, but also his undoing. First when disgraced before one another' eyes, his pupils began to strike back Richard Henry Dana, whose *Tw Years Before the Mast* helped outlaw the flogging of sailors, remembered that one teacher ceased vicious beating only because his victim's classmates were about t come to the rescue. And sometime the older boys would rush their instructor and throw him head ove heels out the door, or even the window—for good. They did this s often that the custom got a name "Turning the Teacher Out."

Next, open savagery provoke some of the more sensitive educators to join in the revolt. A Ne York City principal, Dr. Thoma Hunter, whipped two boys for a offense of which he soon foun them innocent. Handing them hi whip, he ordered the boys to bea him with equal vigor. They refused He says he never struck anothe pupil. Neither did the graduates o the city's first teachers' college founded by Hunter and now name for him.

Finally, angry parents and school board members began to gather th tematic evidence needed for a owdown. Their stratagem was to uire principals to count the beat- gs given and to publish the count. the 1840s, Horace Mann, visit- a Massachusetts school of 250 pils, could find out that during recent week 328 floggings had n administered. With character- ic thoroughness, Mr. Mann calcu- ed that this made it 65⅔ per m.

Keeping count, our Victorian fore- ars could then make some ra- nal judgments. In New York City 1866, the number of beatings re- rted reached 130,000. Popular otest forced certain schools to p. Investigators compared attend- ce figures, examination scores, d pupil dismissals: the unbeaten ildren had improved remarkably er the beaten. That did it. The y soon outlawed corporal punish- nt in school.

Gathering such evidence, other ies and communities joined New rk. By the end of the century, ating of American school children d become much less frequent and rce. In the 1920s and 1930s, the actice appears to have reached a w ebb.

Public attention helped our cestors subdue corporal punish- ent. Public attention could help wipe it out today.

First, we must blow away the ofessional smoke screen. It's a od time to try, for practices and gulations vary wildly. At one ex- eme stand some school systems California, where even the high hool students are beaten, or some northern New England where e women teachers are said to use eir fists. In a school near my me (eastern rural New York ate) the guidance counselor told e he regularly knocks youngsters the floor of his office "to improve e school's morale." Though he used a small stir doing this to a ippled girl, the authorities have st appointed him principal. By a urky logic, the physical educators e called on to inflict corporal pun- hment in schools such as one my ildren attended where two pad- les hang in the gym—blue for ys, pink for girls.

In a further vast and important vilight area of discipline, irascible achers cuff, rap and shake pupils r throw chalk, erasers and other ppropriate missiles at them. One teacher of a friend of mine used to fire a tennis ball, made deadly by soaking in a glass of water on his desk. Such disciplinary virtuosos may still flourish here and there.

The hodgepodge of official regulations also signify a need and provide an opportunity for change. Spectacularly distinct in the confusion is New Jersey, the only state to have entirely forbidden corporal punishment in school (since 1867). A few other states impose regulations of sorts, according to a recent survey by an educator, Dr. Franklin Keith James: Maryland bans blows at a child's head; Oregon, Montana and Alaska, blows struck in anger (three warnings are required in Alaska). Georgia bans striking a child who is blind or deaf; Alaska confines blows to the child's posterior. Hawaii forbids cutting a pupil's hair.

But in numerous California school districts—on the firing line, as it were—Dr. James's survey revealed a kaleidoscopic variety of regulations, guesses about what goes on, and implied philosophies of discipline among both educators and laymen. Around the nation, he found, six of the largest cities permit corporal punishment; five ban it. According to my own observation, New York City does both. For the Board of Education officially forbids force, unofficially condones it, and lets administrators take the consequences. Frustrated by this paradox, and exposed in court, one New York principal jumped to his death from the roof of his school.

Characteristically, Dr. James refrained in his survey from asking educators how many of their pupils they beat. His reason: they wouldn't or couldn't tell.

Let's make the most of this "benign chaos," the phrase whereby Dr. Conant characterizes the state of all United States education. The American people should now insist on another systematic investigation: reverse the trend toward secrecy in physical discipline, keep an official tally of the number of punishments inflicted, record the names of teachers and administrators involved. Let the record be confidential—especially regarding the identity of the individual children beaten —but exact and complete. And let this data be kept in the principal's or superintendent's office, like the tally in pupils' attendance or IQs. That is, let us restore in a sophisticated form our Victorian principals' "Punishment Book," to be inspected by responsible persons justly concerned about the school's educational quality: the school board, state or regional accrediting officials, scholars doing educational research, parents with a reasonable concern.

Who is beaten, how often, by whom? Are the blows aimed at children from the other side of the tracks? at the spoiled rich? ethnic minorities? low IQs? high? Is one offender usually beaten often, or many once? Are teachers and principals who beat their pupils (or have them beaten) the new ones, or the old? the more competent or the less? men or women? academicians or educationists? proletarians or bourgeoisie?

With clear answers to such relatively simple questions, answers may then be attempted to the more complex ones: is disorder caused more by what we teach pupils, the way we teach it to them, the pupils we teach it to, or the society which requires them to learn it? Does the trouble come more from failure of our "saber-toothed" curriculum? our classroom Ichabod Cranes? our restless youth? or the distraught grownups?

Winston Churchill said you can tell a lot about a society from the way it treats its criminals. Surely also its children.

America, The Sublime

THE LIFE OF THE MIND IN AMERICA: From the Revolution to the Civil War. By Perry Miller. Harcourt, Brace & World. 338 pp. $7.50.

Alan Trachtenberg

When Perry Miller died suddenly in 1963 at the age of 58, he left unfinished what would have been the *magnum opus* of an already highly distinguished career: nothing less than a history of the development of the American mind in the first five decades of the 19th century. The work was to encompass nine books, each devoted to a facet of the "life of the mind" in this formative period. The plan was monumental, embracing such fields as evangelicism, jurisprudence, science, education, political economy, theology, philosophy, and themes like Nature and the Self. The entire work would have comprised something of a field theory of American mental life and, to judge by the completed volume (consisting of two books, "The Evangelical Basis" and "The Legal Mentality," and part of a third, "Tension: Technology and Science"), would have been a contribution of immense value.

But Miller's grand conception is not entirely lost. Although the current volume is a fragment, it contains enough for us to detect an emerging pattern, a network of themes which criss-cross the period. Most of the themes are already familiar: the 19th-century oppositions between heart and head, nature and law, practicality and theory. They are familiar in part because they are standard terms in the recovery of our literary tradition which began with Van Wyck Brooks, and others, about 1912. The study of American culture recently has been, in fact, mainly literary. Intellectual historians have joined literary scholars in acknowledging the major 19th-century writers as chief makers of a cultural tradition. This has led many people to assume that Emerson, Whitman and Melville were indeed decisive figures in their day. Nothing is further from the truth. Neither of these Olympians made much difference at all in the way most Americans conducted their intellectual and emotional lives. What they made of the themes and issues of their culture was something much different from what was transpiring in the minds of most of their countrymen.

Miller's book reminds us of this crucial fact about our civilization: the life of the mind was not, in the main, created by artists and "deep-diving" thinkers. Miller is not concerned with "great ideas" but with the prevailing frame of mind, the pattern of thought and predispositions to which most Americans (as far as the evidence shows) seemed to consent. His aim is to dramatize the inner workings of a new cultural mind trying to define itself. The subject, in short, is the process of thinking within the American consensus.

More clearly than anyone else so far, Miller demonstrates that consensus thinking in America has been in large part solipsistic. The world it conceives conforms to it, and it either absorbs all alien ideas to itself, or it rejects them as virtually nonexistent or, what amounts to the same thing, un-American. Miller's chief concern seems to be the mechanics of the consensus, how it works and what enforces it intellectually. The idea he has struck upon is that the enforcing agent is the concept of the sublime. *Rhetoric* of the sublime is more to the point for, although the prologue on "The Sublime in America" did not get written, it is clear nevertheless that the term refers to a feeling rather than a clear and distinct idea. Time after time writers and speakers on religion, law, science and technology, resort to the term as a final argument, an ultimate sanction. It had the effect of defending "Motherhood" or waving a flag: thought ceases and patriotic emotion takes over.

The sublime became a hallmark of the American consensus as a result of the repeated Revivals, or Awakenings, between 1800 and 1860. The concept was widely used in the 18th century, referring to the power
inspiring awe. "Sublime objects a
vast in their dimensions," wrote E
mund Burke, little realizing that l
so much else European the emoti
would come into its own in the N
World, where nature herself bespo
an awesome vastness. Revivali
seized upon the term to name t
impact of the periodic manifestatio
of the divine will in frontier ca
meetings, and it easily enough ca
to be the name of the only emoti
appropriate to the prospect of Am
ica itself, regenerate, revived a
moving steadily toward perfecti
The intellectual content of revivalis
moreover, was opposed to speculati
to systematic theology, to Enlig
enment reason. From the point
view of the Revival, writes Mill
"the intellect could be declared
threat to nationality." The heart
came the truest emblem of true Am
icans, thus literally enabling ea
man to find his own salvation, a
to trust it, in the heat of commu
religious passion. Under these c
cumstances, the emotion of the su
lime marked the highest expression
down-to-earth Americans. When t
heart and the sublime found ea
other "in the passions of the Reviva
writes Miller, "a basic condition
the mass civilization of the natio
came into being.

This is generally what Mil
means by "the evangelical basis." T
thrust of the Revival, he argues, w
a quest for national identity. It mig
have appeared, in the decade af
the Revolution, that the best groun
for unity were to be found in t
Enlightenment, basically non-Chr
tian though it was. The Great Awak
ing of 1800, however, turned the ti
against Jeffersonian infidelism, a
the "Christian specificity" of the n
tion was installed. In this sense t
Revival might be considered count
revolutionary. But in another sense
actually made democracy possible
a way the Enlightenment could no
it provided the necessary cohesi
force for a sense of national co
munity, a force rooted in the in
vidual's rights to choose his own s
vation. Camp meetings were the
fore enactments of nationalism. Th
were rituals in which the commun
defined itself by identifying evil a
purging it. And when it became cle

Alan Trachtenberg is the author of Brooklyn Bridge: Fact and Symbol *(Oxford).*

at foreign atheism really had no ice in the country, the evil became mething within, the tendency to ow lax in devotion and vigilance, cksliding, falling away. The aim as to keep the country whole by eping it pure. What other grounds ere there but purity of heart for merica's divinely ordained mission? e missionary organizations themlves (an interesting instance of callated organization employed to prerve spontaneous feelings) had this ward compulsion: the need to save e heathen world (an act of disinrested benevolence) was really the ed to maintain permanent regenerion—and thus patriotism—at home. "We are a Christian people," somee declaimed in 1853, "and we are ee." No one argued with the parax. While the Revival was estabshing the voluntary principle of urch membership, it was also chartg the course toward a homogeneous hite Protestant society. The sublime d emerged as a kind of American ndamentalism, powerful enough to ke possession even of the traditional guers or advocates of freedom, the wyers. The most intriguing part of iller's story in this volume is the ama of the law accommodating itlf to the unshakable Christian-subme character of American culture. he realistic function of the law in is period, Miller never allows us forget, was to provide an instruentality for social and economic ange, to serve the interests of propty and empire. To do so, however, had to gain acceptance within merican life, which is to say, with the American mind, and thus ithin the "community of sublimity." his took an extraordinarily subtle eological maneuver, and an equally btle scholarly method on Miller's art. In his treatment of the conrgence of the multiple issues of onomics, politics and ideology in ecific court cases, like the Girard ill case, Miller works with true astery.

The basic intellectual drama as this: by their nature, law and lawrs were sophisticated, inscrutable, spect. Americans who imagined emselves as naturally reasonable nd benevolent were consequently ostile to what they took to be "a nspiracy of the learned." Distrust as the first barrier the law had to vercome if it was to win a place ithin American life. If its function as to establish the inviolability of property and to free the forces of change and progress, it had to assert "the universal against the particular, the comprehensive rationality of traditional wisdom against the fiat of individual statute." This in itself brought the law into conflict with the Revival's dream of creating "a distinct, unique millennial utopia." In its largest perspective the conflict was between cosmopolitanism and nationalism.

Considering the odds against it, the law's rise as the dominant profession in this period was, as Miller writes, an amazing feat. But, he demonstrates, it won its acceptance in terms that would have astounded the writers of the Constitution. Law became respectable, as it were, by availing itself of the "supreme sanction of the 'sublime.'" The essential character of American law was its negativism and its cosmopolitanism (its most strenuous act was gaining the acceptance of English Common Law). Rhetorically, however, it learned to use a language which made its goals sound identical to the Revival's. The sanctions it developed in the mind included the idea that law was the same as moral perception and thus a "vision of perfection to which this society might uniquely aspire." It

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garbed itself in "selfless, disinterested patriotism"; it appealed "to the peculiar purity of this society"; it was merely a translation "into technicalities of Almighty Wisdom." Once the Christian character of American law was secured, jurists could join the clergy in saluting the sublime, and law could set about to save the nation—and its imperial course.

What the law had done in actuality was to define its domain as primarily the property relations within society, and to free those relations from pietistic restrictions (this was the significance of the Girard Will case). But in order to do this it had to confirm publicly the existence of the "other world" as the domain of the clerical brethren. Thus it absolved itself of the suspicion of atheism, and by uttering the incantations of American sublimity, of the charge of cosmopolitanism. Underlying tensions were thereby swept out of sight, and the life of the mind seemed to run a course as smooth as ever.

The Civil War marked the collapse of this mighty effort to affirm unity and preserve rule of law. It was a sign of the American mind's inability to fulfill its own rhetorical directives. Inner contradictions had rendered the law helpless to prevent what it had fervently tried to prevent: an emotional onslaught, and violent warfare, against the sanctity of compact and orderly process. The law was betrayed, on one hand, by its commitment to the proposition that its purpose "was not to enforce freedom but to protect property from legislative, popular, or fanatical invasion." The Dred Scott decision represented the self-defeating extremes of negativism. It was also, in the eyes of some, "a vulgarization of discourse," a surrender to the blindness and vapidity of the rhetoric of the sublime.

What Miller makes unmistakably clear is that the mainstream of mental life in America, the currently vaunted consensus, can be a rather deadly influence. The truly colossal efforts to forge a cultural identity and to define the adjective "American"—a necessary task—very nearly defined away the possibility of culture itself as a vehicle of self-realization. The labors of figures like Emerson and Melville to create personal visions appear fully heroic in light of the limits placed upon thought i their culture. The kind of sheer e istential being which Whitman reco nized as the genuine historical o portunity of the New World—"One' Self I sing, a simple separate pe son, / Yet utter the word Democrati the word En-Masse" — has not y found a place within the consensu The contemporary relevance of Mi ler's research is obvious enough. Th question whether a black man ca be an American in all senses of th word is really one phase of a muc larger question; can a man, *simpl* *as a man*, be an American? It is tru that our society will grant dissente their legal rights, but does our cu tural mind have a place for the ind vidual, or the political party, whic stands outside of the consensus?

Miller's findings leave us with knowledge of how troubling the wor "American" can be. The problems identity which have plagued our cu ture are, in large part, the penalt of newness and experiment (can culture be *declared* into being? With our peculiar set of historic circumstances the problem was i escapable, and Miller is surely rig in characterizing the Civil War primarily a "majestic folk struggle an expression of accumulated te sions. Miller re-creates the life of th mind before the war as a drama life-and-death issues. Just off-stag is Lincoln, who will emerge as th frontiersman, the natural man, wh has disciplined the heart by goin to school to Blackstone. He will wag the war not as an evangelical cr sade, but a crusade for law, for th sacred obligations of contracts, property and of expanding nationa ism. But did the war—was it inten ed to—advance the cause of genui freedom? In its recovery from violen American society may have learne flexibility in advancing its econom and political aims, and adroitness i avoiding showdowns. But the lesso of the past two decades seems to b that the essential frame of refe ence persists: cautionary, nervou suspicious of cosmopolitanism, an given to the sanction of the sublim With the rhetoric of consensus dom nating political life, the chief si nificance of the new styles of prote among young people may lie in the challenge to this inherited view the world. Perry Miller's book help enormously in understanding that i heritance, and in this sense is major contribution to the life of th mind in our own day.

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Tidying Up the Unjust Kingdom

MINISTRATION OF A REVOLUTION: *Executive Reform in Puerto Rico Under Governor Tugwell, 1941-1946.* By Charles T. Goodsell. Harard University Press. 254 pp. $4.95.

Gordon K. Lewis

iis book is another exercise in the owing literature of American libal mythology with reference, this ne, to its colonial derivatives in the ribbean. Just as the Schlesinger lumes on the New Deal constructd the questionable thesis of a Reblican "old order" shattered by a oseveltian "new order," so the odsell volume builds up the image a bad colonial tradition in Puerto co ended by a Tugwellian New al, the administrative reforms of hich in the 1940s laid the foundans for the social "revolution" that s—according to the current Popu Democratic credo, which the auor implicitly embraces—provided e answer to colonialism and commusm in the Pan Caribbean basin. It a dull book, written dully; Profesr Goodsell does not suffer from enrged imagination. The inclusion of otographs in a purportedly schostic treatise invites the reader to nder to which particular audience e book is addressed; for if, as photoaphs suggest, it seeks out the mide-brow audience of magazine-readg America then one might suspect at the thing is done better by books e Ruth Gruber's *Puerto Rico: Land Promise* or Thomas Aitken's *Poet the Fortress,* both composed in the le of breathless enthusiasm appropiate to adoring liberal authors in e presence of Puerto Rican *pitinqui* achievement.

The book begs all the seminal estions. It naturally avoids the argance of Governor Tugwell's own tobiographical account of the ped. But it commits the same miske of assuming that a well-intenmed colonial chief executive could do the basic evils of colonialism, ll present in the contemporary erto Rican scene. It catalogues at was the record of the best, bend doubt, of Presidential appointents to the old Spanish Palace in n Juan. But it fails to apprehend the massive contradiction involved in seeking to impose an administrative democracy upon a colonial system. For, throughout, Governor Tugwell thought in terms of a beneficent American leadership. It was, true, enlightened. But it was still only enlightened colonialism. It sought less to abolish colonialism than merely to change the colonial climate. The Governor, in sum, was a liberal seeking to work an illiberal system. He does not seem to have realized, any more than his Puerto Rican successors, that—to paraphrase the remark of the Algerian delegate in the General Assembly 1952 debate on the Algerian War—it is not the status of Puerto Rico that is at stake but the status of the United States in Puerto Rico. Because Professor Goodsell does not fully admit this he manages to write a book on the Tugwellian administrative reforms, admittedly real and important, as if it were the story of instituting the city manager scheme in Cleveland or reforming the township system in Massachusetts.

Not only this. The book reiterates, albeit with some academic caution, the myth of Governor Tugwell, the skilled planner, building up his team of young Puerto Rican administrators against the pressures of the Puerto Rican politicians. Much of the history of American municipal reform has been, in fact, such a conflict between the administrative reformers and the machine "bosses." But the neat political-administrative dichotomy does not fit the Puerto Rican picture. For the public servant in the American-type democracy cannot escape the pressures, or resist being himself somehow shaped by them, of the brutalizing political arena, as the recently published Lilienthal diaries amply demonstrate; and in Puerto Rico the pressures were magnified tenfold by the colonial context. The Governor was an alien executive responsible only to the absentee Presidential will. He became, much more than his Boswells are willing to admit, a skilled manipulator in the political game. There was the minor scandal of his attempt to retain his essentially political post of university chancellor along with his new gubernatorial appointment, and his failure to comprehend that the local storm thereby set loose was something more than the injured *dignidad* of disappointed creole candidates for the university post; and even Professor Goodsell, in his inadequate description of the affair, permits himself a murmur of disapproval. Nor was the Governor always the magnanimous liberal of the myth built around him. His 1943 proposals for colonial reform included the establishment of a Presidentially appointed commissioner general who would presumably be able to curb the powers of a local governor who would then be popularly elected. Yet at the end of his tenure he could go no further than an endorsement of the new postwar British Colonial Office policies which, in the form of the Colonial Development and Welfare scheme, were simply an elaborate social welfarism, leaving untouched the basic economic structure of the colonial empire. In fact, this policy was severely criticized at that time in Professor Simey's *Welfare and Planning in the West Indies* (which, incidentally, Professor Goodsell seems not to have heard of, despite his book's claim to be a study in comparative public administration). The only extenuating excuse for the Governor, here, is that his position

rdon K. Lewis is professor of politl science at the University of Puerto co and the author of Puerto Rico: eedom and Power in the Caribbean *onthly Review Press).*

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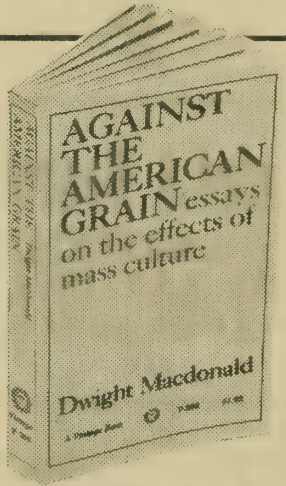
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was no more radical than the ideology of postwar American liberalism in general, as evident in the books written at the time by Paul Blanshard and Annette Baker Fox. American liberals, any more than British Socialists, have not found it easy to divest themselves of a certain inverted cultural chauvinism when drawing up nostrums for the dependent colonial peoples.

The picture of the American planner locked in combat with the Puerto Rican political set is, in fact, fantastically awry. The Governor saw the whole scene in terms of yet another Rooseveltian drama in which he played the role of the President and Muñoz, as it were, that of Sam Rayburn, without ever fully appreciating that the genius of Muñoz made such an allocation of role playing utterly unrealistic. For if Tugwell was not just the high-minded administrator neither was Muñoz just the political leader lending his consent to the program. He was, much more, the insular patriot, the romantic poet-politician (so completely unknown in American politics), Burke's philosopher in action. The Governor failed to read him properly because Tugwellian Fabianism was, in its ideological roots, profoundly anti-political. It dreamed, as did the Webbs in the English scene, of a collectivist commonwealth run by an administrative oligarchy. But the "great game of politics" has always rebelled against the dominion of the meritocracy. This was particularly so in Puerto Rico, where colonialism strengthened the animus; since th colonial professional classes, denie full self-expression in other fields invested all of their energy in politics.

It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a more inhospitable venue fo the Fabian managerial revolution tha a colonial society. The Fabian virtues, in a colonial system, becom imperialist vices. The British-traine civil servant—and Professor Goodsell notes the influence of the typ upon the Tugwell reformers—become the colonial autocrat. As Chesterto remarked of the Fabians, they wante to change capitalism not because i was an unjust kingdom but becaus it was an untidy room. The democratic spirit could resist that spirit o administrative paternalism in Londo and Washington. But, fatally weakened in a colonial society, it was re atively powerless to prevent Governo Tugwell from using Puerto Rico a an experimental laboratory for idea he could not implement elsewher If, then, his administrative reform were brilliantly successful it was because, in large part, Puerto Rico wa a colonial dependency subservient t American policies and not, as Professor Goodsell suggests, because of it tiny geographical size or the absenc of Latin militarism. It is perhap pardonable that Governor Tugwell di not see his Puerto Rican Odyssey i those terms and that, like Clive i India, he was surprised by his ow moderation. But it is less excusab that an academic observer should fa so to see it.

Chilean Crazy Quilt

NATIONALISM AND COMMUNISM IN CHILE. By Ernst Halperin. The M.I.T. Press. 267 pp. $7.50.

Donald W. Bray

One wouldn't ordinarily expect much of a book about communism by an ex-Communist writing for an academic center reputed to be financially assisted by the CIA. (Ernst Halperin is a research associate in Communist affairs at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Center for International Studies. For the center's CIA association, see David Wise and Thomas B. Ross: *The Invisible Government*, p. 243.) It is an unexpected pleasure, therefore, to discover that Halperin's *Nationalism and Communism in Chile* opens up for the English reading public some previously obscured vista

These vistas do not relate to n tionalism: the book contains nothi new on that subject. Nor does it te us anything about the structure of th Chilean Communist party. What does offer is an account of the ide ogy and tactics of the Communist a other major parties in Chile.

Especial import inheres in this a count because Chile is the only Lat American country with a deep-goi parliamentary tradition and the on one, except Cuba, where the Comm nist party has a genuine social bas

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Donald W. Bray is associate prof sor of government at California St College at Los Angeles. He is a s cialist in Latin American affairs.

A Valentine's Day Sketch of Negro Slaves, Jews in Concentration Camps, and Unhappy Lovers

The survivors have something in common, —
captured by superior forces of violence,
probably in the middle of the night,
dumped into slave ship, box car, or bed,
the smell of urine and feces in their nostrils,
the useless are directed by a finger
to the right, the useful to the left,
—examined naked. They cannot worship
their own Gods or the Gods of their masters,
"the old timers" become like children, they steal,
inform, giggle; learn to seem not there,
not to do anything extraordinary
like whistling or talking. They grow proud
of how smartly they stand at attention;
finally they come to believe the rules
set down from above are desirable.
You who are free,
relax, your stomachs will soon settle.
Isn't it May? Aren't you happy as larks?

Stanley Moss

is also the country where a high-
ding, honest and energetic reform
arty, the Christian Democrats, swept
ito power via the ballot box last Sep-
mber after a tightly contested elec-
oral campaign against a Socialist-
ommunist-supported Marxist candi-
ate. If "Western democracy" should
rove to be an appropriate system for
iodernizing any major Latin Amer-
an country, chances are that coun-
y would be Chile.

Halperin is one of the few Latin
mericanists astute and honest enough
concede that the area's Russian-
riented Communist parties are not
ery revolutionary. These Communist
onservatives of the Left have made,
ccording to Halperin, only one major
ttempt to seize power (Brazil, 1935).
heir present passion is the "peaceful
oad" whose principal advocate is
hilean party leader Luis Corvalán.
leologically more interesting than
ie staid and relatively consistent
hilean Communist party is the So-
ialist party. It is almost amusing, the
ay in which the Socialists, whose
octrine is a crazy quilt, have been
ble to play the role of decision maker
or the Communist-Socialist coalition
FRAP) in recent years. The Socialists
ave won Communist support for their
residential candidate in the last two
lections and have thus far enjoyed
neir cooperation in a policy of oppo-
ition to the Christian Democratic gov-
rnment, although Chilean Communist
radition and doctrine suggest that the
ommunists should be in a working
lliance with the Christian Democrats.
he Communists are uneasy to be in a
coalition with Socialists who occasionally advocate revolution.

Halperin, himself of a European background, cautions against any attempt to equate the Chilean Socialists with their European counterparts. Such comparison would leave the analyst at a loss to explain why the Chilean Socialists can switch unperturbably from Marxism to Peronism to Titoism to Fidelism to Maoism, etc. Socialist flirtation with Peronism, so unthinkable in Europe, does not seem incredible in Chile where fascistic movements have been launched against the oligarchy rather than against Bolshevism.

The curious thing is that Halperin, aware as he is of the history of ideological honky-tonking of the Socialists, should take their present stance so seriously. He gives the impression that the current revolutionary line of Socialist party President Raul Ampuero will give rise to a genuinely revolutionary movement. The Socialist leaders have always been verbally committed to radical goals, but in practice remain *homo Chilensis*. In Chile a political guerrilla feels as silly as one would in Michigan; a Socialist party leader really prepared to undertake revolution is most unlikely.

What of the Christian Democrats who have come to power prepared to undertake a peaceful revolution? While Halperin does not venture to predict what their effectiveness is to be, he does shed some light on their rise. Jesuit priests are largely credited with having spawned the movement in the mid-1930s; not for having led it, but for having created the intellectual climate out of which it emerged. That the Christian Democrats were incubated so recently is presented as a political advantage for the reason that they did not inherit the European Socialist tradition which makes the working class the pivot of progress. The trade union movement has not been a road to power in Latin America, and the Christian Democrats would probably have been hampered in their rapid political ascent had they been burdened by what C. Wright Mills called a "labor metaphysic." They would also enjoy less voter support had they come to look with favor upon capitalism as have many of the Christian Democrats of Europe. The Chilean Christian Democrats continue to regard capitalism as an evil to be gradually replaced by a system they call "communitarianism." In the Communitarian society workers will share in management decisions and a sharp distinction between capital and labor will be erased. In fact, capital and labor are foreseen as becoming "united in the same hands." This is the Christian Democrats' answer to the class struggle of the Marxists. It will be fascinating to observe the Christian Democrats as they take on the monopolized, power-concentrated, backward capitalistic structure over which they now hold political sway.

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YANKEES AND SAMURAI: America's Role in the Emergence of Modern Japan. By Foster Rhea Dulles. Harper & Row. 275 pp. $6.50.

Kenneth Lamott

Three or four years before the attack on Pearl Harbor I was invited, together with several of my classmates at the American high school in Tokyo, to attend the Black Ships Festival at Shimoda, commemorating the successful assault on Japan by Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry. (Why the festival was held at Shimoda, the seaport where Townsend Harris, the first American consul, lived, rather than at Kurihama, where Perry actually landed, is a puzzle I can no longer answer.) We were taken south from Tokyo on a fast coastwise passenger ship, fed breakfast at an inn overlooking a lovely harbor, and then obliged to sit through a day-long ceremony in the hot sun, listening to a succession of worthies remind us of the historic friendship of the United States and Japan. Although we were treated with much kindness and given many gifts, it was a perfectly dreadful day.

I was reminded of this experience while reading Foster Rhea Dulles' account of the first century of contact between the United States and Japan. Mr. Dulles is a retired professor of history at Ohio State, but his rhetoric is undistinguishable from the rhetoric of the Japanese speakers at the Black Ships Festival. "For all their mutual doubts on coming together under such unusual circumstances, Americans and Japanese discovered in 1854 a basis of enduring friendship," he writes, and again, ". . . the bonds established between Americans and Japanese in the latter half of the nineteenth century have helped to point the way, after the tragic interlude of war, to a revival of the two nations' historic friendship." I nod, I doze, and I feel the hot sun of Shimoda on my face again.

Mr. Dulles has hold of a splendid subject for a writer of popular history, and even his dogged good will cannot entirely spoil its interest. For one thing, it is a story that is so hard to excel in picturesqueness that I wonder why it has not been committed to the musical stage. A scene: Terrible-tempered "Old Matt" Perry, in full dress of blue and gold, wearing every decoration he owns and pretending to be an admiral, is seen as he goes ashore to present President Fillmore's letter to the Japanese commissioners. He is accompanied by 500 marines and sailors, two huge Negroes and a band. The route to the flag-decorated pavilion where the commissioners wait is lined by thousands of Japanese soldiers in brilliant uniforms and lacquered helmets, armed with pikes and matchlocks. The band then breaks into *The Star-Spangled Banner.*

Another scene: A Japanese nobleman in full regalia, silk skirts flying, clings for his life to the side of the quarter-scale steam locomotive that whirls around the circular track the American seamen have set up ashore. A later scene: At a ball in New York, the same Japanese, his disapproval of the American women's bare shoulders and bosoms overcome by a combination of concupiscence and champagne, is taught how to waltz. With one society lady after another, he spins around and around the ballroom until the break of day.

The trouble with all this—and the trouble with Mr. Dulles' book—can be summed up by turning to one of his illustrations, a reproduction of a group photograph taken by Matthew Brady of the first Japanese Trea Commission of 1860 and some of the American hosts. The top-knotted Ja anese, wearing flowing *haori* and *h kama* and carrying the samurai's tw swords, are to a man serious, solem Among the Americans, two Navy ficers stand out: head and shoulde taller than the Japanese, they a smiling, full of benevolence towa these queer little men they have be detailed to entertain. And there it the Great Cliché that has for so lo obscured the true picture of our joi history with Japan, the cliché of t American as the benevolent, disi terested teacher, and the Japanese the apt, though somewhat ungratef pupil. Mr. Dulles did not, of cour invent the cliché, but as a historian has done remarkably little towa dispelling it.

Whether he is describing Perr negotiations, or the first official Ja anese visit to the United States, or t invasion of Japan by American of cials, businessmen, teachers and m sionaries, or the experiences of t first Japanese immigrants to th country, Mr. Dulles manages to r off almost all the interesting rou edges and reduce his story to the u critical tone of an article about t Peace Corps in *National Geograph* It would have been truer to have wr ten that, from the beginning, our re tions with Japan have been charact ized, on both sides, by distrust, ar gance and force, and that Perry's lan ing was less a scene from a musi comedy than, as Arthur Walwor pointed out in 1946 in *Black Sh Off Japan*, a well-organized amphi ous operation whose spirit was cryst lized in an officer's recollection th "there was not a Yankee who did feel that with one broadside, one w whoop, and a rush upon them w cold steel, we could scatter as ma as could stand before us."

If this is a matter of some i portance, it is not merely because Dulles has contributed one more diocre book to perpetuating the my Instead, it seems to me, our confr tation with Japan is a paradigm our confrontation with other Far Ea ern countries, and it is not entir fanciful to suggest that if we are quite sure what we are doing in V nam today, one reason is that we s don't know exactly what we were ing in Japan a hundred years ago.

Kenneth Lamott is a novelist and been an editor of Contact *magazi*

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REVOLUTION

(Continued from page 439)

egulators employed in Western ommunities: profit, rate of interst for capital, rent for land, adeuate depreciation rates, rational rice fixing, credits, economic selfnterest. Today's Soviet leaders ever tire of emphasizing the neessity for using these same economic regulators, of denouncing e undue attention paid to quanty at the expense of other planing indices, and of insisting that conomic laws must take the place f administrative fiat in the conuct of industry. The new attitude lso marks the passing of the "new oviet man," who used to be promnently featured as the builder of he coming Communist society. The fficial theory was that, with the isappearance of the "exploiting lasses," this paragon would labor s devotedly for the interests of the tate as he would for his own inerests. The image has had to be eplaced by the familiar figure of economic man" who makes no ones about the fact that he will ive of his best only if assured of dequate rewards.

This extraordinary about-face n Russian economic thinking and ehavior has been hailed in the forign press as a "return to capitalsm." Such an interpretation goes o far, in view of the close conrols within which Soviet indusrialists must still work. The freeoms conferred by the charter have o be exercised within a national ystem of intensified centralization. When Mr. Khrushchev dissolved the entralized branch ministries in 957, he replaced them by more han 100 regional economic counils (cut to less than fifty in 1962), which administered industry on a erritorial basis. In 1965, his sucessors reversed the process, disolving the councils and setting up wenty-eight centralized ministries nd committees, each to be responible for every aspect of operation in given branch of industry. Mr. Kosyin was quick to insist that the new ministries would operate under the onditions of greatly increased local utonomy written into the charter, hat they would have duties toward, s well as rights over, the suborinate enterprises. Nevertheless, the ew administrative structure is centralized and concentrated.

In addition, planning controls lay down the industrialist's basic tasks. He receives precise instructions on the amount of production, the assortment of products, the total profit and rate of profitability, what payments are to be made to the state budget and what allocations received from it, the quantity of new capacity to be installed in the planned period.

For all that, the rules of the game are changed and we may expect that the results will also be different. Before turning to the probable outcome, however, a little should be said of agriculture and distribution, sectors of the economy where corresponding changes are being installed.

During the decades of Stalinist concentration on industry, particularly the heavy branches, the interests of agriculture were grossly neglected. Stalin secured power over agricultural production by forcing the peasants to join collective farms in the late 1920s and the early 1930s. He then used that power to extract everything he could from the land, giving little or nothing in return, and devoted the proceeds to his industrial plans. The destruction of incentive, the running down of the mechanics of production, the continuing low level of productivity have forced his successors to an impressive change of policy. The new policy was apparent by 1953, when Khrushchev began to channel more capital investments, more machinery, more fertilizers into agriculture, raised farm prices and lowered the cost of fuel, consumer goods and other necessities sold to the farmers. One of his last acts was to bring rural workers within the scope of a national insurance scheme.

In his new deal for agriculture, announced in March, 1965, Brezhnev went even further. All of Khrushchev's methods were continued and intensified. Brezhnev not only increased prices for grain bought by the state and lowered the quantities the farmers were required to deliver; he also stabilized these amounts for a period of six years, so that producers could plan ahead with confidence. In further measures he transferred to government account the burden of land improvement, and canceled outright various forms of farm indebtedness to the state bank and the government. Unlike Khrushchev, the new rulers have gone out of their way to encourage the working of small private plots. Instead of being denounced as a "speculator," the farmer is to be helped to increase production on his plot and to sell it on the open market at the best price he can get.

In August, 1965, the government showed further awareness of the need to stimulate individual energy and initiative among the mass of the farmers. The chief agricultural expert of a state farm in Siberia was allowed to publicize his views that the stimulation could be achieved only by transferring legal ownership of the land from the farm as a whole to the much smaller *zveno* or "link," comprising some four to six peasant families, who actually worked the land. So far there has been no follow-up to this audacious proposal, which would strike at the roots of the collective system. Meanwhile the stagnation in agricultural production remains the basic problem for Russia's rulers, who have twice had to make incursions into the world wheat market (in 1963 and again in 1965) in order to feed the growing population.

Consumer pressures—which are

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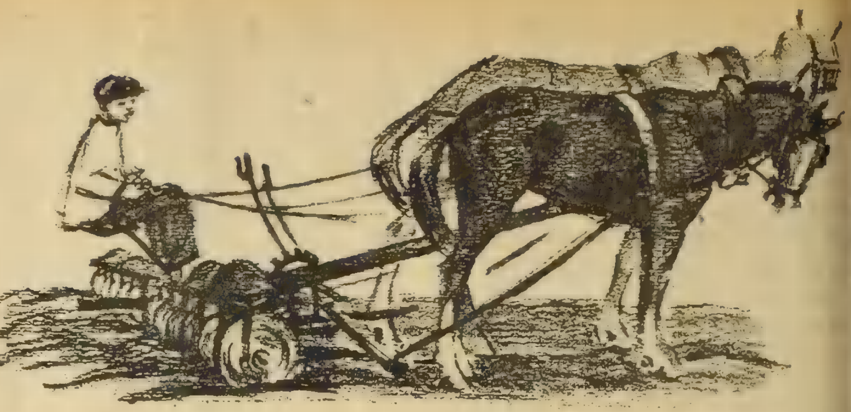
most directly and strongly felt in the distribution sector—pose problems as intractable as those in industry and agriculture. In Stalinist days, when demand was rigorously held down, the producer of consumer goods had few problems. He turned out the goods allotted to him — clothing, footwear, textiles, household appliances—and worried very little about style, quality, durability or appearance. Practically all goods were scarce and stocks were cleared out as soon as they reached the shops. Now, the very success of industrialization is creating difficulties. There are far larger stocks in the shops, and with the development of the chemical industry and the growing output of synthetics, new attractive goods appear every day. The people who buy have also changed. Their demands are far more diverse; they are far more "choosy." They skim off the most fashionable and best quality items, and leave the rest to pile up in shops and warehouses, involving the state in alarming monetary losses.

This unsatisfactory situation is being met by loosening controls, establishing direct contacts between producers and distributors, and studying the wishes of consumers. The first modest indications of "consumer sovereignty" came in 1962, when the manager of a successful footwear factory in Lvov conceived the idea of increasing efficiency by something that resembled a capitalist "take-over bid." His efficient plant became the administrative and technical headquarters of a group in which a number of footwear concerns that had been doing less well became specialized branches. The enlarged organization, known as a "Soviet firm," was able to set up services which had not existed before, such as devising new styles and studying the tastes of consumers through the firm's own retail outlets. The movement achieved great success and spread rapidly all over the country, to include factories turning out clothing, cardboard and paper, cement, household crockery, furs, medical equipment, etc.

More recently, prominence has been given to the idea of establishing direct links between production and trade. Two garment factories, Mayak (Lighthouse) in Gorky, and Bolshevichka in Moscow, were freed from planning controls and allowed to operate on the basis of only two criteria — their ability to run at a profit and to fulfill satisfactorily orders received from bodies marketing their products. Here again the success was spectacular, and the system is being quickly extended to other clothing factories.

But the Russians are finding that there is much more to distribution than conferring new freedoms on producers and sellers. The long years of neglect have left the light industries and the state trading network without the physical means to do a good job. There is a serious shortage of equipment to handle new materials, such as those containing a proportion of synthetics. The forthright woman director of Mayak recently described the condition of her trust in this respect as "pathetic." There is a chronic shortage of packaging materials—paper, cardboard, boxes, aluminum foil and the like. Warehouses are badly equipped, they lack storage space; there is not enough mechanized equipment to move, load and unload goods. Shops are still too few, and existing ones are often too small to serve their customers well. Mayak conducted a questionnaire in the summer of 1965 in its own retail store. On the day chosen some 1,400 customers came into the shop, only 250 of whom completed their purchases. Of the unsatisfied remainder, about half did not like the styles or colors available, the other half failed to find their sizes, or were frightened off by the prices. Plans were immediately set afoot to enlarge the capacity of the store at least five times, in order to stock a broader range and assortment of goods.

The absence of scientifically based market research has been de-



In Soviet Husbandry

plored for years. Conferences o
producers pass resolutions callin
for an All-Union body, with infoı
mation centers in every town an
district, to supply them with th
data they need to maneuver thei
output in accordance with fluctua
tions of demand. The drawing up c
effective contracts between prc
ducers and sellers of consume
goods demands highly trained bu
ers and commercial directors wit
a wide knowledge of the kind c
goods in demand, familiar with th
costs of transporting, storing an
selling the items they handle. Ol
viously people of this background d
not now exist in sufficient numbeı
in the Soviet Union. An intensiv
program is needed to train then
and to improve the physical bas
of the light industries and the trac
ing network before the "revolutior
in distribution can take effect.

In a country as large and d
verse as Russia it is all too easy fc
government measures to fall ini
disuse. Only last year a new decre
on agriculture was passed which di
no more than reiterate the princ
ples of a 1955 decree that had r
quired central planners and admi
istrative bodies to confine ther
selves to laying down general c
rectives, and allow the farme
themselves to decide by what mea
their duties were to be fulfilled. O
ficials had continued to issue d
tailed instructions, and the new la
imposed severe penalties in an e
fort to deter them.

There is plenty of evidence th
the government's present aim of e
couraging local autonomy within tl
framework of the state plan is b
ing resisted by officials who are u
willing to relinquish the power th
have held for many years, and
assume new duties and responsibi

s. Russians are no exception to
rule that people adopt new men-
attitudes toward their work with
greatest reluctance. Khrushchev
quently criticized officials who
re holding up progress because
y were "imprisoned by the old
ditions and habits," and his suc-
sors are having to make the
ne reproaches.

Having dismantled Stalin's "com-
nd" economy and abandoned
rxist economic doctrine in favor
an economy based essentially on
fitability, the government is pro-
ding on cautious, experimental
es. The present approach is total-
unlike the "campaign" method of
lier years, when the nation's en-
ies were forcibly concentrated on
main objective after another,
the conviction that all problems
ist yield to this energetic treat-
nt.

One important issue on which the
vernment's changed attitude of
ition and compromise is strong-
marked is the setting of prices.
ademician Nemchinov had pro-
sed to substitute for the existing
itralized method a "three-tier"
stem such as has already been
opted in Czechoslovakia. The
te itself would fix prices for only
mall number of important goods.
would next settle a range within
ich prices could be varied by
al enterprises for all except the
sic major items. Enterprises could
mselves price mass-production
ods as long as they adhered to
proved methods of calculation.
t although the Soviet Govern-
nt now fully accepts the prin-
le that prices must reflect truth-
ly the labor, material and other
sts required to produce the com-
dities to which they are attached,
sygin held out no prospect of
id progress toward local auton-
ny. A state committee has been
up to consider the whole matter,
d action will not become appar-
t before 1967 or 1968. Unless the
lustrialist is allowed to charge
ces that cover his costs and in-
re the profits on which he relies
his new mode of working, his
ater operative freedom will nec-
sarily be limited for lack of funds.

This does not obscure the fact
it, even if the government wanted
hold back reform, harsh economic
ilities would prevent it from do-
so. The warning is clear in the
nds of recent years—the slowing down of the rate of growth of industrial production and of national income, the dangerous stagnation in agricultural output, the losses inflicted by consumer resistance to poor-quality goods. None of these can be counteracted without a continuance of the new methods.

Irreversible change is no less clear in the people who carry out the government's plans. Industrialization has created an entirely new class in Russia — technicians, engineers, scientists, economists, specialists in automation and cybernetics. There are more than 2 million of them working in industry alone, and they are essential to the running of an economy that is vastly larger and more complex than it was before the war. They demand a climate of opinion in which they can freely exercise their skills, and refuse to be dominated by methods and dogma that are at variance with the facts of economic life. Nothing has been more striking throughout the conferences and debates on the reforms than the new note of boldness and confidence in the speeches of the practical men and women who are faced with the day-to-day problems of getting things done.

Progress in the neglected sectors of agriculture and distribution is likely to be slower than in industry, mainly because of the difficulty of channeling funds into these spheres of operation with sufficient speed and in sufficient quantities to make up for past deficiencies. Russia's resources are not unlimited, and the weight of defense expenditure, including the cost of its technically brilliant achievements in space, reduces the area within which those in charge of economic policy are able to maneuver. But the penalties for failure have political as well as economic implications. From the inception of the revolution, Russia has been proclaiming that socialism is able to provide a higher standard of living for the population than capitalism can hope to do. So far practice has lagged notably behind theory. Promises of a better life for its much-deprived citizens cannot be indefinitely postponed without unfortunate repercussions both within and outside Russia's borders.

For the managerial class the reforms represent an immense improvement in the conditions under

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DALLAS W. SMYTHE, Chairman,
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which they previously worked, and a degree of freedom which probably feels to them as great as that enjoyed by their opposite numbers in capitalist societies. What impact this freedom will have on industrial efficiency remains to be seen, but it is bound to be considerable. There is no mention of competition as an economic regulator: it is believed, presumably, that the new material and moral incentives will stimulate Soviet economy as competition stimulates capitalist economies. For consumers in general, the reforms hold out the prospect of a slow but steady movement toward a more comfortable life which, again against the background of their own experience, must eventually act as a powerful incentive to greater efficiency.

The difficulties and limitations with which Russia's economic reforms are beset will make for uneven progress, but will do nothing to turn back the tide. Insofar as the changes infuse rationality into the working of the economy, and enthrone reason in place of doctrine, they may be expected to remove many barriers to understanding between East and West. At the same time they will sharpen the economic rivalry between the two systems by striking off many of the shackles that have prevented Russia's citizens from contributing their full share to the fulfillment of national aspirations.

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LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

ready touched upon during the hearings held last summer and at other times? . . .

Secondly, Wilhelm suggests that Johnson wants to appear to be a great economizer. . . . He seems to believe that the $4 billion annual pay increase, proposed by McNamara, would offset this appearance. Would it? If we accept McNamara's $4 billion figure . . . Johnson can promise a $6 billion tax cut and do away with the draft for $4 billion. . . . Wilhelm's theories, however, become more acceptable when he personally estimates the cost at something over $9 billion.

Tom Lyons, Bard College

McLean, Va.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Wilhelm contends that the "armed forces are meeting the bulk of their manpower needs through voluntary enlistments." This is true, but what is not disclosed is that the draft law itself acts as a goad or spur to enlistments. Without a draft law on the books it is highly problematical whether any of the services could come close to meeting manpower needs. . . .

Even more important, should the services fail to meet manpower needs, the simplest and easiest solution would be to substitute a variety of tactical nuclear weapons in lieu of missing companies, battalions and brigades. This in turn would limit flexibility of response and practically guarantee any encounter from becoming nuclear and quickly getting out of hand.

Mr. Wilhelm makes a basic assumption that the draft per se is bad. This is a debatable point. As a former regular officer who has commanded many draftees, I've observed many thousands of more or less dead-end kids end up two years of military life not only in far better physical shape than at induction but as far more useful and productive citizens to the nation. . . .

H. A. Crosby
Colonel, U.S.A., Ret.

Christmas card

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: To indicate our opposition to the appalling destruction, Women For Peace all over the United States urge others to join us in sending the following to President Johnson:

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Berkeley Women For Peace

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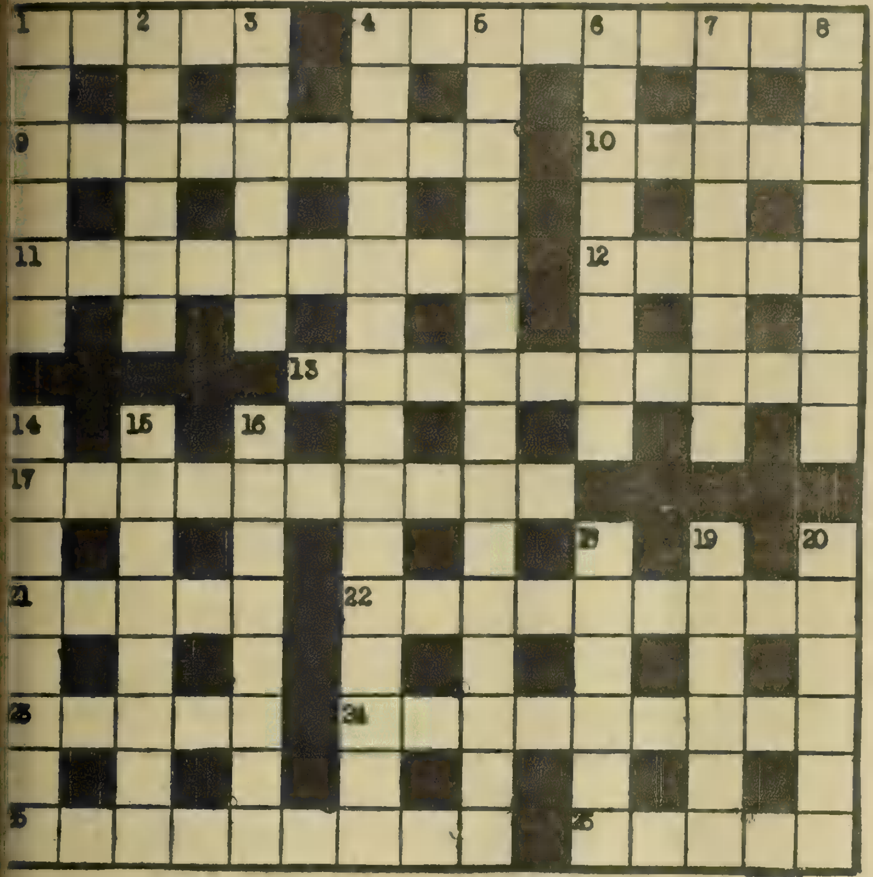
Crossword Puzzle No. 1130

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

The well-known cockroach is somewhat coy! (5)
Mandarin from Ireland? (9)
Foreign mail tends to break things up. (9)
They certainly don't do it downstage to be recalcitrant. (3, 2)
Policeman responsible for many hangings? (9)
Lighter on the range, perhaps, but a driving force. (5)
Would such things as teen-age clothing have diamonds for half of them? (5, 5)
Given a recount, possibly. (10)
Questioning the spot you and I can get around the girl? (5)
Tear into pieces and lean around it—it's only relative. (5-4)
One struggled to be like certain college types with hangers-on! (5)
To partially conceal a rather stupid grade? (9)
Delay drug treatment in a cautious way? (9)
The best people put into office? (5)

DOWN:

A creature of habit. (6)
Looking over the outside of a dog, perhaps. (6)
A vote in favor of an eyesore would be frivolous. (6)
4 Wishful but timely thinking on the part of 14 down. (2, 2, 2, 2, 7)
5 The pre-aesthetic era? (3, 6, 6)
6 Aim above one's position, though getting past it might deserve some points. (8)
7 Certain elements are, like the climate, involved with a number. (8)
8 Does it involve relative placement? (8)
14 What one might be doing with the top of the roll? (A good weapon for the writer!) (8)
15 A clean G. I. could cause quite a turnover in the plant. (8)
16 The spirit is finished with when hung over. (8)
18 Firm managed by Hobson. (6)
19 It might make the point of primitive warfare somewhat more dangerous. (6)
20 Was Barrie's one of quality? (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1129

ACROSS: 1 Peduncles; 6 and 9 Briefcases; 10 Trenchers; 11 Star shell; 12 Waste; 15 Incarnate: 18 Side light; 19 Septs; 20 Ruing; 22 Bread line; 25 Last trump; 26 and 3 Count noses; 27 Afton; 28 Dungarees. DOWN: 1 and 13 across Packsaddle; 2 Discarded; 4 Lettering; 5 and 22 down Spellbound; 6 Backwards; 7 Ideas; 8 Fasteners; 13 Australia; 14 Enlighten; 16 Cotter pin; 17 Amplitude; 21 Inset; 23 Dicta; 24 Estes.

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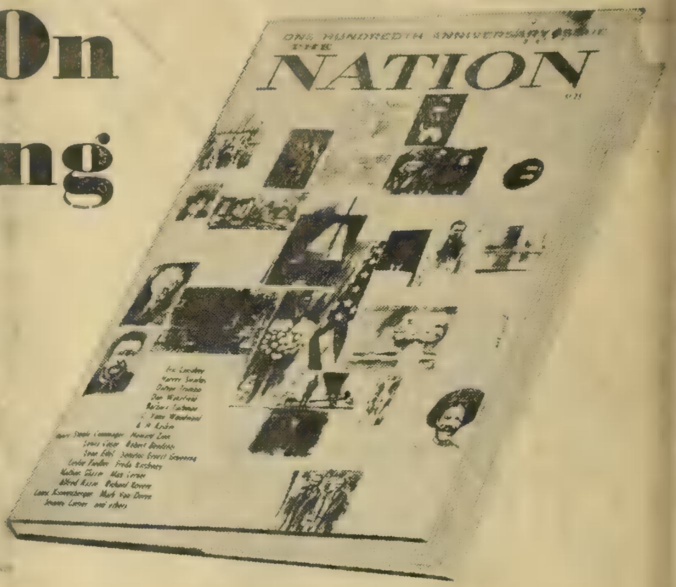

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THE NATION

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Roland Barthes

Reviews of the New Fiction

LETTERS

Author's postscript

Paris, France

Dear Sirs: Three developments have occurred since I sent you my article on the political situation in France following de Gaulle's announcement of his intention to stand for re-election [*The Nation*, Nov. 29].

1. The rival candidates have had more extensive use of radio and TV than in any previous campaign. This has given the race a liveliness that is unusual under the Fifth Republic.

2. When I wrote, Lecanuet's candidacy had just been announced and little was known about him. Since then he has made quite a hit on TV, and has been particularly effective with his "Europeanism." He may get far more Right and Center votes than seemed likely two weeks ago.

3. De Gaulle, largely as a result of Lecanuet's speeches, has become aware of the strong feelings on the Europe issue and, through his ministers, is taking a much less stiff-necked attitude on the Common Market. He pointedly talked with Heath, the British Conservative leader, for more than an hour, the implication being that he would welcome Britain's entry into the Common Market on that non-supranational basis which the British also prefer.

I indicated that it was possible de Gaulle would not win re-election in the first round. The likelihood of a run-off election now seems even more probable.

Alexander Werth

Basis of competence

East Lansing, Mich.

Dear Sirs: I compliment you for inviting Samuel Adams Darcy to review *Marxism* and *Strange Communists I Have Known* [*The Nation*, Nov. 8]. It is a very good review, and your choice of the reviewer is a courageous contribution to the development of an atmosphere in which literary contributors can be chosen on the basis of competence.

Charles P. Larrowe
Professor of Economics
Michigan State University

Some quotes

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: In an interview on his 75th birthday, Dwight D. Eisenhower expressed his dismay about the demonstrations against the war in Vietnam and said: "You know, I've even got so I *hate* the word 'intelligentsia.' "

On a previous occasion Eisenhower said: "I *hate* war as only a soldier who has lived it can, only as one who has seen its brutality, its futility, its stupidity."

A contemporary of Eisenhower, Albert Einstein, had this to say on intelligentsia and on hate: "The 'intellectuals' . . . have . . . a particularly strong influence on the formation of public opinion. . . . Those who are about to lead us toward an authoritarian government are particularly concerned with intimidating and muzzling that group.

"Arrows of hate have been shot at me, too: but they never hit me, because somehow they belonged to another world, with which I have no connection whatsoever."

Bartlett Q. Seldes

More saint than schnook

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Jack Newfield's insights into SDS ["Idealism and Action"; *The Nation*, Nov. 8] are marred by a number of errors, most of them minor but a few of importance.

(1) I must confess that I am not now, and have not been for six months, an SDS staff member, though I do put a lot of time into the organization.

(2) True, Jeff Shero and I were harassed by Chicago cops in October, but Jeff was not ticketed and my ticket, though unjust, was a shadow case. That the national office has been under surveillance is beyond doubt . . . but it makes little sense for us or for Newfield to over-dramatize the pettier annoyances when the society has so many subtler and more powerful devices at its command.

(3) Newfield is guilty of big-city chauvinism when he writes that "Those members on small, rural campuses in Kansas and Oklahoma are only vaguely liberal and probably unable to distinguish between a Sparticist and a narcissist." There are many of those, of course, as there are in the cities; but I've been more struck by the sophistication and depth of SDS people from such places. Their radicalism has Populist roots and an integrity of its own. . . . By the way, what *is* the difference between a Sparticist and a narcissist?

(4) There is a reference, presumably from someone in the SDS office, to "poor schnooks who burn draft cards." I don't think this remark reflects general opinion in the organization, certainly not among the "leadership." Rather, I think most of us would say that the decision to burn the prized piece of paper is a tactical one, one of many possibilities, probably not the most effective in most circumstances but maybe more so in some. . . . We certainly have no respect for the piece of paper, and we think the burners are more saints than schnooks.

Todd Gitlin

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EDITORIALS

ore Escalation

eturning from Vietnam, Secretary McNamara de-
ed at his airport press conference that we are no
er losing the war in that unhappy country. Perhaps
embering his earlier forecast that we could start
ing out our troops at the end of 1965, he avoided
lictions of victory in the foreseeable future. He
e only of the increasing infiltration of forces from
th Vietnam and promised a further build-up of
erican ground action and aerial bombing. We now
about 170,000 men in Vietnam. Newspaper esti-
es run to a doubling of that number during 1966,
that projected force, if one relies on the usual
nise that a ratio of 10 to 1 is required to extinguish
uerrilla insurrection, will still be far from ade-
te. As for bombing, Joseph Alsop, the dean of the
icose commentators and possessor of good sources
nformation, writes that a monthly drop of 10,000
is to be raised to a "vertiginous" average of 40,-
tons, calculated to make the jungle and swamp
eats of the enemy "absolutely untenable." And to
e out a few hundred more villages inhabited by
South Vietnamese peasants, whose freedom is so
ious to us.

hese plans are bad news for the Vietcong and the
th Vietnamese, as is the dispatch to Vietnamese
ers of two exceptionally powerful vessels, both
lear-powered—the aircraft carrier *Enterprise* and
missile-launching cruiser *Bainbridge*. It is also bad
s for the American people, who must pay the cost,
in lives and money, of what General de Gaulle
s "this absurd war." An apparently automatic proc-
irreversible as death, is under way. The protests
sensible minority are heard, and instantly thrust
le. The lessons of the past are remembered—and
red. The majority of the people are apathetic, much
their forebears were when whole populations were
ed out by the Black Death. And so the other mi-
ity—the shouters for victory, cost what it may—
vide a semblance of national unity for the Johnson
ninistration's purposes.

he Administration, however, may in the course of
coming year find itself among the recipients of
news. The war which it has extended so far be-
d its earlier bounds is not popular. Normally, war
ngs with it a release from the routine of life, and
exhilaration that comes from participation in great
nts. The ecstasy of patriotism compensates to some
ent for the deprivations and bloodshed. Not this
e. In this conflict there is nothing of the steely
olution to which Churchill summoned the people of
tain when German invasion seemed imminent, none
the righteous anger which Pearl Harbor provoked
ong the American people. All but the most thought-
find more to disgust than to edify in what the
ited States is doing in Southeast Asia, and those intellectuals who support the Administration's policy are doing little more than regurgitate the anti-Communist slogans of the fifties. In our previous wars, some have stood aside on grounds of conscience, but in what other war waged by the United States have Americans, however in the minority, offered active resistance or wished for a victory by the other side?

Mr. Johnson gambled on quickly subduing the Vietcong and their allies by bringing the latest military technology into play. That gamble he has already lost. There may still be some sort of negotiated settlement before next year's elections. If there is not, Richard Nixon is quite right: the failure to win will become a major election issue, and the outcome at the polls may not bear out Mr. Johnson's reputation for political acumen.

The Duty of Congress

Frustration is the spur to invention. A case in point is the recent innovation by Representatives Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin; Benjamin Rosenthal, William F. Ryan and Joseph V. Resnick of New York; William Broomfield (a Republican) and Charles G. Diggs of Michigan, and a few other members of Congress. Instead of bemoaning the failure of the majority in both houses of Congress to meet their responsibilities by debating the issues of the war in Vietnam, these legislators took steps to fill the vacuum. They organized public discussions of these issues in their own districts. Of course, such hearings are in no way a substitute for Congressional action, but neither are they a mere stopgap. They could become a valuable supplement to the legislative process and a channel for closer communication between Congressmen and their constituents. Of greater immediate inportance, they can help to force debate in Congress where the members, fearful that any questioning of the Administration's Asian policy might damage their own political fortunes, have acquiesced in a conspiracy of silence.

Mr. Kastenmeier has published a 160-page paperback, *Vietnam Hearings—Voices from the Grass Roots* ($1.50 from Representative Kastenmeier's office), which is a record of the proceedings in Madison, Wis., over which he presided. A broad spectrum of opinion found expression. Among individuals and organizations participating were the University of Wisconsin Student-Faculty Committee to End War in Vietnam; Young Americans for Freedom; Prof. William Appleman Williams; Reserve Officers Association of the U.S.; Wisconsin Scientists, Engineers and Physicians for Johnson and Humphrey; Military Order of the World Wars; American Legion; Madison DuBois Club; and many others. Perhaps Professor Williams said what most needed saying when, in countering the argument that, right or wrong, we are committed and must see it through, he termed such counsel part of a broader pattern of self-deception. Human beings are prone, when a major mistake has been made, to lie to themselves. Williams suggested that it is long past time that we renounce our self-deceptive lies about Vietnam.

Of course those most prone to this weakness are the least likely to know it, and we may assume that few opinions were changed at Madison or elsewhere. But there is another reason for the deepening rift between the pro-war or apathetic majority and the disaffected minority: the main positions are too far apart, morally and politically, to be reconciled. The pro-war view reflects the Administration stand that the conflict in Vietnam is not a civil war but an attack by the Communists of North Vietnam and China on the freedom-loving people of South Vietnam, and that American solicitude for these victims, as well as our own national interest, requires fighting with all our resources until the aggressors are forced to their just punishment at the negotiating table. The anti-war conviction is that the United States is carrying on the latest of a series of counterrevolutionary operations, in a crusade not only against communism but against all movements for economic and political liberation.

The split along this fission line is probably the most serious and portentous since the Civil War, and its outcome will affect the whole future direction of American democracy. Convinced that democracy cannot survive a continuation of the cold war at its present pitch of virulence, the anti-war party must and will persist in its opposition. Yet this course is fraught with danger alike for its members and the freedoms they cherish. Although the Administration and some of its allies declare their support of the right of dissent, this tolerance is not likely to survive the strains of a prolonged war in Asia. The identification of dissent with treason is the normal reaction to the exacerbations of such a conflict, and signs of its approach were not lacking in the right-wing speeches at Madison. Thus the meetings sounded a warning of approaching internal conflict, and emphasized the need, in simple prudence, for full-dress hearings on Vietnam when the second session of the 89th Congress convenes.

Nuclear Weapons for Germany

November was the month of revelations. First came Eric Sevareid's disclosure, not novel to newsmen, that a 1964 North Vietnam offer to talk peace had been rejected because Secretary Rusk's antennae were insufficiently activated. Then we were informed that with all the debate about sharing nuclear weapons with our NATO allies, unpublicized sharing has been in effect since 1958. In 1960, after an inspection trip to Europe, a subcommittee of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, in a still top-secret report to incoming President Kennedy, pointed up the "inadequate" custody being exercised over the weapons and recommended "tighter" physical and electronic controls (John W. Finney, *The New York Times*, November 28). At the same time, Secretary McNamara (whose peregrinations are always bad news for the Ameri people and usually for the countries he visits) reve in Paris that more than 5,000 U.S. nuclear warhe are currently stored on European soil in suppor NATO forces, in addition to an arsenal of more t 5.000 nuclear weapons of the U.S. Strategic For Yet this total in excess of 10,000—which does not clude a probably far greater number of non-nuc warheads and bombs in various parts of the worl is not accounted adequate for the defense of Eur and Mr. McNamara promised a 20 per cent increas the NATO nuclear arsenal within the next six mon

A feeble effort was made to assure apprehen Americans that "permissive action links" could be lied on to prevent unauthorized use of the nuc weapons assigned to NATO forces. We are told German F-104 fighter-bombers armed with U.S. clear warheads sit on a ramp behind a barricade wh can be lowered only at American command. An American sentries stand by to see that the Ger pilots cannot enter their cockpits without Ameri permission. Finally, an electronic signal from an Ar ican command post is required to arm the warhe The Joint Congressional Committee concedes these controls are not "foolproof," but in its opi they are about as tight as the present state of t nology can devise.

On the basis of this necessarily vague descript and the fantastic proliferation of nuclear devices, explosion of one or more can be confidently predic It takes only a modicum of military and techn understanding to show that the "permissive ac links" are aptly named—they are more permis than prohibitive. The sum of the physical precaut is obviously ineffective against conspiracy, with without the use of force. For instance, a group of Nazi plotters could demolish the barricade and o power the sentries, or agreeable arrangements to same end might be worked out between Germans American sympathizers. American connivance m not be necessary, since the Germans fly the F-104 maneuvers, but neither can it be ruled out. It wil recalled that soon after the Russians acquired nuc weapons, a USAF general offered in a public spe to bomb the Soviet "atom nests" and declared when Christ heard his defense He would absolve reward him. Such mentalities are capable of act scarcely conceivable to rational minds.

But what about the electronic safeguard? It is wise vulnerable to conspiratorial action, and Ger American arrangements to circumvent the phys safeguards could include transmitting the signal w arms the warheads. But the guardians could ren loyal and the signal could be transmitted from ano source, the code having previously been broken by of a number of possible methods—spying, cryp raphy, inspection of the receiving device, or ot Or the signal might be rendered unnecessary, the ing devices having been internally by-passed or m fied for manual operation. The only defense is no one should try to do it, and that is no defens

If they are given the problem, German electronics ineers can solve it; since the 19th century, they e been second to none in the world. Since World r II, thousands of engineer-years have been ex- ded in a seesaw between radar measures and coun- neasures—all classified secret, and all known to ultitude of technicians.

Ir. Finney quotes members of the committee as ing plaintively: What more does Germany want, way? What they want is to "participate" in weapons tems capable of hitting the medium-range ballis- missiles zeroed in on the cities and military instal- ons of West Germany. "Participation" in surface ps armed with Polaris missiles might satisfy them— the time being. But when it comes to weapons, the mans are never satisfied for long. With participa- culminating in control, nuclear weapons might e them the victory which eluded them in 1918 and 5.

e Worst Censorship

t is inherent in the nature of democracy that the ple themselves can emasculate or destroy it. The ple themselves can interfere with the right of mi- ities "peaceably to assemble and petition the gov- ment for a redress of grievances"; they can frus- e the right of individuals and corporations to en- e in trade with Communist states, though that de may be sanctioned by government policy; they mete out private punishment for personal beliefs acts of conscience which run counter to current itical frenzies. Abuses of this kind are not new; they e born with the Republic and the problem was fore- n by the founding fathers. But two World Wars e increased the danger, and the endless cold war, of whose pretexts is that democracy is menaced m abroad, actually threatens it at home.

Thus the breakdown of official law and order in tions of the South, where the anti-Communist slo- ns of the cold war are a staple of racism, is paral- d by individual and organizational infringements ecting all races and breaking out in all parts of the ntry. Under color of the right of the individual to as he will with his property, meeting places are used to dissenters; even more ironical, insurance tracts have been canceled on the ground that the ses of dissenters are particularly subject to arson vandalism. Under color of the individual's right work or not to work, longshoremen, organized in the st corrupt unions in the country, refuse to load and load ships—and that on moral and religious unds. They submit to the leadership of notorious gsters, but handling a cargo consigned to or from Soviet Union or Poland is an intolerable offense their honor.

In an extension of this intermittent crusading spirit, ne bus drivers balked at transporting passengers the November 27 SANE anti-war demonstration Washington. According to Homer Bigart, writing in *e New York Times* (November 27), the New Jersey Conference of Amalgamated Transit Union forced the cancellation of agreements between SANE and three major bus companies, on the ground that the drivers are war veterans who "feel that what these people are doing is giving aid and comfort to the enemy." In some cases car pools had to be hurriedly organized when the drivers drove away in their empty buses on learning that the passengers were not going to a football game.

SANE filed complaints with the Interstate Commerce Commission and the National Labor Relations Board, charging a conspiracy in restraint of interstate trade. Although this action involves a diversion of SANE's scanty resources, it should be followed up and assistance should be forthcoming from public-spirited organizations and individuals. If the bus drivers can refuse service because the political views of riders do not conform with their own, why should not "patriotic" telegraph operators decline to transmit messages of protest against the war, or printers refuse to set type because the content of a book, article or editorial is not to their liking? This discrimination is used by political illiterates (to put the most charitable construction on their actions) to deprive American citizens of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution.

The misbehavior of the drivers did not go entirely unchallenged within the industry. John Gallagher, the proprietor of the Community Bus Company of Allwood, New Jersey, told Homer Bigart he was "very distressed" when his drivers, who belong to the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, refused to operate five buses that were to have transported demonstrators to Washington from the New York University campus in the Bronx. Mr. Gallagher stressed that neither he nor his family are pacifists. He simply felt that a bus company ought to transport anybody anywhere, regardless of race, color or creed. "We don't ask our passengers why they are going someplace," he said. "We are there to serve. We rode the Freedom March and others, some we didn't like."

Mr. Gallagher understands democracy. His drivers don't.

The Art Wagon

The Los Angeles County Museum of Art, whose three-building new premises were dedicated last March, has lost its director under circumstances that have attracted national attention and that make the future contribution of this ambitious new repository problematical. Briefly, Dr. Richard Brown did not please the institution's board of trustees and his resignation was requested. He could not be fired out of hand, because the County Museum is a state facility and the director is a civil servant; but neither could he stay in the face of implacable trustee hostility, because the museum is one of those public facilities that depend heavily on private support. The trustees, men of wealth, made clear that they understood the leverage of money.

Dr. Brown had become offensive, in particular, to one of the most affluent of the patrons: Howard Ahmanson, owner of the Home Savings and Loan Association (the world's largest). The director had declined to name the new museum complex for Ahmanson, had refused to employ Mr. Ahmanson's pet architect (a man noted for gold-leaf bank façades) as its designer and (perhaps the most painful blow) could not bring himself to hang in the museum Mr. Ahmanson's collection of dubious old masters.

The official complaint made of Dr. Brown is that he lacks administrative ability, but despite the wide discussion of the issue no specific instances of his shortcomings have been made public. Further, Dr. Brown has left Los Angeles to accept the directorship of the new Kimball Art Foundation, now under construction in Fort Worth, so his deficiencies are apparently not thought crippling in museum circles. It might be added that if an administrator was needed in Los Angeles they are much easier to find than art directors, and Dr. Brown never suggested that he would resist the addition of such a man to his staff—though he did, quite understandably, refuse to accept a business ma ager who would report directly to the trustees.

In a sense, Dr. Brown—and more seriously the p ple of Los Angeles—are victims of the culture "exp sion." Culture has become "big league," "big mone a bandwagon phenomenon. And men who have pr pered by grabbing front seats on bandwagons jumping aboard the art wagon. The Los Angeles pleasantness is only the most acute and widely p licized of situations that exist today in many of t country's museums and related halls of culture. The is no easy answer to the conflict of money with tas power with knowledge, manipulation with professio integrity. One can only hope that as America becom accustomed to the idea that it is possessed of cult as well as know-how, men of wealth will learn to s port creative excellence without assuming that th can buy it. It is men like Dr. Brown who will tea them—and the trustees in Los Angeles will learn th first lesson when they try to find a man of his cali to replace him.

LBJ and the Negro Vote

Case of the Missing Registrars

William Leon Higg

Time is running out down South and the Johnson Administration seems oblivious of the deadline.

It is all too easy to assume that the right to vote means an automatic participation in government. With the Voting Rights Act now law, the Negro will have his full citizenship—so the theory goes. But look at the facts: In the Senate of the United States nine of the sixteen standing committees are chaired by Southerners. These chairmanships are the bedrock of the South's historical hegemony in the upper body of the Congress. Of these nine committee chairmen, six will be running for re-election in 1966; only three will face the electorate in 1968. Election is for six years.

The message is clear: The South's racist-oriented power base must be broken in 1966, or extended until 1972. The nation as a whole has a vital interest in the fate of the Southern bloc in Congress; its power is not illusory — it really exists. American foreign policy provides a good example. Richard Russell of Georgia is chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee with jurisdiction over the nation's military establishment. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina is Russell's counterpart on the House side. Otto Passman of Louisiana chairs the powerful foreign aid subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee and (until LBJ put the heat on) wielded a heavy ax on foreign-aid budgets. Passman's Louisiana colleague, Edward Hebert, is the third-ranking Democrat on the House Armed Services Committee; and John Sparkman of Alabama is vice chairman of the historically decisive Senate Foreign Relations Committee (behind fellow Southerner William Fulbright of Arkansas). These men have in common huge unregistered Negro constituencies.

The roll call of the '66 Senators and the chairmanships they hold is revealing. In addition to Russell, John McClellan of Arkansas presides over the Government Operations Committee; Allen Ellender Louisiana, over the Agricultu Committee; Everett Jordan of No Carolina, the Rules Committe Willis Robertson of Virginia, t Banking and Currency Committe and—deserving special emphasis James O. Eastland of Mississippi in the chair of the Judiciary Co mittee.

The three '68 chairmen — F bright; Lister Hill of Alabama, l bor and Public Welfare; Russ Long of Louisiana, chairman-p spective of the Senate Finan Committee—all belong to a m moderate breed of Southern p tician.

Viewed as a whole—and not terms of seniority influence — Senate yields a similar picture. twenty-two Southern Senato twelve must run again in 19 (This includes three special el tions.) Eight seats are in the class and five in the '70 class.

In the House of Represen tives, the entire membership elected every two years, and Southern Representatives are l insulated from the new South Negro voter. But even here a f ure to have effective Negro part

---

William Leon Higgs, who was the first attorney for James Meredith, was the only white lawyer in Mississippi representing Negroes in civil rights cases when he left that state (under pressure) in 1963. He now lives in Washington. Mr. Higgs has appeared for the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, SNCC, and has been a consultant with CORE, SDS and other groups.

n in the 1966 elections will n a delay until 1968. Two years eternity to the leaping aspira- ; of the Southern civil rights ement.

nd time is even shorter than polling calendar would suggest. he South, the Democratic pri- ies are normally the decisive ests. In most cases, they occur ral months before the Novem- general elections. The Alabama Florida primaries will be held May 3, 1966; and the "average" the nine primary dates works somewhere in June. This cuts deadline for achieving a mean- ul impact of the Voting Rights to about six months from the ent time, and even that is gen- ıs.

oters don't just vote for un- wns; they cast a ballot for can- ates. And a candidate must qual- in order to get on the primary ot. In Dixie, the cutoff date is cally one to two months before ction Day. For the potential can- ate, and thus for the would-be gro voter, the countdown in Southern primaries has now pped to a mere four or five nths. Moreover, it takes time to a successful political cam- gn, to finance it, and sound out support.

he opportunities for change are now evident. Already some hot primary battles are shaping up. It looks as though Governor Carl Sanders will run against Senator Russell in Georgia, former Democratic National Committeeman Camille Gravel against Senator Ellender in Louisiana, and Senator Sparkman against Governor Wallace or Republican Rep. James Martin in Alabama. A continued supply of substantial 1966 challengers to the Southern barons in the Congress will be directly tied to the Negro registration in the next few months.

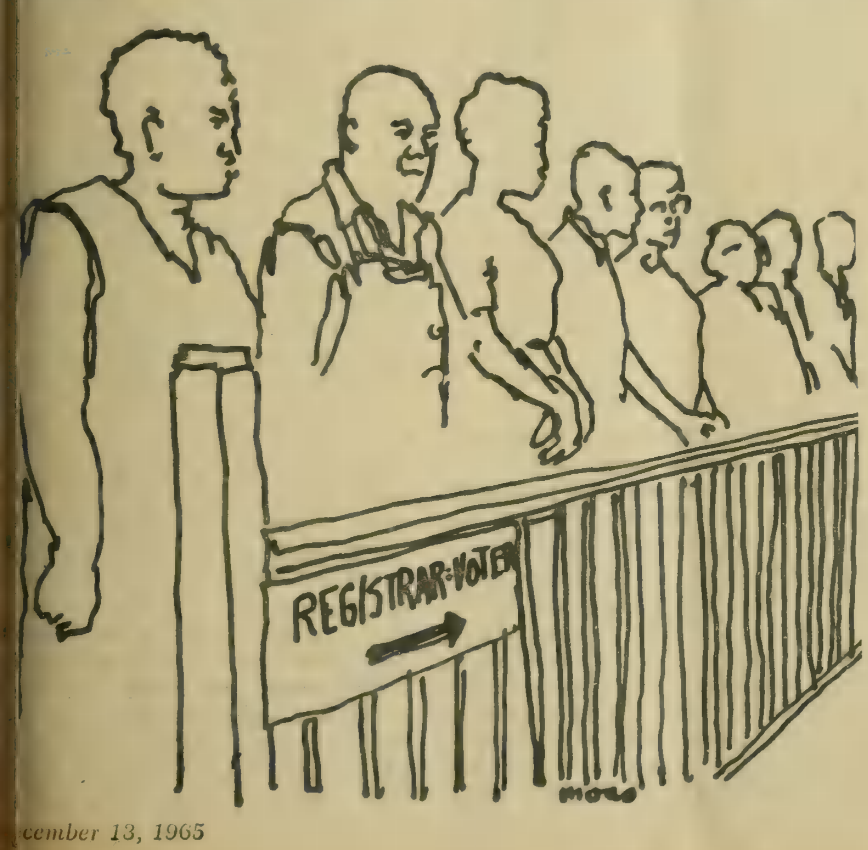
A related development waits in the wings. The defeat of the Congressional challenge of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party on September 17 may be only a prelude to a score or more such challenges in both Houses of the Congress after the 1966 elections. Prolonged failure of the Administration to enforce the Voting Rights Act could create a real donnybrook as violations of the act mushroom. A big slice of national power may well be at issue, including Eastland's Senate Judiciary chairmanship, Russell's Senate Armed Services chairmanship and Mendel Rivers' House Armed Services chairmanship.

The important state and local elections are an indispensable part of the picture. Alabama's primary elections for state and local offices will be held on the same day as the Congressional primary. Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia also schedule important state or local elections in 1966. Better education, justice, jobs and much else are riding on the election fortunes of governors, sheriffs, mayors, judges and school boards.

The Administration's stingy deployment of federal registrars is aggravating franchise enforcement problems. The civil remedies of the Voting Rights Act are largely dependent upon the presence of the registrars. An instance is the act's most potent compliance measure—denying certification to the election results. The remedy does not apply at all if the registrars have not been present in advance in the political subdivision. Criminal penalties will probably be of little or no value. Judging by a solid past record, the Justice Department won't even bother to prosecute.

It follows from all this that much of the meaning of the Voting Rights Act of 1965 will be lost for as long as six years unless pervasive use of the act is made before early spring of 1966. Enforcing the act has proved to be a surprisingly taxing assignment for the Administration. It can send troops half way around the world "to bring democracy" to Vietnam, but is apparently baffled by the logistics of dispatching federal registrars a few hundred miles to achieve the domestic variety of self-rule. Only the strongest of pressures from the civil rights movement have been able to shake loose the pitifully few federal registrars now in thirty-two Southern counties.

What's the problem? No one seems to know for sure, but the few suggested answers are not very flattering to Mr. Johnson and his Attorney General. A columnist syndicated in Mississippi recently characterized as "a closely guarded secret" an understanding between the Administration and Senator Eastland to station only a token number of federal registrars in Mississippi. Many civil rights people believe that similar unrecorded pacts exist throughout the six states and thirty-four North Carolina counties covered by the act — principally with the Senators from those states. Any



such possible agreements aside, it is undeniable that the power of the President to send or to withhold federal registrars from a Southern Senator's or Congressman's district is a formidable political weapon. And it is similarly obvious that if the law were impartially enforced this leverage would be lost.

In October, the Administration withdrew the federal registrars in Bolivar County, Miss., a day or two after they had opened their doors for business. Bolivar County is the "backdoor" to Senator Eastland's plantation and, like his home county of Sunflower, has one of the heaviest Negro populations in Mississippi, almost none of whom are registered to vote.

Presidential civil rights activity—of a diversionary nature—has not been lacking. Two months ago the Administration announced that Negro attorney Wiley Branton of Pine Bluff, Ark., would be transferred to the Justice Department to oversee Voting Rights Act developments. Branton had been the director of Vice President Humphrey's Council on Equal Opportunity that does the top-level coordinating of federal civil rights programs. Widely interpreted as a Johnson rebuff to Katzenbach's methodical reluctance to employ federal registrars, the Branton appointment has produced little change. The Attorney General continues to tout the "voluntary compliance" of local Southern registrars.

With much fanfare the "planning session" for a spring White House Conference on Equal Opportunity was held November 17-18 at the new Washington Hilton. The closed meeting roundly condemned the Administration's refusal to use significant numbers of federal registrars and demanded immediate action in voting and all other fields. Hubert Humphrey was the principal speaker and encountered some of the heaviest flak of his illustrious career. Many of the 200 delegates were openly disgusted by the idea of "planning" for a spring conference when anyone but a fool knew what had to be done right away.

The Administration itself isn't the only brake on Mr. Johnson's use of the Voting Rights Act. The Democratic Party and the Democratical National Committee are playing roles in the molasses-slow "crusade." Acting under authority of the 1964 Atlantic City convention resolution which ordered desegregation of the Southern branch of the party by the time of the 1968 conclave, the National Committee's Equal Rights Subcommittee asked for advice from civil rights organizations and others directly interested. At a hearing held in Washington's Mayflower Hotel on October 6, Clarence Mitchell of the NAACP led a parade of frustrated witnesses. Two themes dominated the testimony: Give us more federal registrars and desegregate the Democratic Party *now*. Resourcefully, Chairmen David Lawrence of the subcommittee and John Bailey of the National Committee pointed out that federal registrars were the responsibility of Attorney General Katzenbach. Shifting gears, the two chairmen then sympathetically disclaimed any National Committee authority to desegregate the Southern wing of the party prior to issuing the call for the 1968 convention. This same committee in 1948 had found ample authority to throw out the rebel Mississippi Dixiecrats and to recognize the Mississippi loyalists.

Former Governor Lawrence (of Pennsylvania) seemed unable to comprehend the urgent message that Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party Chairman Lawrence Guyot was trying to get across to him: Lily-white Democratic Party officials were preparing to conduct the 1966 Democratic primaries in the South, and the National Committee must act immediately to insure Negro participation. Lawrence's Delphic reply to Guyot was, "If you've got the votes, you'll win the election."

When the Voting Rights Act was being considered, most members of the Congress believed that federal registrars would start moving into almost every county in Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana as soon as the President signed the act. Attorney General Katzenbach had told the House Judiciary Committee that any county which did not comply with the law would find itself playing host to federal registrars. Chairman John Macy of the Civil Service Commission assured the committee that, if necessary, even house-to-house registration would be used by the federal registrars. But the only Republican c
mittee member, John Lindsay,
strong (and it now appears ju
fied) doubts that the Attorney (
eral could be trusted to enforce
act; he asked for specific, man
tory language to replace the dis
tionary provisions.

The House Judiciary Commi
has by now become so disturbec
the flaccid implementation of
Voting Rights Act and its prede
sor, the Civil Rights Act of 19
that its chairman, Emanuel Ce
has appointed a three-man advis
subcommittee to investigate
report to the full committee in
uary on the need for a full-s
probe into the enforcement of
eral civil rights legislation.

The chairman drafted th
young, hard-working, indepen
legislators for the special gro
Robert Kastenmeier (chairman,
Wis.); James Corman of Los
geles (D.); and Charles Mat
(R., Md.) of Montgomery Cou
Working at a brisk pace, the th
have already interviewed top
ministrators and civil rights re
sentatives. Their report could
explosive.

Three months after the act
become law federal registrars
on the scene in only thirty-two
the 600-plus election districts
the six states and thirty-four N
Carolina counties reached by
act. Alabama has ten; Louisi
five; Mississippi, fifteen; and S
Carolina, two. Georgia, North C
lina and Virginia have none. C
plaints by the hundreds have
pouring into the Justice Dep
ment. By the Attorney Gene
own figures in his October sp
to the Washington Press C
about 110,000 Negroes had by
registered in the more than 400
tricts without registrars, and 53
in the nineteen counties where
eral registrars were present. (T
teen additional counties rece
registrars shortly after the Atto
General's speech, bringing the
to the present thirty-two.) In o
words, federal registrars are, on
average, enrolling ten times
many voters as the local offic
Unless the President dispatches
plentiful supply of federal age
free Negro voting in the S
could still be years away. And,
less he sends these registrars
once, the election opportunitie
'66 will vanish.

Patriotism of Protest

he Consensus Marchers . . . . Robert G. Sherrill

Washington, D.C.

ıt many bodies packed into that ited an area steams with its own nordial message, and it may be only message that gets through President Lyndon Johnson from March on Washington for Peace Vietnam. Just how many march- were there, clotting the side- ks around the White House on vember 27, is a matter of take r choice. The Chicago *Tribune's* mate of 12,000 is, as might be ected, laughably low. Most news- ers went along with the police mate of 20,000 to 25,000. Many hands at protest marching were lined to agree with the 40,000 50,000 range given by Sanford tlieb, of SANE, coordinator of demonstration.

rom the standpoint of news- er coverage, it was probably the st unsuccessful demonstration of t size ever seen around Washing- . Some demonstrations are in- tionally mute; the March on shington was not. It was an old- hioned harangue. The picketers eated to the Sylvan Theatre on Washington Monument grounds the early afternoon and there nt the next two and a half hours ening to some pretty rousing eches. Two and a half hours of nplaints, entreaties, recommen- ions, slurs and exposé.

nd what, of all this, appeared the next day's newspapers?

ust now I have checked the Sun- *New York Times* again to be e I hadn't overlooked something, so far as I can find that news- er has not one line of the eches. As a gazetteer of relative ia, the *Times* was extremely ıerous; it set aside a couple of es for gossip about the march when it came to the message delivered by Norman Thomas, Socialist Party's Presidential ıdidate emeritus; Dr. Benjamin ck, who has taught several mil- Americans how to rear chil- n; Mrs. Martin Luther King, wife the civil rights leader; Congress- n George Brown, Jr., of California; Carl Oglesby, president of the Students for a Democratic Society; Ronnie Dugger, editor of the *Texas Observer* and a leader of the Texas liberals who have given Johnson political fits for years; Dr. Edwin Dahlberg, former president of the National Council of Churches, and Prof. Joseph M. Duffy, Jr., of Notre Dame—when it came to these two hours of impassioned statement, there was nothing. Not a word.

The Washington Post deserves separate attention. One of the unhappy conversational topics among Washington liberals in the last several months has been the *Post's* new role as a sort of interoffice memo of the Johnson Establishment. The decline of the newspaper has been on the way for many years, but within the last year it has become precipitous.

Since the march was a hometown event, the *Post* might have been expected to treat it with special accuracy and fullness. On the contrary, its pre-march stories were filled with inaccuracies and serious misrepresentations. The day before the march, the paper stated in the lead paragraph of a front-page story, "Delegates to a convention on how to get peace in Vietnam convened in a church yesterday and quickly fell to scrapping over organization and their march against the Vietnam war set for Saturday. Meanwhile, Sanford Gottlieb, coordinator of the march. . . ."

The "convention" referred to by the *Post* was that of the National Coordinating Committee to End the War in Vietnam, a scatter-gun organization of a much more radical sort than that headed by Gottlieb, and it had absolutely no role, official or otherwise, in setting up the march. The NCCEWV convention was one thing, the march was another, and by confusing the two—as it did several times—the *Post* must have confused the public as to the purposes of the march. Most of the conventioners want to pull out of Vietnam now, unilaterally; and while that might be a good idea, it was *not* the idea being pushed by the marchers, which is to cease firing, cease bombing (something Johnson started), stop increasing the size of our expeditionary force (it was 16,000 when LBJ became President; it's now 160,000) and—while the soldiers hang around on stand-by—try to get the United Nations to straighten out the mess in Southeast Asia.

The *Post* thus encouraged what a great hunk of the public was already too eager to believe: that the parade was made up of extremists running in all directions. As for the paper's coverage of the speeches, that came to fifteen words—one and a half sentences—uttered by Norman Thomas.

Elsewhere the *Post* wrote: "Ironically, a U.S. Army bus from Ft. Myer stood by in the Park as a first-aid station." Why it was considered so ironic is not clear, since the marchers were not opposing the U.S. Army but protesting a foreign policy—a distinction which the *Post* was no more capable of making, apparently, than those zany bus-driving patriots in New York and New Jersey who, since they refused to transport marchers to Washington, may find out that Dean Rusk doesn't run the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The *Post*, which advertises itself as "one of the ten best papers in the world," capped off this brassy journalistic performance with an editorial in Sunday's paper in which the editors wrote magisterially, "The right to be heard, fortunately, involves no requirement that the advice of the protesters be followed" —nor, it might have added, be printed.

Carl Oglesby, the gentlemanly revolutionary on the platform, swinging the march's thought into what Spock later admiringly called "new parameters," suggested that corporate liberalism, which is the kind that has activated this country's government since 1932 at least, mucks up everything with its fantasies of benevolence, in Vietnam as elsewhere. "They are fantasies," he said, "because we have lost that mysterious social desire that could make them real. We have

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ert G. Sherrill is writing a book ut Southern political personalities, be published by Houghton Mifflin.

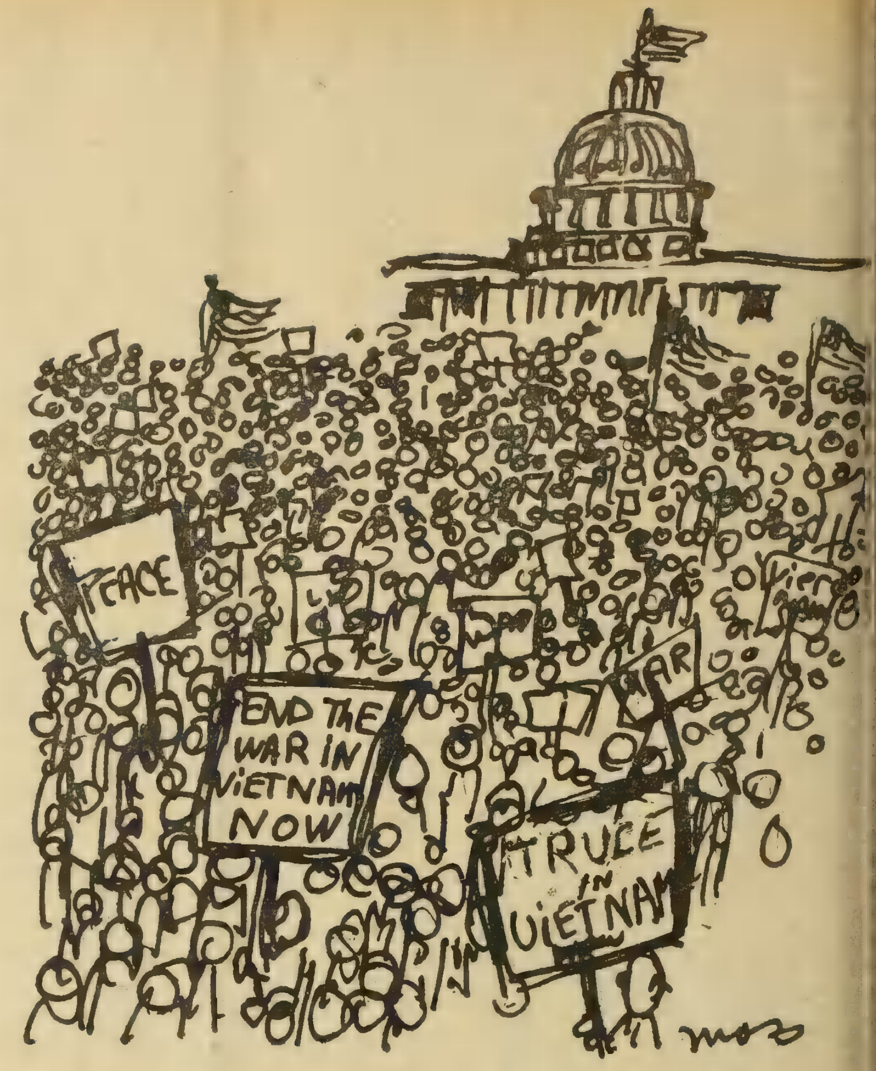
become a nation of young, bright-eyed, hard-hearted, slim-waisted, bullet-headed make-out artists. A nation—may I say it?—of beardless liberals," who "can send 200,000 young men into Vietnam to kill and die in the most dubious of wars, but cannot get 100 voter registrars to go into Mississippi," who cut the War on Poverty budget while planning to spend $2 billion on that "Disneyland creation," the Lockheed and Boeing supersonic transport.

He recalled the 1953 coup in Iran, maneuvered by our CIA, whereby Mossadegh was replaced by General Zahedi, a World War II Nazi collaborator, who thereupon signed some generous leases with, among others, Gulf Oil Corporation. "The CIA's leader for this coup was Kermit Roosevelt. In 1960 Kermit Roosevelt became a vice president of Gulf."

He recalled the 1954 coup—supported by our CIA—in Guatemala. President Arbenz, who had wanted to nationalize a portion of the United Fruit Company's plantations, was deposed. "The following year General Walter Bedell Smith, director of the CIA when the Guatemala venture was being planned, joined the board of the United Fruit Co."

The Dominican Republic might have fared better in 1965, Oglesby further suggested, if our "neutral peacemakers" had been led by someone other than Ellsworth Bunker, Jr., ambassador to the Organization of American States, and "a board member and stock owner of the National Sugar Refining Company"; not to mention the fact that the President was being advised by Abe Fortas, "who has sat for the past nineteen years on the board of the Sucrest Company, which imports blackstrap molasses from the Dominican Republic," and "that rhetorician of corporate liberalism and the late President Kennedy's close friend, Adolf Berle, chairman of that same board." He reminded his listeners, also, that roving Ambassador Averell Harriman's brother Roland is on the National Sugar board

Oglesby did not mean that these are evil men, only that as corporate liberals they perform "for the corporate state a function quite like what the church once performed for the feudal state," seeking "to justify its burdens and protect it from change." Such men can never understand, much less appreciate, revolution.



The other speakers aimed more directly at the war in progress, with these points:

- Stop lying. "We are told Hanoi will not negotiate," said Dugger, for one, "but now we learn to our dismay that Hanoi offered to negotiate last fall, before we started the bombings and the troop build-up, and the Johnson Administration declined to meet with them. We learn from Adlai Stevenson through Eric Sevareid that U Thant offered to let us write out our own cease-fire terms and that he would announce them, and we would not do it."

- Stop saying that the enemy is adamantly stubborn until you have proved it through overtures. Addressing the President's ear from a distance of 1,500 miles, Norman Thomas insisted that "You have no right to say that such a call for peace and order will be rejected, that this will fail, until you have tried."

- Consider the permanent destruction of spirit from our efforts to establish a makeshift and p ably temporary puppet governm "A new and horrible way of lif developing in Vietnam," said D berg. "A guerrilla fighter who been in the war for five years, example, may marry a girl who herself been a guerrilla fighter five years. By the time their baby is five years old this l youngster, like its parents, wil laying mines and loading amm tion. It is nothing uncommon a Vietnamese soldier, north or so to take his wife and children r into the foxhole with him."

- How about a little magnar ity, for a change? "The grov emotionalism that comes with wars grips us and causes us to get . . . that our enemies m feel that their cause is also just noble," said Representative Brc adding with nice irony:

"It may be said that our posals are naive and unrealist the product of fuzzy thinking idealistic dreamers not charged hard responsibility of day-to- decisions. I can only say to you t the realists—the hard-nosed, ctical decision makers—have yet make a single correct decision prediction in Vietnam. And all resources of men and material this country are being poured o South Vietnam in a futile effort cover up their mistakes.

'I can offer a simple explanation these mistakes. The enemy we fighting—the illiterate, fanatic le peasants of Vietnam—have n successfully imbued by their mmunist leaders with a lot of zy, unrealistic, idealistic notions ich they are willing to die for otions like freedom from white onialism and a desire for de- cracy, self-determination and uality), and the government we supporting—the generals of igon—has failed completely, de- te all of our help, in instilling y of these fuzzy, unrealistic, ide- stic notions in the people they supposed to represent."

Stop paying so much attention the generals, those military think- whose breadth of vision is aptly ught in the remark by General rtis E. LeMay (and quoted at this ly): "My solution to the problem uld be to tell the Vietnamese nkly that they've got to draw in ir horns and stop their aggres- n, or we're going to bomb them ck into the Stone Age."

Efforts of the march leaders establish dialogue with the White use was even more futile than eir efforts to make their points in e press. Sitting in the Texas sun, esident Johnson attempted to con- al his irritation by issuing state- ents of his deep belief in free eech—scarcely a sensational posi- n, one might suppose, for the ghest constitutional officer in the astion of democracy," but many wspapers (whose editors are all o aware of Johnson's sensitivity to iticism) gave it top headlines. veral of the March on Washington eakers received it unbelievingly. best, they accepted it as a new sition. Dugger said it had been ntage McCarthyism when Attor- y General Nicholas Katzenbach, th Johnson's approval, announced ans for investigating the peace ovement for traitors. "Considering e President's well-known resent- ent of criticism of his policies, it difficult to avoid the belief that intended to put pressure against dissent by these announcements." Spock agreed. Up to this fall, he said, the peace movement was "treated with condescension but tolerated. Now we are being called unpatriotic" by the Administration.

The President's real attitude toward the marchers was revealed in his refusal to allow any of his immediate White House staff to meet with them. Gottlieb had thought that Lee White or Harry McPherson, two of Johnson's aides, would see them at the White House. I had discovered Friday through inquiries to Johnson's press office that this was not to come about. One official told me, "We are not taking notice of the march." Sure enough, the leaders wound up talking to Sherman Cooper, an aide to McGeorge Bundy, and they had to do it in the Executive Office Building next to the White House.

Cooper is a nice fellow, crushingly earnest, highly inarticulate, and so far removed from the policy level that talking with him is about like talking with, oh, say, Jack Valenti. The march leaders were treated to ninety minutes of nothing.

"It was like a ritual dance," Spock said. "He knew we had come there to propose certain things, and we knew he couldn't agree even if he wanted to. It was all so obviously futile. Cooper isn't Bundyesque; that is, he isn't terribly arrogant. There was just no use talking with him."

Gottlieb said that Cooper didn't think a cease-fire previous to negotiations would be prudent "because the whole thing could be jeopardized by a trigger-happy field lieutenant." Cooper recited his Administration catechism: that the war would be pursued in the future as it is in the present, that the demonstrators might have better luck with a cease-fire appeal to the Vietcong; and settled back for argument. He got plenty of it, and he handled it poorly. Repeatedly, when attempting to rebut something one of the leaders proposed, he would trip over a point he was trying to make and then, just as he began to untangle himself, one of the old tigers in the pack, like Norman Thomas, would start mawling his logic and the poor chap would be completely undone.

It is almost senseless to attempt to "feel out" the White House through some random remark of an aide to an aide, but Gottlieb did take feeble heart from Cooper's insistence that Johnson's position is still the one he enunciated on July 28. That was a speech in which he announced a step-up in military efforts, to be sure, but in which he also gave his first nod in the direction of reunification, by speaking of elections in the south or in the *north and* south. That was the hopeful part.

Actually, one concrete aspect of this march offers more hope than any random conversational droppings from poor Cooper. That was the respectable middle-class quality of the marchers, something *The New York Times* just couldn't get over. There were a few, very few, unwashed bongo drummers in the turn-out — certainly no more of that sort in the parade than were matched in the anti-parade crowd across the street in Lafayette Park, strutting around with "Burn the Teach-in Professor" signs. Perhaps a couple hundred on either side, canceling one another out, and leaving the field in command of 30,000 or 40,000 average, patriotic, disturbed Americans, such as Ed Bloch of New Jersey, who won a Purple Heart and a Bronze Star leading a Marine rifle platoon on Okinawa in World War II, or the Rev. David Gracie, pastor of St. Joseph's Episcopal Church in Detroit, who said, "If the only people on our side were far-out left wingers, I might begin to wonder if I hadn't overlooked something, that maybe I'm wrong. But when a man like John Knight agrees with our basic position, I take heart." Knight is one of the owners of the powerful Knight newspaper chain, whose editorial policies range from moderate to conservative.

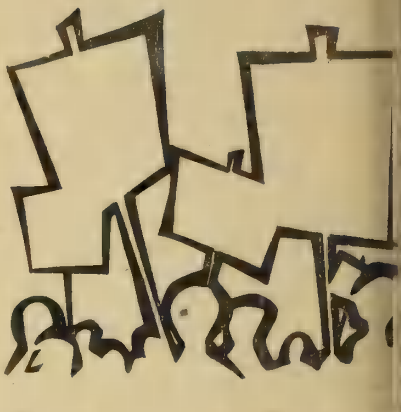
War veterans had been asked to gather in one place, and perhaps two companies of them—about 400 —marched past the applauding marchers. In their faces and clothes and faint memories of a military carriage they were indistinguishable from the American Legion rank and file on any Veterans' Day. There was some comfort in this resemblance.

Middle-class Americans may not be any wiser than beatniks—but they mean a lot more to Johnson, whose backbone of consensus is built right through the middle. These weren't civil rights protesters, revved up emotionally (there were, incidentally, few Negroes in the march). They were low-keyed bookkeepers and lawyers and housewives, many of them no doubt with a vote or two for Eisenhower on their record, but enough disturbed about a witless war that they would travel from as far as Pullman, Wash., to let their President know how they felt. When Johnson learns that the march was made of consensus types, it just might make a difference.

Many of the marchers and march leaders indicated that, being a part of the "middle Left," they considered themselves no more radical than President Johnson sometimes is. "We must remember," said Mrs. King, "that as late as 1957 a strong Senate Majority Leader stated unequivocally, 'I will not commit the precious lives of American boys to protect a dying white colonialism in Southeast Asia.' That strong Senate leader is now an uncertain President."

Herein lies a second hope: that Johnson—remembering his habit of reversing the field—will be smart enough to go along with the march leaders' judgment of themselves as middle Left, whether or not he privately considers them more than that, and to prevent his hirelings, like Katzenbach, from smearing them as subversive. Only by protecting their reputations can he save the area they occupy for a possible retreat of his own.

In any event, there was the sh mass. A nice turnout. "A little l erage," as Spock called it, "to ke the Administration doubtful."



Treason of the Experts . . . . Eric Bentle

Last spring, the president of a leading American university said that teachers should think twice before giving students advice in areas where they have no special expertise. How many times should university presidents think before giving teachers advice in areas where they have no more expertise than their faculty? And what is all this about "expertise" anyway? When is expertise ever required of people except when they are already judged to be wrongheaded? Are professors who support highly patriotic wars asked to have expertise in warfare or even in patriotism? Are they not —so far as their presidents are concerned—merely praised for their high sense of duty? Similarly, students who protest against a war are asked to have expertise, while those who support it are allowed to be ignoramuses — undoubtedly their ignorance is a big help. Similarly, too, McGeorge Bundy and his friends try to disqualify criticism on the plea that their critics don't have access to essential information: if we all had access to the data Mr. Bundy has access to, we would all reach his conclusions. Since we don't, we must trust him.

We are hearing a lot about trust these days. And the man we are above all to trust is Lyndon Johnson. Which is too bad, as he is not an unusually trustworthy person. I voted for him at the last election because I considered that he had virtues not shared by his opponent. An unusual degree of trustworthiness was not, however, one of these. People used to ask of Richard Nixon: would you buy a used car from this man? Well, which of us wouldn't prefer buying a used car from Barry Goldwater to buying one from Lyndon Johnson? The very quality for which Johnson is most admired — political dexterity — carries with it the defect of trickiness. He strikes me also as a man lacking in all conviction. That seems to be the source of his strength: he is without prejudice. He could at one time talk and act like a segregationist, but he *really* didn't mean it: he doesn't *really* mean anything. He is like a lawyer: totally willing to take his client's side, and give his all to it, with every outward sign of sincerity and felt fervor. When his client is the public, this makes him a very democratic figure, and when his client is only part of the public, he will show great skill in (a) wooing other parts; and (b) pretending that he has already wooed and won all parts. However, from time to time, the unforeseen happens, and someone actually speaks *against* Johnson or even acts against him. It doesn't seem right, but it happens. And right now in the United States that is the one fly in the political ointment. Everything is under co trol. All would be well. We wou have the best of both worlds— the comfortable advantage of pea and welfare added to the heroic flatus of a just war—if it were n for this impudent indocility, this tive . . . mistrust. Even the Bib though warning us not to put c trust in princes, says nothi against Presidents.

Trust the President. Trust M Bundy. Both Mr. Bundys. Also M Rusk. And until recently there w the supremely trustworthy Ad Stevenson. Yet Adlai Stevenson w caught lying in the UN when he d nied that the United States had a thing to do with the Bay of Pigs vasion. We have all lied in our tim but maybe not in such a big w Besides we don't all ask everyone take us on trust. Then again, so lies make for practical problem Let me again cite the Bay of Pi In connection with that advent a government spokesman defend lying. It might be a patriotic du he said. Maybe so, but we wou like to know when our leaders *not* lying, so we can talk over t truth—the actual facts—with the When Mr. Bundy implies that if knew the inside story about Vi nam, we would approve of ea stand our government has taken, cluding no doubt stands that cont dict one another, is he patriotica lying? Is Johnson's explanation what he did in the Dominican public a tissue of lies?

Eric Bentley is Brander Matthews professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University. Mr. Bentley's most recent book is The Life of the Drama *(Atheneum).*

onsider one admitted lie. Debat-
on TV with John F. Kennedy
October 22, 1960, the Vice Presi-
t of the United States let the peo-
know that, so far as his govern-
nt was concerned, U. S. support
an anti-Castro invasion was out
the question. Kennedy's plea for
h support he called “the most
ckingly reckless proposal ever
de in our history by a Presiden-
candidate during a campaign.”
arly four years later *The New*
k Times announced: “Mr. Nixon
bsequently explained in his book
Crises that he believed Mr. Ken-
ly had been endangering the se-
ity of the invasion plan . . . and
refore felt obliged to attack a
n he privately supported.” It fol-
s from this that when the intelli-
t citizen hears one of his trust-
rthy pastors and masters attack-
a plan, any plan, he should ask
nself whether maybe the said pas-
and master isn't privately sup-
rting that plan. Perhaps these
stworthy folk could actually be
sted if one made a habit of re-
rsing all their statements? Could
e trust them to support a thing
ivately *if* they are publicly attack-
g it? I wouldn't count on it. What
can probably count on is that
the moment when we are con-
nted with any crisis, we shall not
placed in possession of the facts
at govern the outcome.

Mistrust is a better guide
an trust to what actually seems to
ve been going on in all the great
ises of the past few years. That
e no longer trusted Stevenson in
60 was lucky. And those who
usted Kennedy at that time must
rely have got a shock from Arthur
hlesinger's account of the Bay of
gs in 1965. In 1960, the team was
ing loyal to the captain. The Bay
Pigs was all set to be mentioned
some future “1776 and All That”
“a Good Thing.” And Kennedy
ad approved the invasion on the
round of High Ideals. One gathers,
owever, from the Schlesinger mem-
r that what really interested Ken-
edy was . . . public relations. He
anted to be known as Strong, and
e formula was Strength through
uns. Hence, anyone who died in
at unfortunate encounter died to
eep Kennedy's reputation up.
hich brings military campaigning
to the area of political campaign-
g; and one again had the impression that the two were quite close in the summer of 1964 when, in his turn, Johnson wanted to seem Strong. The question at the time was whether Goldwater could make Johnson seem an Appeaser. Just at that moment, the American Navy was attacked by the Vietnamese. At least that was what we were told, and considering where the Navy was, it didn't seem too improbable. Johnson's ideals soared sky-high (i.e., the order was given to drop bombs), and whatever Vietnamese got killed can today rejoice in Heaven or elsewhere that . . . Johnson was elected.

Since being elected, Johnson's main point about the Vietnamese has been that he keeps asking them all to negotiate but they won't. Another provable if patriotic lie is involved. Hanoi is now known, even in the United States, to have also offered to negotiate. Arthur Miller brought this up recently, and a Johnsonian magazine that reported the matter tried to refute Miller with the observation that the terms offered by Hanoi were unacceptable. So: “refusal to negotiate” means “refusal to agree to our terms.” Besides which there might be something to say of the tactic of *bombing* an antagonist, ostensibly as a way of forcing him to negotiate, but actually as a way of forcing your terms on him. Only to a public relations man is that any different from plain old war. But we are ruled by public relations men. Which is another reason why, much as we may admire the flexibility of the gentlemen, we cannot reasonably be asked to give them our trust. (Hardly had I finished writing this paragraph than *Look* came out with the Eric Sevareid article on Stevenson, and James Reston published his comment on President Johnson's “candor” concerning yet another offer to negotiate on the part of Hanoi. Further comment would be superfluous.)

A corollary of that university president's remarks would seem to be that professors who *are* experts do have the right to hand out advice. One question would be: expert in what? History? Geography? Political theory, and communism in particular? Southeast Asia, and Vietnam in particular? Then again, aren't experts purchasable? Can't anyone have the experts he can afford? And can't anyone hire experts to defend any position he likes to take? Above all, will not the entrenched positions, in the nature of things, be well defended? Won't Soviet experts *on* capitalism be experts *against* capitalism? And isn't just the converse true of American experts on this subject? Even if I am wrong here, do the experts ever agree on anything? And, if they don't, which ones should we be guided by? Are there experts on choosing-among-experts and, if so, do *these* experts agree?

A moment's thought about such difficulties can only cause us to wonder why there is so much talk of expertise all of a sudden. Isn't the main commitment of democracy, for better or for worse, to the nonexpert, i.e., people at large? For America, the country with the strongest populist tradition in the world, it is certainly strange doctrine that we should all be dissuaded from independent thinking and individualistic action.

The argument behind the “patriotic” line of college presidents and other Establishment figures is this: America is not a Communist country and therefore we need not believe Communist experts; it is an anti-Communist country, and therefore we should follow the advice of the anti-Communist experts. One can respect this logic to the extent of admitting that, in a war, there are only two sides and thus, if one took a side, but not Johnson's side, in the Vietnam war, one would be fighting against the Army of the United States and alongside many Communists. But then, unless one *is* a Communist, one is not taking a side, not advocating fighting for Hanoi, but a cessation of fighting by all parties. President Johnson has been urging recently that the Vietnam demonstrations are against the national interest. Of course, they are against the national interest if his policy is *in* the national interest, but that is precisely the question. Anti-war talk is *always* against the interest of a government at war: does that mean that anti-war talk is to be permitted only when there is no war to be anti? That such talk brings comfort to “the enemy” may well be true. In a given case, the enemy may deserve comfort, and, in any case, such talk has to be heard, surely, before it can be assessed.

Still, it will be urged, simply not

volunteering in North Vietnam's army is not enough to detach one from the Communists. All the party would demand of a United States citizen would be anti-war propaganda, and this all who oppose the Vietnam action are providing. Aren't Communists strange bedfellows, especially for the young, anti-war liberals of our college communities? The answer to this is: Certainly, but to eschew strange bedfellows would be to eschew politics itself—which is, of course, what many of the old want many of the young to do. Since political conflicts, like wars, tend to have only two sides, a willingness to make alliances with the lesser foe against the greater is of the essence of politics. Naturally, there is often a question which *is* the lesser foe. Some people would be happier if Roosevelt had joined with Hitler against Stalin. That he did the opposite, however, gives our present-day pacifists an august precedent for their strange sleeping around. It is, of course, a matter of beggars can't be choosers. Against an imminent and total threat you accept any help available, and leave the question of your indebtedness to be answered later, if it can be: otherwise there may be no "you" to answer it.

I am not one of those who are blithe and unskeptical about "working with the Communists." "Whoever sleeps in their camp wakes up one morning to find himself robbed"—this is a quotation from myself, and a statement I do not repudiate. It was based on considerable personal experience. Many of the Communists I knew are still "there," and many of the practices I deplored are still current. At the same time, it would be ridiculous to assume that communism has not changed in the past ten years. Yet this is, in general, what *is* assumed in Washington and in American embassies round the world. And it is not just a matter of communism's maybe not being as bad as they think, but of its being a good deal different from what they think and indeed of its not being just one thing any more, as they assume it to be. We have grown used to laughing at the Communist use of the word capitalism, because for us the one word cannot sum up the multifarious ways of business. But our own men now use the word communism in just such a manner. If communism were indeed One and Indivisible, Russia and China would have combined to keep America out of Vietnam—or have joined America in destroying civilization. Johnson, Rusk and company would not have been able to show us what great moralists they are, except for a division in the ranks of communism which Washington has hardly begun to understand!

I have just spent a year behind the iron curtain as a "lackey of capitalism" (i.e., paid by the Ford Foundation), and meeting American officials here and there, charming fellows, for the most part, have gained the impression that they have no idea what a Communist, today, is like, nor yet what it is like to be a citizen of a Communist country. Some have not studied communism in any form. Others have studied it as if in preparation to be secret agents; others as if the only aim were to get an A in anti-communism. Now I would be the first to recognize that one might learn theology from an atheist, but I also think a theology student should at some point get to know what theologians are like.

One of the assumptions of the American official class is that living under communism is a fate worse than death. A corollary dogma is that everyone else thinks so too except for a hard core of Communists and fellow travelers. Whatever truth these two dogmas had in Stalin's day, they have both become provably false. It is not that everyone you meet behind the iron curtain likes his government, but the spirit of the Hungarian revolt of 1956 is no longer widespread, partly because it is now known that no help is forthcoming from the West, partly because life in Hungary—and many other places—is now a good deal pleasanter. Also, though it is a shock for the few Americans who bother to find out, many Easterners think that, while the East is bad, the West is worse. And Vietnam is cited as a vivid example. "What the Russians did in Budapest was outrageous; what the Americans are doing in Vietnam is *more* outrageous—first, because Vietnam is not on their frontiers and, second, because this is an endlessly continued and calculated outrage, not just a single mad lunge." This is not a quotation from one Easterner but from hundreds. Since anti-Communist zeal is seen as driving Americans into actions characteristic of
Stalinism at its height, and sinc
just this time Russia and other E
ern countries have been de-Stali
ing themselves to a certain ext
many Easterners have come in
cent years to think worse of Ame
and better of their own regimes.

That the Communist movem
exploits the word peace is very t
So do all political movements in
countries, now that open praise
war is no longer successful clapt
But the Communist-led section
the peace movement is actually
the level, to the extent that the
terests of communism can in g
eral be better served by peace t
war. Perhaps war serves Commu
interests only when, as in Vietn
a capitalist power takes the off
sive and so drives *patriots* into
arms of the Communist Party.
while the official class in Ame
can think of the struggle as be
between Communists and a
world, the Communists are on
the fact that the living polit
force in Asia (as in Africa)
neither communism nor belief i
free world but nationalism. It wo
probably be impossible for the
ent to see any war America mi
wage against a small country th
as other than a war of white
perialism against native natio
ism. And as to Vietnam, they
make a strong case that is not
the least undermined by Johns
insistence that he has no territo
ambitions in the East, because eve
one there is well aware of the
visible imperialism of investme
which can be defended by soldi
flown to any territory whatever
a matter of hours.

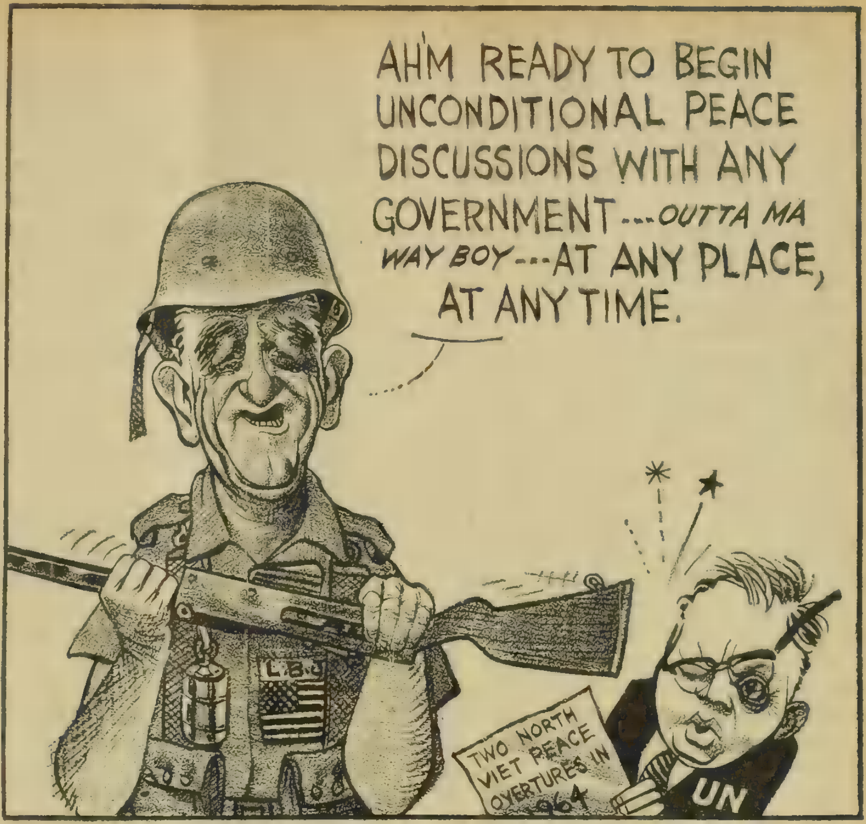
At this point, the Establi
ment will ask if, then, I am pro
ing to *appease* the Communis
And some will add that people
me (or is it people like *them*?)
peased Hitler in the thirties. H
about Walter Lippmann, for
stance? Wasn't he some kind
"appeaser" in the thirties? And
he was, doesn't that explain his
vocacy of "appeasement" now?
entitle us to disregard him? T
was strongly implied in a rec
article in the *New York Times M*
azine, "A Professor Votes *for*
Johnson" by John P. Roche,
surely Mr. Roche does not st
alone. The cold warriors, self-sty
and otherwise, all bank very hea
indeed on a historical anal
which they seldom expose to
view, between the present and

ties, and specifically between present-day Communist powers the Nazi-Fascist powers of a eration ago. To me it seems that se people are so determined to y Churchill that they would feel lly let down if the Soviets refused ir assigned role as Hitler Ger- ny. Yet wouldn't it make sense from the Communist viewpoint, nean, of course—for the Soviets do just that? In that case some ople are determined to play urchill against an *imaginary* Hit- Germany.

I think Professor Roche's ier arguments can be answered . But he is an expert, and had tter be answered by experts: I nfidently hand him over to those has shrugged off with quips. hat I have a vivid sense of, after ding his piece, is his style. A otation may bring it to mind:

> *Even our bombing pattern in the lorth has followed a careful eti- uette of "controlled response": we ave observed what Herman Kahn ould call the "city threshold" and nly went after a few of the S.A.M. issile launchers when they began broaden their protective mission eyond Hanoi-Haiphong. We are, in hort, fighting a carefully limited ar in the effort to attain a per- ectly reasonable objective. . . .*

must be nice to feel that such a ing as bombing can be neatly com- ned with perfect reasonableness, t some of us find this coolly bab- ing prose unconvincing, if not rrupt; and I think I shall start aying at night, God save me from ofessor Roche's careful etiquette! meone lives in a dream world, he I; for let me admit that I am one those who cannot think of the merican action in Vietnam other- ise than in terms of outrage. It is ue that history is one outrage after other, and that the Communists ve perpetrated some gigantic out- ges in their time. But is America be excused its atrocities on the ound that others commit them o? Is it even to lead the way in trage now, because others have d the way at some other date? Or it is a matter of evening up the ore, wasn't a tremendous step to- ard that made at Hiroshima? And re not further steps taken almost onthly in the deep South? I miss Professor Roche's exegesis the ote of concern. If he does not un- erstand my indignation, I do not nderstand his nonchalance.


AH'M READY TO BEGIN UNCONDITIONAL PEACE DISCUSSIONS WITH ANY GOVERNMENT---OUTTA MA WAY BOY---AT ANY PLACE, AT ANY TIME.
L.B.J
TWO NORTH VIET PEACE OVERTURES IN 1964
UN

Macpherson, Toronto Star

But I am not a pacifist. That the problems of international relations will get solved by the peace movement as we know it seems to me even more unlikely than that they will get solved through the "normal channels" of government negotiation. And on Vietnam I support that eminent nonpacifist Charles de Gaulle in advocating, first, a cease-fire and then a neutralization of South Vietnam. Is even de Gaulle considered a fellow traveler these days? Or an appeaser? He *is* considered an "impossible" fellow, but isn't that chiefly because he has let down the team, and made it hard for them to represent a more reasonable position on Vietnam as appeasement and fellow traveling? Let de Gaulle's motives be what they may, it is certainly true that he represents millions of people in the world today who, while firmly rejecting communism, reject American intervention just as firmly. Does anyone really believe that Harold Wilson is any more enthusiastic about the American role in Vietnam than de Gaulle? He is only much more easily overawed by superior power.

But this is another discussion. Here I am concerned with the peace movement, which is united only in its opposition to American policy in Vietnam, and not in affirmation of any remedy. Even from a nonpacifist viewpoint, however, the present peace movement may serve a good purpose. It takes all sorts to make—or remake—a world. It may even be that it is best for the intellectual to represent something other than the viewpoint that is, or even is going to be, dominant, and that one should ask of him how much he modifies the existing state of things, rather than what he would do if he were in power. However this may be, it seems likely that what most menaces the world today is neither communism nor imperialism as such, but the possession of so much power by so few men, be they "Communists" in Moscow or Peking, or "imperialists" in Washington, especially since the official view of each side is that it has a monopoly of civic virtue.

In this situation, the critical act, the intellectual's act, can have historic importance—whether it be Yevtushenko criticizing Soviet anti-Semitism or Robert Lowell refusing an invitation from Lyndon Johnson. In such ways is the claim to a monopoly of virtue challenged. Which in turn means that the regime concerned will be that much less ready to *act* in the name of virtue. Such protests are against "the national interest" not only in encouraging the enemy abroad but also—which the authorities are naturally not so apt to mention—in discouraging the trigger-happy friends of power at home. For the world's danger is what the *Strangelove* movie said it was. Not literally, of course. It was quite beside the point for the experts to refute Terry Southern, et al., by solemn proof that the bomb cannot be exploded by a single "kook" in the War Department. The point was, rather, that our whole world is, in all too real a sense, crazy; anything is possible, and the worst really can happen.

In this situation the classic function of the intellectual—to be the voice of reason amid the clamor of the world's irrationality—attains a peculiar urgency. The intellectuals can hope, must hope, to discourage the generals and the politicians from blowing the world up in one of their fits of patriotic (or proletarian) virtue. *Discouragement* is of the essence, and it was good to note that Lowell *had* discouraged even the ebullient Texan who is our Commander in Chief.

Intellectuals of the world unite! In a degree, they have already done just that. Living behind the iron curtain, I was surprised by the extent to which the intelligentsia there has the same gripes—and hopes—as ourselves. And they have to fight off the same facile accusation of disloyalty with the same entirely sincere answer: no, they don't wish to "defect" to the "other side," they wish to remake their side or, if that is not immediately practical, to restrain it from practicing what it preaches, to prevent it from having the courage of its professed convictions, to *discourage* it.

Discouragement, deflation—this is the negative side. There is much negative work to do, and the talents of an intelligentsia, from a Terry Southern to a Dwight Macdonald, may be specially apt for this work. But the intention, naturally, is positive, and there is a corresponding body of positive labor before us. It is the work of conciliation. Here the pioneers have been Martin Luther King and Pope John XXIII. Whether or not one can envisage the world acting on the lines laid down "Pacem in Terris," one can sur believe that the spirit the encycli embodies might influence the wor If one cannot believe this, on view of politics is wholly cynic Not to give politics up in that w is to bear witness to a degree faith in human possibility. But th faith intellectuals must posse if only to justify their own existen as the carriers of intellect.

So when I am asked if I thi our students are entitled to prote I must not limit my answer to patronizing yes, but must go on congratulate the younger gener tion on boldly bearing witness at time when so many of their elde were pussyfooting around discus ing *whether* witness should borne. This is not to say that forms of protest are proper—or ev shrewd. Some are obviously idioti some feeble; some morally ambig ous; some morally wrong. But th discontent itself is more than jus fied; it is necessary. For aside fro its political effects, it is helping an age of phony virtue and re murder, to keep alive both the bo and the spirit.

Jeane Dixon

PSYCHIC STAR OF THE YEAR . . . Daniel Cohe

One of the hottest current items in bookstores is *A Gift of Prophecy*, subtitled: "The phenomenal Jeane Dixon who publicly foretold President Kennedy's assassination and other world shaking events. These and many fascinating new predictions are documented here."

This collection of stories about the prophetic Mrs. Dixon has been stuck together with marshmallow prose by Ruth Montgomery, a syndicated Washington columnist who has for years printed a list of Jeane Dixon's New Year's predictions. The book has spent months high on the bestseller list (general, not fiction), and was the major feature of a recent issue of *Reader's Digest*. Millions have already read it; millions more will when the inevitable paperback editions and newspaper serials appear.

Jeane Dixon's public predictions fall into four categories:

1. Statements so obvious and general that they can't possibly be wrong. It takes no gift to predict, as Mrs. Dixon has for the past few years, that we will have racial troubles, trouble with China and trouble with de Gaulle.

2. Statements that lend themselves to a host of interpretations. Mrs. Dixon's prediction that in 1963 education would be a fashionable topic of conversation has been interpreted by her biographer to be a prediction of the school integration crisis in that year.

3. Some prophecies that are dead wrong. Mrs. Dixon foretold that the United States would go to war with China in 1958 over Quemoy and Matsu and that Walter Reuther would actively seek the Presidency in 1964. In these cases she says that she was shown the correct symbols but misinterpreted them. Other times, she simply doesn't a mit that she was wrong. She st maintains that Castro hired L Harvey Oswald to assassinate Ke nedy, and that two Russian cosm nauts, a man and a woman, we killed in an attempted moon lan ing.

4. Lucky guesses. After makin statements for many years, and Mr Dixon has been issuing predictio for more than a quarter of a centur a prophet is bound to have a co lection of a few startling hits.

But even here Mrs. Dixon far poorly. Her much-publicized war ing of Kennedy's assassinatio turns out on closer examination be a great deal less than awe-i spiring. A 1956 article in *Parac* magazine reported that she pr dicted that a blue-eyed Democrat President elected in 1960 would d in office. That is the only publ forecast of Kennedy's death that sh made. In fact, she predicted in 196

Daniel Cohen is managing editor of Science Digest.

at Nixon would win. When he
dn't, she hedged by saying that
ixon was the rightful winner but
at the Democrats had stolen the
ection. In her annual New Year's
edictions for 1963 she said noth-
g about an assassination. How-
er, Miss Montgomery finds some
gnificance in this statement: "The
ar will see a beginning of the
ecline in influence of many Ivy
eague colleges, and non-Ivy League
lleges will come into greater
ominence and importance." Says
iss Montgomery: "The man who
ecame President that November
as a graduate of Southwest Texas
tate Teacher's College, and as a
exas drawl began to replace the
oston twang in the White House
xecutive wing, the Ivy League
umni lost their predominance."

The latest prophetic coup claimed
y Mrs. Dixon is that she predicted
e great Northeast power failure.
his claim has been picked up by
olumnists and radio commenta-
rs and provides a good example
f how Jeane Dixon gets her repu-
tion. What *A Gift of Prophecy*
ctually says is that she had a vision
hat a Russian satellite passed over
he United States and that as it did
o all the lights went out. She inter-
reted this to mean that the Soviets
ave some sort of secret weapon
hat can immobilize our communi-
ation and lighting systems.

According to *A Gift of Prophecy*,
eane Dixon has made many still
nore specific (and accurate) pre-
lictions, but these have mainly
een in private sessions with per-
onal friends. It is recorded that
he has given remarkable glimpses
f the future to well-known public
igures: FDR, Churchill, Senator
efauver, Speaker Sam Rayburn
nd Carol Lombard. Unfortunately,
ll of these famous people are dead,
nd well beyond confirming or de-
ying the accounts.

Much of *A Gift of Prophecy* is taken up with telling the reader what a wonderful, generous, loving and religious woman Jeane Dixon is. How, despite the fact that she is supposed to have told President Roosevelt not to "pamper" the colored people, and that she sees the present civil rights movement as, "the Negroes being pushed by an underground force — shoved upwards before they were ready . . . being used by others for selfish ends," it is nevertheless true that "when Jeane speaks of the colored race, she does so with love in her heart."

When you scrape off all the girlish gush, what is left is a picture of the wife of a Washington real estate dealer with a simplistic conservative outlook, who likes to speculate about world affairs as well as about the personal lives of her friends. The only thing phenomenal about Jeane Dixon is the amount of attention she has been able to attract.

Life, always alert to the latest national enthusiasm, ran a sympathetic profile on her in October. Although the magazine did not endorse her prophecies, it took no pains to point out their obvious flaws, and Mrs. Dixon sent *Life* a warm letter of thanks. Even the normally hardheaded *Wall Street Journal* has jumped on the Dixon bandwagon. In a major front-page article of November 17, staff reporter William D. Hartley wrote: "Mrs. Dixon has made some predictions which proved false, but on the whole she has been accurate to an uncanny degree."

Jeane Dixon's enormous popularity comes from two sources. First, those who share her view of the Negro revolution will want to believe the implication that the whole thing is a plot. After the 1964 election, right wingers comforted one another with the slogan, "27 million Americans can't be wrong," and according to Mrs. Dixon they weren't. One of her predictions is that Goldwater and his principles will be vindicated.

But political sympathy is only part of the story. The real wellspring of Jeane Dixon's success is that she exploits a deep mass hunger for a glimpse into the future. Practically the first thing man scratched on clay tablets when he learned to write were texts on hepatoscopy (divination by examination of the liver of a sacrificial animal) and extispicy (divination by examination of all the entrails). This is a bit messy and the practice has largely been abandoned in modern times, but that other ancient Mesopotamian development, astrology, is still very much with us, as shown by the clutter of astrological magazines and astrology columns in newspapers.

Jeane Dixon, too, dabbles in astrology which she says was taught to her by a Jesuit. Her most important prophecy contains a healthy portion of astrology. On February 5, 1962, she had a vision indicating that a child had been born, somewhere in the Middle East, who will revolutionize religion and bring all mankind together under a new Christianity. February 5, 1962, was the date of a rare conjunction of five planets, and astrologers the world over had been predicting earth-shaking events for that occasion. Some even forecast the end of the world. It turned out to be an ordinary day but Mrs. Dixon's prediction saves the astrologers' faces, since this revolutionary religious change will not take place until the end of the century — the year 2000 — also a significant date in the calculations of numerologists.

Early Christians tried in vain to put an end to all forms of prophecy that smacked of pagan beliefs. Instead, they added a new and terrible element—the Day of Judgment. To the early Christian the end of the world was not an event of the vague future, but something to be expected momentarily. Both numerology and some passages in the Book of Revelation seemed to indicate that the year 1000 was to be the last, and a panic swept Europe. The world did not end but neither did the superstition; end-of-the-world scares crop up regularly to the present day.

William Miller, the prophet founder of the Seventh-Day Adventists, discovered in the Books of Revelation and Daniel that the world would end on October 22, 1844. Such a definite prediction is always dangerous, and on October 23, 1844, many of the 50,000 faithful who had gathered on hilltops to await the Second Coming began denouncing Miller as a fraud. But the sect survived the survival of the world and today the Seventh-Day Adventist Church has some 300,000 members. Jehovah's Witnesses, the fastest growing religious denomination in America, is an offshoot of Adventism. For them the slogan, "Millions now living shall never die," is not symbolic.

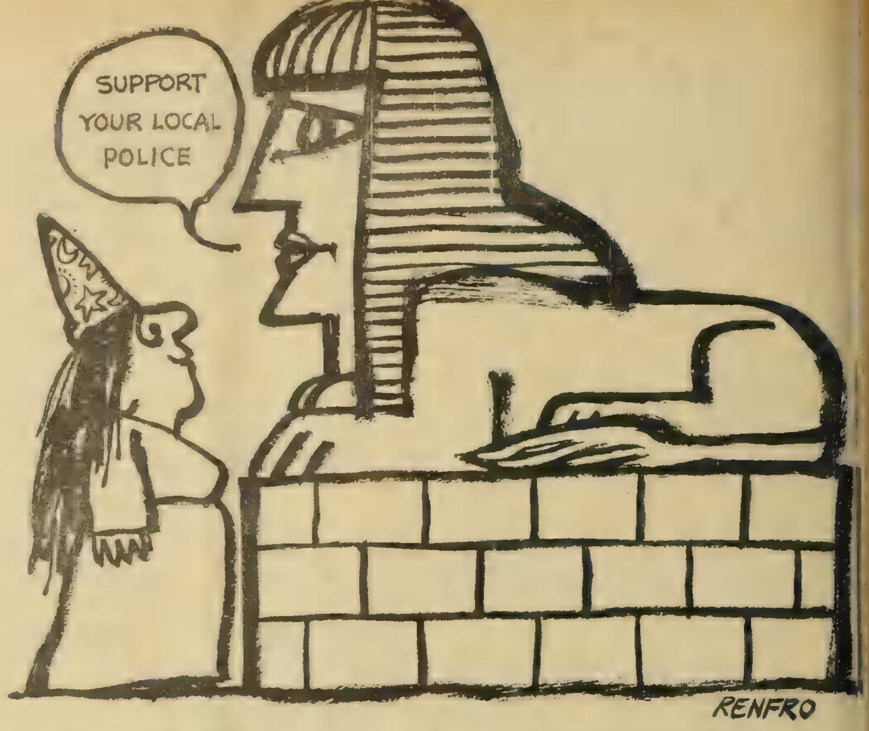
Prophecies of imminent Armageddon are the basic prop for evangelistic preachers from Billy Graham on down. They are rarely as specific as William Miller, but they vividly picture the world as being in its last days. The signs and portents harkening the end are no longer the comets, earthquakes and plagues of Medieval times, but communism, crime and the legal sale of *Fanny Hill.*

In what I take to be a different twist to the world prophecy, Jeane Dixon sees 1980 as the year of the great war with China that will devastate mankind. But by 2000 the survivors will be united in a new universal religion.

Necromancy, conjuring up the dead to give a glimpse of the future, began in ancient times, and continues up through today's mediums and table-tapping seances. Mrs. Dixon does not neglect this side of the mystic arts. While watching President Kennedy's funeral she had the grotesque, but obscurely significant, vision of the dead President dancing an Irish jig on top of his coffin.

Dream interpretation is yet another time-honored method of divination. Freud pretty well killed the prophetic dream for the sophisticated, but the *Old Gypsy Dream Book* and *Egyptian Dream Book* still sell in Harlem and other areas where the ever-hopeful policy player tries to find the key to riches in his sleep. The eclectic Mrs. Dixon has prophetic dreams. Her most revealing took place on the night of July 14, 1952, when she dreamed that a snake had invaded her bed and was wrapped around her legs and hips. Somehow this meant that the future wisdom was to come from the East, but Freudians might find a different interpretation.

Despite an occasional burning at the stake, prophets emerged from the Middle Ages as a respectable and powerful group. By the 16th century they were regularly consulted by popes and kings. The greatest prophet of the time was Michel de Nostre-Dame or Nostradamus, who became the Rasputin of Catherine de Medici of France. Today there is still a surprisingly large audience for his fuzzy, mystical quatrains which have been used to explain everything from the rise of Napoleon to World War II. A Manhattan bookseller, who claims to be a reincarnation of Nostradamus, generates a good deal of personal publicity with his annual list of predictions.



By the middle of the 19th century, however, the whole prophecy business had suffered a crushing loss of status. Whereas seers had once been persons of education and influence (the great astronomer Kepler was better known in his own day as an astrologer), prophecy was relegated to despised outsiders like Gypsies. Their methods were the crudest: Palmistry, crystal gazing, reading cards and tea leaves. It looked like the end of the 5,000-year history of prophecy, and in 1898 the French encyclopedia *Nouveau Larousse Illustré* could write with some confidence: "astrology has hardly any adherents other than swindlers who play on public credulity and even these are fast disappearing." The encyclopedists proved no better than the prophets at charting the future, for the 20th century has witnessed a major revival.

It is from the debased era of 19th-century prophecy that Jeane Dixon draws most of her inspiration. When she was 8 years old a Gypsy fortuneteller looked at her palms and said: "This little girl is going to be very famous. She will be able to foresee world-wide changes, because she is blessed with the gift of prophecy. Never have I seen such palm lines!" The Gypsy gave her a crystal ball and her career began.

The most widely believed pro-
phetic event of this century is
Miracle of Fatima. During 19
three Portuguese children claim
to see visions of the Virgin Mary
a hill at Fatima. She gave the
prophecies which have since be
related to the two World Wars a
the rise of communism in Russ
The children's stories created su
excitement that on the promis
date of the Virgin's sixth and fi
appearance 70,000 people wait
on the hillside at Fatima. Some
the faithful said they saw the sol
disc spin around in the sky, othe
saw nothing, but the appearanc
at Fatima were officially accept
as a miracle by the Church auth
ities. One of the prophecies w
sealed in an envelope and reporte
ly conveyed to Rome where it w
to remain secret until 1960. F
some reason the prophecy has nev
been made public, although Cath
lic information centers were
sieged with inquiries. Rumors c
culated that the Church was su
pressing the prophecy because
was so frightening, but no one
ally knows. No one that is exce
Jeane Dixon, who claims she w
given an advance prophetic look
1958. The sealed message of Fa
ma confirmed other Dixon proph
cies.

There are many levels of beli
Sophisticates who might be amus
by Jeane Dixon prefer the "scie
tific" study of prophecy and oth

henomena that come under the eading of extrasensory perception r ESP. Today the capital of this esearch is the laboratories of Dr. . B. Rhine in Durham, N. C.

For more than forty years, Dr. hine has tried to apply some semlance of the scientific method to he study of prophecy (or precogition as he calls it), telepathy (beng aware of the thoughts of anther person) and clairvoyance seeing an event without physically eing there). All these abilities, in is opinion, are part of a single ncompassing ability—extrasensory erception.

Rhine's basic test is to have subects call the order of a deck of ards. Over the years he and his ssociates have conducted tens of housands of tests under varying onditions. The results have not een very impressive, and the methds have been severely criticized by rthodox scientists who point out that all the non-chance results could easily be due to simple errors in the construction of the tests or the recording of the results.

Yet because Rhine has worked so long and hard, and since many of his published works are as dull as the average scientific paper, many people have gotten the impression that he has found a natural, physical explanation for ESP. Rhine has never made such a claim. On the contrary, he believes that ESP "liberates [the] sciences from the confinement of a materialist metaphysics." To Rhine all such phenomena are spiritual.

Rhine has offered to test those who claim to have ESP abilities, but few professional mediums or fortunetellers have ever entered his laboratory. Says Rhine: "For the most part, I think they are probably afraid the tests would be too severe for them."

Jeane Dixon is the psychic star of the moment, but she is not the only big-time psychic operating today. A few years ago the papers were full of stories about Peter Hurkos, a Dutchman who claimed that a fall on the head had awakened within him the powers of "psychometry . . . divination of facts concerning an object or its owner through contact with or proximity to an object."

With characteristic bravado, Hurkos wrote in his autobiography, *Psychic*, "I am not always right. I have never claimed more than eighty-seven and one-half per cent accuracy in my readings, the percentage established by scientists after performing thousands and thousands of tests with me. With that small margin of error, however, I can tell what has happened to people I meet, or to people at a distance, what is happening and what will happen to them in the future." But there were no scientists—only self-styled "psychical researchers"; and no tests—only performances.

In the late 1950s and early 1960s, Hurkos made a great reputation as a crime solver. In every major unsolved crime of the period there was a rumor that the police had secretly sought Hurkos' aid. Often a fan would put up Hurkos' fee and with a great deal of publicity he would utter some vague statement. But this method can be pursued only so long, Hurkos was too much in the spotlight, and he was publicly wrong too often. There were mutterings of false arrest suits, and the police, who had always been wary, became downright hostile. Even his devoted admirers became suspicious.

In 1963, Jeane Dixon was discussing Hurkos with Dr. Regis Riesenman, a psychiatrist who dabbles in psychical research. Dr. Riesenman had once brought Hurkos to Washington to solve a grisly child murder, and he is one of the main supporters of Mrs. Dixon. She told Dr Riesenman that Hurkos was headed for trouble. It was a safe prediction. A few months later Hurkos was arrested for impersonating an FBI agent and for carrying an arsenal of guns. He was later freed, and is today still around, doing what amounts to a vaudeville show on the spiritualist convention circuit.

His place has been usurped by another Dutch crime-solving psychic, Gerard Croiset. Croiset's methods are similar to Hurkos', but he is more careful and polished. Moreover, he stays in Holland most of the time and predictions at a distance are less likely to boomerang on the prophet. A biography of Croiset by Jack Harrison Pollack is receiving wide circulation in paperback. Croiset, who has wild hair and hypnotic eyes, possesses an advantage over the very plain Mrs. Dixon in that he looks like a prophet. Still, in the little world of parapsychology all is not going smoothly for Gerard Croiset. His arrogance has irritated Miss Eileen Garret, the 70-year-old former medium who now heads the influential Parapsychology Foundation and who is recognized as the *grand dame* of ESP.

Behind the stars are a host of lesser prophets, from the storefront Gypsy fortuneteller to people like Chaplain H. Monroe Howard of the Foundation for Universal Truth in Los Angeles, who will answer sealed questions by mail for the nominal fee of $2. There is also a bewildering and constantly shifting array of organizations ranging from the Parapsychology Foundation to the Association for Research and Enlightenment, Inc. The fall conference of the association featured a speech by Mrs. Dixon along with such other attractions as a discussion of Atlantis.

All modern prophets, no matter what their methods, claim in common that they want only to help people and that they have a direct pipe line to God, usually the orthodox Christian God. Mrs. Dixon never hesitates to point out that she is a devout Roman Catholic. She claims to have had her famous vision of Kennedy's death during her morning meditation in St. Matthew's Cathedral. No one today admits, as did the early English seeress Mother Shipton, that he has sold his soul to the devil for the gift of prophecy.

The persistence of the belief in second sight defies all logic and experience. No prophet has ever become rich at the track or in the stock market, although some have made a nice living off those who did want to become rich through those media. The most famous of all stories of prophecy should warn the potential believer as to the nature of the phenomena he is putting his faith (and often his money) into. It is the story of Croesus of Lydia and the Oracle of Delphi. Croesus asked the oracle if he should attack the Persian Empire. The oracle replied that if Croesus did so a great empire would fall. Croesus thereupon attacked, was defeated and lost his empire. He sent a furious message to Delphi, complaining that the oracle had lied to him. The answer, which sounds like the punch line to a poor joke, was: "You didn't ask which empire."

Writers on Vacation

Roland Barthes

Roland Barthes holds the chair of sociology at the Collège de France; his major work, the Sociologie du Vêtement, *is soon to be published in France. He has also written* On Racine, *a brilliant example of his style and peculiar vision, which was published here by Hill & Wang, The occasion for the piece below was, evidently, one of those picture-stories of writers on vacation which* Le Figaro, *like* The New York Times, *has made an annual event.*—Editor

Gide read Bossuet on his way down the Congo. This posture nicely epitomizes the ideal of our writers "on vacation," as photographed in *Le Figaro*: it combines with commonplace leisure the prestige of a vocation nothing can obstruct or degrade. What a scoop—so effective sociologically, so frankly informative about the image of its writers our bourgeoisie prefers.

What apparently astounds and delights this bourgeoisie most is its own broad-mindedness in admitting that writers, too, are people who take vacations. The *vacation* is a recent social fact, one whose mythological development is worth recapitulating. Initially an academic phenomenon, it has become a proletarian, or at least an industrial one. To assert that this phenomenon can henceforth concern writers, that specialists in the human heart are also subject to the canons of contemporary labor, is a way of convincing our bourgeois readers that they are indeed abreast of the times: we pride ourselves on recognizing the necessity of certain commonplaces, we condone these "modern" realities.

Of course this proletarianization of the writer is acknowledged with reluctance, and then only to be destroyed all the more thoroughly afterward. No sooner is he endowed with a social attribute (and a vacation is a highly agreeable one), than the man of letters quickly returns to the empyrean he shares with the professionals of his vocation. And the "naturalness" in which our novelists are presented articulates a sublime contradiction: that of a banal circumstance produced by a materialistic age as against the glamorous status bourgeois society readily grants its intellectuals (providing they leave it unharmed).

Proof of the writer's marvelous singularity is that on this famous vacation, which he fraternally shares with foremen and shopkeepers, he never stops writing, or at least never stops producing. A pseudo-worker, he is also a pseudo-vacationer. He writes his memoirs, corrects his proofs, prepares his next book. And when he does nothing at all he admits the fact as a truly paradoxical sort of behavior, an *avant-garde* exploit only a powerful mind could afford to divulge. We know from this last piece of bravado that it is only "natural" for the writer to write all the time, in any situation. First of all, this converts literary production to a kind of involuntary (hence taboo) secretion, since it escapes human determinisms: to put it more nobly, the writer is the victim of an interior god who gives tongue at all times, without a moment's concern (the tyrant!) for his medium's vacation. Writers may take vacations, but their Muse labors on, and the childbed is endless.

The second advantage of such logorrhea is that by its imperative character it naturally passes for the very essence of the writer. The latter may admit to a human existence, an old house in the country, a pair of shorts, a baby daughter, etc. . . but unlike other workers, who change their essence and, once on the beach, become nothing but summer vacationers, the writer retains his nature as a writer everywhere; send him on vacation and he parades this sign of his humanity; but the god abides—one is a writer as Louis XIV was a king, even on the *chaise percée*. Hence the function of the man of letters is to human labor a little what ambrosia is to bread: a miraculous, eternal substance which condescends to a social form in order to be more clearly apprehended in its fascinating difference. All this leads to the same notion of the writer as superman, a kind of differential being whom society parades in order to play up the factitious singularity it concedes him.

The homely image of "the writer on vacation" is nothing but one of those cunning hoaxes society perpetrates to enthrall its writers mor thoroughly: nothing exhibits the singularity of a "vocation" better than t be contradicted—but not denied, fa from it!—by the banality of its inca nation: it is an old trick in all hagio raphies. Hence we find this notio of a "literary vacation" spreading fa and wide—way beyond the summer the techniques of contemporary jou nalism are increasingly employed t make the writer an everyday spectacl But it would be a mistake to interpre this as an attempt at demystificatio Quite the contrary. No doubt I find thrilling, even flattering, simple reac er as I am, to participate by this intimacy in the daily life of a rac Chosen by the Spirit; no doubt I fe deliciously "in" with humanity whe the newspapers tell me this great po wears blue pajamas and that youn novelist prefers "blondes, Camember and heather honey." Nevertheless, th other half of the bargain is that th writer becomes a little more of star, withdraws a little farther fro this earth to a celestial habitat whe his pajamas and his cheese never inhibit his resumption of a noble an demiurgic discourse.

Publicly to supply the write with a carnal body, to reveal that h enjoys dry martinis and steak tartar makes the products of his art eve more miraculous, of an even mor divine essence. The details of his dail life, far from clarifying the nature o his inspiration, merely permit th writer to emphasize, by such conf dences, the mythical singularity of hi special condition.

For only superhumanity can accoun for the existence of a being tremendous enough to wear blue pajamas a the very moment that he reveals himself as a universal conscience, or better still prefers Camembert in th same voice with which he announce his forthcoming Phenomenology o the Ego. The spectacular conjunction of such nobility and suc futility signifies that we still believ in the contradiction (a totally miraculous one, each of its terms is miraculous too); it would obviously lose al its interest in a world where the writer's task is secularized to the point o seeming as natural as his sumptuar or gustatory functions.

Translated by Richard Howar

Madison Avenue Medicine Man

T PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD. By Peter Matthiessen. Random House. 373 pp. $5.95.

J. Mitchell Morse

eter Matthiessen is not a serious nov- ist, only an earnest one. He has hought long and earnestly about the ltimate human question: Who am ?, and about the penultimate and an- epenultimate questions we encoun- er on the way to it: Who is my neigh- or? Where is your brother? Why did ou do it? Why did I do it? What must I do? But in order to think ser- ously about such questions we must ave language; and that is what Mat- hiessen lacks. A writer, as writer, hinks in words or not at all; and Mat- hiessen's command of them is lim- ted.

He is evidently aware of the tech- niques by which the best modern novelists derive order, meaning, life, rom the chaotic flux and welter of unuttered consciousness and the life- ess conventionality of our most habit- ual utterance; but he rarely tries to use them, and that is just as well, for when he does try, his clumsy lan- guage fails him; most of the time, hoping for the best, he continues in he old ways and does poorly some- hing that nobody does well now be- cause good writers are no longer in- erested in doing it. The difference between good writing and bad is not a matter of opinion or taste; literary judgment is not analogous to a preference for one kind of ice cream rather than another. The quality of a piece of writing is objectively demonstrable. It is first if perhaps not last a matter of language; and in this respect the standards for the novel are now so high that few novelists meet them. In our time the novel at its best has become a form of poetry—*Comment c'est*, for example, is a poem whose formal perfection and lyric intensity, sustained line by line throughout its length, are one; and if few novelists have anything in any way approaching Beckett's skill, it does not follow that we must be satisfied with inferior work. Moreover, the general level of our competence in language, both as writers and as readers, has fallen so low that there is now a total difference, a difference not only of quality but even of kind, between a few excellent writers and all the rest, and between a relatively tiny group of readers and all the rest.

The unhealthiness of the division can hardly be exaggerated; for in many intelligent people, whose nonliterary intelligence is misrepresented as mere earnestness by their artless fiction, it leads to an unconscious or a half-conscious despair and cynicism with regard to their work and their readers. I think Mr. Matthiessen is one of these. He obviously intended to write a serious novel, but I think he has unconsciously condescended to cheapness.

At Play in the Fields of the Lord is a switch on a missionary phrase, "at work in the fields of the Lord." It is perpetrated by Lewis Moon, a half-breed Cheyenne, who gradually turns out to be the principal character. It sums up his chosen role, his chosen self: a self we see only briefly, in the last chapter and in a short scene preceding Chapter I. Thus the novel circles awkwardly around and doesn't quite succeed in catching its coda.

What happens then between the prebeginning and the end is chiefly melodramatic action, persona-type talk, and exotic nature notes. It happens in and near a Brazilian jungle town. It involves the relations among two fundamentalist missionary families from Moody Bible College, a Catholic missionary from Spain, the local commandant, two soldiers of fortune from the United States, and a tribe of untamed jungle Indians. The tribe is represented by a wise chief and his stupid successor, and by a medicine man whose intuitions are those of Madison Avenue.

The government wants to develop the jungle lands to the east, and therefore the commandant has been ordered to "pacify" the untamed Niaruna Indians who live there. The law forbids him to attack them except in self-defense; however, if a foreign plane on its way elsewhere should bomb and machine-gun the native villages. . . . This is where the soldiers of fortune come in. They own a plane marked "Wolfie & Moon, Inc. Small Wars & Demolition." The commandant is holding the plane, its gas tanks empty, until they pay their back rent in the village hotel, which he owns. He puts the proposition to them in the bluntly subtle manner of the musical-comedy greaser he is; they accept reluctantly, what with their hearts of gold and all. The missionaries are naturally worried about what is going to happen to their prospective clients; the ineffective second fundamentalist tries to dissuade Wolfie & Moon; his chief and the Catholic missionary are silent.

Wolfie is a standard-model beat *picaro*, Jewish variety; Moon is supposed to be more complicated. In a state of permanent nauseous revulsion against the racism of whites and the various ways in which Indians adapt themselves to it, he is looking for some untamed Indians.

Moon as pilot, Wolfie as bombardier, go out to pacify the Niarunas; but Wolfie is unaccountably inept in getting at the bombs; and Moon, subject to no such self-deception, deliberately makes it as difficult as possible for him. An Indian comes into the clearing from which all the others have fled and shoots an arrow at the

---

J. Mitchell Morse, a professor of English at Pennsylvania State, is the author of The Sympathetic Alien: James Joyce and Catholicism *(New York University Press). He has written for* The Hudson Review, Classical Philology, Comparative Literature *and other magazines.*

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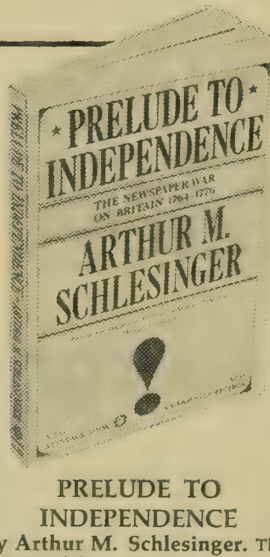

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THE DECADENCE OF JUDAISM IN OUR TIME

By Moshe Menuhin

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"Dear and courageous Truth-teller Menuhin! Your nobly written book has received more than one reading from more than one person. . . . There have been repeated sessions of enjoyment, some of which you may well guess have been by way of renewing memories of old friends who have left the scene, as Albert Einstein, Judah Magnes and Martin Buber, men of great courage, clarity of mind and firmness of determination to bring Jew and Arab into some sort of cooperative harmony."

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(Rabbi Morris Lazaron in "ISSUES," Summer, 1965)

"This Jewish author . . . has brought together considerable evidence revealing the undesirable effects of a chauvinistic kind of ('Jewish') nationalism upon the Jewish community as a whole, and sees them as contributing to the decadence of true Judaism. . . . Anyone reading Menuhin's book carefully cannot lay it aside with a shrug of the shoulders. It opens too many vistas and avenues of thought."

(Dr. Erich W. Bethmann in "VIEWPOINTS" of October, 1965)

"THE DECADENCE OF JUDAISM IN OUR TIME is a forceful report and provides insight into the Zionist mentality. . . . The author presents detailed and damaging evidence. . . . He is affronted by what he regards as jingoism, and indicts the 'military junta of Israel'."

(Edward Wakin in THE SATURDAY REVIEW of June 19, 1965)

"Moshe Menuhin's qualifications for recording his 'spiritual adventures' are remarkable, and one could say, unique. . . . This book is an undisguised, full scale frontal attack with no holds barred on political Zionism. . . . No reader of this book can doubt that the author is in deadly earnest. We can perhaps at least be grateful to him for having included statements which rarely appear in books by Zionists."

(Samuel Landman in THE LONDON JEWISH CHRONICLE of September 24, 1965)

"THE DECADENCE OF JUDAISM IN OUR TIME is a magnificent accomplishment. It is a rare compound of astuteness in observation, compassion in feeling, clarity of writing, and courage of conviction. . . . Menuhin denounces Zionism as being contrary to Judeo-Christian ethics, and a distortion of the Jewish religious faith. He charges Zionism with erecting walls between Jews and non-Jews in every community and in every country. . . . The book, in my opinion, is a MUST for Jews . . . for Arabs . . . and it belongs in the hands of all Americans of all religious faiths. . . ."

(Sami Hadawi in THE ARAB WORLD of July, 1965)

"Moshe Menuhin has set down his credo as American and Jew, and he doesn't mind telling us he is proud of being both. What distresses him, however, is to find so much Jewish energy in this country being deflected into alien channels by an 'anachronistic' Zionism which places a narrow nationalism above spiritual Judaism."

(M. Geltman in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, October 19, 1965)

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(From a student of history)

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plane. That does it, as far as Moon i
concerned. They convince the com
mandant that they found the villag
with great difficulty and will bomb i
tomorrow. But during the night Moo
steals the plane and the fundamen
talists' Niaruna dictionary, and th
next morning he parachutes dow
among the untamed Indians. They re
ceive him as the Rain God, and hono
him accordingly. The rest is a tale o
tribal politics on the same literar
level as the choosing of a new Gan
by Tarzan's apes in the Sunday *Phila*
delphia Inquirer, and of missionar
politics in the same style. The nove
ends with Moon's realization that h
doesn't belong among wild Indians an
more than among tame ones or amon
white men. On the last page we se
him in a state of nature, naked an
alone but free and exultant. Then w
turn back to that preliminary scen
and find him saying goodby to an af
fectionate whore in a jungle taver
and musing in indirect discourse: "S
long as he kept moving he would b
all right. For men like himself th
ends of the earth had this great a
lure: that one was never asked abou
a past or future but could live as free
ly as an animal, close to the gut, an
day by day by day."

There we have it: the prissy im
personal "one," the *Holiday* magazin
"allure," Kipling's "the ends of th
earth" and the adolescents' "close t
the gut," all in the same sentence
Who is this Moon? I don't think th
idiomatic chaos of the sentence i
intended to reflect the chaos of hi
soul. I think Matthiessen just doesn
write well. Throughout the book w
keep bumping into clumsy sentence
such as these: "It had been the con
frontation with the padre, he decide
that had set in motion that series c
grotesque events," and "Moon ha
seen a jaguar only once. It was lyin
on its side on the flat limb of a lo
hoary tree found along the river
camouflaged so demonicly by the dee
shade and shifting sun spots that h
almost passed beneath it." We kee
boggling at metaphors like these
"His eyes were bald with fright," "Th
sinews of his limbs coiled on th
bone," and "Heat. The lunatic rin
ing of cicadas, like rusty gears of a
old universe."

I don't mean that the writing is a
bad. Now and then there is a vivi
image, such as this: "He crouched i
the stern, shrunk up like a wet spider
or this, of an Indian who has ju

een shot: "Aore sprawled sideways n the first clumsiness of his life." There are also some very good psychological observations, such as this, which is good despite the clumsiness of the sentences that carry it: "But Yoyo did not answer, not out of recalcitrance but because he spoke no English; instead he smiled enthusiastically. Though of neither an enthusiastic nor a smiling turn of mind, he had learned early in the game that gringos—and especially the *evangélicos*—responded favorably to eagerness of any kind." But good as the observation is, that last sentence is not one would willingly read again. Nor is the first. Compare their lurching, stumbling awkwardness with the elegance of the first two sentences in Beckett's *Murphy*: "The sun shone, having no alternative, on the nothing new. Murphy sat out of it, as though he were free, in a mew in West Brompton." Murphy is a more interesting character than Moon because Beckett's prose is better than Matthiessen's. Even the corny dramatic encounters are ultimately due to the cheap language in which Matthiessen thinks. It would be ridiculous to ask whether Moon is Adam or Cain or both, because Matthiessen's prose makes him nothing but a lot of sloppy sentences. In fiction, a failure of technique is a failure of insight.

Trilogy of Discontent

N THE WORLD. By George P. Elliott. Viking Press. 442 pp. $6.95.

Bernard S. Oldsey

George P. Elliott's third novel, *In the World,* seems to be a 19th-century book about 20th-century America. One of the characters in it says to another, "Now read me the next chapter from *Bleak House*"; and this gentle hint, placed near the conclusion, is enough to remind us that the American scene we've been viewing for some 400 pages is indeed bleak; but it also underscores the fact that we've been reading a book whose loosely arranged elements need a Dickensian knot to hold them together, finally, with some kind of hope.

If it's Dickens at the end, it's Tolstoy from the beginning. *In the World* might very well have begun with, or at least used as epigraph, the famous opening to *Anna Karenina*: "All happy families are alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." Elliott circulates widening cracks of dissolution around the home life of the book's protagonist, Alfred Royce. Although Royce is a philosopher of the law who teaches at Berkeley, a much admired man being considered for a federal judgeship, he is pre-eminently the paterfamilias whose role is almost shattered in our crumbling society. All elements of the novel radiate outward from him and his family—his wife, Beth, who threatens their marriage by zanily jamming their San Jacinto house with inherited furniture; and his three daughters, Lizzie, Sybil and Nancy, who, as intellectualized versions of nubile giddiness, offer themselves up as case studies of modern American mating customs.

In the World is full of discursive ideas and subplots. Among other things, it contains the assassination of two industrialists by a declared anarchist and his partner in crime, a ruined idealist (who after World War II can find no great cause for which to fight and makes this his last quixotic gesture). It uses as leitmotifs the rejection of legalistic power for the sake of the university teaching, the acceptance of crooked TV quiz money as a slide away from moral rectitude, the rejection of property for life among the Pueblo Indians. It poses most of the large, resonant questions of our time—on race relations, labor and management, property, justice, science and religion. But all of these eventually lose ground to the basic domestic issue, as though Elliott grew weary of them, or as though he felt that they were ultimately dependent upon what happens within the home.

We come to understand why some of the questions are jettisoned as we listen to Royce explain a new idea he's got to his friend Horace Skellings, another lawyer who has worked with him on the Labor Relations Board. Royce contends there is nothing left to fight for in respect to social justice. Labor and Management are no longer enemies; they're partners. The labor movement no longer moves; it simply asks for Buicks instead of Fords. Civil Rights is more of the same: the Negro is now assured of his rightful place in American society; but he will get it for the wrong reason—our government's attempt to prove itself before the rest of the world. The Negro will then be integrated into the same bad dream of mass culture. Royce is looking for something more than the material plenty implied by this kind of social justice. He stares off past science in the humanistic regret of lost transcendence. He himself has come, as his Negro son-in-law puts it, "as close as man can get to being wise without God's aid." Perhaps the central and unanswered question of this book is whether this is wise enough.

At least Alfred is wise enough to solve his own domestic problem; and above all the novel turns out to be an analysis of our mating, unmating, and re-mating customs. It should be the marriage counselors' delight. Cases in point: (1) Alfred and Beth (who has had Lizzie by a previous husband) separate and then reunite in the Dickensian finish which comes as a dramatic echo of Auden's line, quoted early in the book, "We must love one another or die." (2) Lizzie marries Joe Thompson, a Negro who passes for white, and their marriage breaks on the rocks of religion and

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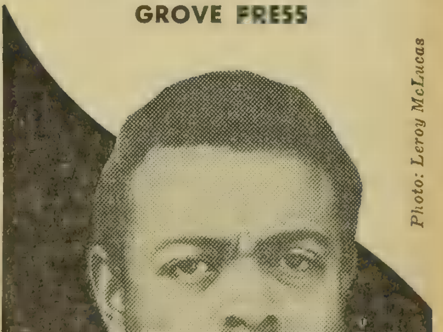
Photo: Leroy McLucas

money--Joe seeking sanctuary in the cathedrals of Europe; Lizzie in the lay version of a nunnery, living among the Koyola Indians, uncontaminated by the concept of private wealth. (3) Robin Farquhar, pregnant by Leon Kalish (Royce's star pupil and disciple), marries Hugh Hansson, a fairy godfather type, whose will to procreate is as sterile as the glass dwelling in which he and Robin pose as the ideal young marrieds for the Institute of Modern Living. (4) Kalish marries Frenchwoman Chantal Bigonneau to keep her and her son from being deported. Chantal, who had her son by a cousin, now a priest, was originally married to a man who wanted to protect her and the boy; after the death of her husband, she was brought to the United States by Harry Evans, one of the two men convicted of assassination mentioned earlier. Kalish and Chantal intend to get divorced as soon as her citizenship is assured, and he hopes to marry Sybil, the Royces' second daughter. (5) Sybil, however, decides to marry Jim Sorb, brother of the first husband of Kay Ravagli. (6) Kay marries Woody Ravagli when her first husband is killed in the war and Woody's first wife dies of polio. (7) Horace Skellings, an aging playboy, has married five (six?) times; and during the Royces' separation he offers his present wife, Virginia, as a consolation to his friend Alfred. (8, 9, 10, etc.).

Somewhere in Crockett, Mont., Hugh Hansson's father has been divorced and remarried. In Bakersfield, California, Robin Farquhar's oft-loved mother lives estranged from her latest husband—he in the last trailer of the camp they own and run jointly, she in the first. And in New York City, Stan Wriggle and Penny Hardwick, TV quiz manipulators, are divorced from each other but going steady together.

(Such a summary of a novel tends to sound parodistic: at one time the meanest criticism of a Faulkner book was simply a summary of its contents. To some extent Elliott deserves this kind of treatment and this summary was done with the intent of near parody, with, however, the implication that Elliott himself faced the problem of handling a series of American lives containing elements of self-parody.)

One has the feeling that the novel might better have begun around page 192, or at least have been compressed somehow in its entirety, since the overall design of the work is strategically good: from the opening party thrown by the Royces we trace out the patterns of the family and their friends who are present at the party. But the lines in between are often sketchy and mixed, and the style shifts from humdrum to good and back again.

In any survey of the newest groups of American novelists—the so-called "black humorists" (like Hawkes, Heller, Barth), the practitioners of the saintly picaresque (like Bellow, Salinger, Kesey), and the neat utilizers of the mythic overlay (Buechner, Updike, Malamud)—Elliott looks out of place by at least three generations. But this is not to say all is lost. Isn't there still a place and a need for the novel that includes elements of life not caught up in the newspapers and magazines? A novel that does not give up certain living materials to the writers of social science treatises? *In the World* is such a novel. If it lacks the sustained literary impact of Elliott's early and fine short story "Among the Dangs," it has some excellent things in it—especially the set pieces like those in which we visit Robin's mother's place, or the death scenes in Justice Durkeim's house. It is Durkeim by the way, who establishes the central symbol of life's depth and mystery with a spiral pattern that he work into his rock garden—a pattern tha strongly contrasts with the glass hous of false domestic bliss set up by th Institute of Modern Living in the a rium of the former Mardon Tow House.

The peculiar quality of *In the Worl* is that, once read, it does not leav you easily. Lacking in clean effect an concentrated force, it has substanc and provides numerous shocks of recognition. What can be said finally i that it takes its place—with Elliott' first two novels, *Parktilden Village* an *David Knudsen*—in what might b considered an almost anthropologica trilogy of discontent with American society. The author seems to be tellin us that this is a society which ma not be simply in transition but decay In either case, he memorializes th events.

Exemplary & Other Baldwins

GOING TO MEET THE MAN. By James Baldwin. The Dial Press. 249 pp. $4.95.

David Littlejohn

There are a number of James Baldwins, who write with varying degrees of honesty, relevance, humility, precision and style. All of them are here: the autobiographizing lyrist, the tautstrung neurotic, the truth teller of the early essays, the celebrity bully. But the shrill and ugly voices, for our purposes, the inflated and fraudulent selves can be as useful as the eloquent and the honest. For James Baldwin is not just another stylish bestseller, not just the latest and most advertised "Negro" writer; least of all is he only a by-product of and publicist for the Civil Rights episode. He is becoming, if he has not already become, our Exemplary Man. One of his distressing liabilities, I grant, is that he *knows* this, knows it too well, that he wears his robes heavily and with swagger. Nevertheless, to understand him may well be, in many and difficult ways, to understand ourselves, and these stories will help.

Going To Meet the Man should no be read first or alone, since many o its effects depend on interreflection back and forth with the earlier works Some stories borrow the voice and setting of *Go Tell It on the Mountain* others the jagged, brittle tones, th Manhattan underground world o *Another Country*. Many echo the essays too, once strong ideas with muc of their savor gone. And there ar tastes as well of the whining, bullying rant of *The Fire Next Time*, th flip self-importance of the Mailer essay or *Nothing Personal*. But all of i counts, even the dispiritingly bac Much of the excitement of readin this collection, in fact, comes from reader's constant, hovering balance between reassurance and despair, reassurance at what is so right, despai at what is so wrong. It is one of th most full-blooded, alive and anxiou books of the year.

Of the weak, or perverse, or eve merely dispensable stories—four ou of eight, which is probably not bad– two are appendices to *Go Tell It on th Mountain* of 1952, with the same bo hero, the same family and setting roughly the same manner and tone "The Rock Pile" is a tiny étude, austere and slightly touching; "The Ou

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David Littlejohn is an assistant professor of English at the University of California. He is the editor of Dr. Johnson: His Life in Letters *(Prentice-Hall) and is preparing a book on the literature of the race war to be published by Grossman in the spring.*

ing"—again young John and his family, on a church picnic up the Hudson River—is much more ardently and vigorously bad. It bears the *idea* of a good story, the skeleton of it: the cracking of adolescent tensions within the setting of a Negro Ship of Fools. It even includes a rich, rocking 8-page tour de force of a Negro shipboard service. But we have come a long way down from *Go Tell It on the Mountain*. There, the passional catharsis, the harrowing of emotions, filial, sexual, religious, were worked through, suffered for, honestly earned and attained. Here they are only tiredly told, unconvincingly claimed and remembered.

But there are worse. "Previous Condition" and "This Morning, This Evening, So Soon"—the latter his *New Yorker* story, his anthology story—represent the worst of the several James Baldwins, the pretentious, near-paranoiac, picked-on Negro, ostentatiously bearing all the sufferings of his race. They recall the worst excesses of *The Fire Next Time*. In both cases, a clue is the total lack of detachment between the author and his heroes, his sniveling, chip-on-the-shoulder narrator heroes. This suffering, self-pitying voice is a sign of James Baldwin's least controlled and least valuable fiction.

It is not easy to be a Negro, a writer, a celebrity and a homosexual in America, and sometimes the strain will show; it is not even easy to be a thinker in America, and this is part of the lesson of Baldwin's weaker work. But at his best, he can move terror and tears, he can do things that need to be done better than anyone else.

"Sonny's Blues" hovers delicately in tone between *Go Tell It on the Mountain* and *Another Country:* it is a small, artless, ambling story, one weak man's memory of his brother. It is the account of his long attempt to understand his brother Sonny, a junkie turned jazz pianist in Harlem, so quietly and uncertainly told that it is almost not a story at all, but just the telling, the trying; a confession that drifts coolly and unhurriedly through digression and reminiscences.

"Come Out of the Wilderness," at the opposite extreme, is a dazzling display of Baldwin's style at its sharpest. Its prose surface has a bristly, electric exactness, its dialogue the bright newness of good talk. Nor is this style mere bravura display; it sparks into life an analysis of mixed emotions, a dramatization of the undercurrents of social intercourse that is diabolically keen. The story, an open and unprejudiced playing through of the *Odi et amo* tensions of an affair, seems a dis-

Exiled

Where will you go? Where now the rooms
once kept ready for you, the old
servants on hand to welcome you,
the garden just as it was when last
you visited, just as it was
as far back as you remember it —
golden the landscape when you stood
there late in the afternoon.

Where is it now, that place where you
belonged so naturally, the formal
growths, the house, the sunset-sights,
the dark turns of corridors, all these
as much alive in you then as they
were real once, summer after summer,
in the country not far from town.
Now they are gone. Thoughts of them

stay on like tatters of a sail.
Memory will pale, and you have no
way now to turn and walk into
the interior you knew so well.
Another storm, one final gust,
your tattered thoughts will be as dust.
To keep alive the glow within
of what was once your ground, your home,
you need the plot, the trees, the stone.

Arthur Gregor

Louis A. Ferman, Joyce L. Kornbluh, and Alan Haber, *Editors*

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The University of Michigan Press
Ann Arbor

tillate of all that is best in *Another Country*. It has the same crackling Manhattan setting, the same crouching-cat tension. It has something new and surprising to say about the races. In its Gallic manipulation of human paradoxes, it offers a cool, cruel analysis of the self-deluding stratagems of lovers, a microscopic plotting of our bitchy little hearts.

"The Man Child" is something entirely new for Baldwin, a highly charged lyrical, pastoral tragedy. Tightened, condensed, closed up, "fired" somehow, it would be as full and classic a piece of pain as a D. H. Lawrence story. Four people—a boy, his father, his father's friend, his mother—are frozen in a mythic isolation. Their story grows, the trap tightens, slowly and expansively, through incremental repetitions, incantatory rhythms, the loving simple cadences of a legend.

The title story, finally, deserves its pre-eminence: it is the most important story here. "Going To Meet the Man" is Baldwin's second attempt to imagine sympathetically the mind of a Southern white bigot. I found his picture to be credible, intense and almost hypnotically convincing. It is everything that his first attempt, *Blues for Mister Charlie*, was not.

From a surprising opening in his nuptial bed, we follow the nighttime reverie of a many-ways-frustrated Southern deputy sheriff, a TV newsreel figure come to life. Reflections on his brutal day among the Negroes lead him back, through the device of a remembered song, to where it all began: the pace, the simple river-run structuring are flawless. In a scene worked with exact and almost unbearable crescendo, the reader watches (with the boy Jesse) his first lynch burning, every detail. And as his anticipation turns, with the boy's, to a strange kind of horrified fulfillment, he may find himself forced to admit that there *is* in this barbaric, anti-human rite a genuine primeval satisfaction. Lynchings do really happen, and one comes to understand why.

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Crystallization of Craziness

THE MAN WHO HAD HIS HAIR CUT SHORT. By Johan Daisne. Translated from the Flemish by S. J. Sackett. Horizon Press. 224 pp. $4.95.

Richard Howard

When the language, and consequently the wisdom, of the mad came to be forgotten or ignored in modern Europe—when the king no longer had his fool, when the "Natural" was confined, the lunatic merely derided—it was literature's task to invent the perspective of unreason all over again. For it is always the function of literature to relocate the values displaced when a culture hardens into a civilization. Hence it was precisely when the mad were first shut away, when reason dropped out of the dialogue with unreason (as it had been pursued, say, in *Rameau's Nephew*) that literature began to propose lunacy directly—without the mediation of a form (as form had *contained* Lear) or of an opposing figure (as Sancho had *corrected* the Don). In 1836, Gogol wrote a short story called "The Diary of a Madman" and initiated a genre which was to become as determinative for modern fiction as the tale of supernatural obsession—"The Overcoat we all crawled out from under," Turgenev called it—proved to be for Russian letters in the 19th century. The titles alone suggest the lineage, and the necessity: *Notes from Underground, Confessions of a Fool, Notes of a Madman, Diary of a Mad Old Man*. . . .

The form has become normalized: in a hospital, a rest home or a prison, the madman who is invariably a criminal as well, at least in his own eyes, recounts his terrible deed, the crystallization of his craziness, committing to the language his experiences in the irrational, encouraged and often edited by his keepers. Three of the most admired successes of the day articulate this genre for us: *Lolita, or the Confession of a White Widowed Male* "edited by John Ray, Jr., Ph.D.", *I'n Not Stiller*, the notebooks of Anato Ludwig Stiller, "sculptor, husband lover . . . prisoner, with a Postscrip written by the Public Prosecutor"; an most recently *The Tin Drum*, which begins: "Granted, I am an inmate o a mental hospital; my keeper neve lets me out of his sight. . . ." Thes are masterpieces of a period which ha discovered — and by these superlativ novelists explored — the destructiv relations obtaining in the world toda between love, law and reason. Curiously, for all their world-wide successes each of these works has an emblematic, even a historical nationalism about it, an aura of the anthematic— America, Switzerland, the Polish Co ridor are often claimed (even by thei authors!) to be as much the subject as the settings of these narrative and surely there is a local twist o expression, intensified by insanit which the form urges to an apotheosis such works are always the product o high linguistic virtuosity, declared t be untranslatable, but eventually, we are lucky, translated.

We are lucky indeed in the case o *The Man Who Had His Hair C Short*, a novel written in 1948—an thus before the other three books have mentioned, though very muc after Gogol, whom the author clain as a precursor—by the world's greate Belgian author, one Johan Daisne. Th degree of our fortune may be calc lated by the distance the heart ten to sink upon looking up this author a handbook of world literatur "Pseud. Herman Thiery, born Ghe 1912. Flemish author. His writing markedly cerebral, with metaphysic tendencies." Plays, poems, novel stories, radio and television script literary and film criticism, travel boo and reportage — out of this welt

---

Richard Howard, who has translated many books from the French, has completed his second book of poetry, The Damages. *He is now working on a study of American poetry since 1950, to be published by Horizon.*

an incomprehensible idiom (as we ive elsewhere plucked, or had pluck- for us, a Machado de Assis, a agerman, a Dazai), Mr. Sackett, the anslator, has come up with a notable hievement, working into English the utinous, slobbery texture of this ovel that has already been translated to French, German, Spanish and alian. It is a book worthy to stand ith *Lolita*, with *I'm Not Stiller* and ith *The Tin Drum* as a further in- ection of the genre of madness.

Its narrator and hero, Antfield, aracterizes himself as a man who as never been able to come to a full op ("Yes, everything considered," begins, "there has always been omething.' "), and as we must ex- ect from this form, the breathless *lling* persists, reflexive and relent- ss, for a single paragraph of over 200 ages. A failure as a schoolteacher e replaces his acquaintance, Coun- llor Brantinck, at the academy where meets his fatal passion, Fran, who about 17 when the book opens), as lawyer ("Once I had the stand to yself, I went to pieces spiritually, to speak"), as a husband, father nd citizen ("In God's name, don't ake up the automaton in yourself, at is the abominable but expensive sson that my afflicted life has let e teach others; the lesson for which, may be, I have had to live"), Ant- eld is certainly a howling success quite literally) as a lover, and in his reposterous confrontation with the bject of his desires "ten years later," e accommodates his murmurous, an- hological style to one of the most re- arkable revelations of life's quality nd character in modern literature. ike Lolita's epiphany, Fran's exposes he corruption of the innocent — the irl had been seduced by Brantinck, who let Antfield substitute for him- elf at the school in order to avoid candal—and the true simplicity of he "simple." The risk of the form, s Oskar's drumming has taught us, s that we have no idea whether the errible events it encompasses have ctually occurred or are merely in- ented by the madman who tells them; we are not certain, at the end, if Ant- ield has really murdered Fran or ven if she has ever existed—the am- iguity of our eventual decision is aisne's as well. In his inept preface, he translator seems to have no idea why the corpse upon which Antfield watches an autopsy being performed n the afternoon *must* turn out to be he body of his beloved's father as she describes the man's death to Antfield that same evening. . . . Yet only the articulate can be inarticulately expressed, only coincidence can be chaotic: like space, the plots of the insane are curved, and though nothing ever ends, everything comes together.

The quality of this novel, then, is circular: the mind trapped on its obsessive treadmill, the body immured in the maze of romantic love, the social animal committed to the rat race of class hierarchy. The reader must constantly correct his apprehension of events traced early in the book by what he learns later; every instance entails a revision of our understanding, an upheaval in our expectations. In the tale told by an idiot, there are no constants in experience—the virgin *is* a whore, the living body *is* a death —there are only climactic moments, ecstasies and abysses which in the very telling become interchangeable.

Antfield's life is expressed, by him, only in the terms of its affective moments—ten minutes on a platform, as he watches Fran receive her diploma from Brantinck, take him much longer to recount than the ten years before he sees the girl again, ten years that gently swirl down the drain of the *petit bourgeois* Disposall of private life that is as merciless in Belgium as anywhere else. The final encounter with Fran, resulting in a pair of hour-long monologues in a luxury hotel, with Antfield now a ruined, dusty clerk, and the virginal Fran a discredited café singer, wrings the novel to its highest pitch of hysteria, the note of a man who must compulsively rehearse his symptoms until their dramatic enactment releases him:

> *I have wanted to be complete. Not unnecessarily complete, but as necessarily complete as possible. When everything is done, I must still have the strength to read it over and over, to think of the most suitable names possible for all those who are mentioned in this confession. I do not want my word to be considered untrustworthy any longer by the director, whom I have promised to let bygones be bygones. But it was stronger than I; I believe I have heard a higher command, to write down everything here first, before I do as the director wishes. I think that I must note all this down, so that a few should know how everything really happened.*

We recognize the sound of that immediately—it is the circular, burrowing, comical, desperate, exemplary

Affluence

It is deep twilight, my wife
And girls are fixing supper
In the kitchen. I turn out
The reading lamp and rest my eyes.
Outside the window the snow
Has turned deep blue. *Anthony*
***and Cleopatra* after a trying day. I think of**
Those vigorous rachitic
Men and women taking off
Their clothes of lace and velvet
And gold brocade and climbing
Naked into bed together
Lice in their stinking perfumed
Armpits, the bed full of bugs.

Kenneth Rexroth

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voice of our weakness, as we have heard it from Gogol to Nabokov; it is as if, to quote Auden's *Memorial for the City*, the entire genre were under the rubric "let our weakness speak":

This is the flesh we are but never
would believe,
The flesh we die but it is death
to pity;
This is Adam waiting for His City.

A word about the book's title: Antfield is obsessed with having his head clipped, shaved, shorn of any reminder of his animal self, the fleshly perpetuations of his physical being. His terror of the body of this death is literally presented in the autopsy scene, one of the most deliciously gruesome in all literature (ranking with the famous eels-and-horsehead setpiece in *The Tin Drum*), and emblematically pursued throughout the book, especially in the ablutionary ritual by which Antfield prepares for his final confrontation with Fran. But rigorously justified, on intellectual grounds, though every impulse of theme and structure may be discovered to be in this harrowing, hilarious book, there is further an immediate justice rendered to the physical world by Daisne's talent as a writer, a response to felt life for which I am even more grateful—a justice that rescues this author, immediately, from the dreadful categories of "cerebral" and "Flemish metaphysician" as arbitrated by the handbooks of literature, and restores him to the even more banal, but inevitable, categories of "central" and "accurate." His book is about the way we live now, whether we have long hair, short, or through no fault of our own, as we imagine, none at all.

Angelica Balabanoff: 1878-1965

Therese Pol

With the death in Rome on November 25 of Angelica Balabanoff, First Secretary of the Third International, one of the last links with Russia's revolutionary leaders is gone. By the time I met her, her political career was all but over: she had dissociated herself from the Soviets in 1923 because she refused to compromise her vision of socialism. But there remained Angelica Balabanoff the woman—gracious, generous, spirited, highly intelligent, capable of strong moral indignation—and while her political influence evaporated, her vital personality did not.

My first interview with her—in 1942, when I was working for the German-language weekly *Aufbau*—started under rather unpromising circumstances, but over the years this contact developed into a close friendship. Mme. Balabanoff was then staying at the Park Plaza, near Central Park in the West 70s, a kind of Grand Hotel for impoverished literati. On its musty-genteel premises lived almost every writer of consequence from Central Europe, excepting Thomas Mann. Like its tenants, the hotel had seen better days. The elevator was frequently out of order and Mme. Balabanoff remarked to me once: "I sometimes stand there pushing the button, and nothing happens. After a while I forget what I came out for in the first place, and then I go away again. It happens to all of us here."

But on that first encounter I found Mme. Balabanoff nearly unapproachable. She kept saying, "Why don't you read my book?" (I had—*My Life as a Rebel*, published by Harper in 1938) and, "Any factory girl is more interesting than I am. Why don't you interview one of them?"

I then took her attitude as a rather calculated flirtation with her former eminence; later I discovered that she was genuinely modest. Still, for the purposes of an interview I was getting nowhere, so I told her point blank, "Madame, *I* am the working girl, and *you* are preventing me from doing my job."

That made perfect sense to her and broke the ice. "I did ask you to come up here," she conceded, "and now I might as well give you some tea."

It was the first of innumerable cups of tea together, sometimes spiked with rum. Wherever she went—and she traveled over most of the civilized world—Mme. Balabanoff never separated from her samovar. She prepared many good dinners, with piroshki and other Russian delicacies. I would sit and listen to her talk until late into the night, and I learned of her hates and loves.

Her hatred of communism and Communists amounted to an obsession. This tiny dark-eyed, mild-mannered woman would turn into a reg lar virago at the mere mention Stalin's name. "Lenin betrayed t Revolution," she cried, "and that t rible man Stalin is burying wha left of it. Promise me never to tru a Stalinist!"

To make absolutely sure she wasn mistakenly consorting with Comm nists, Mme. Balabanoff would ask n abruptly every time we met, "Are y a Communist?"

This was an extremely farfetch idea, but I always gave her the san answer—I was not, never had bee and never would be a Communist— until I finally convinced her. Aft that she started worrying about n husband. "I hear he is a Communis she said. I assured her that this w completely untrue and that, in fa the German Communists had prac cally guaranteed to hang him on they got hold of him.

"That's good," she said, leavi wide open exactly what was goo about it.

Despite her inveterate hatre Mme. Balabanoff never denounc foreigners suspected of Communi affiliations. She could have caused great deal of trouble, since her wo carried weight, but she would n stoop to any form of betrayal, not eve for a "good cause." Her single mo remarkable trait was her total inte rity, which is why she was bound fail in the game of power politics.

Our many talks took place in th pleasant atmosphere of her vario homes. She eventually moved to a apartment on West End Avenue, fourth-floor walk-up where she dra ged her groceries up the stairs, out breath, resting on every step. Sti she had enough energy left for ar cles and speaking engagements, ru ning errands for ailing friends, rai ing money for others when she he self didn't have a dime, and devoti herself to her favorites among *émigr* —the Italian Socialists.

Mme. Balabanoff was fluent in fi languages—Russian, German, Frenc English and Italian — and curious enough she spoke all of them, eve Russian, with a faint foreign acce Our meetings invariably ended in reading of her multilingual poem one of which was called "Tears." Th extraordinary woman, who had a companied Lenin to the Finland St tion, who had tried to change th world by her stubborn pursuit of pu socialism, permitted herself the on vanity of composing sentimental vers

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Therese Pol is a magazine editor and translator.

I never had the heart to tell her at I didn't care greatly for her ems and disliked being read to. Be- les, no poem in world literature—cluding "Tears" — could stand up ıder so much recitation. Yet her easure in these harmless sound ef- cts was disarming and as impor- nt to her as her love of mankind.

From the beginning I sensed that e whole subject of Mussolini, whom e met when she was a student in itzerland in 1912, was taboo. Their timate friendship ended in an im- acable personal and political en- ity, and she could not even bring rself to mention his name. I was l the more surprised when, in the ring of 1945, she volunteered to tell e how she learned the most impor- nt news of her life.

Mme. Balabanoff was in the habit visiting a certain friend—"as an t of charity." This was a woman in r dotage, given to incoherent mut- rings. One afternoon the old lady as in her usual state of mental con- ısion, rambling. In Mme. Balaban- f's own words:

> *She kept repeating the same vords over and over, "Mussolini is lead . . . Mussolini is dead . . . " n a dreadful monotone. I told her not to fret, I humored her, I tried to divert her, I turned off the radio, thinking the noise bothered her. That whole day my poor friend was going from bad to worse—hopelessly out of touch. Eventually I went home, but I had trouble getting into my apartment—I'd misplaced my key. I had to wake the super, and that took a while. By the time I was inside I was too exhausted to listen to the radio, as I usually do, and dropped into bed.*
>
> *At four in the morning the phone started ringing—it was the first reporter who asked for my comment on Mussolini's death. I was absolutely stunned. He told me, very nicely, I must be the only person in America who didn't know Mussolini had been killed, and wasn't it the height of irony?*
>
> *So here I was, with my crazy old friend who hadn't had a lucid moment in years, trying to tell me something I'd been waiting for all my adult life—the death of Mussolini.*

Angelica Balabanoff, the last great liberal and humanist of her generation, outlived her worst enemy by twenty years. She went to live in Italy, a country she loved beyond all others. In one of her rare emotional moments she told me, "I would walk to Italy if only they would let me." She spent her last years in peace, in her chosen homeland.

HEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE DEVILS
SKYSCRAPER
MAN OF LA MANCHA
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

n Act III of John Whiting's *The evils*, Grandier, the soon to be offi- ially tortured priest who is the play's entral figure, asks the Jailer to treat im with pity. "Look, this is your sys- m," the Jailer answers. "Just be ıankful that you can get men to do ıe job. Don't ask that they should e humane as well."

That is a pithy speech. Scattered ere and there in the text there are thers. But the play as a whole, emi- ently earnest and strenuously sin- ere, makes little dramatic sense. ased on Aldous Huxley's novel about he Vicar of St. Peter's Church in oudun (France) during the 17th cen- ıry, *The Devils* concerns lust and aith, politics and superstition, igno- ance, clerical cruelty and redemp- ion. The play is impassioned without eing articulate.

Grandier is a sophisticated man of od prodded by carnal desire. His learning, wit, pride and success with women arouses the venomous envy of the middle classes, the vindictive suspicion of the priesthood, the animosity of the crowd with the exception only of the lowly Sewerman and a devout bishop. Though depicted as a true son of the Church, Grandier may be called a premature Voltairian. He regards his sexual appetite as guilt in respect of his vocation but a gift of God in respect of his person, a curse and a blessing, possibly even a justification of faith. Because he is handsome and has a reputation for virility, his very name and a momentary sight of him inspire the Prioress of a nearby convent with an obsession about him.

With the connivance of the state authorities, which seek to destroy Grandier because of his opposition to their policies, fanatic hysteria is bred first in the Prioress, possessed both by her sexual urge and the wish to avenge herself on the man who has provoked it, and then in the other sisters of the convent. All the women are accused of being in Satan's clutches. The Prioress is physically desexed by the community priesthood, a ritual which is followed by the inquisitorial martyrdom of Grandier. Though he is innocent of any contact with the Prioress, he is guilty of both fornication and the abandonment of a woman he professed to love and whom he has made pregnant.

What is Whiting after in this maze of motives? The play purports to picture the plight of man. We are doomed by political pressures, by mass ignorance, the ugly repression of our natural impulses, the corruption and cruelty of ecclesiastic institutions. But in the end Whiting arrives at an affirmation of life expressed in the muddled mysticism of such speeches as "We live a little while, and in that while we sin. We go to Him as we can. All is forgiven"; to which the antiphonal response is "So there is meaning after all. I am a sinful man. And I can be accepted. It is not nothing, going to nothing. It is a human creature going to love."

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nothing determined. Nothing, that is, beyond a smear of themes prayerfully mixed from political, psychoanalytic, existential and pseudoreligious sources, all of them concluding, due to a lack of artistic and intellectual coherence, in fervid banality. At a time and in a place where hardly anyone comprehends the drift and nature of our disarray this may easily be mistaken for profundity.

If the play is an indigestible mess, its production, directed by Michael Cacoyannis, is blasphemously bad. The essential requirement in such a piece is to create the feeling of an environment in which the possibility of the satanic presence in a human being is admitted as real. The production we see is as close to this as the Broadway theatre is to the Cathedral of Chartres. The spirit that obtains is the devotionalism of Shubert Alley. The result is "comedy." The audience patronizes the play's characters; it complacently mocks the credulity of past ages.

Several of the actors playing minor parts are as effective as they possibly can be in the circumstances. But Jason Robards' Grandier wears his cloth dispiritedly. Besides being miscast, he appears not only unconvinced but embarrassed by his role. Anne Bancroft of the beautiful eyes and expressive countenance seems driven to her wild outbursts by sheer actor's (or director's) will, rather than by inherent need. No wonder: she is surrounded by nothing but lumber.

After *The Devils*, to date the season's most elaborate offering of our serious theatre, one is almost eager to return to the frivolous. *Skyscraper*, a musical by Peter Stone, Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen, is very agreeably animated by Michael Kidd's *moujik* energy, coupled as it is with the salt of local wit. We are also treated to some good showman gimmicks and jokes, and to the charm of Julie Harris' disarmingly innocent dedication to everything she does. I heard some people complain—oh the purists we have in our audiences!—that *Skyscraper* is not true to Elmer Rice's *Dream Girl*, the play on which it is based. As if that mattered.

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The stage of the ANTA Washington Square Theatre (where the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center was once housed) is craftily used by Howard Bay's setting of *Man of La Mancha*, a new "Musical Play" by Dale Wasserman, Mitch Leigh and Joe Darion. The pattern of Cervantes' story of *Don Quixote* is so irreducibly touching that it works here as it does in almost every telling.

It is helped in this instance by Richard Kiley's appearance and by his commitment to the symbolic idealism of the part, as well as to its sure-fire stage pathos. In addition, there is a supporting cast of similarly committed actors, several of whom are endowed with unusual singing voices. More persuasive, perhaps, than any of these elements is the sentiment of enthusiastically old-fashioned "theatre" with which Albert Marre has informed the production. Though all this left me, case-hardened as I am by the season's rigors, indifferent for a while, it ended by my acknowledging to myself that the show was Sweet Corn—and thus not to be rejected.

I am glad that the APA Repertory Company under the aegis of the Phoenix Theatre has an unqualified success in its revival of Moss Hart and George Kaufman's *You Can't Take It With You* at the Lyceum. The APA has previously offered us revivals of such plays as *Man and Superman, Right You Are, The Lower Depths, Scapin*. It is an organization that merits support.

As to the play itself, everyone seems to remember (and rejoice in the memory of) its 1936 production in greater detail than I do. Though I probably laughed then along with the rest at its whacky pleasantries laid on and put together with the expertness typical of its famed team of authors, I may also have been little cool to it as a piece of facil evasion in the midst of the depression. While it may then have served as still another form of relief at time when all forms of relief were gratefully accepted, the play strike me today as much more "timely."

We are at present exactly nowhere I know, I know: there is war in Vietnam, there are protest marches and countermarches, there are Communist in China and mayhem in Mississippi etc. etc., but our New York theatre audiences are fixed in what strike me as an immovable spiritual *statu quo* in which wars and rumors of wa serve only as a hollow echo fitfull disturbing their prolonged sleep.

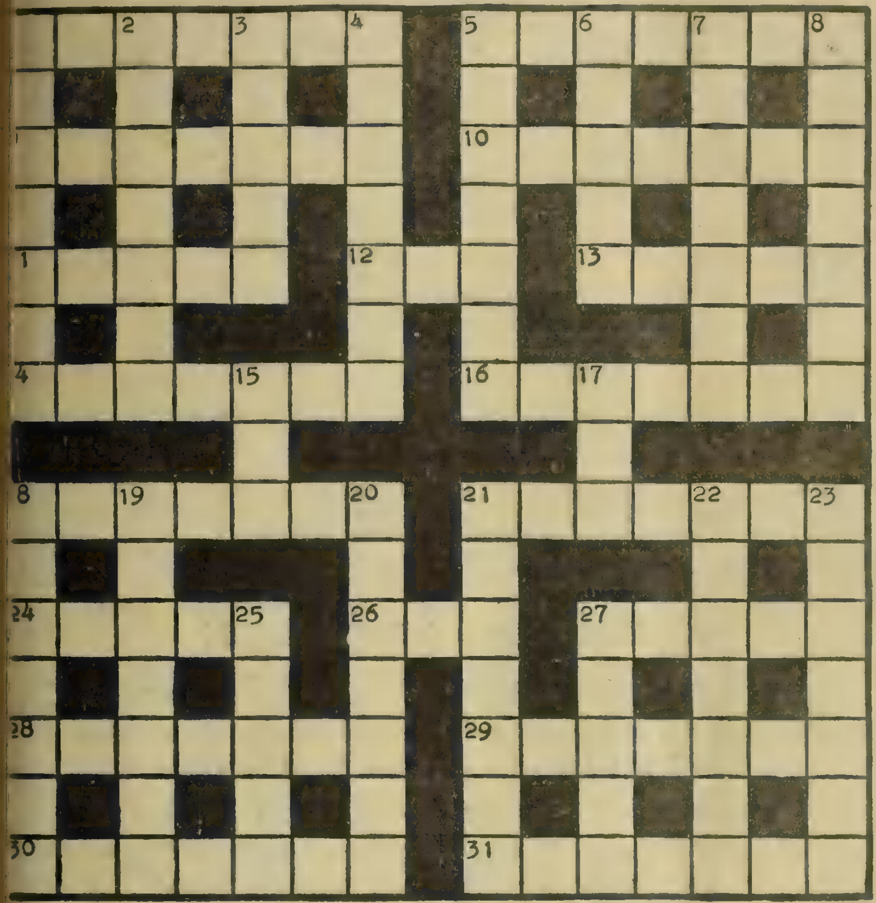
Thus *You Can't Take It With You* which tells us in glib good nature no to worry too much about making pack of money or about the nonsense o paying the income tax or working a jobs we don't care anything about, i essentially a fairy tale. As such i suggests to our stupor the injunction "Do What Thou Wouldst" or, quite bluntly, "Enjoy!"—which nowaday may be a liberating, even a revolutionary, slogan! In any case, it is al good clean fun. At times we ar shoved and beaten into risibility; then too the show contains some really daz ling hocus-pocus and such lines a "Mama took up writing plays when someone left a typewriter here by mistake."

The APA Company does this by now American "classic" play better than anything I have seen them do before The company's mood and mental composition is one of youthful good will Ellis Rabb's direction is right in ever respect. The actors play with a relaxation which is not simply technical bu a consequence of the honorable course they have pursued in the theatre. So everyone—even those not appropriately cast—is wholly engaging. And Rosemary Harris, though she must watch her weight, is delicious in what formerly seemed little better than a conventional ingénue role. Miss Harri brings to the part the right touch o comic awareness together with warm womanly canniness. (Only the dance Anna Laekersen of the Royal Danish Ballet at the New York State Theatre gave me as much pleasure in recen weeks. Her face reflects a composite of perpetual tearfulness with discarnate ecstasy, while her feet seem to tickle the earth with tender playfulness.)

You Can't Take It With You is the best show of the season—alas!

Crossword Puzzle No. 1131

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

9 May's warm slow yellow summer nights were, in *Pippa Passes.* (7)
0 A certain ratio indicated their preference in the last election and turned completely around. (7)
1 Theban victim of patricide. (5)
2 By chance is it quite a bit for the Biblical character? (3)
3 and 1 across Those who discover the cattle country probably make better shots. (5, 7)
4 MacLeish says one digs his ivory cellar in the ruins of the past. (7)
6 Military carriage is associated with them, and bends easily. (7)
8 Certainly doesn't write perfect letters! (7)
21 Riders of the 13 intimidate young men. (7)
24 With effort, this water would make work for someone. (5)
26, 6 down and 5 across That's the trouble with being sworn to secrecy! (Some doubt implied, however.) (3, 5, 3, 4)
27 The two of them a South African general made? (5)
28 What a woman gets for a pressing job? (4, 3)
29 His mark embroiled two nations.
30 Father is rarely the one of the House. (7)
31 One of the things kids used to do in school in a rush is picked up again. (7)

DOWN:

1 The back might feel better after recovery, with these. (7)
2 One aspect of the lion might mark less civilized cultures. (7)
3 The devilish part of the blissful character. (5)
4 One who pays up for old-fashioned sedative? (7)
5 and 25 down Shares in the excellent repertory? (7, 5)
7 Understanding. (7)
8 Are such people stuck in their quarters? (7)
15 and 18 Imps of hell? One wouldn't be happy with them. (3, 7)
17 Sound of the cat bird? (3)
19 House symbol found in the design of a reredos. (3, 4)
20 In his case, one might expect unprofessional methods. (7)
21 By the sound of it, one who throws the game in part. (7)
22 Choose one flower, commonly, as the most favorable. (7)
23 Mineral color, carefully boxed. (7)
27 The principal constituent of the second letter, in whatever condition you may find it. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1130

ACROSS: 1 Archy; 4 Orangeman; 9 Dismantle; 10 Act up; 11 Constable; 12 Pilot; 13 Minor suits; 17 Renumbered; 21 Where; 22 Great-aunt; 23 Ivied; 24 Adumbrate; 25 Guardedly; 26 Elect. DOWN: 1 Addict; 2 Casing; 3 Yeasty; 4 Oh to be in England; 5 Age before beauty; 6 Goalpost; 7 Metallic; 8 Nepotism; 14 Browning; 15 Angelica; 16 Impended; 18 Stable; 19 Curare; 20 Street.

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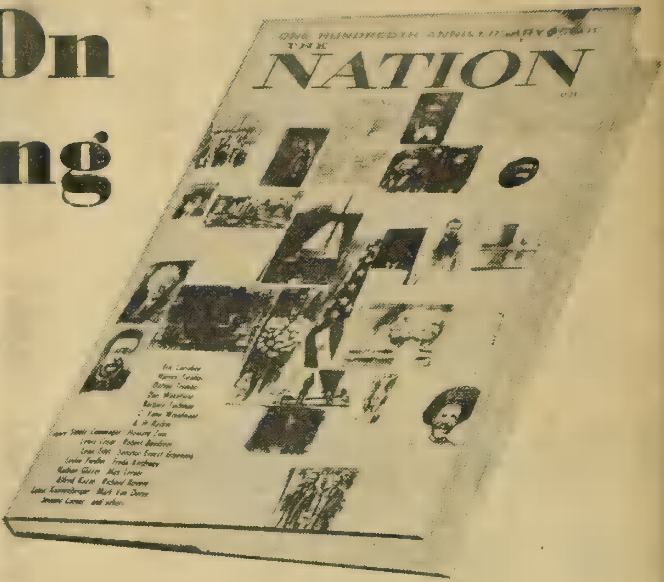

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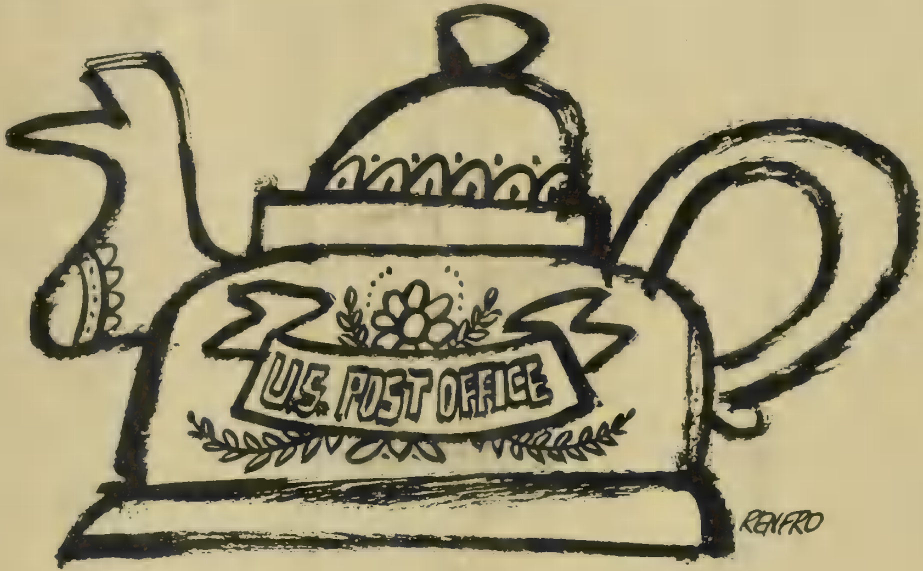

Snoopers & Tappers: Law-Enforcement Underground

FRED J. COOK

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LETTERS

Two ex-G-men

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The article by William W. Turner ["Crime Is Too Big for the FBI, *The Nation*, Nov. 8] was an odd one. . . . In fact it was quite evident to me, after reading it, why the FBI neither assigned him to a critical field office (as he regrets) nor to an important investigation (which he bemoans).

Item: Lack of Comprehension — In criticizing the FBI for not investigating crimes over which they have no jurisdiction, Mr. Turner says "the bureau has pet crimes—bank robbery, kidnaping, car theft . . . in which it has *chosen* to specialize" and "in bank robberies the bureau *takes* its authority (to investigate) from a *wisp of technicality*" (preceding italics the writer's). As he should know, but seemingly does not, the FBI investigates bank robberies, kidnapings and car thefts because it was directed to do so by Congress in sections 2113, 1201 and 2312, respectively, of Title 18 of the United States Code. . . . "

Item: Lack of Knowledge—As to the FBI's alleged failure to investigate "organized crime," Mr. Turner suggests jurisdiction to do so under such federal criminal laws as interstate transportation of gambling devices, stolen property, white slave traffic, hijacking, bribery, unlawful flight to avoid prosecution "and a fistful of others." Briefly (for a proper response would take pages and I still would not have countered his "fistful"), national gamblers do not transport gambling devices interstate to any substantial extent (it is not necessary to do so), nationally organized theft does not exist, neither does interstate transportation of whores (I have not heard the term "white slave" in law-enforcement circles for forty years), nor hijacking (at least since Prohibition days except for a flurry during World War II). The bribery law applies only to federal officers. The Unlawful Flight to Avoid Prosecution violation occurs only when a person charged with a state crime flees the state. In my opinion the FBI is fully informed as to national criminal activities (I am somewhat skeptical of the phrase "organized crime"), but the problem is establishing a violation of federal criminal law. It is Congress that must provide these laws, not Mr. Hoover . . . .

Item: Thriller Mentality—Says Mr. Turner, "(The Mafia) is so powerful and tightly knit that it could exert a monopoly on illicit enterprises anytime it wanted." Says Luigi Barzini in *The Italians*, "(Mafia) is not a strictly organized association. . . . It is a loose and haphazard collection of heterogeneous groups. . . . "

Item: Poor Judgment—Mr. Turner disapproves of Mr. Hoover's disapproval of a "National Police Force." The Gestapo, the Kempei Tai, and others, were national police forces. They are dangerous; for a monolithic nation-wide police force can . . . imperil individual liberties. Further, it is not necessary. . . .

Item: Bias—Mr. Turner asserts the FBI has not caught anyone in the act of "incinerating a Southern church used as a civil rights meeting." Whether a meeting place is a church or a building with less emotional connotation, it is not a federal crime to commit arson (except of federal property). . . . In this connection (presumably) Mr. Turner quotes Mr. Hoover: "We can't wetnurse everybody who goes down South." I do not know the quote but would wager it was not said in connection with the burning down of a church. . . .

I am a former FBI agent.

Nicholas Alaga

Sausalito, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Alaga's viewpoint is contradicted by those who hold organized crime to be a new power elite in America: Robert Kennedy; the late Sen. Estes Kefauver; Edward Allen, former chairman of the International Association of Chiefs of Police committee on organized crime; retired Captain James Hamilton of Los Angeles, who established the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit embracing sixty major departments to pick up the coverage duties the FBI sadly neglected, and a host of other authorities. Rather than developing a counterargument of his own, Mr. Alaga seems to have devoted himself to hair splitting and personal deprecation. Hence he employs irrelevancies (e. g., *The Italians* characterizes the Mafia *in Sicily only*, not its powerful American offspring); is self-contradictory (Why bother to excuse FBI lethargy if there is no organized crime?); and parrots tired Hoover canards (e. g., the chimera of a "National Police Force" as an incipient Gestapo. Proponents of anti-syndicate action urge a national clearinghouse, without police powers, that will override interagency jealousies). Mr. Alaga grudgingly concedes there are "national criminal activities," but contends the FBI's hands are tied. He should well know that what his erstwhile boss asks of Congress, he gets. Hoover would have had no more difficulty getting supplemental legislation on organized crime than he did in getting the statute of limitations lengthened after the Brink robbery went unsolved past the federal deadline, or in eliminating the seven-day waiting period previously required in
kidnapings when there was no e
dence of federal jurisdiction. . . .
has not only shrugged off the orga
ized crime problem himself, but he h
effectively blocked efforts of others
cope with it. Thus he is still the p
eminent police chief in this count
But many law-enforcement offic
consider it tragic that his prest
and influence far outweigh his acco
plishments.

William W. Turn

THE
NATION

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conomics of the Long War

The news media, electronic and printed alike, live drama; consequently nothing makes them happier an a confrontation, a clash of wills among titans. the disagreement between the President of the nited States and the Chairman of the Federal Rerve Board was pictured in gladiatorial terms, with illiam McChesney Martin fighting for tight money gainst the old Populist from the Southwest, beating s breast for easy credit, full employment and the reat Society. There may be some truth in this interetation of the Federal Reserve's hiking of the disunt rate by half a point, but it is not the whole truth, r even a major part. Mr. Johnson might well wish at Mr. Martin were his subordinate, to be fired at ill, but Woodrow Wilson and Carter Glass did not an it that way, and in the end Mr. Johnson may be ad that fiscal policy is not entirely in his hands.

Before the elections of last fall, a recession was execrted in 1966; the hope was that it would be mild. ut when the President acceded to a massive expanon of the war in Southeast Asia, the buoyancy of the conomy was assured. By this time, even high school ropouts know that the vitality of the U. S. economy epends on government spending, which as a practical atter means predominantly military spending. When e divisions began to move across the Pacific, a mater of $12 billion of unscheduled military spending egan to move into the budget. Bankers may have ad misgivings, but businessmen were happy. To ite only one minor item, *The Wall Street Journal* eports that the Defense Supply Agency, which had een estimating that it would need only 6.6 million ards of various fabrics in the first quarter of 1966, ow wants the textile people to produce 40.5 million ards. That sixfold increase may not be enough, and he agency is inserting an option clause in each prourement contract to allow for a 50 per cent increase. Vhat with military needs on top of brisk civilian usiness, a new class of textile millionaires may be in he making. Similar hopes may spring in other inlustries, and with a good chance of fulfillment.

Note, however, that even while Vietnam was a mere rush-fire war, a near-capacity situation existed in nost industries. Some were at 90 per cent, some ractically at full capacity. Few were starving for usiness. Now, with another Korean war (or worse) n the making, the prospect is for severe pressure on nany industries. Normally uneconomic equipment will e put back in operation, with consequent pressure on rices. As always in a war, the tendency will be for rices to rise to a level commensurate with the costs f the least efficient producers, plus a reasonable rofit. Unless prices are regulated, this means an uneasonable profit for the efficient producers. It also neans that the consumer boom must be braked in some way. The last thing the President wants is to play such a kill-joy role. That he and Secretary McNamara see what is coming is indicated, however, by their obdurate stand on aluminum and copper prices. Rollbacks, not increases, are needed in the situation now developing.

Chairman Martin has taken the initiative in checking the boom. Since almost everyone agrees with Mr. McNamara's prediction of a long war, further slowing down may be necessary. The President finds it politic to differ with Mr. Martin in public, but the hard-fisted banker emerged from the conference with the great Populist without a bloody nose. Privately, the President may be grateful to him. If he isn't now, he may be later.

The State Department's Nyet

Either President Johnson has no control over his State Department or he was not sincere in saying that he would support proposals for peace that came out of the White House Conference on International Cooperation.

The Arms Control and Disarmament Committee of that conference was properly teased by Sen. Joseph Clark for coming out "with a disarmament report that doesn't discuss disarmament," in a world-wide and complete sense. But even those major proposals that it did make—and they were bold by Johnsonian standards—were opposed by the State Department.

The committee, chaired by MIT's dean of science Jerome Wiesner, recommended that the United States take the lead in seeking a nonaggression pact between NATO and the Warsaw Treaty Organizations. To which Assistant Secretary of State John Leddy responded, with his own cheap definition of terms: "We shouldn't treat NATO and the Warsaw organization as similar. NATO is made up of free countries and the Warsaw Treaty rests on force." If such a man could be reasoned with, the only logical answer to that would be, so what?

To the committee's suggestion for promoting cooperation between East and West Germany that might "ultimately lead to some kind of confederation," Leddy again fell back on the old State Department line, its features worn smooth and meaningless by repetition, that federations are not acceptable but only "self-determination by free election." It is strange how that means to the State Department one thing in Germany and quite another in Vietnam.

The citizens group also urged a try at opening bilateral talks with Red China on arms control, and some preliminary gestures that might end with that nation in the UN. Deputy Assistant Secretary of State David H. Popper replied that merely because Red China has the atomic bomb leaves it "far from clear" why such steps should be taken. As for the proposal that all nuclear powers give 0.5 per cent of their military budget to the UN for peace-keeping purposes, Popper could hardly keep a straight face. One-half of 1 per cent, he reckoned, comes to $250,000,000 for peace-keeping, which seems "a bit generous."

Cut back the arms stockpiles by one-third, call a three-year moratorium on new deployment of ballistic missiles, stop the production of all nuclear arms and open all atomic energy plants, unilaterally if necessary, to international inspection—to these other recommendations the response from the White House has so far been a very loud silence.

Questions Unanswered

Both Sen. Jacob K. Javits and his colleague Robert Kennedy have asked publicly for a Congressional debate on Vietnam. If our Vietnam policy were the subject of free and searching discussion in the Senate, much that has been hidden from the public would be brought out into the open, and the present drive toward a bloodier, even more horrible war might be slowed, perhaps eventually stopped. Such a debate would deal with these questions, among others: (1) How did we get sucked into this whirlpool? (2) Why did we fail to get out when we were still on the periphery? (3) What is the inside story of our involvement with the French and, ultimately, our assuming their colonial role? (4) What induced us to install Ngo Dinh Diem as the ruler of South Vietnam, and later to abandon him? (5) Why did we repudiate the 1954 accord which, though we did not sign it, we had promised to respect? (6) What is the present state of graft and corruption in South Vietnam? Can it be confirmed that hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of the "economic aid" supplied by the United States to the government of South Vietnam is sold by that government to local businessmen?

If these matters were discussed, much else would come to the surface.

Great difficulties lie athwart the proposal for full debate. Not only might the American people be disillusioned; the enemy might prove to have been no more wicked than the people on our side, and so the picture of a righteous war would be badly stained. The parliamentary situation is also unfavorable. Soon the President will be asking for immense sums for the prosecution of the war. When that point is reached, opposition will be impossible—not one legislator in a hundred would dare to vote against, or even question, appropriations requested by the President to sustain troops in the field. But prior to such time, the Foreign Relations committees of the Senate and House are not likely to hold hearings on Senator Javits' resolution calling for hearings and debate, unless the State Department gives the green light, and the State Department will do nothing of the kind unless the President gives his consent, the chances of which are microscopic.

The ordinary voter who is paying the bills and sending his sons to be killed is not, however, without remedy. Nineteen sixty-six is an election year. By direct forceful contact with his Congressmen, on sufficiently wide scale, an investigation might cc ceivably be launched. Or petitions might be circulat and resolutions passed in which the Senate would urged to conduct open hearings on American policy Vietnam, to be followed by a full-dress debate. B the time is short.

The evil, in truth, is much greater than Vietna although that is the focus at the moment. The po World War II foreign policy of the United States h never been seriously debated since Henry Walla made his futile bid for the Presidency in 1948.

What need to be threshed out now are the larg assumptions, the objectives, the rationale if any, American foreign policy in the light of the experien of the last twenty years. We have never gotten t debate which, as citizens of a democracy, we are e titled to in law and equity, because so few Congre men are prepared to challenge the basic assumptio of the cold war.

If this challenge is not raised, and raised soo history will record that—with one exception— people was ever more cynically deceived than t people of the United States. The exception is not pleasant one. Germany, under Hitler and the Naz prepared for World War II without debate and wi all opposition silenced. But Germany, even under t Weimar Republic, was only a crippled democracy, a soon it was no democracy at all.

Social Engineering

Since engineering became a profession a few ce turies ago, the principal emphasis has been on co structive works. World War II and its sequelae chang all that, reducing many branches of engineering mere appendages of the military machine. Cloaked patriotism and rewarded with hefty increases in i come, the ethical degradation of an honored professi was scarcely noticed. Only recently have efforts rehabilitation been made, largely through the initi tive of Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown of Califo nia, who sensed an opportunity in the instability employment resulting from cancellation of big gover ment contracts. The Governor was assisted by the di taste of the aerospace companies for a public ima inseparably associated with mass murder. The resu has been a number of contracts whereby the state, a cost of $100,000 in each case, enlisted the servic of Aerojet-General for advice on waste disposal, Lockheed Missiles & Space on information manag ment, of North American Aviation on transportatio and of Space General on crime. Systems Developme Corp. was brought into the program in a general co sulting capacity.

Good ideas have a way of spreading. Mayor-ele John V. Lindsay has likewise turned to Systems D velopment to coordinate efforts of aerospace firms help solve the problems of New York City. On th federal level, Sen. Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin sponsoring a bill to make $125 million available ove five-year period for aerospace company studies of essing needs.

The results of the studies to date indicate that solu- ons can be found to a strikingly broad spectrum of oblems by the application of systems engineering, ich is based on the principle that a problem must viewed in its entirety by teams of trained men, and thout excessive reliance on traditional methods and chniques. Proposed solutions are not necessarily put use, but may be compared by simulation in models d high-speed computation. In the field of trans- ortation, for example, North American suggested that ate engineers be provided with a series of sub-models be used as planning tools. Aided also by computers, ey could then compare the cost and effectiveness available means of transportation in laying out ghway routes, instead of building the roads and scovering the faults later. For California, such a anning device would cost about $10 million—the ice of a single mile of urban freeway. North Amer- an also contends that even with today's technology, lvanced modes of travel, such as 500-mph tube ains, could break the vicious circle of more cars and ore express highways, which are filled to capacity on mpletion by still more cars.

A striking example of social prophecy emerged from ace General's crime study. Their engineers applied ve parameters—crime rate, school dropout rate, edian income, population density and percentage f minority group—to 100 neighborhoods in Los ngeles. Watts was at the head of the list in all five tegories of the report—submitted a month before e riots broke out.

Techniques and projects such as these can help to uild a truly great society. The danger is that with e expanding war in Asia, these and other promises f social health may be lost. "History," Veblen wrote, ecords more frequent and more spectacular instances f the triumph of imbecile institutions over life and ulture than of peoples who have by force of instinc- ve insight saved themselves alive out of a desperately recarious institutional situation, such, for instance, s now faces the people of Christendom." It remains be seen whether, despite these efforts at the reorien- ation of engineering, what Veblen wrote in 1914 will ot be applicable to the late sixties.

Vatts—The Sad Litany

At an expense of $275,000, the McCone Commission as issued its report on the Watts riots (see article . 490 this issue). The 101-page document, designed shed light on the causes, and if possible the cure, f an affray which resulted in thirty-four deaths (al- ost all Negroes), more than a thousand injuries, nd at least $40 million in property damage, showed o interest in Watts itself. Accordingly, some Negro aders were indignant, but the ordinary people of the eighborhood were indifferent. They gave the report he attention it deserved, which was very little.

There was nothing vicious about the conclusions reached by John A. McCone, former director of the CIA, and his seven colleagues on the commission: They were trying to be fair and constructive, but within the limits of politics and economics as usual. Except perhaps for the two Negro members (and then only in part) what they said could not on any account rock the foundations of the Establishment.

With this implicit limitation, the McCone report could only follow in the wake of numerous earlier efforts in the same genre. The first and most memorable was Charles Johnson's 1919 analysis of the Chicago race riots, which traced the effects of urbanization on the Southern Negro migrant to the big city. Since then, all the reports have been in that pattern, ritualized to such a degree that they constitute a kind of litany, deploring bad housing, police brutality, inferior schools, no jobs and all the other afflictions which, after the riot and the report, continue without significant change.

So with McCone. Actually the *Los Angeles Times*, in its series of articles on the Watts disorders, probed more sharply and deeply than the McCone Commission. For reasons of decorum and politics it was necessary, of course, for the Governor to appoint a commission, to assign a prominent citizen to head it, and to receive with appropriate gratitude the document over which the commission had conscientiously labored. But if the *Times* articles had simply been reprinted, the results would have been the same and $275,000 could have been devoted to some worth-while purpose.

The crux of the Watts situation is jobs. The rate of unemployment in Watts is several times that of the rest of Los Angeles and that is high enough — 5 per cent. Five thousand decently paying jobs would not cure all the evils of Watts by any means, but by giving men an occupation and an income it would improve the situation sufficiently to forestall another outburst. And that is all that white Los Angeles really wants. Yet even that modicum is unattainable. The money is available—about $18 million of the $29 million recommended by federal trouble-shooters after the dust settled. These funds have gone from the Office of Economic Opportunity to the City of Los Angeles, but the bulk of the money is not to be spent in Watts for immediate relief but on long-term, countywide anti-poverty projects.

There are several reasons for this pattern of procrastination. One that is particularly revealing is that Mexican-Americans are a bigger minority than Negroes, and equally underprivileged, and officials are reluctant to appear to be "rewarding lawbreaking." Another factor that can hardly encourage either the Mexican-American or the Negro-American communities is the departure of Mayor Yorty for Vietnam, where he is making what he regards as an indispensable survey of the war and how it is to be won. When the next riot will occur, and where, can probably be learned from a skillfully programed computer, but one needs only a pair of eyes and ears to know that another explosion will occur—and that another McCone-type report will follow as the night the day.

UN POWER SHIFTS

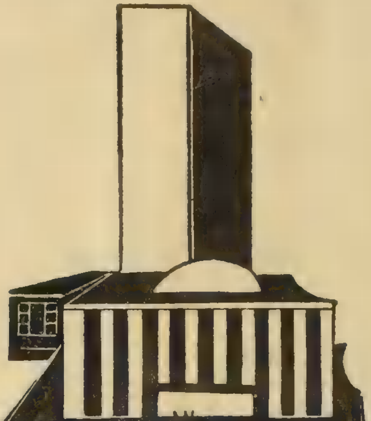
Decline of the Unaligned . . Anne Weill-Tuckerma

Twice in recent weeks, African countries have argued in vain before the Security Council for drastic United Nations action—against the white minority government of Rhodesia and against the Portuguese colonizers.

The Rhodesian crisis roused African wrath, not only toward the unilateral declaration of independence by the European settlers, but also toward the alleged duplicity of the United Kingdom which, they claimed, allowed or even helped the situation to develop to this extremity. An unprecedented seventeen delegations not members of the Security Council asked to participate in the Council debates on Southern Rhodesia; of these, fifteen were African and one was Asian. Their speeches carried the full measure of bitter "I told you so," and warnings of bloody events in Africa in case Prime Minister Ian Smith was not brought speedily to his knees. It was "obvious," said Diallo Telli, Secretary General of the Organization of African Unity, in the wake of the coup in Salisbury, that Chapter VII of the Charter of the United Nations, the chapter dealing with UN sanctions in cases of aggression or threats to the peace, would be brought to bear on the situation.

The resolution submitted by the Ivory Coast, the only African member of the Security Council, stated flatly that "the situation resulting from this declaration of independence constitutes a threat to international peace and security," and went on to call for the full range of sanctions under Chapter VII, from an economic and diplomatic boycott to the use of UN armed forces "against the racist minority settler regime."

These "obvious" maximum demands of the African states were never met. Instead, after innumerable sessions of vehement, if private, haggling, the Africans had to settle for a "minimum" Bolivian-Uruguayan resolution, which the Council adopted unanimously and



which followed closely the outline of British policy. Britain had brought the case to the Security Council not only in order to be the first to do so, but also to ask for participation by the UN members in the economic and financial measures it had decreed immediately following the Rhodesian rebellion. Britain received the requested support from the Security Council. A call for an oil embargo was also written into the resolution,, perhaps earlier than the British Government had originally envisaged. But there was no more mention of Chapter VII or UN-imposed sanctions, and if language was strong and injunctions solemn, London kept full charge of initiating the future course of action. Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart went home after heading the British delegation in the Council with nothing more severe than a vague call to his government "to take all other appropriate measures which would prove effective in eliminating the authority of the usurpers and in bringing the minority regime in Southern Rhodesia to an immediate end."

Support by the United States for such a resolution was a foregone conclusion. Not so the assenting vote of the USSR which, in the not distant past, used to abstain on, or even veto, compromise resolutions which the African states considered insufficiently strong.

On the question of the Portuguese African colonies where the situation, chronically deplored in UN debates, has not deteriorated into a crisis, the Soviet Union sided with the
African countries—and National
China: to request all states to de
arms to Portugal for use in
African territories. It did so, hc
ever, after an Afro-Asian resoluti
invoking broad economic sanctic
under Chapter VII had been wi
drawn. The United States, t
United Kingdom and France a
stained in the final vote, togetl
with the Netherlands. The "mi
mum" resolution barely obtain
the necessary seven votes, and
effectiveness is at best dubious.

Thus the big powers thwarted
these two occasions the will of t
Africans to get the United Natio
involved in effective action agai
prime African targets.

These events illustrate
basic evolution in the United N
tions toward the decline in influer
of the newly independent countr
(despite their numerical majorit
and the resumption of control
the big powers—as was envisag
by the San Francisco Charter befo
the process of decolonization set
The climax of African power in t
UN, the Congo operation, would
inconceivable today when t
United States, as well as the USS
has become wary of large UN m
tary commitments which it wou
not necessarily control, but whi
it would be asked largely to finan
Washington has served notice of
reservations in any such futu
course. (Since the Congo, the Af
can states themselves have shunn
outside international interventi
and have brought their regional cc
flicts to the Organization of Afric
Unity.)

The four permanent members
the Security Council (the fifth or
Nationalist China, is regularly l
out nowadays), working alo
moved jointly and effectively in t
Council last September to obtain
cease-fire between India and Pak
tan, which was in their common
terest, in addition to the interest
peace, and to make arrangemei
for a UN supervision team the
Conversely, the big powers join
prevented a call for UN milit
action against the rebellious Rl
desian government.

The enlargement of the Af

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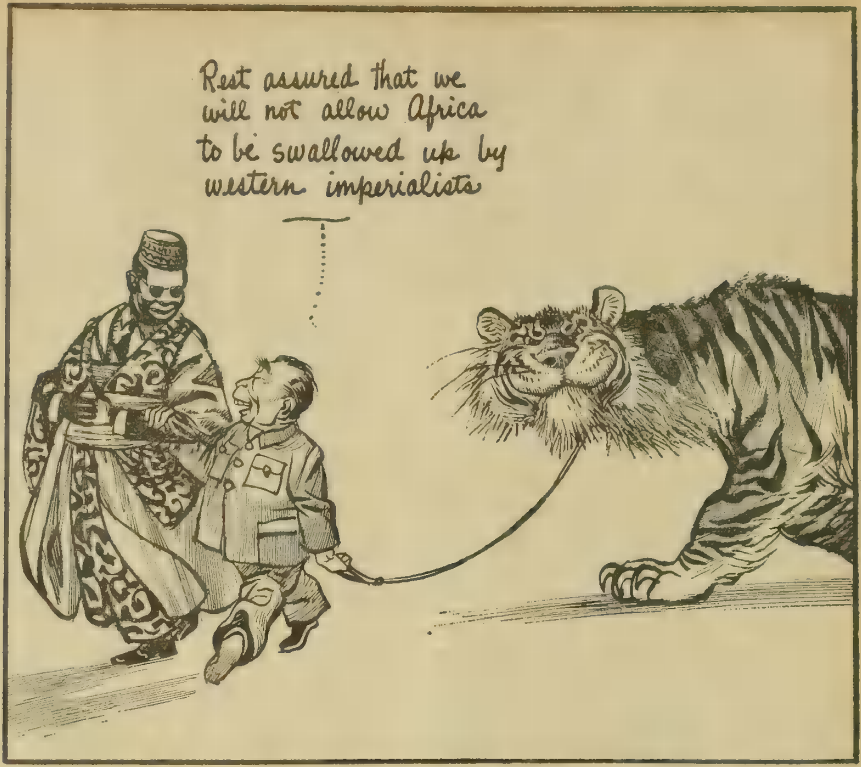
ian representation in the Security uncil, which will take place on nuary 1, with an increase of memrship from eleven to fifteen, is t likely to change this present ct of international life. The reans behind the imbalance of forces n be found in the development of cent African history and Eastest relations. A certain disenchantent has taken place in the short riod since Harold Macmillan ade his famous 1960 speech on e "winds of change." The winds d blow, and they swept away the lonial structures of Africa, putting their wake new flags, new dreams d new leaders reveling in newly und independence. Then the rains me. The new nations discovered at the basic problems of economic nderdevelopment, of tribal rivalry, unfavorable climatic conditions, d of a society not geared to the dustrial era remained with them. he colonizing powers had not, in eir time, given the necessary priity to such tasks. Independence r se did not bring a solution, and pecially not an overnight soluon. The new African political map, hich had given rise to elated feelgs of idealism, especially among mericans, became the scene of ccessive convulsions: power striges and border disputes against the leak background of economic ackwardness.

The governments of the new ountries, not limited to Africa, are erfectly aware of these problems nd have had to put off ideological attles in favor of more urgent eeds. Among these, foreign capital at the top of the list, and with it omes, of necessity, a certain acommodation to political alignment, spite of all statements to the conrary. Not being able to go it alone conomically, the new countries annot isolate themselves from the nain political currents and can ven less adopt a posture of smug elf-righteousness, as India did beore it became in need of military ssistance against China.


Rest assured that we will not allow Africa to be swallowed up by western imperialists

Macpherson, Toronto Star

The emergence of China as Communist force distinct from he Soviet Union has brought addiional disruption to the Afro-Asian vorld. The Bandung conference, vhich in 1955 had consecrated the mergence of the new countries of Asia and Africa as a political force, ould not be repeated in Algiers in 965. If it had been held, the conference, instead of concentrating on common problems and world issues, would have served mostly as a forum for the Sino-Soviet rivalry. Countries wishing to remain unaligned in the ideological East-West conflict would have been caught square in the middle of the Byzantine Marxist ideological conflict. The decision to postpone indefinitely the Algiers conference coincided with a soft-pedalling of Algerian initiatives as one of the leaders of the nonaligned forces, which had met successively in Belgrade and Cairo. (More than sixty countries participated in the last Cairo conference of October, 1964.)

With the decline of Indian influence, the group of "uncommitted" nations became mainly African, the Asian countries, at least as far as the UN is concerned, being far fewer and their ranks being further depleted by the "unpersons" of Asian political life: China, North and South Vietnam and North and South Korea. Unaligned Arab countries, a source of division as well as unity, concentrated on their own specific problems. Yugoslavia, which had hitched its star to the nonaligned world, while keeping the hammer and sickle on its banner, became an artificial appendix of the African continent as a perennial co-sponsor of African resolutions. In five years, the five "wise men" who had been in the limelight of the 1960 UN "summit" General Assembly — Nehru, Nasser, Tito, Nkrumah and Sukarno—lost most, if not all, the influence they tried to wield as a group on big-power politics.

The change in big-power relationship left no room for a "third force" between the two opposing blocs which had, to a large extent, ceased both to be blocs and to be opposed. After several years of inflated influence, due in part to the East-West race for their favors, the new and nonaligned nations are once more by-passed on the international chessboard by big-power hegemony, now motivated primarily by the concern of Washington and Moscow over China. President Johnson's Administration has ceased to be preoccupied by the country's "image" abroad and has firmly set on a course based on considerations of realism and strength.

The fact is that ideology is playing a smaller and smaller role in international relations, and the East-West conflict as such has all but disappeared, except on specific issues like Germany. The present UN General Assembly has been characterized by a fairly harmonious relationship between the United States and the USSR, each one taking great pains to avoid a showdown on Vietnam. It is ironic that the height of ideological polemics came with the discussion of a Soviet declaration on the "inadmissibility of foreign intervention in the domestic affairs of states." The Soviet delegation was aiming at an Assembly condemnation of U.S. intervention in Vietnam, without naming any country. The American and the British delegation, in turn, entered the game in order to turn this condemnation into one against subversion and indirect aggression, meaning that of North Vietnam supported by China and abetted by the Soviet Union. It was a shameful spectacle indeed to see the three big powers, which have carefully avoided bringing before the Security Council the most serious war of this decade, carry on a nit-picking battle of words and definitions before the UN political committee.

Their unity of purpose has intimidated the nonaligned countries, many of which raised the question of Vietnam in speeches during the general debate, but none of which took any initiative to have the United Nations seek a way out of the war. Instead, two leaders of the group, Yugoslavia and Algeria, channeled their efforts toward the future convening of a world disarmament conference with the participation, if possible, of Communist China—an event which will depend on whether or not the United States and China pursue their present collision course. The repeated argument that the absence of China from the United Natic and its hostile attitude toward world organization doom UN effo in advance should not have p vented a bold debate in the Secur Council or in the General Assem on the Vietnam issue, and at le an attempt by powers not direc involved in the war to devise dras and dramatic measures to bri about a cease-fire and subseque negotiations.

If the nonaligned world want as it has claimed, to be the co science of the United Nations as primary force for peace, it has l this opportunity by sharing in t voluntary blindness of the intern tional organization toward the Vi nam conflict.

Riot as a Weapon

THE LANGUAGE OF WATTS

. . Stanley Sander

In all the analyses, post-mortems and search for causes conducted in Los Angeles after the Watts riots, there has been a solid reluctance to admit that the local events foretell changes for the Negro in America. The attempt to explain that violence entirely in terms of local conditions not only ignores changes within the national Negro community but actually obstructs a real understanding of those changes.

The Watts riots represent a marked and obvious shift in attitude among Negroes in Los Angeles. And, given the recent history of the Negro, it follows that from Los Angeles there stem national implications. Thus, it becomes immaterial whether Watts is or is not a "slum area"; whether criminal elements were or were not responsible for the rioting; or whether police brutality did or did not occur. The important thing is how Negroes are beginning to regard what they at least see as facts, and this new attitude is by no means confined to Los Angeles.

The change is based on shifts in the Negro's overall power position. From the expanded use of the vote has come political power. The Negro has made his purchasing power felt in certain locales, and his consumption pattern has affected the national market in some key commodities. And the unrelenting civil rights movement has brought domestic advances in the Negro's broad social position, in addition to moral advantages acquired through a sympathetic world opinion. As a result, he is learning about the rewards of bargaining in the American way of life.

But the favorable shifts in the Negro's position have given him only a taste of the tangy flavor of power. Wielding its weapons—the vote, boycotts, nonviolent demonstrations—he glimpses an even larger arsenal of possible weapons. These alternative weapons and strategies increase his bargaining position. If he can make violence work as an alternative to peaceful demonstration, he seems willing to try it. The Northern parallel of the "Negroes with guns" experiment in North Carolina, Louisiana and Mississippi showed itself in Watts last August. Where peaceful weapons do not operate, violence is an alternative. And, though this may come as a surprise to a public almost surfeited with reports of victory in the war for civil rights, the peaceful weapons were doing little for Watts.

I came home to Watts, after two years abroad, a week before the riots began. During the years away I h read much about the quickeni pace of the civil rights moveme and upon my return I was eager see what changes had been ma I was soon let down. The dism sameness of the neighborhood d turbed me most. Watts had not new building. The community sues, which were old two years a were now traditional. Police b tality was still alleged by a p sistent few and just as emphatica denied by an official few.

On first appearance it seemed only that Watts had been specta to whatever impact the civil rig movement was making on the Neg community but also that it did in the slightest share the dazzli growth of the Los Angeles are Watts seemed passive, neith swinging with the new progressi ethos of the civil rights moveme nor enriching itself by way of t Southern California bonanza.

It was, I thought, the same Wa I had known as a boy. To grow in Watts then was to have no esp cial pride in the community. It w a physical locale and a habit thought that one was expected outgrow. Local heroes moved awa went to the "westside," and seldo were heard from again. When graduated from high school and w preparing to leave for college, n advisers told me that, if peop

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Stanley Sanders, born and raised in Watts, graduated in 1963 from Whittier College, continued his political studies as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, and is at present a first-year student at the Yale Law School.

ed where I was from, I should "south Los Angeles," not Watts. yone aspiring to success in the side world was expected to dis- iate himself from Watts. Nothing d was ever known of Watts; it s in the news only as the scene a knifing or shooting. And in itts no boyhood dream was com- te unless it included some kind deliverance from the burdensome gma.

The important differences ween that old Watts and the itts of today began to emerge for during a conversation before the ts with a high school classmate o had preceded me to college. We d always thought alike, but now, er the intervening years, we med separated by our different periences. He talked about con- ions in the city for "Afro-Ameri- ns," as he called Negroes, and d that he thought there were ore important things than a home d fine car." He was concerned it I should always remember my ginnings in Watts and reminded of his own experiences after col- ge. (Though a successful student, was never hired in the field of s academic specialty. Disap- inted, he joined the army, and ere suffered an injury that has t him slightly crippled. Soon after e injury he was discharged and er he married. He is still jobless.) e ordeal has left him embittered. one time active in the civil rights ovement, he now pays it little at- ntion. Most of his friendly rela- ns with white civil rights workers ve been severed. He is indifferent "integration," yet matters having do with race interest him now en more than they did two years o. What now concerns him is the lf-sufficiency of the Negro com- unity. After the riots he called to press his satisfaction, but regret- d that the riots had "stopped too ort."

The true history of Watts is the olution of a Negro community, d it thus makes better sense to scuss the Los Angeles riots within e context of the Negro in America an as a part of the civil rights ovement. For Watts, like the larger mmunity, may be affected by the ovement, but it is nevertheless an tity apart from the movement. It s absorbed some of the achieve- ents of the drive for civil rights d repelled others.

Discarding the civil rights framework in order to explain the riots may appear ironic, but in fact the separation between the Negro community and the civil rights movement is easily discernible. The real irony of the situation is that the successes of the movement are often mistakenly seen as satisfying some condition of the Negro community. When, to the dismay of many, the recent riots followed on the heels of the passage of the Voting Rights Act, the comment frequently made was "you give these people this great piece of legislation and what do they do; they go out and riot. It doesn't make good sense." But the civil rights movement and the Voting Rights Act are one thing, the Negro community and the riots are quite another. Hence, the riots cannot be discussed in terms of the old language. "The Cause," "advances," "setbacks" cannot explain the changes.

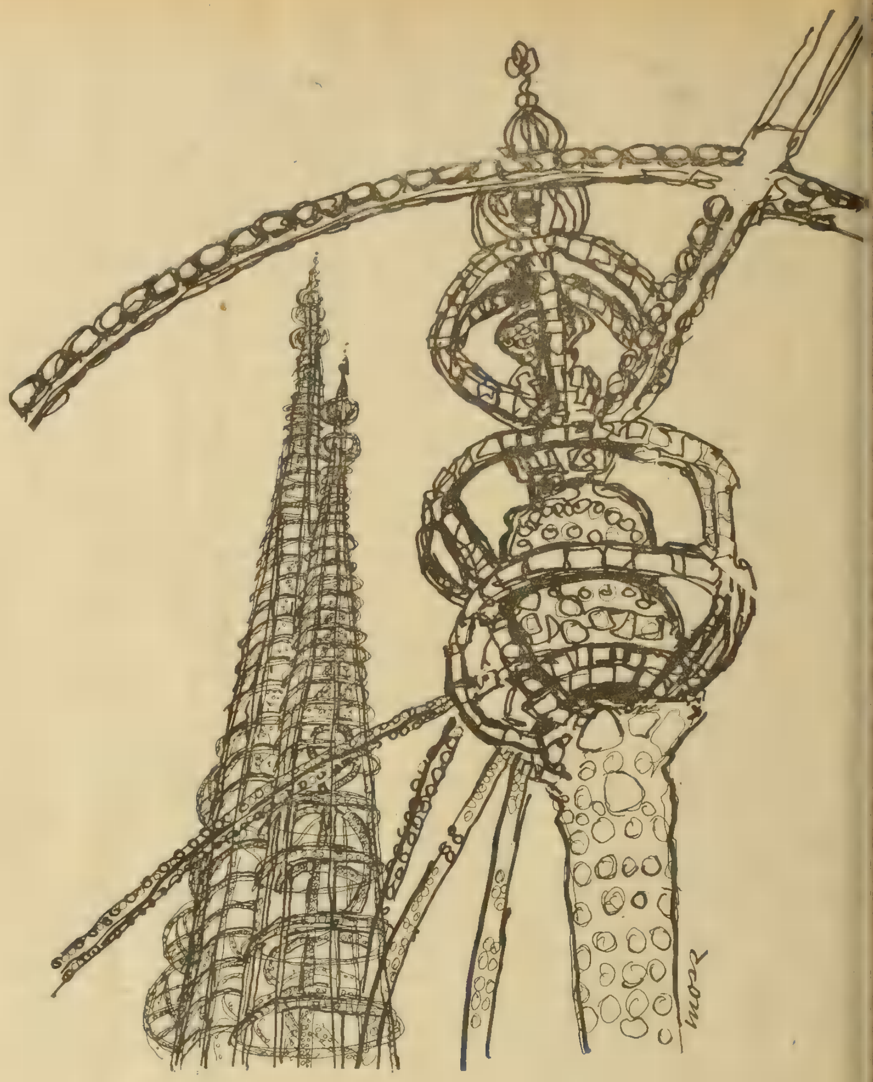
The riots introduced a new language. It is hardly intelligible to anyone outside the Negro community. Some evidences of the vocabulary of the new language can be gleaned from the tone of current Negro literature. *The Fire Next Time*, *Negroes With Guns* are recent titles that have meaning in the new context. The language is bitter and it smacks of desperate conduct and action. Yet, even worse, the nation's ear is not trained to recognize it.

For the first time Los Angeles heard from a little-known black man; a kind of gnome he was, a recluse in Watts; a Negro *qua* Negro, silent, invisible and until now always passive. Most of the time he has been the object of somebody else's action, relentlessly acted upon. When he met whites they were usually in a uniform—that of a policeman or a businessman—signifying some role antagonistic to the community.

It was no accident that the riots chose the police and the merchants as their targets. Initially, it was an incident with policemen that provoked the riots, but the policeman's presence is always at issue. He comes to the Negro community to impose a legal order so incompatible with its style of life and patterns of conduct as to make it seem that he is imposing an alien civil code. The charge often made that protests against police brutality are just a convenient cover up for a prevailing civic irresponsibility ignores the fact that the law and its agents reflect the dominant American mode of life, and that the Negro as a community is excluded from fully participating in that dominant mode. So the law that appears to be a form of order for the largest sectors of the population is in fact an inconvenience and a burden when applied to Negroes.

Unlike the policeman, whose presence is constant, the merchant confines his activities in Watts to

business hours. The merchant was damned not so much for his unethical dealings—to be sure, the merchants are no more unethical in Watts than they are anywhere else—but, ironically enough, for his strict application of the American business ethic to Watts in particular. Watts has been made an exception to the rules of the larger community, but few allowances for the difference are ever made with respect to business. It is hardly recognized that business practices appropriate to Wilshire, Beverley Hills and other sections of Los Angeles are in nowise suitable to Watts. The merchant righteously tells his customer in Watts that his treatment is no different from the treatment of customers at the store across town. The fallacy in this pitch to the Negro customer is so obvious that it rarely goes unnoticed. If the merchant is to do business in Watts, the terms of his relationship with the customer must be keyed to the individual pocketbooks of the local citizens. Examples abound in Watts of goods being reclaimed and payroll checks being attached after a customer has failed on a single monthly payment. Negroes recognize the subtle, alternating pattern of partiality with impartiality and they talk about it.



The Watts riots were an assertion in still another direction. In addition to expelling the white presence, they created and exposed new reactions of the Negro to himself. The traditional roles were switched. The Negro was in the active role for the first time, doing the chasing and wreaking the havoc. To a people who have always been acted upon, rarely doing anything for itself or to communities outside, the riots were a bold departure from a long tradition of inertia. Admittedly, the fact that the activity was destructive is not irrelevant, but it is less important than the fact that rioting is for the Negro in Watts a form of expression. No one understands his problem or bothers to care. Few of his local leaders have the imagination or vision to articulate his special feelings to the outside world. Besides, it is the kind of story most Americans will protest that they would rather not hear. There, in Watts, the Negro is trapped and without a means of expressing himself or of making himself understood to the environment that surrounds him. Because of the inadequacy of the avenues open to him he resorts in desperation to rioting.

What seemed like a sudden reaction to his plight had in fact been developing in the Negro all along. It was sudden only in its manifestation. By his relegation to Watts, the Negro is forced to be conscious of the differences that place him there. The isolation serves to accentuate his awareness of his homogeneity. And it follows from this that the Negro resolves most of the differences that relegate and isolate him into one unique difference—that of race. To this race consciousness the Negro attaches many things—the sum of his reactions to this world we all live in, and to himself as the world about us changes. To be sure, the reactions he derives from this race consciousness are not consistently rational. But then, what human reactions *are* consistently rational? To be a Negro and aware of it serves as an organizing me
anism that simplifies many thi
for him, explains why certain ot
things happen just to him and
one else, and gives to him a just
cation not only for reacting diff
ently but for *acting* differently
well.

The importance of the Los
geles riots lies in the fact that
was the first time in Watts t
race consciousness has been a ba
for *acting*. Previously, the c
sciousness had been present,
always passive. It was a basis sol
for understanding what was d
to the Negro on racial groun
What minuscule action race c
sciousness did take, as in organi
tions that adhered to racist d
trines, was more important
reaction to the black man's spec
predicament. On most busy str
corners in the neighborhood
could buy a paper and read ab
the Negro's new and growing awa
ness of himself. But for the m

rt it was confined to newsprint d the Muslim temple.

That it has now exploded in ra- violence only reinforces and ightens the race consciousness. e attempt to dispel it comes too e. While the rioting lasted, it di- led the city into two very obvious mps, but the intense race con- ousness that was manifested dur- the riots has not been erased w that the riots have ended. It es on in internalized forms. in w images and new possibilities.

There is a tragedy in the w prospect. It is sure to make ture relations between the Negro mmunity and the city somewhat ained at a time when both com- unities could profit by increased derstanding of each other. The stance that separated whites from groes before the riots is even eater today. The very understand- g the Negro solicits by rioting is rred by the effects of that rioting. an attempt to explode myths he s only magnified them. By re- rting to violence, that traditional ode of human expression, he has ade future expression and com- unication more difficult.

The problem of communication not new. Indeed the aftermath the rioting showed how vast the mmunication gap has always en. For one thing, the news media cked proper resources. One of the ajor metropolitan dailies had to re its Negro advertising agent to ver the area because it had no egroes on the reporting staff. A tional magazine with offices in Los Angeles nevertheless had no coverage for two full days because there was no one in the local office who could enter the riot area. Also, the news media were wholly without the experience to deal with the Negro population. After the riots had ended, Watts was practically overrun by press, TV and radio in search of the facts. But these media could find no reliable sources of information. It was apparent that most of the reporters were going about the task of covering the riot area in total darkness.

The lack of facilities and techniques for communication may have added to the difficulties. Many of the published facts about the riots were not even approximately true. Most outsiders simply could not distinguish between forms. The lack of experience with Watts led to gross generalizing. For example, most officials outside concluded that there was "no leadership in Watts," and this may be sufficient as far as the outside community is concerned. But they fail to realize that the citizenry of Watts is not a flock. Watts, too, is a community and therefore its leadership takes a variety of forms. There are political leaders, business leaders, religious leaders, et al. Whereas in the larger community the leadership resides most often in business executives and professionals, the same kind of leadership in Watts falls to the barber, the auto mechanic, the bartender. It is not so much that leadership does not exist but that the indigenous leadership takes forms which are largely unintelligible to those unfamiliar with the community pattern. The same social factors that make the law seem alien and the business practices unfair can account for the outsider's failure to discover "leadership in Watts." The problem in communication now is not so much a lack of interest in obtaining information; it is rather one of dealing skillfully with an unfamiliar community.

Unfamiliarity with Negroes exists on a popular level as well as among public officials. Indeed, the popular ignorance is more frightening. (A former roommate in college lived only 5 miles from Watts but had never been there.) And the unfamiliarity with Negroes is national. It is due partly to lack of opportunity to learn, partly to fear, partly to a long history of misconceptions about the Negro.

Riots in Los Angeles and the threat of riots elsewhere should serve to remind the nation of the Negro's growing restlessness. The sad facts of the Los Angeles story indicate that violence can easily occur in all the big cities of the North. And the problems are exceedingly difficult. For it is impossible to deal with the Negro as though he were something other than himself. To expect the Negro to become white in his thinking is to expect too much. Understanding can proceed only if there is a firm recognition of genuine differences. A failure to recognize the differences and to understand what they mean to the Negro will inevitably lead to more riots.

Who Cares About Cyprus? . .

Constantine Poulos

Nicosia, Cyprus

he Cyprus "problem" was not just ashed up on the shores of this is- nd, full grown like Aphrodite. The oblem was created; manufactured. his report of last March 26 to the curity Council, Mr. Galo Plaza, e United Nations mediator, wrote: he interests of these external par- es (United Kingdom, Greece and rkey) brought to the Cyprus ques- on a complexity of issues going yond any immediate question of e well-being of the Cypriot people."

Who, then, cares about the "well- ing of the Cypriot people"?

It might be said that President Johnson does. Twice last year he effectively blocked imminent invasions of Cyprus by Turkey. The President was concerned lest two NATO partners get into a nasty scrap (with NATO materiel); in addition, the British asked us to step in.

Perhaps the Russians care. They've provided the Greek Cypriots with obsolete but worthy tanks and small arms (from Czechoslovakia, via Cairo). But the Kremlin is really much more interested in eliminating the big British bases on Cyprus. And current Soviet flirtation with Turkey (a vastly more attractive prize) suggests little concern about the people of Cyprus.

And Nasser? He remembers those British bases as staging points for the ill-fated Anglo-French attack on

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Constantine Poulos, after many years as managing editor of the Colorado Springs Free Press *and as editor-publisher of the Jamestown (N.Y.)* Sun, *has returned to the Middle East and the Balkans, areas which he covered for* The Nation *during the war and postwar years. He is now a correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance.*

Suez, and he'll do anything to annoy, harass and compromise British influence in this part of the world. So his meddling in Cyprus (he still helps finance the noisiest Greek daily newspaper there) has little to do with the well-being of the people of Cyprus.

Great Britain? It retains sovereignty over the areas maintained as military bases—those enclaves being in fact excluded from the territory of the Republic of Cyprus. It would have Cyprus NATO-ized only as a last resort. (The British bases are, it should be said, an important source of revenue for the government of Cyprus.)

Greece has legitimate emotional ties with Cyprus, but it also has decrepit, blind, frustrated, expansionist aims that are inextricably involved with its miserable domestic (Greek mainland) politics. These prevent any clear or consistent thinking on "the question"; and Greek politicians are at bottom less concerned with the well-being of the Greek Cypriots than with gaining more real estate.

Turkey (its population recently announced at more than 33 million) hypocritically proclaims an interest, but its "interest" is not in the less than 105,000 Turkish Cypriots. It, like Greece, exploits an emotional issue for internal political advantage. Its "fears" of Greece are ridiculous and of Cyprus ludicrous.

Perhaps it is naive in this age to expect genuine interest in the well-being of a mere half-million people, but Cyprus offers a timely model of insurgent nationalism, defiant colonialism, big-power selfishness, the ideological bankruptcy of cold-war partners and satraps, and retrograde late-19th-century diplomacy. (On the positive side it offers further proof of the great value of the United Nations.)

Twenty years ago Cyprus was a beautifully quiet, peaceful island. Its people, spared in both World Wars and insulated from mainstream postwar passions, were considerate, contented, warm, hospitable and, above all, peace loving. Their standard of living was certainly higher than that of their compatriots on either the Greek or Turkish mainlands. Illiteracy was comparatively low, working conditions were good, justice was more even-handed than in any other area of the Levant and the Cypriots were members of the British Empire.

But that was before the new winds of nationalism blew in this direction. It was before the royalist irridentists of Athens, using the classical excuse for expansionism ("Magna Grecia") as a cover up for their dismal failures in domestic affairs, started sneaking arms and men into Cyprus, and stirring Greek emotions on the mainland with irresponsible, hysterical propaganda for "the liberation" of Cyprus from the British. It was before Turkey suddenly became an ally of the West, a NATO partner, a CENTO member and a U.S. land-based aircraft carrier. And it was before Suez. The gods did not grant that Cyprus should remain an idyllic, happily unimportant island.

For example, the question of Red China's admission to the United Nations affected Cyprus. In 1954, Archbishop Makarios, then the leader of the Cypriot Greek community, persuaded the Greek Government to press the UN for a consideration of self-determination for the island. The British, obdurately opposed to any proposals of that nature, bargained with John Foster Dulles and, in return for rejection by the United States of the Cypriot plea, supported the continued blackballing of Peking.

Thus began in Cyprus on April 1, 1955, an underground struggle led by Col. George Grivas (underground name: Dighenis Akritas) and financed by Greece. It led to the unfortunately familiar cycle of terrorism and repression, more terrorism and more repression. Cyprus had been a useful though limited British wartime base, and a convenient detention camp for "illegal" immigrants to Palestine. Later, however, it became a strategic cold-war base. British installations in Cyprus do serve to bolster the Central Treaty Organization alliance and provide a promise of aid to Turkey, Iran and Pakistan in the event of Soviet aggression. The island is today the only solid British outpost in the eastern Mediterranean.

In the latter half of the 1950s, the British, disturbed (after Suez) by the diminution of their influence in this part of the world, regretfully decided to apply imperialistic approaches to the rise of Greek nationalism in Cyprus. No reasonable effort was ever made to understand, or accommodate, the aspirations the Greek majority on the island. O the contrary, the Turkish minorit (18 per cent) was incited into a illogical, and at times violent r sistance to Greek demands.

When forced to withdraw, th British predicted chaos and bloo shed. Indeed, they insured it by th disastrously unworkable Zurich London agreements of 1960, whic were framed by the British, gladl accepted by the Turkish Government, and forced on the Greek Cypriots by the Athens government (o whom, in turn, pressure was put b the U.S. State Department). S there has been bloodshed and som chaos in Cyprus, because as *Th Economist* of London (April 1964) wrote ". . . this most bizarr and complicated of constitution . . ." was imposed on the people o Cyprus by outsiders who were largely concerned with their own interests.

Cyprus was "granted" its independence, but its government wa shackled. How could understanding and good will prevail if those virtues were almost intentionally absent from the agreements themselves? How could the wishes, desires and hopes of the Cypriot (Greek and Turkish) be fulfilled i the agreements represented, simpl and baldly, the formalized extension of the self-centered policies of London, Ankara and Athens? In fact the agreements seem to have been deliberately designed to deepen th division between the two commun ties of the island.

The population of Cyprus wa considered as constituting two entities, Greek and Turkish, which in spite of their numerical disparit were placed on an equal level as fa as the exercise of political powe was concerned. The Turkish minority was given such extensive right as to be in a position to paralyze th state, to thwart the will of the majority, and to block the progress o a young, new state. The predominantly Greek population (four t one) was, in effect, under a continuously threatening cloud of political blackmail. (This includes th Turkish Government's incessan threats of invasion.) The ensuin dualism made majority rule impossible and official administration unworkable. The minority could an did—under the agreements—effec rely block and frustrate the ma- rity.

On November 30, 1963, Arch- shop Makarios, President of Cy- us, proposed a number of changes, ly argued. It was a calm plea for ajority rule with adequate minori- safeguards. To quote again from e report of Mr. Plaza:

> *Several of the most important mendments proposed by the Pres- dent reflected deadlocks which had ctually occurred in the functioning of the Constitution. For example, n proposing that the right of veto of the President and the Vice Pres- dent should be abolished, he referred to the fact that the latter had vetoed a majority decision of the Council of Ministers that the organizational structure of the Cyprus army should be based on mixed units comprising both Greek-Cypriots and Turkish-Cypriots, since the Vice President had favored separate units. Again, in proposing that the constitutional provisions requiring separate majorities for the enactment of certain laws by the House of Representatives should be abolished, the President cited the failure of the House to enact an income tax law. Similarly, he proposed that unified municipalities should be established on the grounds that the constitutional provision for separate communal municipalities in the five main towns had proved unworkable, one reason being the failure of the President and Vice President to reach agreement on the determination of the boundaries.*

It can be argued that the Archbishop knew what the consequences would be. But, to give the prelate his due, he certainly would have preferred that the Turkish minority willingly accept the changes, discuss hem or at least propose alterna- ives. The proposals would have required, of course, the approval of he Turkish minority and the three signatory "powers," Great Britain, Greece and Turkey. As it was, the Turks answered with gunfire with- n three weeks after Archbishop Makarios announced his proposed changes.

The Turkish Cypriots took the Archbishop's proposals as a declaration of war. Some Greek Cypriots may have expected this reaction, but the Turks moved faster and in a way that the Greeks had not expected. The Archbishop's timetable was thrown off. Full-scale fighting broke out on Christmas Day, 1963.

Recourse to the UN was a bold maneuver on the part of the Cypriot President, who had literally been bullied by the British not to do so. British Acting High Commissioner Cyril Pickard misplayed his hand completely.

"We told the Archbishop," said the desk-banging Britisher, "...there will be a NATO force on the island. . . . This is not a matter for the United Nations. . . . The Treaty of Guarantee cannot be abrogated unilaterally. . . ."

Faced with the situation they had created, the British suddenly preferred to make it a NATO issue. Thus, they would retain their primacy, hold the Greek and Turkish Governments at bay through the alliance, placate U.S. public opinion, and keep the meddling Soviets and the grinning Nasser out of the picture. It didn't work out that way. The British were wrong, and almost nothing happened as they had hoped.

It was the British who built up Grivas, the man who was to haunt them. He was an absolute nonentity until the British in 1944 started secretly to supply him with arms to fight the leftish-led anti-Nazi resistance movement in Athens. (And having fallen for this malarkey, the CIA proceeded—twenty years later—to do the same thing. The United States sent Grivas back to Cyprus as insurance against "communism." Today in Cyprus he commands no respect, no honor and no authority.)

Britain's answer to the nationalist aspirations of the Greek Cypriots was the promulgation of "anti-sedition" laws, the declaration of a state of emergency, the dispatch of special commissions to "find solutions," the drafting of "new" constitutions (totally unacceptable to the Greek Cypriots), the incitement of the Turkish minority, the establishment of large prisoner camps, the handing over of unarmed Greeks to the Turks, the "dead-or-alive" rewards for Greek Cypriot guerrilla fighters, the deportation of Archbishop Makarios, another Greek bishop and two other Greek Cypriots to the Seychelles Islands, and on and on. Even today the British, faced with a possible loss of their unilateral preferred position (although Cyprus is a member of the Commonwealth), are reacting with a posture of feigned benignity that belies their true actions.

The vice commander of the UN peace forces (UNFICYP) is a British general. Almost the entire UN liaison staff was made up originally of British intelligence officers. UNFICYP communications have been almost entirely in the hands of the British. There is a plausible explanation: the British "know" the island, they have an excellent ready-made communications system, and who else but the British forces could quickly produce officers who spoke both Greek and Turkish?

But how to explain the case of a British airman (in civilian clothes) and his wife who were arrested for transporting arms and messages to the Turks in Nicosia? (Great Britain is the only national contingent in UNFICYP which has a distinct "interest" in Cyprus.)

The spurious justification for British policy on Cyprus has long been based on the allegation that self-determination for the island will be the prelude to Communist takeover. This argument is quickly parroted by the U.S. State Department. A *New York Times* dispatch from Washington (June 17, 1964, International Edition) based on an official background briefing, spoke of the "mounting concern in the [U.S.] administration over the Cyprus problem, both in terms of a threatened Greek-Turkish war and of the danger of the communization of the island."

In point of fact, there were more Communists on Cyprus when it was under British suzerainty than there are now. One abortive effort by the British to placate the restive nationalism of the Greek Cypriots in the late forties was the offer of "semi-self-government" and the appointment of a Committee of Arbitration. With the exception of two or three individuals, the only Greek Cypriots who supported and participated in this endeavor were the Communists.

The Communists have some influence on the island, for although a tiny minority they are a well-organized political force. But there wasn't one known Communist in EOKA, the Greek Cypriot resistance movement. And President Makarios holds such a pre-eminent popular position that he has effectively neutralized the Communists and can continue to do so.

The "Communist" issue is as phony as all the other issues from all the other sources (Greece, Turkey, U.S., Soviet Union, U.A.R.) have been for decades. "Enosis" (the union of Cyprus with Greece) is another phony issue. It's an old bugaboo used by the English to stir up Turkish reaction and to preserve British primacy. The Turks cite it to justify such actions as their cruel bombing attack of defenseless, unarmed Greek villagers in August, 1964. The Athens Greeks must shout for it to bolster their weak political positions in Greece. (The Athens government subsidizes a daily newspaper in Nicosia.) But most Cypriot Greeks today want to be on their own. They are fed up with maneuvering; with "being used." Their small country is now an independent republic and a member of the United Nations. That is how they would like to keep it.

What the Cypriots want and should have is self-determination. The British Government adamantly supported a "one-man, one-vote" platform in Rhodesia—but it stoutly opposes the application of this exact formula to Cyprus. The right of majority rule in Rhodesia appa ently is not quite the same as m jority rule in Cyprus. (What wrong with sanctions threats both the Ankara and Athens go ernments?)

So it is up to the United Nation If, over the objections and obstru tions of the U.S., the U.K., Turke and possibly Greece, the United N tions would eventually vote for supervised plebiscite on self-determ nation with specific, sensible h man-rights guarantees, peace coul be restored to Cyprus.

Snoopers & Tappers

Law-Enforcement Underground . . .

Fred J. Cook

In the office of Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., chief counsel for Sen. Edward V. Long's investigation into the invasion of privacy, there hangs a framed placard that was discovered by committee field men in the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New Jersey. On the left-hand side of this expressive poster there is the large replica of a telephone with dangling receiver (it has obviously just been lifted off the hook), and alongside runs this large-type injunction:

> "*Remember . . .*
> No Classified Conversations."

When Bell Telephone finds it necessary to advise its employees to beware of its own most hallowed device, Big Brother has indeed moved into our lives. Just how various and unprincipled is that invasion Senator Long's investigation is steadily documenting. It is uncovering a world dedicated to the proposition that power provides its own justification.

Devotion to the theology of power is producing many weird manifestations. Fensterwald and Senator Long were shocked when the Secretary of the Treasury refused to let them question certain Internal Revenue agents. For the first time in history, as far as Fensterwald could determine, it became necessary for a Congressional committee to subpoena federal agents to get them to testify — and even then testimony at times flew in the face of truth. Almost every phase of the investigation has been marked by the obvious determination of government employees on the witness stand to uphold departmental policy and deeds at any cost. "The thing that has impressed me most," says Fensterwald, "is the ease with which federal agents can lie under oath."

The imperviousness of agents to any consideration except the demands made upon them by their bureaucratic superiors runs like a police-state theme song through the testimony of witness after witness. Senator Long points out that many revenue agents got permission, and sometimes the help of specialists, to install wire taps on the phones of suspects from the office of the deputy chief of Intelligence in the Internal Revenue Service.

Yet the deputy chief's records gave no indication of such activity. Asked why, the deputy chief replied, "if I had kept a record for any of my superiors, if I had asked them, they would have said, 'You know the regulations, *anybody who does this is on his own.*'" The deputy chief explained that his superiors knew the wire tapping was going on, that they even discussed it from time to time, "particularly when we got caught." Describing this testimony in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Senator Long commented: "What a remarkable code of conduct for 'devoted and courageous' law-enforcement officers—*go ahead and break the law, bu don't get caught!*"

The police-state mentality tha infects so many federal agent showed perhaps most clearly i the committee's Miami hearings Questioning an IRS agent, Senato Long asked whether he would brea a state law if ordered to do so b his superiors. Without hesitation the agent answered, "Yes, sir." Didn't he realize, Long wanted t know, that the essence of a polic state was for an officer to violate th law on the pretext of enforcing it "That may be the basis of a polic state; I do not know," the agen answered—and it was obvious t Senator Long that he didn't care All that mattered was that his orders should be carried out.

This "super gung-ho attitude, as Fensterwald calls it, produce results with shocking overtones. In one Boston case, Jack Harris, a Internal Revenue Service undercover man, was indicted in a $1,50 bribery case and suspended. Enraged by what he claimed was frame-up, he came to the committee and spilled a lot of details abou investigations carried out by th Boston IRS office. His principal tal dealt with surveillance of one Bernard McGarry, a Milton, Mass. tavern owner.

As Harris later testified befor the committee, McGarry had a hostile neighbor who made his barn available to the revenue sleuths The agents set up a lookout statio in the barn loft, and with snooper

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opes and other long-range devices pt the McGarry home under nstant observation. According to arris, they even watched Mrs. cGarry as she took a sun bath. he IRS agents had learned that e McGarrys had a large vault in e basement; and when they saw om the barn loft that the whole mily was absent, Harris entered he house and padded downstairs the vault.

Instead of a cache of illicit loot hich the revenue boys had hoped find, Harris discovered that the ult was unlocked and was being used for nothing more nefarious than the storage of the family's coats and fur pieces. He dutifully copied down the names of the clothiers and furriers on the labels and left the premises little wiser than he came.

He had, of course, fractured the law by this unauthorized entry into what is supposed to be a man's castle, and his account of the exploit threw IRS into a tizzy. Harris' boss at the time, Robert Ferrick, acknowledged that the McGarry home had been kept under observation from the barn loft—but only, he insisted, to read the license numbers of cars coming to the house, not to observe a lady sun-bathing. There had never, never been such an episode as the illegal entry and snooping Harris had described.

This was a head-on collision of testimony, and the committee never could determine the truth though there were some indications as to where it might lie. "There was one part of the undercover man's story that seemed to check out," Fensterwald says. "We learned that IRS had contacted the furriers and clothiers whose names appeared on the labels in an attempt to find out how much the McGarry family spent for clothing. And then there was one other thing. . . . " To wit:

Harris, in his testimony, had told the committee that, when he entered the McGarry home, another IRS agent had been stationed outside, patrolling the street in a radio car and keeping in constant two-way contact to guard against a surprise return home by the family. Fensterwald promptly demanded that the IRS produce this witness, John Crowe. The next day, the service complied, but Fensterwald was shocked by the appearance of the man when he was summoned to the stand.

"His face was flushed as if the blood was about to pop through the skin," Fensterwald recalls. "And as he testified, his head kept lolling back as if he was about to pass out on the witness stand. I made up my mind to get him off the stand as quickly as possible and so I asked him only the most essential questions."

Under these circumstances, Crowe promptly upheld his supervisor, Ferrick. Harris had been wrong, he said. No revenue agent had ever entered the McGarry home. Fensterwald was about to excuse this obviously ill witness when he received an anonymous note from the audience: "Ask him if he's under house arrest."

Fensterwald shakes his head at the recollection. "Well, one thing I've learned in this investigation," he says, "is not to disregard such tips—too many of them have panned out." So he turned back to the witness stand and demanded: "Are you under house arrest?" Crowe sat there silent, obviously stunned by the question.

"He was mute for a good half-minute," Fensterwald recalls, "then he shook his head and muttered weakly, 'No, I wouldn't say so.' His manner clearly swore at the answer he gave and convinced me that he *was* under house arrest."

Not daring to cross-examine Crowe the way be would a healthy witness, Fensterwald excused him, but he determined to delve into this new aspect of the case. "We learned," he says, "that this man had been flown down to Washington under guard; he had been kept under guard in his hotel room; he had been conducted to the hearing under guard by a man who denied he was armed, but who exhibited a mighty suspicious bulge under his jacket."

After the hearing, Crowe tried on a couple of occasions to approach some of Fensterwald's investigators. "But he could never get the chance," Fensterwald says. "Every time he approached one of our people, the guard came up and broke it off."

Fensterwald protested to IRS about forcing a man so obviously ill to take the witness stand; he made it clear he wouldn't have called Crowe if he had known about his precarious physical condition. Oh, think nothing of it, IRS replied; Crowe wasn't seriously ill, he just had a little upset stomach. A few weeks later, Crowe died of a heart attack.

Everywhere Senator Long's committee has turned, it has come across the dinosaur tracks of Big Brother. Invasions of privacy, it has established, are legion and permit the average American almost no security of thought or communication. But to get the truth about such snooping and prying has often proved infinitely difficult. Take, for example, the behavior of the Post Office Department.

The committee was greatly interested in the process known as the "mail cover." Under the buddy-buddy system that exists among federal agencies, the Federal Bureau of Investigation or the Internal Revenue or any one of a half dozen other bureaus may ask the Post Office to keep watch on the mail of a suspect or of his family and associates, and the request will be honored on the supposition that the purpose, considering the source, must be valid. In theory, the Post Office keeps a record only of what appears on the *outside* of letters—details like the names and addresses of correspondents and the origin of the mail. Fugitives from justice are sometimes tracked in this way when they try to get in touch with relatives, and in such cases legitimate ends may be served. But even then, according to stated policy, the contents of the envelope are kept inviolate.

This picture of a scrupulous department zealously guarding our rights while it indulges in only the most necessary snooping against persons involved in actual crimes was fed to the committee on February 23, 1965, the day after George Washington's birthday, by Chief Postal Inspector Henry B. Montague. "The seal on a first-class piece of mail is sacred," Montague intoned in a carefully prepared statement. "When a person puts first-class postage on a piece of mail and seals it, he can be sure that the contents of that piece of mail are secure against illegal search and seizure. The only time first-class mail may be opened *in the postal service* is when it can neither be delivered as addressed nor returned to sender. Then, it is treated by trusted employees in the dead-letter office to determine whether it contains any information to establish ownership. . . . *Mail is neither delayed nor opened.* . . . Citizens must have confidence in their mail system or they lose it in other governmental institutions." (Italics added.)

Montague acknowledged that the postal form on which the details of the mail cover were recorded was to be destroyed after the deed was done, but he saw nothing wrong in that. Surveillance is a very secretive business, and you just naturally don't leave anything lying around that might indicate to the object of your attention that he has been watched. Fensterwald noted that the form also contained space for recording detail on second-, third- and fourth-class mail, all types that can be appropriately opened for postal inspection, and wondered if perhaps inspectors ever pried into such envelopes.

> Fensterwald: *In the case of a mail cover do you ever examine mail which you legally have the right to examine?*
>
> Montague: *No.*
>
> Fensterwald: *You have every right to open second-, third- or fourth-class mail, don't you?*
>
> Montague: *That is for posta inspection, yes.*
>
> Fensterwald: *And never, i connection with a mail cover, d you open such mail?*
>
> Montague: *Not in connectio with a mail cover, no.*

The committee was susp cious, but on March 1, Postmast General John A. Gronouski wro Senator Long explicitly: "The mail neither delayed nor opened, and t contents of first-class mail are *n* examined in connection with mail cover." The Postmaster Ge eral italicized that "not."

By April 13, these positive a explicit assurances from the hig est Post Office officials had acqui ed a decidedly tarnished look. that date, Rep. Durward G. Hall, Missouri, appeared before the co mittee and testified that first-cla mail was indeed being opened. had received a complaint from constituent, the Congressman sai and though he couldn't believe he knew the complainant as responsible individual. So he chec ed with both the Post Office D partment and Internal Revenue. was assured at first, as the co mittee had been assured, that such thing could ever happen. Pi ning the departments down to t one specific case, the Congressma asked them to put their denials writing—and suddenly he encou tered a strange shyness toward t printed word. It developed th there was, indeed, a procedure which the sanctity of first-class ma was being violated. In cases whe Internal Revenue had secured t liens against defaulting taxpaye first-class mail was being deliver by the Post Office to IRS and w being opened by IRS agents to s whether it contained assets clues to assets. Just how wid spread was this practice? Repr sentative Hall discovered that one seemed really to know., He te tified:

> *The Post Office Department ad vises me that since December o 1962 there have been fourteen suc seizures. The Internal Revenu Commissioner, on the other hand advised me on Friday of last wee that there had been thirty seizure since December of 1962 as far a their national office knows. . . . No is this the only conflict. Once th hand is caught in the cookie jar the contradictions multiply.*
>
> *On Friday of last week, four day after I advised the House of wha was happening and moved for co*

rective action on the annual appropriations bill, the Postmaster General is quoted as saying that he himself discovered the seizure of mail as long ago as last August, and he said he picked up the phone and agreed with Doug Dillon that it was a bad thing and we stopped it.

It is interesting to note that, first, the Postmaster General waited half a year to disclose this, and then only after someone else called attention to it.

But unexplained, and second, Mr. Chairman, is if the Postmaster General found out about this violation of the law as long ago as August of 1964, and ordered it stopped, how does it happen that the General Counsel advised me, in writing, that the last seizure, a specific instance, took place almost three months later on October 27, 1964?

And, one might feel impelled to ask, how did it happen that both Chief Inspector Montague and Postmaster General Gronouski were assuring Senator Long's committee, in the most explicit terms, in late February and early March, 1965, that first-class mail was always regarded as sacred and was *not* (the Postmaster General's italics) opened?

Chief Inspector Montague, who followed Representative Hall on the witness stand, had the unhappy task of trying to reconcile past pretenses with present disclosure. It went like this:

> **Senator Long**: *Let me ask you, Mr. Montague, you have known for some time, of course, that the Internal Revenue Service did levy on mail—first-class mail of the citizens were opened by people other than the addressee?*
>
> **Montague**: *I know that there was such a thing—I was aware that there was such a thing as a levy on mail; yes, sir.*
>
> **Senator Long**: *How long have you been aware of that, Mr. Montague?*
>
> **Montague**: *I think that I first became aware of it back in—I don't know, 1962 or 1963.*
>
> **Senator Long**: *Were you aware of that when you testified before our committee some weeks ago?*
>
> **Montague**: It did not come to my mind, *but I did know there is such a thing as a mail levy, yes.* (Emphasis added.)

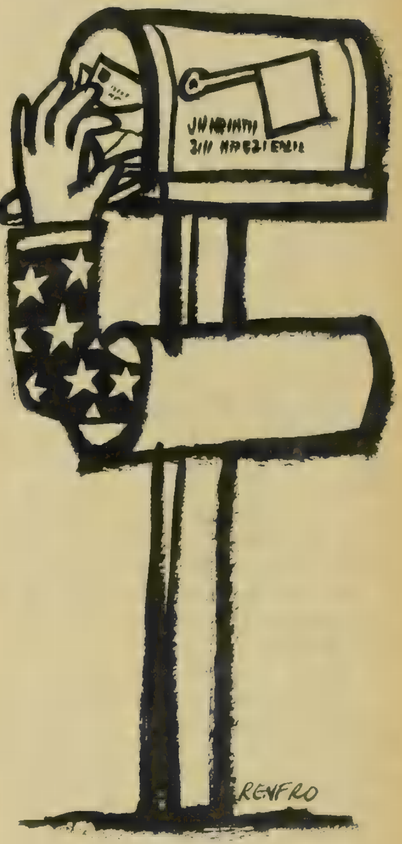
Montague conceded that the department knew of thirty-four cases in which mail had been opened and examined by Internal Revenue before being forwarded to the recipient, but he argued that "levies" were different from the "mail cover" he had been discussing in his previous testimony; that the Post Office's legal brains had assured him levies were legal, not illegal, and he had been dealing in his testimony only with "illegal" practices. Senator Long, exasperated by what he called this quibbling with terms when the truth had been one thing and the initial pretense virtually the opposite, finally snapped: "The further we get into this investigation, the more I am impressed with the idea that the Post Office should deliver the mail and not pry into it."

Hardly anyone believed that the full story had been told or that the only mail being opened was that "levied" upon by Internal Revenue. Fensterwald's investigators privately developed quite a dossier on things that can happen to the mail—and presumably do. Penetrating solutions can be rubbed on the back of envelope flaps to loosen the gum and enable a snooper to open a letter without trace. One of the best methods, Fensterwald says, is still the old one of steaming open the flap. Another simple way of spying is to immerse a letter in a solution of cleaning fluid. This brings up the contents, but one must be careful not to wiggle the letter around in the solution lest the envelope become softened and messed up. A much more sophisticated method borrows a device from the medical laboratory, the cystoscope. Insert one end of this pencil-thin instrument under the flap of a letter, switch on the cystoscope's powerful light, and you are examining in great detail not the human bladder but the contents of "sacred" first-class mail.

How widely are these methods used? That question the committee has not yet answered and perhaps can never answer. Representative Hall testified that he had some information that the Post Office Department was tampering with mail other than that "levied" upon by Internal Revenue, but he had not yet been able to verify his information.

Verification is, of course, extremely difficult. One may see, as I have, first-class mail arriving at his home mysteriously unsealed—and third- or fourth-class mail showing up with flaps ripped apart, sometimes so badly that it seems likely some of the contents have been lost — but how is one going to *prove* that this was done deliberately by the snooper's paw? All that can be said is that a lot of detectives and knowledgeable persons in other walks of life today distrust the mails — and the patent evasions of the highest officials of the Post Office Department before Senator Long's committee did nothing to bolster confidence.

It must not be supposed that such activities are confined to the Post Office and the Bureau of Internal Revenue. No one has yet compiled a definitive list of all the federal agencies engaged in prying into the private affairs of citizens, but even the skimpiest survey shows that it must be an unholy lot. What the military and such super-secret outfits as the Central Intelligence Agency are up to, no one knows, for they are all wrapped in the cocoon of national security. A former military intelligence agent has recently revealed on nation-wide television that the hotel rooms of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt were bugged every time she visited Chicago during World War II.



Mrs. Roosevelt maintained contact with a lot of labor and liberal leaders—and that, apparently, was enough to justify to the military mind the incredible eavesdropping on the First Lady's slightest word and deed. The military at the time was intent on protecting the initial atomic bomb researches, and it tapped and bugged everything in sight—the hotel rooms of scientists, the laboratories in which they worked, even ladies' rooms and men's rooms. And this, remember, was back in the dark ages of technological eavesdropping.

The Long committee inquiry has established that even outfits like the Food and Drug Administration go in for electronic snooping. The Federal Bureau of Investigation. whose director, J. Edgar Hoover, has insisted for years that it taps only in national security cases and then only on instructions from the attorney general, was revealed to have been tapping all over Kansas City in its drive on gamblers. And even the U. S. Bureau of Roads, according to one of Fensterwald's investigators, has its own dedicated snoopers, men so expert electronically that they have been able for the past fifteen years to turn your home telephone into a gadget of snoopery.

"The mike in your telephone is one of the most delicate and perfectly engineered instruments in the world," says one of Fensterwald's investigators. "It makes a perfect listening device."

Emanuel Mittleman, a Brooklyn electronics expert who heads what he calls the Wireless Guitar Co., demonstrated for the committee how easily the home telephone can be turned into a bug that will transmit everything from the baby's squall to the small talk between his parents. A tiny device selling for $400 is attached inconspicuously to the subscriber's telephone equipment, either somewhere along the line between the phone and the box or inside the box itself. The gadget can be attached in a few swift minutes; and, once it is in place, the phone can be turned into a listening device from any place on the long-distance dialing system. As the eavesdropper dials the last number of the gimmicked phone, he blows a C-note from a harmonica over the line. This note keeps the phone from ringing and turns it into a bug that picks up every sound within its considerable hearing perimeter. The device that makes this kind of intrusion possible draws so little power from the telephone line that it is almost impossible to detect it by ordinary scanning procedures. It cuts out automatically the instant the phone is picked up for a normal call, so there is no suspicious interference on the line to make the telephone user wary. Only if an extremely suspicious man should minutely examine his own telephonic equipment could the transformation of telephone into bug be discovered.

Perhaps the most disturbing feature about all this surveillance is the fact that our privacy is in pawn to great-power complexes, none of whom defend our interests, all of whom play footsie with one another. Bell Telephone, for example, had more than commonly good reason to know, when it posted that admonition against telephone conversations in its New Jersey laboratories, that its own lines were extremely vulnerable; it had more than commonly good reason to know because Bell itself, in many instances, has willingly collaborated in breaching the security of its own system.

In Pittsburgh, Fensterwald discovered, the chief of intelligence for Internal Revenue had had special telephone lines run into his own home to facilitate his wire tapping. He had also purchased from obliging Bell one of its own telephone trucks, and had dressed his men up as telephone company employees to facilitate their entry into residences and businesses. Bell, it would seem, could hardly have remained in complete and innocent ignorance of this brazen setup.

In Kansas City, the collaboration of Bell was all-inclusive and undeniable. The Southwestern Bell Telephone Company had a standing arrangement with authority: any telephone that the chief of detectives or the FBI wanted tapped Southwestern Bell would help to tap. It would not actually install the tap itself, but it would show the tappers just where the "pairs" of the line they were interested in were located in a terminal box and it would run special lines to a pole in the vicinity, thus easing the burden of labor for the tappers.

Chief of Detectives James R. Newman testified that any time he wanted to tap a phone he made a request "to the security officer of the telephone company," and he always got the information and help he needed. Detective Lieutenant James B. Hitchcock, in charge of electronic activities in the Kansas City department, acknowledged that information obtained from [illegible] taps was freely exchanged among the law-enforcement fraternity. He wouldn't actually give the representative of another agency a tape, he said; but in a friendly chitchat over morning coffee, he might tell him what was on the tape. To maintain the façade of ethics, there would probably be nothing in the beneficiary agent's written report to indicate that he had obtained the detail from a tainted source. He would merely note that his inside information came from "a confidential informant."

Everything that Southwestern Bell would do for the Kansas City police, it would double in spades for the FBI. Despite J. Edgar Hoover's frequent and passionate assertions that the FBI does *not* wire tap except to save the nation, testimony in the Kansas City inquiry showed that special lines were constantly being run into FBI headquarters on the 7th floor of the Post Office Building, at 1425 Baltimore, to facilitate wire tapping of suspected gamblers on almost a city-wide scale. A number of Southwestern Bell employees testified about one striking incident in late 1961 or early 1962, when they attempted to erect a public phone booth on a sidewalk just to advance the cause of FBI bugging.

The plans called for the booth to be placed against the outside wall of a building at Ninth and Central. Once the booth had been installed, ostensibly for the public's convenience, FBI agents were to insert a pin-head listening device in the wiring of the connecting block of the telephone box. This device was so sensitive that it would have picked up and relayed every word said *inside* the building. Unfortunately for these plans, the proprietor became suspicious. He rushed out to the sidewalk and demanded to know whether the telephone workers had written permission from the owner of the building to install the booth; they didn't, and he chased them. Paul J. Schmitt, a Southwestern Bell supervisor, testified that such tap installations were always "ordered by the Federal Bureau of Investigation," and in the instance of the blown phone-booth aper, he declared, "I had the servce order" to run a connecting line nto Kansas City FBI headquarters.

With the sanctity of telephone lines being violated at the merest nod of an official head, the nevitable has happened: a general mpression has been fostered that here isn't anything much wrong with the game and that everybody might as well get into it. Private deectives in Kansas City joined in the wire tapping free-for-all and quickly earned that they could get all the nformation they needed by bribng telephone company employees. George W. Robinson, one of the local private eyes, told the Long committee frankly that he had tapped telephone lines, and said that he always got the necessary information about the number of the "pairs" and the location of the terminal box from a confederate inside the company.

Fensterwald: *Did you have to pay for them?*

Robinson: *I have.*

Fensterwald: *Could you tell me what the going rate is?*

Robinson: *In the vicinity of between $50 and $100; it all depends on the man's attitude when you make the contact.*

When the rampant wire tapping of Kansas City became known, the man on the spot was the telephone official who had authorized so much of it. He was Arthur S. Brewster, a lawyer and the division security supervisor for Southwestern Bell (his primary responsibility, as he himself described it, was to make certain of the security of company property and service, including the privacy of customers). He testified, however, that he had worked hand in glove with the FBI "ever since I have been in this job." Senator Long wanted to know if tapping didn't raise "some question about the invasion of privacy and the violation of the constitutional rights of any citizen that any agent might point his finger at." "I would assume that question could be raised," Brewster replied, almost primly.

The telephone company's man said that any time Chief of Detectives Newman or the FBI asked him to breach security, he cooperated, because he relied implicitly on their integrity. As for running special lines into FBI headquarters to facilitate the tapping, Brewster attempted to argue that this was a regular company service, advertised and available to all comers. Senator Long hopped on the rationalization. Then, he demanded, the company would provide such accommodations for private detectives, wouldn't it? Oh, no, said Brewster, obviously horrified. Why not? If this were a purely commercial transaction, why shouldn't it be sold to anyone who had cash in hand? Brewster protested that private detectives and other agencies "don't have the charge and the responsibility of the Bureau."

Long kept hammering away. Didn't this performance by the telephone company in permitting, even helping, to tap its own lines raise "a great question of apprehension of your subscribers over the city as to whether their telephones are maybe being tapped or bugged?"

U.S. POST OFFICE
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"Sure, it certainly does," Brewster replied.

The telephone company's security man then read into the record a long list of work orders he had approved dealing with the installation of special lines to facilitate the widespread FBI wire tapping.

Senator Long: *Did your employees go with the FBI men when they were disguised as telephone company employees?*

Brewster: *I will put it this way. I think there were some Bureau men who went with the telephone company people.*

Senator Long: *Disguised as telephone employees?*

Brewster: *They had on old clothes and those things. I think I loaned one of them a pair of —*

Senator Long: *Mr. Brewster, this work is so dangerous and so disagreeable to your men that you have to ask for volunteers, don't you, to go out and handle this type of situation?*

Brewster: *I have never had to.*

Senator Long: *I think Mr. Schmitt or Mr.* [William] *Hare* [two telephone employees who had previously testified] *could answer that question for me. Could either one of you gentlemen answer it for me?*

Hare: *Yes, sir.*

Senator Long: *Thank you. It got so dangerous, they finally stopped volunteering.*

Brewster: *It might have been.*

The ethical dilemmas in which a telephone company official becomes involved when he makes the FBI his master were highlighted in a final, farcical exchange between Senator Long and Brewster. Long asked Brewster what happened when telephone subscribers became suspicious and asked the company to determine whether their phones were being tapped. Well, said Brewster, the company sent men out to check poles in the vicinity of the terminal box in question, and twice in the past year, as a matter of fact, they had discovered taps. Then it went like this:

Senator Long: *You have found those. What did you do with the equipment that you found?*

Brewster: *Our instructions to our people are, who actually make the inspection, remove the equipment and give it to the customer* and advise them to contact the law enforcing officers, preferably the FBI. (Emphasis added.)

Senator Long: *What would you have done if you got a call from the Acme Jobbing Company, I believe you said, down at 2512 McGee Street?* [This was one of the locations that Brewster had helped the FBI to tap.] *What would you have done if you had gotten a call that their line was being tapped?*

Brewster: *I don't know, to be frank with you.*

Senator Long: *Would you have gone down to check it?*

Brewster: *I just don't know.*

This seems like an appropriate note on which to close this account of the world of Big Brother. Freedom can hardly endure, despite all the platitudes of stump-shouting politicians, unless people can *feel free* to exchange their private thoughts and indulge in uninhibited discussion. And who can *feel free* in a world in which government employees spy on a sun-bathing wife, snoop through mail, tap telephones, bug the most private areas of the home—and then, if it suits official purposes, take the witness stand and, superior to the law, blithely lie about it? The subterranean world that the Long committee investigation has been exposing is in irreconcilable conflict with the traditions of our past and is incalculably menacing to any continuance of a healthy democracy.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Letting the Tory Dogs Have It

WRITERS AND POLITICS: Essays and Criticism. By Conor Cruise O'Brien.
Pantheon Books. 259 pp. $4.95.

Warren Miller

Richard Ellmann begins his biography of Joyce by noting that to the English he is "eccentric and 'Irish,' " and points out that this sort of remark is "dangerously 'English.' " Ellmann's warning must be taken seriously: too often we begin by defining others and end by revealing only ourselves, and what is revealed is almost never attractive. Our response, thus far, to Dr. O'Brien's books—*To Katanga and Back* and now this collection of essays—reveals us as a willfully ignorant people who aspire at most to a kind of peasant cunning. This is only at first glance in contradiction to our scientific achievement; it is even, possibly, one of the results of that achievement: our mastery of the atom and superiority in weaponry has produced a *need* for ignorance in certain areas; and where we least want enlightenment is in that most vital of areas, the cold war. Knowledge would almost certainly lead to a demand for change; this would require an admission of past error; and those now in power are not ready for that. Mr. Johnson's face is certainly made of rubber and his feet are certainly made of clay; he cannot help revealing the first and is probably therefore all the more sensitive about revealing the second.

Some lessons of history, however, are writ so large that even a people as hopeful as we are cannot rewrite them. It is well known, for example, that empires fall. No possible stickum can therefore be overlooked. If ignorance will keep the machine going a little while longer, then ignorant we will be: Every eye closed for the Greater Good, men! It would be nice to think that our enormous difficulty in facing facts (we've only just begun to hear about facing theories) is not cowardice at all but perhaps a saving sense of shame. Whichever it may be, the result, for the present, is the same: given the choice between Hammarskjold's diplomatic mysticism and O'Brien's salutary compulsion for truth telling, we choose to embrace the mystic. *Markings*, so sadly wanting, so unsubstantial, floats to the top of the bestseller lists, while *Writers and Politics* is greeted with silence, shunted toward the back pages of fat book supplements, or received with a weary here-we-go-again tone, as if the woods were full of O'Briens and books like this were published every day of the week.

"Only reality is admirable," Renan wrote, in the not unlikely year of 1848; and this is, in part, what Dr. O'Brien would have us understand, even when, as he wrote in *To Katanga and Back*, reality may "often puzzle or disappoint, and may occasionally scandalize, those who agree most warmly with its political conclusions. Personally, I regret this, being temperamentally not much inclined to 'letting the Tory dogs have the best of it,' even momentarily."

It's difficult to imagine the Tory dogs finding any comfort here; they may applaud O'Brien's description of Adlai Stevenson's face—"its shiftily earnest advocate's expression"—but they will at once be alarmed by his assertion that it is "the ingratiating moral mask which a toughly acquisitive society wears before the world it robs: 'liberalism' is the ideology of the rich, the elevation into universal values of the codes which favoured the emergence, and favour the continuance, of capitalist society." And: "Liberal values . . . today make the rich world yawn and the poor world sick," is a statement calculated to outrage Max Lerner and Prof. Roche; and while it may amuse Mr. Buckley (for its style), he will not make the mistake of assuming O'Brien is on his side.

This is one of O'Brien's great virtues: where he stands is never in doubt although his position is not a simple *stance*, not what journalists have taken to calling a *posture*. O'Brien is a Socialist who is also "a liberal, incurably. . . . The revolutionary idea both impressed me and struck me as more *immediately* relevant for most of humanity than were the liberal concepts"; but it is these concepts and their "long-term importance" that hold O'Brien's allegiance.

Are we then witnessing the too familiar spectacle of the self-declared radical announcing himself ready to take tea at the White House and join ADA? Are Lerner and Roche already approaching with comradely greetings? Like most liberals they are capable, of course, of enormous self-deceptions, but I suspect that mythomania and empire building will not carry them so far as to try to annex O'Brien. What divides them irrevocably is not only O'Brien's commitment to socialism; there is also the fact, equally important, that he sees his liberalism deriving from 1848; it is, he points out, a tradition which in "Catholic and time-lagging countries" gets "less lip-service" and is taken more seriously than in countries like our own.

It is this combination then of Socialist vision and an old-world, time-lagging dedication to truth—and to irony, which intellectuals in a "priest-led society" (and in other societies too, I would add) "set great store by"—which gives this book its marvelous instructive power. A slim volume, a Little Anthology of quotes could easily be drawn from it; this would serve not merely to delight (although that would be no small matter) but as an explication of O'Brien and his altogether admirable reality.

Such a volume could very well begin with this on Dwight Macdonald as *New Yorker* critic:

> *He . . . in the political apathy, or aphasia, which seems to have overcome him on losing his Trotskyite faith, has been visited by an illusion of social and economic weightlessness, believing himself to be outside the system which he is describing, and of which he is, apparently without knowing it, a functioning part.*

and continue with this from an essay on Orwell:

> *Some of Orwell's American admirers in the fifties may have been, in reality, more impressed by the arguments of Senator McCarthy than by those of* Animal Farm, *but an Orwellian conversion lent dignity to retreat.*

or this from an essay on Michelet:

> *The plain dry style [of modern historians] implies the acceptance of rigorous standards, submission to ascertainable facts, the aspiration of historiography toward the status of an exact science. Yet, as in all systems of strict convention, hypocrisy, the nemesis of puritanism, is never far behind.*

and on Sartre:

> *A writer's integrity, in political*

matters, does not necessarily vary directly with the square of his distance from the Communist Party.

From *The New Yorker* to Michelet to Sartre, and yet we have come nowhere near indicating the remarkable variety of O'Brien's book. There is still the section on Ireland: "Irishness is not primarily a question of birth or blood or language: it is the condition of being involved in the Irish situation, and usually of being mauled by it." The selection on literary critics: "What we easily fail to see is that the 'non-political' Western critic resembles his Soviet rather than his Polish colleagues by the way in which he acquiesces in the orthodoxy which prevails in his society." And the cold war: ". . . what *Encounter* means when it says that it loves liberty is merely that it hates communism." And a final section on the UN and the developing countries: ". . . considering the past history, and much of the present practise, of white peoples . . . it might be well for Europeans and Americans, having rescued [in the Congo] some hundreds of whites from blacks, now to set about rescuing several millions of blacks from whites."

I think it can be seen that Dr. O'Brien is, in a sense, engaged in a "rescue mission" which is by no means confined to the borders of the Congo; like Rilke it is this sweet apple world he wants to save, nothing less; such messianic madness is the chief sanity our time allows. The liberation of the worlds of the East and the West and the poor world, Dr. O'Brien tells us, will proceed from within and will depend mainly on

> *mighty economic and social forces, but also a little on the efforts of individuals. From the other side we hear a few writers . . . busily chipping away. Our applause can neither encourage nor help them. What might help would be that, from our own side also, should be heard the sound of chipping.*

It is a claustrophobic image, and every American writer since Poe will find it familiar to the point of being downright homey: it has been for years *our place*. What O'Brien is doing is to show writers how to make that daily descent to the pit meaningful. Chipping away, slowly, painfully, in the worst possible conditions, nevertheless we will yet come to liberation and what lies beyond it.

When we do, and even well before, *Writers and Politics* will have become one of those underground (images of mining persist) books which slowly become a determining influence. The silence which marked its arrival should not be surprising: silence is always the response of those who are, as Galileo said, willfully blind; it is what issues from them when alarming things are happening: when the earth shifts, climates modify and vocabularies begin to change.

Art Books: 1965

Max Kozloff

SEURAT. By John Russell. Frederick A. Praeger. 286 pp. 176 black-and-white illus., 48 color. $7.50. Paper $3.95.

There has been a great deal of Seurat research recently, and a continued, even heightened regard for his work. John Russell, riding the crest of this interest in one of the immense geniuses of modern painting, finds his way nimbly and responsibly. This is not to say that his book offers anything greatly original. Its virtue, rather, is that it makes readable a considerable amount of previous specialized and technical study without becoming superficial in the process.

Still, one finds peculiar omissions and emphases. As if it were an old chestnut by now (which in a way it is), Russell is quite perfunctory about Seurat's relation to Impressionism, and the complex implications, if not the actual execution, of his color mechanics. It is not quite clear in Russell's text how Seurat "geometrized" space by color (as distinct from his strictly compositional devices). Nor are its Symbolist, constructive and optical tensions interrelated, as they might be viewed by a spectator. He sees the "Grand Jatte" fairly enough as the "heir to one of the great poetic traditions of European painting," but does not convince by his citation of a 15th-century Italian allegory as one of its sources. On the other hand, it is refreshing to be shown Seurat's affinities, especially in "Parade," with Rimbaud. As to the potential social criticism in Seurat, it is a moot point, but stimulating to think about.

Nevertheless, the main story, illustrated generously with so-so color, is here. It reveals a career that moves conceptually from a material reality to a "superior" reality (surreality?), from fugitive sensation into a definitive synthesis, and from impersonal method to a lyrically personal expression. These turns are caught neatly as they build up an *oeuvre* that has indebted Picasso, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Duchamp, Delaunay, Klee and, with unforeseen consequences, Max Ernst. If the text occasionally reads like a slide lecture, it is always well oiled and to the point. Russell is a cultural journalist of a high order.

ODILON REDON. By Klaus Berger. Translated from the German by Michael Bullock. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 244 pp. 90 black-and-white illus., 20 color. $19.95.

Redon was a fantasist whose work not so much impinged upon the *fin de siècle*, as it drew a delicate, timorous nourishment from it. He means more to us than the smoky Fauré and Maeterlinck, spirits kindred to him in the sister arts of music and literature, because his work contains an incipient abstraction, and an intuition of horror in the exquisiteness of sense itself. With sinister refinement, he contributed to a pictorial shift from the accent on the objects of knowledge to the processes of knowing. And yet "knowing" was always necessarily out of reach. It reminds one of what Alan

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Watts had to say in another context: "Consciousness peers out of a center which it cannot see. . . . Life seems to resolve itself down to a tiny germ or nipple of sensitivity . . . a squiggling little nucleus that is trying to make love to itself and can never quite get there." Redon gives the impression of wanting to see more intensely, come what may, by closing his eyes. No one has made more vivid the emotion of unrequited tenderness.

Klaus Berger has written an unforgivable book on this artist. It wanders in awkward ebullience (translated from the German), through patchy sections on such subjects as "spiritualized nature," and "inspiration." A hash is made of Redon's development, pictures are inconveniently placed, and the catalogue cancels its usefulness by being without illustration! (Not that compiling a Redon catalogue isn't enormously difficult: inevitably vague subject headings, problematical dating, and a dispersed prodigality of works.) Much worse, the overall approach of the essay is obtuse. Berger scants the fascinating iconographical vibrations in Redon without having developed a stylistic vocabulary worth taking seriously. He hates abstract art, and makes howling historical mistakes (e. g., "even when Cézanne had long won world fame, Seurat was still in obscurity, almost unknown"). Contrary to evidence, he at one point speaks of the flatness of Redon's style (its atmospheric depth—as distinct from modulated values—was its least progressive feature); and of the late works, Berger remarks erroneously of an "objective color that is firmly based on construction." Intermittently, at least, he breaks through to the self-evident. The color plates are beautiful.

THE HISTORY OF SURREALISM. By Maurice Nadeau. Translated from the French by Richard Howard, with an introduction by Roger Shattuck. The Macmillan Co. 351 pp. $6.95.

SURREALISM. By Patrick Waldberg. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 127 pp. 144 black-and-white illus., 8 color. $6.95.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SURREALISM. By J. H. Matthews. Pennsylvania State University Press. 192 pp. $5.

Writings on Surrealism almost always turn out to be unsatisfactory. Several reasons for this disappointing performance suggest themselves. One is that the Surrealist sensibility—it is hard to call it a movement or a style—still breathes. It more or less subtly pervades, or is a nuance within, all lively art today, so that efforts to see it as of the historical past are completely premature. To be sure, the age of manifestoes is over; political scandals, or attempts at scandal, they have faded away. Their animus, Surrealism, has sometimes been viewed as a 20th-century inheritor of romanticism. But if a generation of Manet could look back upon that of 1830 as finished, we must see the example of Breton as only, in a disturbing sense, reborn. The writers of the current volumes remain in various ways captives of (rather than participants in) the Surrealist past, without at all glimpsing its potentialities in the present. Not seeing or caring about the dialogue of contemporary art with Surrealism, they have shortchanged their own interests. In each of their books, there is a vacancy at the center.

Another reason why good accounts of the subject are hard to come by is its very antagonism to coherent discussion. Not merely is it the most bewilderingly interdisciplinary phenomenon, it is also one of the most self-obfuscating. One learns to take artists and writers with some skepticism when they talk of their work; in their social heyday, the Surrealists demanded unquestioning allegiance to the deliberately implausible or ostentatiously woolly. The present writers react a little nervously to this put-on. Their dilemma consists of recounting a faith to which they are very sympathetic, but which is also a little too outdated, a little too extravagant to uphold. They are as convincing and as well intentioned in their picture of Surrealism, as are Reform Jews in the practice of their religion. Yet Aragon, Ernst, Artaud and Bunuel were at all times impious (or piously heretic) men.

The attitude toward them here is uncritical and middle class, but tinged with uneasiness. Despite their lip service to its continuity, Nadeau and Waldberg are disposed to see Surrealism lifelessly as a collection of impulsive slogans and madcap personalities that never precipitated an art controversial enough to be discussed on its own terms. It is the fashion to analyze Surrealism, like Expressionism, as a mesh of social gestures, and as an aberrant if revolutionary ambience. The protagonists of that ethos have themselves encouraged this treatment by denouncing art, de-emphasizing talent and reviling productivity. These books do not necessarily accept such statements at their face value, but they do confine themselves to doci menting them, and hence to tamin Surrealism by inadvertence.

Maurice Nadeau's *The History* (*Surrealism* was first published in 194 and remained, *faute de mieux*, th standard review of the subject. No it is finally translated into Englis (by Richard Howard), together wit a 1957 epilogue (somewhat dyspeptic and a sampling of Surrealist literar tidbits and sweetmeats. It is organize chronologically in chapters that de tail the behavioral tics and polemic oppositions of the major and a grou of minor actors. One thing that emer ges from the liberal samplings of text is that Surrealism's "automatistic" us of language is not anywhere near a radical as it made itself out to b Breton's seizure of an idea that cam to him in a half-drowsy state, an "tapped on the window," was ampl fied only into a more contemporar echo of 17th-century French linguisti sonority. If the poetry that followe was frequently studded with startlin images, it still abused and degrade word meanings in a traditional Frenc vein of phrase mongering. It fact, is possible to see Surrealist bomba as an attempt to correct a chroni cultural hyberbole by its own method In these pages, it is Louis Aragon wh most often calls the bluff of the Su realist "worshippers of impasse" (N deau), he says: "Kill yourself or don' But don't drag your slugs of agony a over the world . . . don't leave that r volver butt hanging out of your poc et any longer, irresistibly tempting good kick in the ass. Don't insult th true suicide by this perpetual pan ing. . . ." Perhaps in its occasional rai lery against its own narcissism, "th perpetual panting," Surrealism come closest in evoking a relevant predic ment. From Nadeau, one gets the mo authentic glimpse of a consciousne that gains knowledge only to abort i self. Possibly that is his major contr bution.

Patrick Waldberg emerged i the thirties as a friend of Max Erns He has produced a quite sloppy, er gaging little book, sprinkled with Su realist family-album shots, which a pires far more to be an addendum tha a replacement to Marcel Jean's *Hi tory of Surrealist Painting*. After promising start in which the autho makes the distinction between the "en blematics" and the "naturalists of th imaginary" in Surrealist painting, hi essay wanders in disjointed quote anecdotes and puffs. But it is piquar to read that "Tanguy captured spider which he ate alive to terrify the neighborhood"; and, even more, instructive to study a Belgian Surrealist map of the world (1929), in which New Guinea is larger than India, France and the United States do not exist, and Easter Island vies with a South America shrunk to Peru. In addition, there is a photographic gallery of poker-faced but self-infatuated individuals that conveys a sense of superannuated fun. Here is a Holmes-Watson tableau of Duchamp and Man Ray; and here also is Ray's incredibly sensuous photograph of the beautiful Meret Oppenheim, authoress of the fur-lined teacup. It alone is worth the price of admission.

The Matthews study (he is an English scholar) is academic in the unfortunate sense of the word. He paws around the central concepts of Surrealism, but does not bring to them the quality of mind—or perhaps incredulity—that will test them for their value as well as for their defects. Just the same, he presents the only survey into which one's intellectual teeth can at least sink. For example, he takes pains to show how art criticism has always been at odds with Surrealist dogma, because the Surrealist quality—that is, the irrational, the inexplicable—usurps in their program any merely aesthetic considerations. André Masson is quoted about "a desperate breach between the content and the container" in the easel tradition, a breach that criticism has shown time and again not to exist. Although the Surrealists frequently spoke about "getting beyond painting," they just as often admitted having to settle for it. The fallacy lies in supposing that their work at its best would be dishonored by form, or that it has expunged form. And precisely at the point where it would be valuable to discuss the compromise between vision and syntax in Surrealist art (e. g., the conventions proposed), Matthews leaves off. It would, after all, have required seeing intentions and operations underlying those merely announced.

Similarly, his treatment of the *collective vision* of Surrealism gets into immediate trouble on a complex issue. It is not necessary at this late date to point out that there exists an alarming interior life in everyone's psyche, whose tapping provides the Surrealist's credentials. Nor does one have to argue in 1965 that the probing of dreams does not imply an escapist premise. In these matters, there is no escape from life, and no irrelevance to thought. But when the Surrealists maintain that they picture disturbances, or find irritations (what a difference between them) in the human unconscious, it is important to elicit what is unique or individual in their fantasies, not what is common to ours. Why should we grant them a simple-minded banality when, upon respectably numerous occasions, they don't deserve it? For the rest, Matthews looks into such matters as techniques of chance, theories of enchantment and Surrealist erotomania, but from a generally static and repetitious position. The book is misnamed: it is really an introduction to an introduction.

Now, no battles of the kind that faced its initiators have to be fought by the Surrealist sensibility. The shibboleths rejected (logical structures, perceptual painting, idealist philosophy, etc.), and the gods worshiped (Lautréamont, Moreau, Sade, et al.) no longer have their old resonance. But the Dada principle of displacement, and the Surrealist technique of incongruous juxtaposition hold sway over visual art as they never did before. What is Surrealist in Pop art is the hallucinating pornographic tone with which it considers its images; what is contemporary in happenings is their sensitivity to urban chaos and madness. In fact, the current environment is so monstrous and implausible (in its political as well as its aesthetic dimensions) as to surpass the original Surrealists' wildest dreams. It allows the contemporary artists a far more abstract and chilly temper than their predecessors. What the overall theme now needs is the attention of a scrupulous art historian, conscious of what has happened all around him for the last ten years, and willing to defrock himself a little by an infusion of the critical spirit. The resulting indiscretion ought to be valuable.

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THE VANGUARD ARTIST. By Bernard Rosenberg and Norris Fliegel. Quadrangle Books. 366 pp. $7.50.

THE BRIDE AND THE BACHELORS. By Calvin Tomkins. Viking Press. 246 pp. $6.50.

Although widely disparate in their subject matter, the works listed above pose some related questions, especially in the realm of methodology. The overall issue might be summarized as follows: can the techniques of sociology and psychology bear relevant fruit when applied to the history of visual art? What criteria might be employed, and what areas might be opened up for illumination? As demonstrated here, the answers to these queries make an interesting spectacle, not least of all because the objectivity of social-science research steers a collision course with the value-oriented criticism that is most associated with the field of art.

The Whites take as their inquiry the study of institutional change in 19th-century French artistic life, and the pressures and forces which shaped careers within it. Mr. White is the author of an earlier book entitled *An Anatomy of Kinship: Mathematical Models for Structures of Cumulated Roles*. The current effort is punctuated by stupefying tables such as "Changing Sponsors for Showings of Manet's Paintings, by Decade of Production, for Three Periods of His Career." One of the authors' more astounding findings is that by conservative estimate 200,000 salable canvases were produced on the average in France every ten years from 1850 to 1900. Curiously enough, this figure is the key to a rather deft little analysis based on materials that have never been brought together with quite so specific a purpose. For the sheer quantity of artistic production allows the authors to see the unmaking of institutional stability.

They start by showing the conflicts between the old painters' guilds and the court aesthetes, eager for greater prestige and aristocratic patronage From the victory of the latter arose the academic system. Dominating the first three-quarters of the last century the Institut provided a competitive sequence of career opportunities, organization of exhibition, professional communication, and control of awards and rejections. But it was also overcentralized and overloaded. It could not maintain teaching standards, reform the Salon (and the jury system), and channel commissions to the more than 3,000 practitioners. By mid-century the new dealer-critic system was making forays against these unsatisfactory conditions by offering more flexible and frequent shows (including the effective group exhibition), and more personal, committed and focused publicity: both more meaningful than official honors. Additionally, it made available to the rising middle-class public the more intimate and portable pictures of an *avant-garde* in opposition to the history painting of an earlier epoch. In passing, the authors make some interesting remarks. They see, for instance, a possible correlation between *petit-bourgeois* frugality in the artists' own background and Bohemian austerity. They point out the evils of a speculative market as an incentive and fault of the new system. And they see the social and emotional content of gallery patronage as in some ways more related to the guilds than to the bureaucratic structure which it replaced.

On the debit side, however, a number of problems are left unanswered. The use of the word "pure" art—signifying the painting of philosophical aspiration on one hand, and the more decorative work of the Impressionists on the other—is much more confused than it ought to be. Then too, the overarching fact that the academic establishment ceased to represent any of the real developments in French painting after 1835 is shunted to a sideline it should never occupy. Collecting patterns and the larger economic situation do not cause institutional change; they only reflect it. The Whites are quite right to see the critic-dealer system as giving a new social framework to the artist, instead of being a symptom of his alienation, but they undervalue the triumph of an individuality which was bound to create a cleavage between the overall cultural temper and creative vision. Above all, vast quantities of artists were not so causative nor fluent a factor in the historical matrix as is

On Receiving as a Memento a Stone from Alaska

Chert — the word resists poetry as flint
Compels it. Flint and chert are cousins. It would be easier
If chert were called — oh — obsidian
Or granite or any name that does not sound
Like a noisome weed, the cry of a mangy bird,
A scruffy pander of indeterminate sex,
An urban blasphemy. But there it is,
And there chert is, as beautiful as arrowheads,
As there-it-is and as there-it-was
As beautiful creation. It is quartz.
Quartz conducts. Put it to your cheek
And it is cool even when summer flames.
It is part chalcedony and chalcedony is
Carnelian, chrysoprase, agate, onyx—these
Glamourous and illustrious relatives bow,
And cheek-cool quartz chert, the street child,
Suddenly is dear for an honest-seeming
Name of cheekiness and blasphemy.
Beneath chert, in the dictionary, is *cherte*,
Meaning tenderness, dearness, dearth, and cheerfulness.
Obsolete. How could one word mean all this?
A chert, pert, cheek-cool, quartz word could,
One enduring dearth, one dear and tender,
And still cheerful. Cheek-cool cheerful quartz —
Chert — in the gaiety of a city dialect,
A kind of Venetian, smart to states and sand.
The latter took longer — of rock pressures we know nothing.
We prefer to discourse about the resulting
Qualities: quartz courage, carnelian honor,
Chrysoprase ceremonial, loyalties of chalcedony, onyx
Faith, agate strength, flint adversity.
But to come through pressures cheerfully — this suggests
The quiet virtues, kindness and cheerfulness, easy
Perhaps as street blasphemies. Quartz conducts;
The quiet virtues lead. I like to see pieces
Of chert on my desk, for themselves and as reminder.

Gladys Ely

implied by a statistical approach. By overlooking the advent of unprecedented artistic "movements" and the effects of the intellectual little magazines (incommensurable, but both potent), the book misrepresents the actual turning points of its subject.

Besides, the unjuried Salon des Indépendants, which started in the eighties, and all the successive Parisian phenomena — the Salon d'Automne, and Salon de Mai, right down to the Biennales and exhibitions of dentists' wives—repeat even larger inundations of mediocrity than in the dynastic past. But now the organs of power and the decisive opinions have fled far from government sponsorship, to become an establishment in their own right.

Confusion about this new establishment runs like a leitmotiv through Rosenberg and Fliegel's *The Vanguard Artist*: a confusion of American contemporary artists about their role, their audience and their success. The "vanguard" artist is seen to have inherited a situation in which—the Philistines finally vanquished—he is accepted implausibly at face value. A breakdown of the century-long resistance to advanced art, at least on the social level, plunges him into breast beating and self-contradiction. Such are the reiterations of a book which comprises "in depth," "informal," anonymous interviews with twenty-five prominent New York artists (Abstract Expressionists, mostly), distributed in fragments through chapters with such headings as "Generational Conflict," "The Artist and His Publics," "Museums and Dealers," etc. One author is a professor of sociology, the other is a psychotherapist. By the time their interviews were completed in 1962, they had compiled a list of complaints in which artists let off steam about the chaos of accelerated novelty, the vulgarity and commercialism of the scene and, concerning the younger generation—Pop artists just making their entrance—resentment galore.

In point of fact, these artists are the tail end of an era in which it was still possible to see themselves as nobly separated from society; in which, if they had to function in dehumanized circumstances, their own human ambition as artists carried proportionately more weight. Their self-image as visionaries and as upholders of tradition, for the time being, was more important than their hard-won professional status. How like the early Salon academics they were in this respect. Yet, immediately following upon them, and taken up with a bewildering enthusiasm, were new men who not merely displaced them from the market but who were impervious to fame, and restricted in their outlook (generally presuming to be no more than specialists). In both cases, the social orientation is bourgeois (so was the Impressionists') but the older artists are far more equivocal in their class identity, and far more sensitive about the emoluments which have taken the edge off their "vanguard" position. Paradoxically, the "establishment" no longer exists as a locatable agency: it is everywhere and nowhere. Patronage and recognition can come from any place, in random, impersonal formats which actually generate the greatest affront and bewilderment.

So much for the description of a state of affairs that has become rather familiar to interested spectators. But it never occurred to the authors to put it into context. If they outline the centralization of New York as world art nucleus (replacing 19th-century Paris), they do not understand that the real objection of their subjects to Pop art is its stylistic critique of their own conception of art. Social behavior, financial competition, while obviously threatening, are in the end subsidiary to the ideological offense. Worse still, the bull-session quotations are used only to contradict one another in a moil of erratic opinion. Quarrelsome artists are proved to be very much like other anti-bureaucratic people, when caught off guard, or removed from their work, and this is hardly a revelation. Moreover, that their candor is nameless reduces its possible historical value. Finally, the conceptual questions, those that would really distinguish these artists as the creators they may be, are beyond the cultural power of their interlocutors to ask. They give us no further insight than what we are already beginning to see reflected superficially in the mass media. In fact, the book itself is a disguised example of those media, putting on sociological airs.

The Tomkins book, for its part, shows not the slightest hesitation in revealing its journalistic origins. As a vehicle for information and evaluation about artists of the caliber of Duchamp and Rauschenberg (Tinguely and Cage are also treated), the *New Yorker* profile is a very curious specimen indeed. Being a champion of WASP taste, notorious for the tepidness with which it receives anything vital in the arts, the magazine here imposes a shockingly casual accent on the biographies of some rather subversive individuals. And yet, even if delivered in Tomkins' imitable teatime tone, there is a mass of new material here that any scholar or critic would welcome. (Although the Duchamp piece repeats what is generally known in a famous career.) Making no distinction between the momentous and the trivial—both are grist to his reportorial typewriter — Tomkins divorces himself from his subjects. Ironically, when he brings out Tinguely's rabid *"je m'en foutisme,"* he is only echoing an extreme version of his own ethical non-engagement.

As is proper, Duchamp dominates the proceedings. A cautionary note appears in the master's disdain for commercialism, and one of the major themes of this book is the conviction of its protagonists that life is more important than art, sensibility more important than sales. Fed into Surrealism by Duchamp pre-eminently, this belief has insinuated itself in a far more ambiguous fashion among young artists—Johns is one—who have been able to function in the limelight without losing their direction. The presence of Duchamp's anti-professional stance in Rauschenberg's sensuously rich production is an extraordinary phenomenon. In a sense, if you understand that "society just takes what it wants," this can be a liberation far more than

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a burden. Yet, beyond this, lies a far greater challenge. Commenting upon the title of his book (taken from Duchamp's "Large Glass"), Tomkins says:

> *We might say that the wooing of this infinitely seductive Bride can never wholly succeed. The Bachelors may expend all their art in the attempt . . . and the Bride may further their efforts with her own quickening desire to be possessed. But this Bride, like life itself, can never be truly possessed. . . .*

Even in Rauschenberg's "Monogram," an angora goat with a tire around its midriff, the horns and platform are smeared with paint: an intimation of aesthetic enjoyment that has either to be humiliated or displaced in order that its value be still maintained. It is the Symbolist longing for a pure, unattainable pleasure, in a new guise. How the outer world still tends to respond to this is indicated by the story of the lady at the Jewish Museum who wondered why Rauschenberg was interested only in ugly things.

> *I told her* [says the artist] *that if I were to describe the way she was dressed, it might sound very much like what she'd been saying. For instance, she had feathers on her head. And she had this enamel brooch with a picture of "The Blue Boy" on it pinned to her breast. And around her neck she had on what she would call mink but what could also be described as the skin of a dead animal.*

Artists can make the most amazing discoveries by the change of an attitude. But to explore those discoveries, something more is needed than the wan efforts of statisticians, sociologues and journalists.

Recent Art Books of Interest

ORIENTAL ARCHITECTURE IN COLOR. By Werner Speiser. Viking Press. 504 pp. 112 color illus. $22.50.

GIORGIONE AND GIORGIONISM. By Ludwig Baldass. (Notes by Gunther Heinz. Translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn.) Harry N. Abrams. 188 pp. 56 black-and-white illus., 26 color. $25.

PAINTING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Werner Haftmann. Frederick A. Praeger. 861 pp. 969 black-and-white illus., 43 color. 2 vols. $15. Paper $3.95 (text); $4.95 (plates).

THE KROLLER-MULLER MUSEUM. By Ellen Joosten. Edited by Sir John Rothenstein. Shorewood Publishers. 228 pp. 3 black-and-white illus., 101 color. $7.95.

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN ART. Edited by René Huyghe. Prometheus Press. 444 pp. 1,000 illus., 56 in color. $15.95 until Jan. 1, 1966; $20 thereafter.

FOUNDATIONS OF CHINESE ART. By William Willetts. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 465 pp. About 300 illus., 58 in color. $30.

George Wittenborn Company has very kindly provided information for this list.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE

Several English critics whom I respect were less than lukewarm about Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* but rapturous about John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence* (Belasco). I point this out not as a comment on the plays or on the critics, but to emphasize that art and literature are not inevitably international in value. Critics are parts of a community each with its own particular history and need. *Inadmissible Evidence* was a great popular as well as critical success in London; it has not been well received here and is probably destined to a brief run.

There is still a "dream" in *Virginia Woolf*, as well as a jocularity, which helps keep the play's sting from being poisonous. Though *Inadmissible Evidence* begins with and occasionally reverts to stream of consciousness monologue, it contains no "dream"; though it crackles with sharp phrases which startle us to a guffaw, it is not at all humorous. It is a display of English nausea.

The absence of a dream is its underlying theme. Where in our lives is there anything to rouse us to significant action, to some sort of substantial idealism, to a belief or a cause which might lead us to a struggle worth the candle? In fact, says Maitland, the man who submits evidence against himself, "I've never discovered what is [worth the candle]." Everything has gone stale, flat, acidulous.

The English see in Maitland a "hero" of their day, the present archetyp of the educated middle-class Britisher He works hard without a sense o purpose. He has little except a routin relationship to his job. He has only nagging affection for his wife, a nervous yearning for his mistress, a spastic impulse toward every pretty gir he encounters and with whom he copulates in a fog of befuddlement. Hi children are slightly repellent strangers. One of the most eloquent, indee brilliantly written, speeches in th play is Maitland's denunciation of th "cool" generation, addressed to hi daughter about whose age he is i some doubt. He is addicted to pills. solicitor, he is losing his professiona grip. He sees all his clients as on dismal, distracted creature no bette off than himself. "I, myself, am mor packed with spite and twitching wit revenge than anyone I know of. I actually often, frequently, daily want see people die for their errors. I wis to kill them myself, to throw th switch with my own fist." The ma spews spleen.

Jimmy Porter in *Look Back* i *Anger* was bitter about England aft the war. It had lost its ancient statur Now says Maitland, "I'm not the or on any side. I don't have any idea where I am." Even more to the poi he exclaims: "Britain's position in th world. Screw that. What about my position!" Because there has been th apparent change from a degree of s cial consciousness in Jimmy Porter Maitland's despair about himself, has been said by a number of Englis and at least one American critic th *Inadmissible Evidence* is the profounder, the more universal play—a moder tragedy.

No doubt many Englishmen s themselves in Maitland. They hon Osborne for articulating their inn distress. (Outwardly—and this is o of Osborne's beefs—they are much t patient.) He exposes their conceal wounds, their soul-sickness. His pla is a document: it *does* reveal the weariness, their atony, above all the desire to sneer at themselves. In th together with an extraordinary facul for derision in passages of coruscati rhetoric, lies the strength of Osborne play.

Still, it is a social sympto It is not true that Maitland embodi the condition of man. At the most is an Englishman, and only of o sort. To be sure he has his counte parts in other countries—but with d tinct differences. Even the morally d bilitated American has more youthf zest and thus a semblance of hope, going somewhere, getting some place. There are large areas of the world in which the Maitlands hardly exist at all. They are the product of political stagnation brought on not by fear or an intellectual incapacity to change but by a society divided within itself: one part clinging to a traditional past which has become a fading memory, the other unsettled because it does not know what the future will look like. Maitland is an image of a festering England.

I say "image" because Maitland is not a *man* at all. He exists as an idea, not as a person. He is a composite of observations, reflections, confessional epigrams. He is the spirit that denies itself. The man who supposes himself a Maitland deceives himself. Maitland is a collage of traits and effects adding up to a gigantic grimace. He is truth only as a caricature is truth. The material of *Inadmissible Evidence* might prove far more cogent as a series of sketches, pathetic-comic.

There is talent in the enterprise, but not for tragedy or great drama. Apart from the unmistakable literary flair, it is a talent for catching the mood of a period, a sense of what is in the air, the gift of the adman of genius. This is coupled by what is deepest in Osborne: an outraged disaffection, a self-loathing projected as a contempt for society. None of this is irreconcilable with an irrepressible ambition.

I admire the phenomenon; I have a sneaking sympathy with it, and for all the above reasons (not excepting my own admiration) I find it hateful. It is anti-biologic. Men have a life wish far more potent than any death wish. It is the life wish which must be perceived and made sensible to us in every work of art no matter how "black." It is the quickening spark which creates whatever is real and meaningful to us in the world—including expressions of anguish. Ultimately no true work of art can be a depressant. The "downbeat" is only an outcry, sometimes a howl of affirmation.

There is too little of this in *Inadmissible Evidence*. There is barely a trace of compassion (or passion of any kind) in the play. Everything hangs fire. Actually there is no situation, only a state of mind. Therefore nothing can move or be moving. Maitland's clients are not convinced of their case: they are undecided as to whether or not they demand judgment. Maitland's last words as he remains alone in his office are, "I think I'll just stay here. Good-bye." He does not want to become other than he is. His psychologic posture is to sit contemplating a supposedly injured thumb murmuring, "A little tumor. On the end of another." For the English audience *Inadmissible Evidence* became a formidably impressive piece of publicity, reading: Sign of the Times. In this it succeeds too well.

Anthony Page's direction is excellent; the cast on the whole is very good. This is especially so, among the lesser parts, of Ted van Griethuysen as a "symbolic" homosexual—latent in almost every aspect of thought, work, play or misdeed.

Nicol Williamson's performance as Maitland is a technical triumph. The part is exhausting because *Inadmissible Evidence* is virtually an overextended one-man show. What is especially remarkable about Williamson's performance is that he forces one to listen to and to hear every phrase of the 2- and 3-page speeches. Not a line or a nuance is scotched or dropped. Still, from this appearance alone, one is unable to assess Williamson's full measure as an actor. At times he is as intolerable as the character he portrays—nasal in speech with a ringing, uninflected voice except to the extent to which he is able to make such an utterance as "How are you?" an oily snarl of disgust. There is in the performance a kind of unvarying proficiency of delivery which may be required by the assignment, or intended to maintain the style of heartlessness which is perhaps desired by author and director. Feeling seems largely absent, or perhaps it has been avoided as evidence of sloppy sentimentality.

RECORDS: 1965

Benjamin Boretz

To extend both the range and selectivity of this annual listing, the "Records of the Year" have been restricted to those conjunctions of performances and works that would constitute major musical events in any context. Following this, however, a number of other recordings released during 1965 that make worth-while, if somewhat more limited, contributions to the recorded literature are listed according to their aspect of greatest interest: as adequate performances of important literature previously unavailable or inadequately represented on records; as responsible performances of frequently performed literature; or as reissues of historic performances. Dates in parentheses refer to Nation *issues in which relevant discussions have appeared; records not previously reviewed will be discussed in forthcoming issues.*

I. Records of the Year

BACH: *Well-Tempered Clavier*, Book I. Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia D3L 333/D3S 733. (4/20/63, Preludes and Fugues 1-8).

BARTOK: The Six String Quartets. The Juilliard String Quartet. Columbia D3L 317/D3S 717. (10/11).

BEETHOVEN: Sonata in B-flat, Op. 106 ("Hammerklavier"); Sonata in A-flat, Op. 110. Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3900/BC 1300.

BERG: *Wozzeck*, Op. 7. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Evelyn Lear, Gerhard Stolze, Karl Christian Kohn, Helmut Melchert, Fritz Wunderlich, soloists. Chorus and Orchestra of the Deutsches Oper, Berlin, Schöneberger Sängerknaben; Karl Böhm, conductor. DGG 18 991-2/138 991-2.

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 3. Cleveland Orchestra; George Szell, cond. Columbia ML 6085/MS 6685. (3/26).

DVORAK: Symphony No. 9 ("From the New World"). Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) 36246. (10/25).

GIOVANNI GABRIELI: Venetian Polychoral Music of c. 1600. Cappella Antiqua of Munich; Konrad

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Rüland, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9456-A (5/17).

IVES: The Sonatas for Violin and Piano (Nos. 1-4). Paul Zukofsky, violin; Gilbert Kalish, piano. Folkways FM 3346 and 3347 (mono only). (5/24).

SCHOENBERG: The Music of Arnold Schoenberg, Volume III: Chamber Symphony No. 1 (1906); Five Pieces for Orchestra (1909); *Herzgewäechse* (1911); Bach: *Komm Gott* and *Schmücke Dich* (1922); Bach: "St. Anne" Prelude and Fugue (1928); *Kol Nidre* (1938); Chamber Symphony No. 2 (1939); *Dreimal Tausend Jahre* (1949). Vocal soloists, Cleveland, CBC, and Columbia Orchestras, Festival Singers of Toronto; Robert Craft, cond. Columbia M2L 309/M2S 709. (10/11).

SESSIONS: Piano Sonata No. 1. Robert Helps, piano. CRI 198.

STRAVINSKY: *Apollo* (1928). Columbia Symphony Orchestra; *Orpheus* (1946). Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6046/MS 6646.

WAGNER: *Götterdämmerung.* Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, Gottlob Frick, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Christa Ludwig, Claire Watson, Gustav Neidlinger, Helen Watts, Grace Hoffman, Anita Välkki, Lucia Popp, Gwyneth Jones, Maureen Guy, vocal soloists; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Georg Solti, cond. London A 4604/OSA 1604. (10/25).

II. Literature of Special Interest

BERLIOZ: *L'Enfance du Christ.* Peter Pears, Elsie Morison, John Cameron, vocal soloists. St. Anthony Singers, Goldsbrough Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. London/Oiseau-Lyre OL 50201-2/SOL 60032-3.

BERLIOZ: *Requiem*, Op. 7. Cesare Valetti, tenor; Temple University Choir; Philadelphia Orchestra; Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia M2L 330/M2S 730.

BRITTEN: *Cantata Misericordium* (1963). Peter Pears, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, soloists; London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Benjamin Britten, cond. (with *Sinfonia da Requiem*). London OL 5937/OS 25937.

CARMINA BURANA (20 songs from the original manuscript of c. 1300). Studio of Early Music, Munich. Telefunken SAWT 9455-A. (5/17).

IVES: Symphony No. 4. American Symphony Orchestra; Leopold Stokowski, cond. Columbia ML 6175/MS 6775.

MONTEVERDI: Madrigals and Concerti 1606-1638. Monteverdi-Chorus of Hamburg, Leonhardt Consort; Jürgen Jürgens, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9438-A. (5/24).

SCHOENBERG: *Gurre-Lieder.* Herbert Schachtschneider, Inge Borkh, Hertha Töpper, Kieth Engen, Lorenz Fehenberger, Hans Herbert Fiedler, soloists. Chorus of the Bavarian Radio, Bavarian Radio Orchestra; Rafael Kubelik, cond. DGG 18 984-5/138 984-5.

SCHUTZ: *Cantiones Sacrae* (1625). Dresden Kreuzchor; Rudolf Mauersberger, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9468-70-B.

Excerpts from *Cantiones Sacrae.* Niedersächsischer Singkreis, Hanover; Willi Träder, cond. Nonesuch H-1062/H-71062.

St. Luke Passion; Seven Last Words. Monteverdi-Chorus of Hamburg, Leonhardt Consort; Jürgen Jürgens, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9467-A.

STRAUSS: *Daphne.* Hilde Gueden, Fritz Wunderlich, soloists. Vienna Symphony; Karl Böhm, cond. DGG 138956/7.

STRAVINSKY: *Mavra* (1921). Joan Carlyle, Kenneth MacDonald, Helen Watts, Monica Sinclair, vocal soloists. Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; Ernest Ansermet, cond. (with *Renard* and *Scherzo a la Russe*). London OL 5929/OS 25929.

VERDI: *Macbeth.* Birgit Nilsson, Giuseppe Taddei, Bruno Prevedi; Chorus and Orchestra of Santa Cecilia, Rome; Thomas Schippers, cond. London A 4380/OSA 1380.

Quattro Pezzi Sacri. Chorus and Orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino; Ettore Gracis, cond. DGG 138 962.

WEBER: Piano Sonatas Nos. 3 and 4. Annie D'Arco, piano. L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 271.

III. Performances of Special Interest

BEETHOVEN: The Five Piano Concertos. Leon Fleisher, piano. Cleveland Orchestra; George Szell, cond. Epic SC 6051/BSC 151.

The Nine Symphonies. Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. Epic SC 6050/BSC 150 (Nos. 1 and 2, 4/26; No. 6, 4/20/63).

The "Rasumovsky" Quartets (Op. 59, Nos. 1-3); The "Harp" Quartet (Op. 74). The Juilliard String Quartet. Epic SC 6052/BSC 152.

Bagatelles; Ecossaises; Rondos; Albumblatt; Andante Favori in F; Variations on "Nel cor più non mi sento." DGG 138 934. (5/17).

Sonatas Nos. 21, 23, 25, Opp. 53 57, 79. DGG 138 943. (5/17).

Sonatas Nos. 17, 26, 28, Opp. 31 No. 2, 81a, 101. DGG 138 942. All with Wilhelm Kempff, piano.

BELLINI: *Norma.* Joan Sutherland Marilyn Horne, John Alexander London Symphony Orchestra an Chorus, Richard Bonynge, cond RCA Victor LM/LSC 6166. (10/25)

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 4. Th Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klem perer, cond. Angel (S) 46245 (10/25).

CHOPIN: Four Ballades. *Trois Nou velles Etudes.* Vladimir Ashkenaz piano. London CM 9422/CS 6422.

DEBUSSY: *Pelléas et Mélisande.* Ern Spoorenberg, Camille Maurane George London, Guus Hoekman L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande Ernest Ansermet, cond. A 4379/OS 1379. (10/25).

MOZART: Symphonies Nos. 35 an 36; 38 and 39; 40 and 41; Ange 36128, 36129, 36183. Philharmoni Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond (10/25).

STRAVINSKY: *Le Sacre du Prin temps. Quatre Etudes pour orches tre.* Orchestre National de la Radio Télévision Française; Pierre Boulez cond. Nonesuch H-1093/H-71093.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphonies Nos. 1 2, 4, 5. Vienna Philharmonic; Lori Maazel, cond. London CM 9426/C 6426; CM 9427/CS 6427; C 9429/CS 6429; CM 9376/CS 637 (5/24).

VERDI: *La Forza del Destino.* Leo tyne Price, Richard Tucker, Robe Merrill, Shirley Verrett, Georgi Tozzi, Ezio Flagello. RCA Italian Opera Chorus and Orchestra Thomas Schippers, cond. RCA Vic tor LM/LSC 6413.

IV. Historic Reissues

BERLIOZ: *Romeo and Juliet*, Op. 17 Gladys Swarthout, John Garris, N

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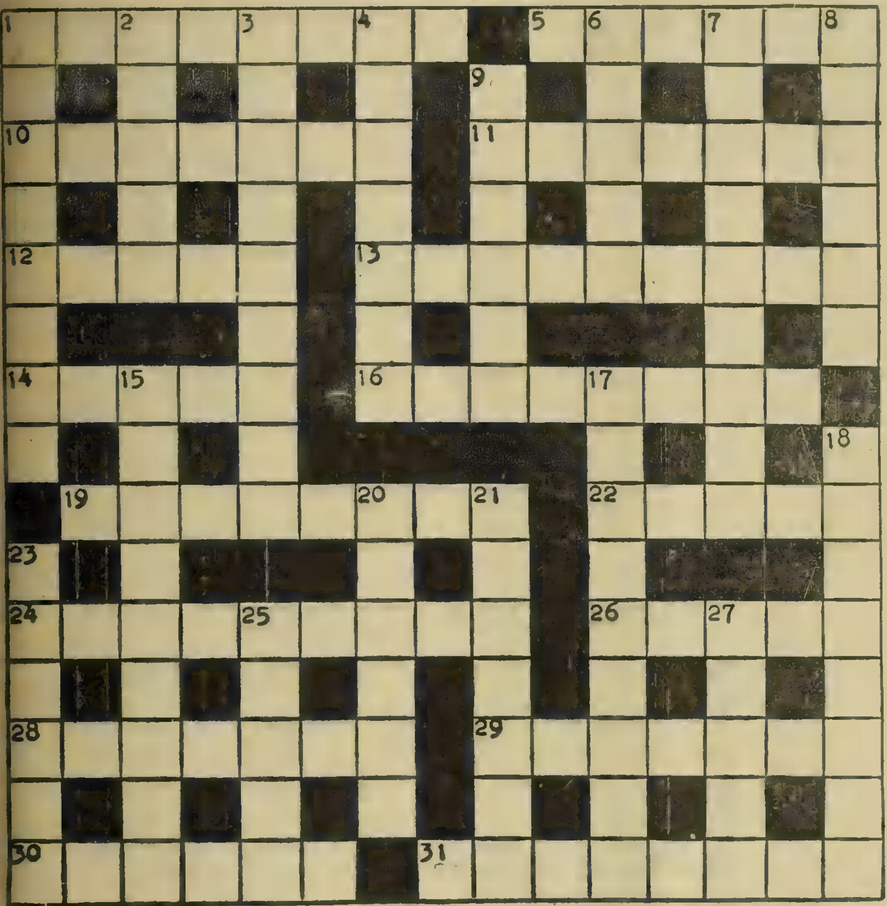
Crossword Puzzle No. 1132

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Amassing a lot of fuel in them? (3, 5)
11 Are by the sound of it contained in parts of the barrel, but certainly not feeds. (7)
13 Is it characteristic of all such joints to permit the movement to take many directions? (9)
14 Double this money? It's no longer 22. (5)
16 and 18 down They can make heat even with the rest. (8, 8)
19 What they can't get over is why they often lose! (8)
22 In case you might need such an expert? (5)
24 Name Buttons over in England, first in anybody's book! (5, 4)
26 One way of looking at an alternative to misbehavior might be to prevent scrapes. (5)
28 and 12 across Religious approval evidently given with a dash of trite reporting on arrival. (7, 5)
29 One ingredient in a family settlement was considered quite a mess.
30 Time when "Down in front" implies a Maine man. (6)
31 One might consider this over chairs. (8)

DOWN:

1 State in brief the color collected.
2 Swell material, by the sound of it.
3 Where eulogies for a humorist are pronounced? (2, 4, 3)
4 Run true to form as breeding. (7)
6 and 10 across This certainly should contribute to the heat of battle. (5-7)
7 Keeping people out of town, and putting money in? (9)
8 Push. (6)
9 A point which is obviously long.
15 Wound around the hand? Not with these. (9)
17 Suffers. (9)
20 The island seems to be teeming with animal life. (6)
21 Tie a possible winner? (7)
23 Keep a horse steady, perhaps. (6)
25 Result of repeated directions about movement of the sun. (5)
27 and 5 across Reserved a roadside seafood market? (11)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1131

ACROSS: 9 Moonlit; 10 Pivoted; 11 Laius; 12 Lot; 13 and 1 across Range finders; 14 Scholar; 16 Limbers; 18 Scrawls; 21 Cowboys; 24 Indus; 26, 6, and 5 across You never can tell; 27 Botha; 28 Iron out; 29 Kashmir; 30 Speaker; 31 Resumed. DOWN: 1 Fumbles; 2 Neolith; 3 Eblis; 4 Settler; 5 and 25 down Capital stock; 7 Entente; 8 Lodgers; 15 and 18 Low spirits; 17 Mew; 19 Red rose; 20 Shyster; 21 Chukker; 22 Optimum; 25 Sparred; 27 Basis.

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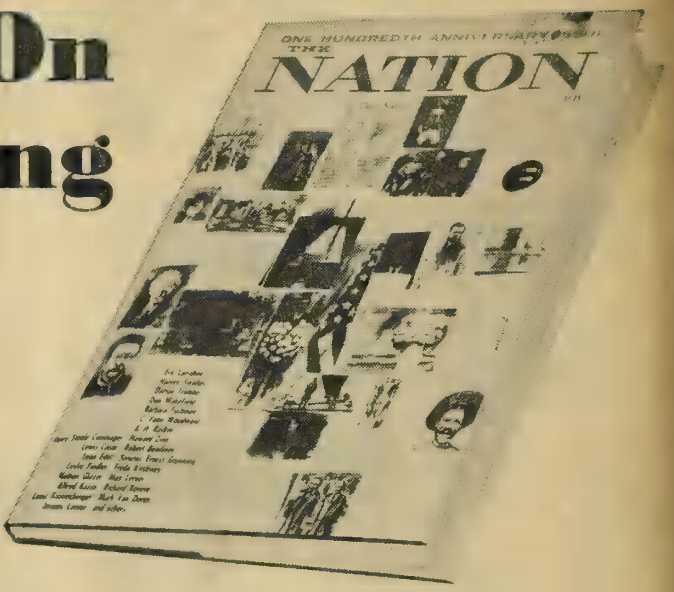

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LETTERS

The Negro family

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs: William Ryan's article "Savage Discovery: The Moynihan Report" [*The Nation*, Nov. 22] . . . is credible because of his extensive training in the fields of psychiatry and community relations. Unlike many journalists, he does not merely gobble up governmental reports blindly. Unlike many publishers, your magazine does not use contributors merely because they have a degree from a school of journalism or because their views coincide with the country's dominant political demeanor. Both Mr. Ryan and you deserve praise for presenting an article which questions the abuse of social research methodology.

William D. Cabin
Editor, The Pitt News
University of Pittsburgh

New York City

Dear Sirs: For the sake of discussion, one should, I suppose, assume that William Ryan actually read "The Moynihan Report" before writing his article. But if he did, the only charitable thing to say of his article is that he was so intent on making a "Savage Discovery" of his own that he manages to distort its import beyond all recognition.

He claims that the report "encourages (no doubt unintentionally) a new form of subtle racism." Since Dr. Ryan lays such a stress on hard data, one would like to know just what evidence he has for this statement. He claims that the report "seduces the reader into believing it is not racism and discrimination but the weaknesses and defects of the Negro himself that account for the present status of inequality between Negro and white." There is not a word in the report which would support this kind of conclusion; the report makes perfectly clear that the pathology of the Negro family stems directly from racism and discrimination, both in the past and *present*.

Dr. Ryan also claims that the report "allows the reader to make the cause-and-effect connection on the basis of his own prejudice. Little or no actual cause-and-effect data is presented." This kind of statement reminds one of the line taken by cigarette manufacturers: no one has *proved* that cigarettes cause lung cancer, only that there is a correlation between smoking and lung cancer. . . . Finally, Dr. Ryan claims that the report "singles out the 'unstable Negro family' as the cause of Negro inequality." The report does nothing of the kind. Its point is just the opposite: Negro inequality is the cause of the unstable Negro family.

Dr. Ryan is worried that we will persist "in creating a new set of myths to justify the *status quo*." I wish he was equally worried about the possibility that social scientists like himself will persist in hanging on to an old set of myths. His old myth, I would suggest, is that if we put an end to discrimination, everything else will more or less take care of itself. To be sure, he mentions the possibility of lingering damage, but he does not see that unless this damage is repaired *while discrimination is being ended*, the Negro may simply continue to be a victim indefinitely. . . .

Daniel Callahan
Associate Editor
Commonweal

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: May I urge, first, that Mr. Callahan and others, give up this boring and childish ritual of beginning with peevish questions about whether the other guy read the book? Why the hell would I—or anyone—go to the trouble of writing an article about an unread document? Now, briefly, to some of the substance:

1. *Does the Moynihan Report encourage racism?* It does so by giving ammunition to biased people. See Theodore White's Harlem Riot chapter, with its offensive discussion of "biological anarchy" and "zoological tenements" in Negro slums — drawn, obviously, from the report. See Holmes Alexander's discussions of the report, particularly his October 11 syndicated column, where he talks about "family structures that resemble harems more than marriages." Further references on request.

(Parenthetically, in response to other criticism, I have no reason to consider Dr. Moynihan himself any variety of racist or to doubt the compassionate nature of his intention. In this connection, I refer the reader to Moynihan's articles in the current *Daedalus* and in *America*, Sept. 18, as probably a more accurate statement of his own position.)

2. *Does the report point to family instability as a cause of inequality?* If it doesn't then others, as well as I, have misread. See, for example, Mr. Callahan's own magazine, *Commonweal* of Oct. 15, in which Herbert Gans summarized "the two major themes of the report, that Negroes must be given real equality, and that, because of the deterioration of the family, they are presently incapable of achieving it."

3. *Do I try to "explain away uncom-*

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hhouls, Ghosts and the GOP

Girding itself for 1966, the GOP is faced with two sues—one internal (the John Birch Society), one ternal (the Vietnam war). These are matters of inciple, which politicians observe when it serves eir purposes; they are also weights in the balance the national vote. If the Republican leadership ere thinking clearly, it would put its boot to the Birches and cry for an end to the killing. Eisenhower, fter all, made it to the White House by promising end the war in Korea (and stayed there by ending). But in the devious course of its descent to oblivion, e GOP is doing exactly the reverse.

On right-wing extremism it started off bravely, nam- g names. Sen. Thruston Morton denounced the John irch Society as a group in the same class with the ommunists or the Ku Klux Klan. Governor Robert mylie of Idaho was another crusader. But then the igh command had second thoughts. Robert Welch ould be castigated, but not the Society. The GOP co-rdinating committee put out a safe, general statenent against extremism. If the Birchites felt the shoe itted, they could put it on. They didn't. Instead, they an big ads in the major newspapers on the day of the oordinating committee's meeting, calling attention to heir unmatched anti-communism. The Society's pokesman, John Rousselot, said it was a splendid tatement. His gratification was understandable.

Little attempt was made to conceal the reason for he party's backing away from the earlier vehemence of some of its leaders. The reason was money. Gen. Lucius D. Clay, the head money-raiser, is miserable and, according to some reports, has been threatening to quit. The fact is that the Birch brand of politics is more attractive to many potential big contributors than moderate Republicanism, and by avoiding an outright condemnation and crying for unity the party hopes to keep its hand in their pockets.

The same ethical splendor shines in the GOP stand on Vietnam. Everybody knows by now that, barring a small miracle, the war is going to be the big issue of the 1966 elections. It is a dirty war and the Republicans are making it a dirty issue. They are warning the Johnson Administration against getting the country into "an endless, Korean-type jungle war," and at the same time shoving Mr. Johnson into precisely that kind of conflict. They want him to bomb Haiphong and Hanoi, establish a blockade, impose economic sanctions against allied nations that are shipping contraband to North Vietnam, declare war, etc. If Mr. Johnson takes these measures, and the war still goes badly, they will denounce him for not winning it. If he refrains, he will be accused of shamefully wasting the lives of American boys. They will tell the American people that if only Mr. Johnson had used the Navy and the Air Force with greater resolution the war would long since have been won. Johnson will find himself accused of not doing what Goldwater would have done (although he has been an agile and compliant disciple) and a certain number of voters, especially those with friends and relatives in the Vietnam hell hole—or just sorry for the victims in uniform—will fall for it. Or so, at any rate, the GOP strategists hope.

To Senator Dirksen, the GOP has finally driven off "the ghost of extremism." But it is not so; the ghost is still there, and the more ghoulish the party becomes, the more closely the ghost will haunt it. It is clear already that a decent, principled stand, a call for a cease-fire, for instance, is not to be expected from the Republicans; or, at the moment, from many Democrats.

Peace and Protestantism

The war in Vietnam is merely the latest—but one of the ugliest—episodes in the cold war. John Foster Dulles, who helped set the cold war in motion, was a power in the Federal Council of Churches and, ironically, from 1941 to 1947 chairman of its Commission on a Just and Enduring Peace. Later, Dulles served as arbiter on international affairs for the National Council of Churches, successor to the Federal Council and the most important Protestant organization in the United States. The National Council was one of Dulles' principal forums for the strategy of keeping the peace by threatening war.

Now a change is taking place in the Council, and the prime mover in that development is a man with antecedents as respectable as those of Dulles—Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, a Methodist and a Republican, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare under President Eisenhower, and currently president of the University of Oregon.

On December 3, the general board of the National Council of Churches, by a vote of 93 to 10 with 6 abstentions, adopted a policy statement and message to the churches on the Vietnam war. "We confront with sorrow," the statement began, "the profound and widespread war-suffering of the Vietnamese people both North and South and others who are involved in the conflict, including personnel in military and other forms of service and families of our own and other nations." Both in words and tone, this preamble should put to shame those professed Christians who are clamoring for a further and even more horrible escalation of the war.

The statement goes on to approve some actions and attitudes of the Johnson Administration and the United Nations — in particular that so far the population centers of North Vietnam have not been bombed. It then calls for a cessation of all bombing of North Vietnam "for a sufficient period to create more favorable circumstances for negotiations to begin and with a simultaneous effort to induce the North Vietnam Government to stop sending military personnel and material into South Vietnam." It asks for a cease-fire agreement (including cessation of terrorist activities) under UN supervision, and names the National Liberation Front as an interested party.

Still another recommendation, among a total of eight, is for a phased withdrawal of all U.S. troops and bases from Vietnamese territory, "if and when they can be replaced by adequate international peace-keeping forces, composed of military contingents capable of maintaining order while the peace settlement is being worked out."

It must be remembered that the purpose of the National Council was to seek a consensus on which all Christians and men of good will generally could agree; further, that the Council, as spokesman for the major Protestant groupings, is a force to be reckoned with. But it remains to be seen to what extent the National Council will succeed in inducing local church groups and affiliates to mobilize behind its recommendations.

The Nation finds the statement admirable, but doubts that a cessation of bombing alone will induce the North Vietnamese and the Chinese to call a halt to hostilities. The United States, with its overwhelming air power, is the stronger party in this conflict. It could well afford to stop the bombing, both north and south, and to call a unilateral cease-fire, with our troops firing only if fired upon. This might not work either, but it would have a much better chance than a mere reversion to the status of last February. The other measure which might have some effect would be for the Catholic Church in the United States to issue an appeal paralleling that of the National Council of Churches. The civil war in Vietnam, into which the United States has now injected itself as the principal belligerent, had its inception in the conflict between the Communist Vietminh and the Catholic minority. Yet it is no more in the interest of American Catholics than American Protestants or American Jews to incur the hatred of a majority of Asians as we use our air power to devastate an Asian country. The National Council has provided a rallying point. Now all men of good will must act; it is probably the last chance before the final inhibition on military force is lifted.

Straws in the Wind

Ours is a peculiarly violent and labile country; our crime rate is the highest in the world, and we have a record of political hysteria dating back to the Haymarket cases and before. Our 20th-century wars have all been followed by mass persecution: the Korean War brought into fastastic power the clownish ax man who held in his hand the names of 157 card-carrying Communists in the State Department. Now, with the rising casualties and rising frustrations in Vietnam, the manic phase is under way once more.

California State Treasurer Bert A. Betts, a norn ly mild-mannered Democrat, has been calling for x-pulsion of three University of California student at Berkeley who participated in sit-ins and teach-ins nd the firing of faculty members who became associ ed with such activities. He is among those who now ll "treason" at certain opponents of the Vietnam war. et the hysteria expand, and it will be surprising if ey do not regard all opposition as traitorous.

Draft boards are resorting to reclassification of ar dissenters; universal service is now to become a bra h of penology (see article by Carl Cohen, p. 520 is issue). A federal judge sentenced David Mitchel a draft objector, to five years in jail and fined n $5,000 (he is furious because Mitchell's attorney t d to bring the Nuremberg trials into the case). The s-tice Department is studying whether leaflets urg g American troops in Vietnam not to fight "any m e than you have to" (the maxim which most sold s in all armies follow anyway) involve sedition or t son. And an associate director of the FBI out-Hoov s Hoover by deploring the " 'celebrity status' which s often been accorded those morally and emotion y immature misfits who have cast a shadow of disgr e across the streets of many American communities a d the campuses of some of our educational institution " He lumps them with "racketeers, Communists, n cotics peddlers, filth merchants and others of th r ilk. . . ."

"When beats the drum," the proverb says, "laws e dumb."

Hospitals in Storage

The Office of Civil Defense has 2,000 crated h pitals stashed around the country, ready to patch any citizens who escape incineration in an aton blast. Only now it appears that they are not all th ready.

Arnold Dodge, head of the OCD's hospital syste announced last week, after completing the first she cleaning in nine years, that $22 million and possil as much as $50 million worth of drugs and suppl had gone bad and must be thrown away. Some of had been useless for a long time. So far nobody h benefited, as Sen. William Proxmire recently point out, except the drug companies.

That wasn't all the bad news. Dodge also report that some regular civilian hospitals had "borrowe supplies from the crated emergency clinics and h never returned the drugs. The taxpayer paid twic once when he bought the drugs for civil defense, ar a second time when he went itno the regular ho pital. Oh yes, and one other thing. Twenty millic dollars' worth of plasma was lost when doctors feare that it might be tainted and converted it into anoth supply.

Waste, waste, and the public might as well get use to it. Dodge expects to lose 1 per cent of the supplie each year through spoilage. At present this woul mean throwing only $2 million a year into the ashcar t if the civil defense system grows according to his pes, it will eventually mean discarding an annual 0 million in drugs and supplies.

The Office of Civil Defense is reorganizing its hostal program. At present communities contribute the ace for the packaged hospitals, and one change it s in mind is to start paying federal money for rental pace. Dodge thinks $100 a month per unit would be “minimum” to expect, and he foresees that eventually 500 hospitals will be stored around the country. That mes to nearly a million a month in rent, ten million year—enough to *build* half a dozen average hositals. Every political leech in the country will be tryg to rent his barn to the government, and 9,500 of em will succeed.

Your civil defenders have just begun to waste.

edside Manner

That black is red is a basic leg of the segregationist yllogism; and, with this in mind, the fast-breaking urve slung off early this month by Edwin Willis, chairan of the House Committee on Un-American Activiies, should come as no surprise to anyone who's wonered when HUAC would get around to its real task.

The committee has been “investigating” the operaions of the Ku Klux Klan, which is about the same as neighborhood-improvement association's taking a ong, hard look at the church's bingo game: it's obiously immoral, but what the hell.

Mr. Willis told reporter Dom Bonafede, of the New ork *Herald Tribune* that he was pleased with the ay the Klan hearings were going, and that they “have ot only torn the veil of the so-called Invisible Empire ut have uncovered strange bedfellows under the heet.” These strange bedfellows he named as Martin uther King, James Farmer and the Communist Party. They are all in the same bed opposing the hearing.”

When the Klan hearings got under way, it was dificult to see how Willis would be able to get on the ight side of the racist tracks. It proved to be no trick t all for the Louisiana Congressman.

nvitation to a Conversation

During the month of December, Poland sent to New York an exhibition of seventeen of its contemporary painters (D'Arcy Galleries) and the United States sent to Warsaw, Cracow, and other towns of their family origin six Congressmen of Polish descent. This exchange is admirable—it fosters a growth of understanding, of tolerance, of affection. The Congressmen represent, naturally enough, Polish-American communities, and these by and large have been almost pathologically anti-Communist; the trip, thus, took some courage on the legislators' part, and they were rewarded by a welcome that clearly moved them.

The art show in New York must also have called for courage on the part of some Polish officials, for the works shown are at the opposite pole of official taste in Communist countries. The exhibition was not very well received here, but that is irrelevant—our critics treated it as they would a show originating anywhere in the West: for its inherent merit and with no political embarrassment.

The guardians of American culture might take heart from this event. We hedge the art we send abroad—and particularly to Eastern Europe—with so many extraneous considerations that almost nothing gets sent. If Winslow Homer were still our most eminent painter there would be no trouble: politicians, curators and the art community could agree that he was a suitable ambassador. But our dominant painting is anti-conformist, anti-establishment, deliberately upsetting. Send it nevertheless. The Poles may admire it, or they may jeer at it. In any case they will learn that the United States is not a chrome laboratory of push-button impersonality, but a nation seeking relevant values and intelligible communication after half a century of violent change. The object of cultural exchange is not that we should be feared or emulated; it is that we should be drawn into a friendly conversation. The Poles—and indeed the nations of Eastern Europe generally—have been quicker than the Americans to grasp this point.

The Best Weapons

Secretary McNamara and the Joint Chiefs of Staff can now relax: a remarkable new strategist has emerged. His qualifications, to be sure, are somewhat out of relation to his self-confidence, but perhaps that is the mark of a great tactician. In any case, the new expert, Mayor Samuel Yorty of Los Angeles, can hardly fare worse than some we have already had in Vietnam. While on a junket to Japan, Mayor Yorty was invited by Pentagon brass to pay Vietnam a visit—on the theory, no doubt, that a man who had managed the race relations of Los Angeles so brilliantly must be qualified to give pointers to our civilian and military aides.

On returning home, the Mayor gave a luncheon in his own honor and there held forth at length on what we should do in Vietnam. We should use “the best weapons,” which are, of course, nuclear weapons; but we should not use them on civilians. We should begin to think about “liberating” North Vietnam. We should “stop worrying about world opinion . . . this is not a popularity contest.” And we should stop “restraining our fighting men” and “pleading with the Communists” for discussions. As for the protesters and those who dissent from the official Washington line, we should expose them and the “hard-core Communists” behind them. And oh, yes, we should send more troops into Vietnam, right away.

Standing against the backdrop of a huge map of Southeast Asia in the Statler Hilton, before an audience made up exclusively of henchmen and hangers-on, the Mayor, pointer in hand, explained that if Vietnam falls, “all Southeast Asia will fall to the Communists.” Maybe those captive listeners accepted Mayor Yorty's recipe for victory with honor, but the odds are strong that they were the only true believers among the vast multitudes of Los Angeles.

AFL-CIO Convention

STRONG ARM of the STATUS QUO

B. J. Widic

San Francisco

This sixth constitutional convention of the AFL-CIO stands in most respects in marked contrast to the exciting merger meeting in New York City ten years ago. World events and the changing composition of the union movement itself have left a deep imprint on the AFL-CIO.

If there was a single theme at the founding convention it was the promise of unity for organizational gains and social progress. The excitement in 1955 came from the prospect of fusing the spirit and dynamism of the CIO with the revitalized AFL. Vocal concern over the hard-line foreign policies—the rigid anti-communism of President George Meany, under the alleged influence of Jay Lovestone—was muted in the belief that over a period of time the more knowledgeable and sophisticated Reuther brothers would downgrade Lovestone, and give labor a fresh voice with more flexible ideas on the world scene. And soon, the optimists hoped, the fiery Walter Reuther would influence and then replace the elder George Meany.

In 1965, the first two days of the convention were a drumbeat of mobilization behind the policy of unconditional and uncritical support of the Administration's policies abroad. There was total preoccupation with the war in Vietnam, and the reverberations of the escalation overcame all other sounds. Its crescendo was reached in the ovation given Dean Rusk, whose views of world history and current events were expressed as a "good guys versus bad guys" speech. In an encore, Vice President Hubert Humphrey added the flavor of "guns and whipped cream," and assured the delegates that "there isn't a war monger in Washington in high position."

President Johnson phoned a message, the national commander of the American Legion said his piece, as did Alexis Johnson, of the State Department. Finally, President George Meany made a total of four speeches: all on the central point of unreserved support for the Johnson Administration.

Much of this could have been expected, but the intensity of the drive to indicate that the labor hierarchy was behind current foreign policy was somewhat surprising. In this atmosphere there were no doubters, and no room for doubt; no dissenters, and no room for dissent. The convention saw reality with no shades of good or evil; it was a caucus in black and white.

On Monday afternoon, without dissent or discussion, the following policy statement on the Dominican Republic was adopted as part of a resolution on Latin America:

> *However, in Santo Domingo, the leaders of a popular revolution faltered and opened the door for various pro-Communist groups to take over strategic positions from which they could seize power. These totalitarians forthwith began to subvert the popular revolution. . . . After the experience with the Castro-Moscow missile machinations of October, 1962, it was clear that outside intervention in Santo Domingo was urgent in order to overcome the immediate risk of another Cuba-type regime which could become an additional threat to the freedom of the Americas and the peace of the world. Furthermore, the Communist depredations in Santo Domingo have been only part of the widespread campaign of terrorism in Colombia, Guatemala, Peru, and other Latin American countries. It is to the credit of our country that its efforts in the Dominican crisis have been directed toward preventing a military take-over, hastening the restoration of constitutional government, speeding the economic reconstruction, and enabling even the most outspoken political opponents to enjoy full freedom of criticism of U.S. policies.*

Perhaps the clue to this astonishing version of events may be found in Dean Rusk's comments on the close liaison he has enjoyed with President Meany over a number of years. This seems a more logical explanation of the resolution's State Department tone than dismissing AFL-CIO "mistakes" as the handiwork of Jay Lovestone.

For this convention was dominated totally by George Meany, n only in foreign policy but in eve important decision down to eve replacement in AFL and CIO amon the aging leadership. The flavor o the gathering may have been caugh by the TV showing of a brief inc dent which occurred after Dea Rusk's pedestrian assurances on th crisis and the war in Vietnam. band of about fifty youths in th gallery displayed signs urging peac and debate, and they chanted "De bate, debate," and apparentl "Peace" (the booing from the dele gates made it difficult to distinguis the words). From the platform President Meany ordered the gal leries cleared of what he calle "kookies," and the scorn in his voic reflected convention sentiment.

The disdain of President Mean and his colleagues for any variet of peace movement or, more im portant, for any debate or doubt about foreign policy was indicate by the harsh treatment of Senato Fulbright in a resolution adopte unanimously by the executive board The resolution also states tha "many in the West felt that it woul be possible to establish genuin peaceful coexistence through ex panded trade and cultural ex changes with the Communist bloc The AFL-CIO, we are told, "never shared those spurious hopes."

Out of the 928 delegates presen in San Francisco, only two impor tant officials had previously indi cated serious disagreement with the hard-line official policy. Until the UAW executive board, under the di rection of Walter Reuther, adopted a strong resolution of endorsement for President Johnson's policies, the secretary-treasurer of the United Automobile Workers Union, Emil Mazey, had publicly criticized the Dominican Republic. Late in the convention he reminded the assembled brothers that labor had fought hard for the right to disagree and should defend that right for others; he deplored Meany's crass treatment of the Vietnam protesters—and, according to *The New York Times*, received scant applause for his words. Pat Gorman of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butchers was until recently considered a dissenter,

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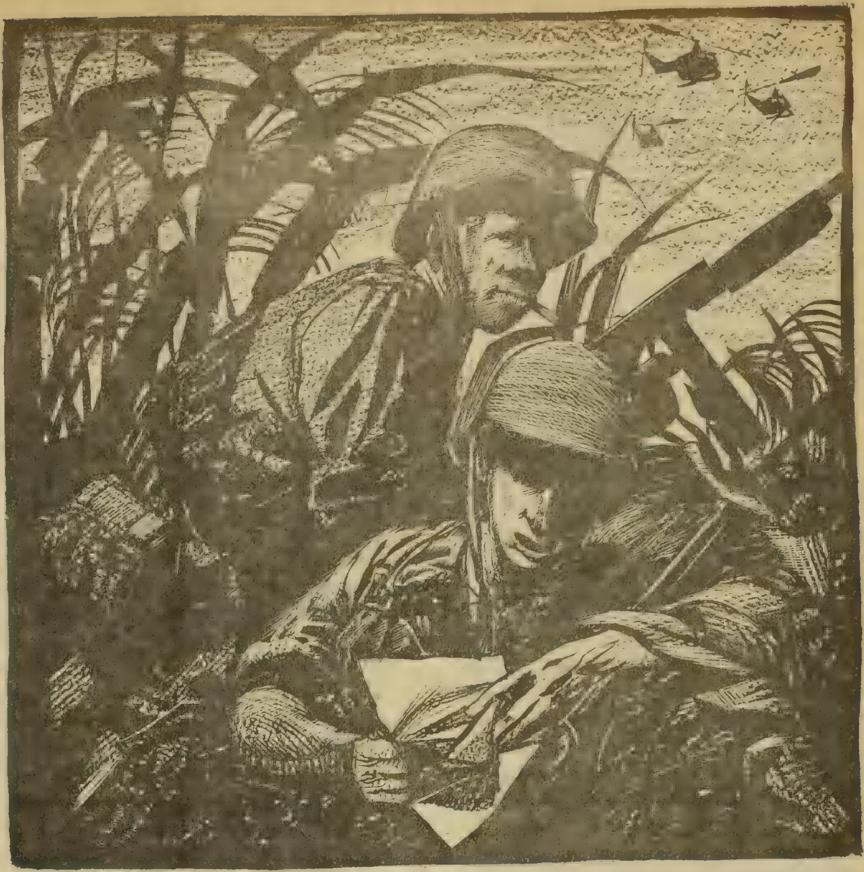
he has now rejected any asso- tion with critics of foreign policy. Fhe recent Freedom House pol- statement on the war in Vietnam s signed by—among others— ılter P. Reuther, Charles Zim- rman of the ILGWU and Richard xon. This is evidence of the pres- e for total national unity, and role of the trade union move- nt in achieving it. The success the Johnson Administration in taining such unreserved support m the trade unions is a major litical achievement. This rich and stitutionalized movement becomes t only a bulwark for the Adminis- ition but a strong counter force any criticism from dissenters or ubters in the nation. The decision the Building and Construction ades Department to mobilize "a tion-wide series of positive meet- gs, rallies and publicity cam- igns on our country's policies," derstandably received specific hite House congratulations.

One of the few moments when e convention seemed to be living the real world as it moves swift- into a new phase of war escala- on came with the speech of A. ilip Randolph, on the civil rights solution. He warned against the nsequences of the drive to slow wn and emasculate the Negro rust for social justice. One won- ered what will happen when this d warrior leaves the executive uncil. The NAACP had sent a legram urging more new Negro aders in the top structure of the nion movement, but who will they and where will they come from?

The mood of the convention, it concerned itself with nar- w trade union matters, was ne of self-satisfaction. President leany's report pointed out that The AFL-CIO membership shows n increase of 430,000 between 955 and the average for the two- ear period ending September 30, 965. The actual increase between December, 1955, and November, 965, is, however, about 700,000." hus Meany felt himself entitled to eer a little: "It will be interesting see how our critics, who two years go wrote of us as stagnant, out of tyle, and over the hill, will account or the strange turn now, when we re two years older." The viewpoint eminds one of a businessman who rosses more this year than last but ails to note that his share of the narket has declined in a period of expansion. Using either total civilian labor force or nonfarm work force as a reference point, the proportionate share of union membership continues to decline. And no one at San Francisco was predicting a significant breakthrough in white-collar areas.



Macpherson, Toronto Star

"P.S. Nobody Likes the War but it's Good for Business"

The changes in union membership have another important aspect. Except for the excluded teamsters union which registered about 300,000 more members in the past decade, the unions which grew were old-line AFL, and those that lost membership were the former CIO unions. This shift accounts in part for the ascendancy of the ideology and personality of George Meany. Auto, steel, textile among others, each lost more than 100,000 members in the past ten years. The AFL retail clerks picked up more than 150,000, the AFL electrical workers more than 200,000, the operating engineers more than 100,000, and the building service union more than 100,000. These unions have scant patience for oratory of the Reuther variety; they are satisfied with President Meany's evaluation of the world and their place in it.

Given the increase in the national work force, the AFL-CIO needed an annual increase of 250,000 members after 1955 to maintain its proportion of union membership, and it fell seriously short of this pace. The lag tends to be lost in the context of a growing economy calculated to reach a $700 billion Gross National Product next year. In this society both collective bargaining and unionism are so institutionalized that there now exist about 150,000 contracts between labor and management, with most of them for two- and three-year periods, and most of them containing wage improvements annually. And with union dues totaling annually about $750 million, the short-run illusion of success is understandable.

Apparently the discussion of this affluence within the hierarchy is the source of Walter Reuther's recent remark about a "Bankers' Mentality" among some trade union leaders. It fits also into the executive council's recommendation of a raise for President Meany from $45,000 to $50,000, with the additional provision that Meany receive another $20,000 per year while he serves as president of the AFL-CIO.

The future smiles on the current

leadership from two directions. First, the teamsters union is no longer an acute problem. James Hoffa is so deeply preoccupied with legal entanglements that he has apparently adopted a live-and-let-live strategy. His executive board, meeting recently at Las Vegas, produced a quiet and subdued Hoffa, a man who wasn't making big plans or even blocking the pretensions of Harold Gibbons or Einor Mohn to be his successor if his convictions are sustained by the Supreme Court. The teamsters will be welcomed back quickly into the AFL-CIO if Hoffa goes and Mohn takes over. In this respect, Mohn has a jump on Gibbons who has many important enemies in the AFL-CIO. The return of the teamsters would add 1.5 million members.

The second promising development is that all signs at the convention—the firm commitment of President Johnson and Vice President Humphrey and the private comments of labor leaders—pointed to another and more vigorous fight to repeal Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act which enables states to enact anti-union-shop legislation (nineteen states now have such laws). If the war in Vietnam expands as seems likely, the trade unions will have additional pressure at their disposal. They would offer a policy of "non-strike" in negotiations if requested, and a *quid pro quo* would be indicated. Besides, the draft calls are likely to become large enough to create some shortages in the labor market. This would place the unions in a position similar to that held by them during World War II, when unionism grew by 4 million members.

Hopes for the future combined with satisfaction in the recent past. Said Mr. Meany: "In two of the most productive legislative years in history we received medical care for the aged, a massive aid to education program, new civil rights laws, housing, tax cuts, an anti-poverty program, and new attacks on pollution, crime, illiteracy and discrimination. And to top it all off—a continuation of the prosperity and economic growth begun fifty-eight months ago by President Kennedy, the greatest and longest period of prosperity in modern times."

Hundreds of resolutions for more social welfare legislation were submitted to the convention—all predicated on the assumption that the American industrial machine can provide more guns and more butter indefinitely. Even while trade union leaders were living in euphoria, the dispatches from Washington and Texas indicated that the Johnson Administration is preparing to slow down the march toward a Great Society as the escalation of war turns the nation into a grim society.

In the context of world events, and given the unanimity of policy at this convention, the controversy and wild speculation about changes in union leadership were somewhat less than significant. The question of age was really minor. George Meany, at 70, easily demonstrated all the vigor and firmness necessary to run the organization smoothly, tightly and efficier
And as if to emphasize how ir
vant the issue of age really v
Meany kept Harry Bates, aged
on the executive council.

Walter Reuther at 58 did not
himself apart in ideas or poli
from 70-year-old George Meany.
the top hierarchy, the mold of
institution is more influential tl
the men for determining leadersl
And the overpowering role of P
ident Meany has set the pattern
the future—when he retires.

In the 100th anniversary issue
The Nation, A. H. Raskin sugges
that, "Without a new consciousn
of mission [the labor moveme
will drift into a steadily reduc
role as either a ward of the gove
ment or of industry, stripped of a
real influence as a force for der
cratic vitality or economic balanc
During this convention *The N*
York Times quoted a steel indus
executive to the effect that lal
"got the gout," and an auto ind
try man who declared, "the lal
movement . . . is more a defender
the *status quo* than in earlier year

Labor ought to have a sense
social mission, as did the origi
CIO, but can exist without it. U
ions that embrace a business p
losophy and motivation can gr
and become richer. In the short ru
this satisfies the hierarchy. Tl
union leaders fought Lyndon Jol
son and lost—and now they a
glad. No President ever had a clo
rapport with the union leadersh
In return, he has in the trade uni
movement a strong defender agai
all critics on all issues.

Harold Wilson

LABOUR'S LLOYD GEORGE?

. . . . Michael Foo

London

As the British Labour Government starts on its second year of office, the outward signs of endurance and vitality are impressive. Contrary to most prophecies, the minuscule majority in the House of Commons has not made effective government impossible. Almost miraculously, the public-opinion polls have moved sharply in the government's favor. Few observers doubt that if an election were held now or in the near future, the Labour Party would substantially improve its position. For the first time since the narrowness of the majority disappointed left-wing hopes in October, 1964, a sustained period of Labour rule emerges as a distinct possibility.

Considering the alarms of the past twelve months, and whatever the verdict that may be reached on many of the government's individual policies, this achievement is considerable in itself. Week after week, the whole scene has been overcast by the threat to sterling and by the fear of ministers that if unpopular steps were not taken a first-class financial crisis might follow.
series of other emergencies, fr
Vietnam to Rhodesia, have impos
heavy strains on the governmen
own support. Frequently the Tori
who suppose themselves born
rule, have expected that they wou
soon have their rightful heritage
stored. As recently as July and A
gust, when the Labour Chancell

Michael Foot, Member of Parliame
is a managing director of Tribune *a*
a regular political columnist for t
London Daily Herald.

the Exchequer was introducing sh "economy" measures, appar- ly to comfort or appease the in- national financiers, it was as- ned that the Tory Opposition, ler the new, invigorating lead- hip of Edward Heath, would re- n to the House of Commons in vember, ready for the kill. Noth- of the sort happened in this nth's debates at the beginning of new session. With spectacular ldenness the political balance has ped in Labour's favor.

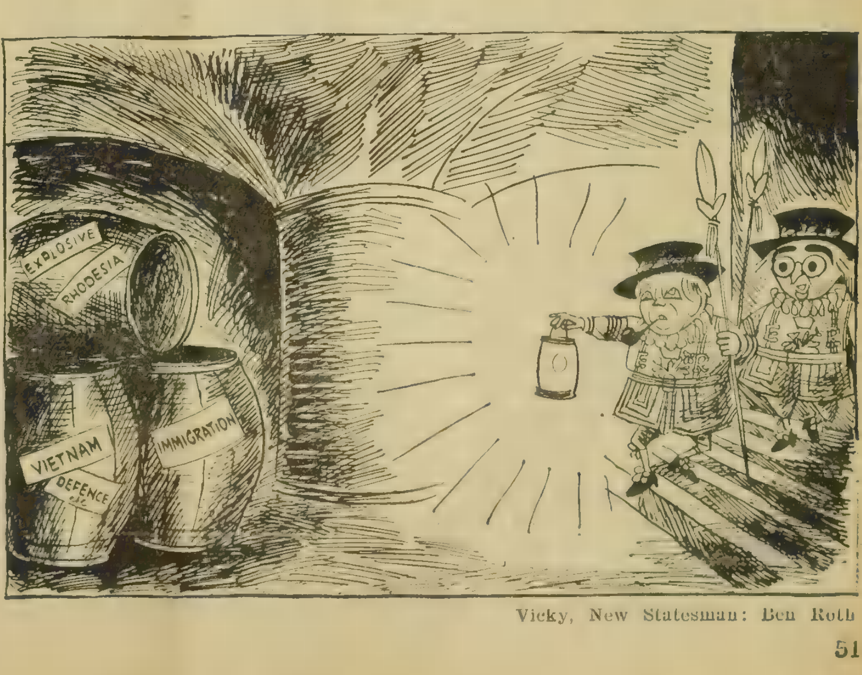
Much dispute is possible about causes of the change, but even most doctrinaire opponent of cult of personality could hardly rain from giving pride of place the phenomenon of Harold Wil- 1. Hardly a day passes without ne mesmerized political pundit the Conservative newspapers ac- owledging his skill and profes- nal competence. Up until a few nths ago it was his cunning that torted the most unrestrained trib- es; more recently, especially dur- g the Rhodesian crisis, the as- luous survey of his varied talents tends to his "statesmanship" and s infallible touch as "a national ader." And let it not be supposed at the adulation is merely part of e old Tory device of embracing e enemy. Mr. Wilson was, and ll is, positively hated by most ries. What they blurt out is the uth they never bargained for— at for the first time in its history e Labour Party has a leader who ands head and shoulders above s opponents in political intelli- nce, driving power and capacity seize the initiative. No such claim uld be made on behalf of Mac- onald, Attlee or Gaitskell. Wilson as the zest of a Truman, the cool- ess of a Macmillan; he may even ave the political acumen (as he rely has the deviousness) of a loyd George. It is a formidable mbination and the impact on the olitical temper of the country can- ot be underrated. Ever since Win- on Churchill made the accusation the 1920s, the familiar gibe gainst the Labour Party has been at it is "unfit to govern." Wilson hiefly, but assisted by several of is leading colleagues, has effec- vely buried the charge.

The second of Labour's ad- antages must be stated much more entatively, for the drama is unfin- shed. Yet in recent weeks, almost nexplicably, the strain on sterling has eased, the gnawing preoccupation of ministers with the immediate economic threat has been relieved. Here, indeed, if the present gusts of optimism blowing through Whitehall and Westminster are justified, a near miracle will have been achieved. Ever since November of last year, the main criticism of the government on its economic policies, from Conservatives and Socialists, from Right and Left, has been that it tackled the balance-of-payments crisis with old, discredited weapons. Higher interest rates, cutbacks of public expenditure, excessive deflation; these and kindred measures, said the critics, would merely produce the old stop-go cycle, serious unemployment and stagnation in the economy.

Indeed, it was this prospect, envisaged not merely by expectant Tories and downcast Socialists but by most orthodox economic opinion, which suggested in the spring and summer that Labour was heading for a crash. No amount of Wilsonian brilliance could distract attention from rising unemployment figures. And yet, as of now, it is the government rather than its critics that has been vindicated. So far this government's restrictive measures have operated much less crudely than those of its predecessors; so far there has been no jolting stop in the stop-go cycle. For generations, left-wing Socialists in Britain have assailed the reformism and timidity of their leaders, partly on the grounds that capitalists could be expected to run capitalism better than Socialists, and that Socialists would be wise therefore not to embark on the enterprise; they should instead seek to introduce a system of their own. But Mr. Wilson and his colleagues seem—momentarily, at least—to be running capitalism better than the capitalists. And since no one in his senses could expect them to introduce a social revolution with a majority of three, even left-wing members of the Labour Party can greet the event with cautious enthusiasm.

Labour has a number of lesser but considerable assets on its side. In the months ahead, some of the legislative reforms passed by Parliament in the past year will come into operation and the program for the new session comprises further measures which, apart from their other virtues, should assist in winning votes. Housing, says Wilson, is the great social problem of the 1960s, as unemployment was of the 1930s. His energetic and imaginative Housing Minister, Richard Crossman, has been given or has extracted a high priority in the government's social plans for his schemes. Several other reforms — especially those that cost little money—will be approved in the months ahead. Given no sudden transformation in the scene, the government can look forward to a successful year with the likelihood of a general election in the autumn. If opposition proved too obstreperous before then, the successful appeal to the polls could be made in the spring. For the government, either way the prospect pleases.

Such then is the exuberant estimate of the situation made by



Vicky, New Statesman: Ben Roth

ministers themselves, but the very swiftness with which the present opportunity has developed should qualify their optimism. During the past year the government's popularity, according to the public polls, has not steadily risen or fallen; it has tended rather to zigzag. For all the present display of confidence, that experience is likely to be repeated in the future and the predicament of the government, arising from its small majority, remains. One or two deaths, necessitating by-elections in marginal constituencies at a moment when the government's popularity was low, could deprive it of a majority, and a general election forced by such circumstances would almost certainly be disastrous. How can the wary Mr. Wilson guard against such a hazard? One answer, accepted by many of the leading political commentators, is that the essential precaution has already been taken. Mr. Wilson, it is said, has made a tacit, undercover alliance with Jo Grimond's Liberal Party, thus raising his effective Parliamentary majority from two to roughly twenty. The legislative program for 1966 offers much to attract Liberal support and nothing to alarm it—in particular it does not include the bill to bring the steel industry into public ownership, the principal Socialist measure in Labour's program.

No such deal with the Liberals, direct or indirect, does in fact exist, and on the issue of steel nationalization Mr. Wilson has taken an early opportunity to stress that, despite the omission of the measure from this year's proposed legislation, it remains a firm commitment of his government. But the stir created by the apparent retreat on this central test of Socialist planning is no more than one sign of the widespread suspicion and disillusion which the government's strategy and policies have aroused on the Left of the party.

While the country at large has increasingly admired Mr. Wilson's skill, while the Right and Center of the party in the main have increasingly offered their enthusiastic approval, the Left has been bitterly disappointed. On Vietnam, on defense policy, on relations with the Soviet Union, on the so-called "East of Suez" posture adopted in Aden and Malaysia, on immigration policy, on the lack of more direct and interventionist economic measures —on all these issues in the past year the government has appeared to accept, reluctantly or readily, in part or in whole, the attitudes of its Conservative predecessors. And, say some, the tactics for the present session, the dropping of steel, the unspoken reliance on the Liberals, are merely fresh proof that the bipartisan outlook and non-Socialist tendencies of the administration have become more deliberate. "THE DAY THEY BURIED SOCIALISM," ran one screaming headline in a Conservative newspaper when the news was finally published about the steel bill.

Nothing in fact is so precise the highly fluid state of prese British politics. It could be that t trends which have drained all se blance of socialism from most the European Social Democra parties are operating here and th Mr. Wilson is content to presi over the process. But it cou also be that the only resort of government must be, at a reaso ably early date, to fight a fresh el tion, and that a substantial Labo victory could once again sharp the division in British society a produce a government capable a prepared to carry through tru radical change. Mr. Wilson's political zest and energy would quali him to play that role too.

The stronger his position comes—in his own party it is ve strong—the more depends on wh his real vision is. No one know and, possibly, he does not kno himself. Fighting off the pressur of one crisis after another on th basis of a barely existing majorit he can have had little time to thi in terms of longer perspectives. Th deep suspicion of the Left is th he prefers it that way, that he pos tively revels in the tests an glamour of an immediate crisis an despises longer aims as me theorizing. What *are* the guidin principles of this supreme empir cist, of Labour's Lloyd George? Th same question was asked of th earlier Lloyd George and even t day the historians quarrel abou the answer.

PUNISHMENT BY CONSCRIPTION

General Hershey's Big Stick . . . . . . Carl Cohe

A recent incident at Ann Arbor, Mich., and ensuing events, have given rise to serious doubts about the propriety of the uses to which the Selective Service System is now being put.

On October 15, thirty-nine persons, all but one of them students at the University of Michigan, were arrested in Ann Arbor for trespassing while engaged in civil disobedience to protest United States policy in Vietnam. To make their protest as effective as possible, the students had focused upon the instrument of military conscription; their disobedience took the form of sitting on the floor of the office of the local board of the Selective Service System. During the period of their sit-in the work of the clerks went on as usual, although not, of course, without interruption.

Upon arrest, most of the demonstrators went limp and had to be carried from the building to waiting police vans. In the local court most of those arrested pleaded *nolo contendere*, were found guilty of trespassing and sentenced to ten days in the county jail. Upon sentencing them, Judge Francis O'Brien made very clear that the were being punished not for the ex pression of their views upon Amer can foreign policy, but because o their planned, deliberate violatio of the law. The students' reques for a stay in the execution of th sentence, so that they might serv their ten days during the Christma holiday and avoid academic pena ty, was refused. Their cases wer appealed to the circuit court, wit the intention of dropping that ap peal just prior to the university' Christmas recess in December.

That did not satisfy the directo

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the state headquarters of the chigan Selective Service, Col. thur B. Holmes. He announced at the sit-in had been "an overt olation of the Selective Service t," and might result in the ange of the draft classification some of the protesters (most of hom were at that time classified students, 2-S) and in their im- ediate induction. Twelve days er Colonel Holmes sent an "evalu- ion" of the incident to the local aft board of each of the male idents. He contended that the otest disrupted Selective Service fice procedure, that that could be terpreted as a violation of Sec- on 12 of the Universal Military aining and Service Act, and that me among the students involved ould thereby lose their student de- rments. He insisted, however, at the decision in each case would st with the local draft board. In e weeks that followed four of the otesting students have been re- assified 1-A.

The reaction of the Ameri- n Civil Liberties Union of Michi- n, of the Democratic Party of lichigan, and of the University of lichigan, has been sharp. ACLU tate Chairman Rollo O'Hare ondemned the use of the Selective ervice Act as a device to punish olitical protest. Colonel Holmes's atement, he said, "mocks our tra- itional national belief that patri- tic duty and honor, not simply engeance, are served by donning e nation's uniform." The ACLU lans soon to file with the circuit ourt, requesting a federal declara- ory judgment to end further re- lassification, and to restore the riginal classification in the cases f the four students. The State Central Committee of the Demo- ratic Party unanimously approved resolution which said, in part, "If lemonstrators break the law, they hould be prosecuted under the law, ut the draft status of the student lemonstrators should not be used s an instrument of thought con- rol."

Democratic Rep. Charles Diggs of Detroit joined with several Democratic state legislators in sending dentical and highly critical letters o Colonel Holmes, in which they harged that the Selective Service System was pursuing a "dictatorial and unrepresentative draft policy." They condemned Holmes's role in the students' reclassification, saying: "Your office has become the punitive arm of society and as such has infringed on the traditional separation of governmental powers, as you become a judiciary."

At the University of Michigan the reaction has been a mixture of pain, anger and disbelief. The president of the Student Government Council called the investigation by the Selective Service System "a violation of the rights of petition and a repressive act." Vice presidents of the University, Cutler and Smith, issued a formal statement, arguing that

> . . . *satisfactory educational progress by the student is in our judgment the controlling, if not the sole factor upon which deferment should be based. This we understand to be the existing national policy. To introduce other factors into the decision makes possible either individual favoritism or individual punitive action, either of which is clearly unwise and potentially discriminatory.*

This statement has been strongly endorsed in a formal resolution of the Student Government Council, and in a statement by the president of the university, Dr. Harlan Hatcher, who expressed great concern that such reclassification could "warp and degrade the entire concept of the draft." He insisted that "Selective Service must not be allowed to become an instrument for punishing dissent."

General Louis B. Hershey, director of the National Selective Service System, stated his position in a telephone interview given to the student newspaper, *The Michigan Daily*. General Hershey said *he* told Holmes that the sit-in constituted a violation of the Selective Service Act, and that the students' "conduct ought to be graded. The government would be committing suicide if it deferred students who defied the selective service laws." He said he was perfectly willing to take complete responsibility in the affair, and made it clear that he *does* view induction as a punishment, and deems the use of this punishment upon recalcitrant students to be appropriate and just. "I happen to be one of those old-fashioned fathers," he said, "who never let pity interfere with a spanking."

There the matter stands at present. The possibilities for the appeal of the draft reclassifications is likely to keep the fate of the students concerned in doubt for weeks or months to come.

Several features of this series of events deserve wide and careful notice. First, the vigor and clarity of the response to use of the draft as punishment is heartening. The reaction throughout Michigan has been widespread and well articulated. Even those who despise the protesters and their cause have voiced concern that using the conscriptive power of the federal gov-

SAGSOORIAN

ernment to threaten those who protest against its policies is the deepest kind of wrong in a democracy.

But, second, the damage already done is not easily undone. The four students may succeed in regaining their student deferments. But whether they do or not the injury to them is minor compared to the injury already done to the nation as a whole. Hundreds of thousands of university students have been effectively threatened. How can they now be sure that the same power will not be used against them, if they wish to express a political view that conflicts with the government line?

Third, these recent events reinforce the conclusion that in recent months and years the University of Michigan has become a tower of strength in the defense of the genuinely free speech of its students and faculty. Student political protests, some distasteful to the vast majority of the university, have been tolerated patiently and wisely by faculty and administration alike. The president of the university, speaking recently to potential donors, said that although such student activism may frighten some gifts away, students at his university will continue to enjoy fully all of their rights as citizens of a democracy. The spirit of the university as a whole is now one in which all — Communists and Nazis included — may have their say. In such an atmosphere the quality of teaching and research has risen steadily; the university has become more and more attractive to the best students and to faculty of the highest caliber; education has become more exciting, more meaningful, more effective. And the greatest benefactors have been the state of Michigan and the nation.

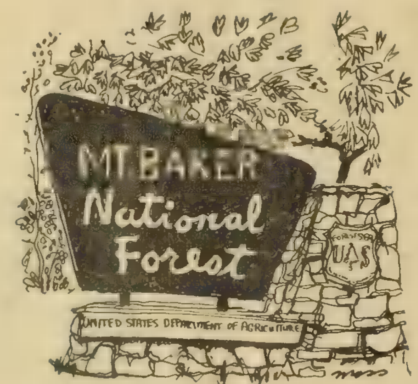
Fourth, the potential punitive use of the "Universal" Military Training Act casts the gravest doubts on the justice of that act as a whole. If some may be punished for an alleged wrongdoing by being inducted into military service, what shall we say of those who were inducted into military service without wrongdoing? For what were they punished? But punished they have been, in precisely the same way. It will not do to reply that Selective Service should not be used as a punitive instrument. Of course it *should not*. But it is painfully evident that conscription is viewed by both the potential draftee and the agency that inducts him as a penalty, the infliction of harm and inconvenience (not to mention possible injury and death) upon some but not others. Military conscription in a democracy is fundamentally unhealthy, and should be eliminated. But if
seems very doubtful) its contir
tion is a necessity for national
vival, the inductive system sho
be so genuinely *universalized* as
make its punitive use not only
wise and unjust but impossible.

Finally, no one will dispute
need to punish defiance of
selective service laws themselves
long as those laws are on the boo
(Whether the Ann Arbor sit-in
a defiance of those laws is a se
rate question of fact.) But su
punishment could only be justly
posed if guilt for the offense w
properly established by a court
law. The assumption by a local dr
board, or by the state or natio
director of the Selective Serv
System, that they have the right
decide upon the guilt or innocen
of an accused violator is untena
—but it is an assumption apparen
being made by Colonel Holm
General Hershey, and perhaps so
local boards. Whatever the jurisd
tion of the Selective Service Syste
deciding legal guilt or innocence
certainly not within it. And,
course, whenever a penalty is to
imposed for deliberate disobedien
it should be in a form potentia
applicable to all violators of the la
That in itself rules out the use
induction into military service
a punishment.

P. R. IN THE FORESTS . . . . . . Grant McConne

If your vacation wanderings of the last few summers have taken you into the Mount Baker National Forest of Washington State, you have probably encountered a new sort of billboard. Its wording varies, sometimes even its topic, but its purpose is constant: to maintain a bureaucratic empire serving the logging industry of a handful of small communities now surrounded by cut-over land. The billboards themselves, expensively carved in large slabs of Western red cedar, are the work of the United States Forest Service. They are commonly located at turn-out points of scenic beauty. Being the product of a public agency, they presumably are beyond the reach of any anti-billboard law. Nevertheless, billboards is what they are. More, they are weapons in a massive public relations campaign and their central message is political propaganda.

Grant McConnell teaches political science at the University of Chicago. In an early issue Robert G. Sherrill will discuss the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.


MT. BAKER
National
Forest
U.S.
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Some of these billboards give odd bits of information about the
gion—the presence of mounta
goats, for example, or the color
and abortive mining history of t
area. These, however, are the
tention attractors for the pay-c
which seeks to mobilize support
a Forest Service policy that is
creasingly anachronistic and cont
versial. One sign, for example,
placed at a spot that offers a vi
of splendid glacier-hung peaks a
magnificent forest. In the midst
the nearby view, however, there
a patch which has been logged
the usual manner, by clear cuttin
The sign proclaims that the wat
shed is being managed for "mul
ple use"—recreation, wild life, f
age, water and timber. The only s
nificant part of the statement
that about timber, which means
is being cut. Another sign, faci

ch a patch cut, states that the gging has been carefully regulated avoid erosion. The particular cut deed seems to bear out the claim; owever, if one glances back at another cut-over patch from a point 00 yards beyond, erosion is both ovious and serious. Another sign oclaims that an area was cut ten ars before and then replanted. It so placed that the tourist naturally oks to a hillside of virgin forest ther than to the nearby scrub.

Such billboards are to be found many parts of the National For- t areas of the West, almost in- ariably in spots of great natural eauty. In most parts of the National orests, logging is clearly the prin- pal service which the forests can ffer and about these there is no ispute; with respect to the scenic reas of high quality, however, ere is controversy and in them e signs are sprouting. The bill- oards are probably nowhere denser an in the Mount Baker Forest. he background here is that, be- tedly, a substantial number of lo- al citizens and individuals from idely scattered parts of the nation ave discovered the North Cascades much of it is in part of Mount aker Forest) and then learned he plans of the Forest Service with espect to it.

The North Cascades until very re- ently has been—and to a large legree still is—an area of near- y pristine wilderness. It is also an rea holding the greatest concentra- ion of natural beauty in the entire nited States. A labyrinth of deep alleys incised among high and agged peaks, it has more and arger glaciers than all of the Rocky Mountains of the United States. Here, mountain relief is often more han 6,000 feet. Glacier Peak, one of the most exquisite of volcanos, rises to 10,500 feet above sea level, while the bottom of Lake Chelan is 400 feet below sea level and lies in a canyon more than 9,000 feet deep at points, the deepest chasm in North America. In the narrow val- leys are delicate meadows superior to any found in the Alps, and cathedrallike groves of great trees. By almost any standard, the area is pre-eminent among the scenic splendors of America. A 1937 study proposing a national park in the area stated that such a park would "outrank in its scenic, recreational and wild-life values any existing national park and any other possibility for such a park within the United States."

Given such a land and such an evaluation, it would seem obvious that public policy should be directed to providing for the area the most complete and careful protection of which the nation is capable. Nevertheless, logging and other practices of the most destructive sort are planned and, in fact, are already being rushed into operation. The response of forest authorities to the protests of public-minded citizens is to accelerate the timber sales and to mount a massive public relations campaign of ranger speeches to civic clubs, inspired stories in newspapers, Potemkin village tours for local leaders, and the billboards.

During the next few months, and perhaps years, the North Cascades will be the battleground of the greatest and most important struggle for conservation in recent time. There have been other struggles and some notable accomplishments in the last few years—Cape Cod, Canyonlands, Point Reyes and others. None of these, or even all collectively, have had the importance of the North Cascades, whose more than 2 million acres are of a quality justifying the highest superlatives. Yet a dispute rages as to whether any of it should be preserved for future generations. Over the years, numerous proposals have been made for saving the North Cascades, but each has succumbed before sharp and often highly disingenuous attacks. This time, however, conservation organizations are aroused and the mood of the public is different. The Kennedy administration made a strong new beginning in the conservation of the nation's scenic areas. Yet, it was unwilling to tackle the North Cascades, and in 1963 put the issue on ice by appointing an inter-agency study commission (including the Forest Service). The commission will soon report, and the issue will be before the public and ultimately before Congress. The battle will be bitter.

Why should there be any issue or dispute on the matter at all? The answer is not simple and goes to the heart of the conservation problem across the nation. It would be easy to say that there is deep rivalry and jealousy between two bureaucracies, the Forest Service and the Park Service, one an agency of the Department of Agriculture, the other of the Department of the Interior. To say this, however, is only to touch the surface. The Forest Service, which has had jurisdiction over the area since its own creation, has had a reputation as one of the ablest and most enlightened agencies of the government. It was the chief administrative accomplishment of the progressive movement and did more than any other body to slow the exploitation of public lands that so disgraces American history. Under the aggressive and political leadership of Gifford Pinchot, it achieved substantial independence inside the Department of Agriculture, and freedom from influence either by the Presidency, changing administrations or "politics" (i.e., parties). Always directed with great skill, it managed to preserve this independence and perhaps achieved its height of political power by directing and managing the fight which defeated FDR's reorganization plan in 1937.

As with other reforming and formally independent agencies, time and exposure took their toll. In order to survive and also maintain its bureaucratic autonomy, the Forest Service had to accommodate itself to the interest groups whose activities it was supposed to regulate. Over time, the service, like such other independent regulatory agencies as the ICC, the CAB and the SEC, acquired as its own constituency a particular industry, in this case lumber. Thus, in symbiotic relationship, there lies behind the Forest Service a strongly organized and determined lumbering industry.

The building of this relationship has been strongly fostered by several other forces. One of these is the way in which Forest Service personnel are selected and trained. As a highly professionalized service, the agency draws its career personnel from the schools of forestry. But these schools send most of their graduates into industry and until very recently their curricula have been strongly oriented to the wants of the industry.

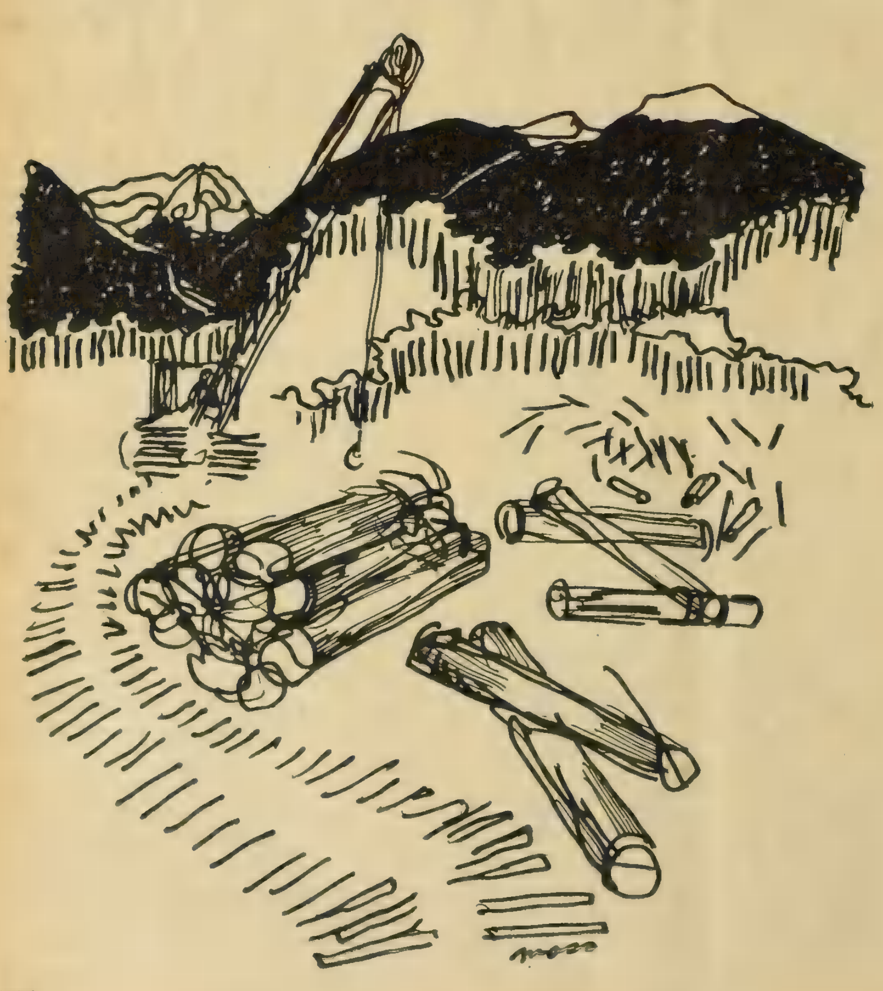
A second factor has emerged from the independence and "nonpolitical" character of the Forest Service. In order to maintain itself and build its own political system, the service has decentralized its operations in a manner for which it has been much praised. This has meant that regional and forest supervisors, even district rangers, have had large discretion. These officers have accordingly been able (and encouraged) to maintain close personal contact with the local communities in which they work. This contact, however, has led inevitably to closest association with individuals who are socially and politically most influential. In the forested areas where the agency operates, such individuals are naturally the mill owners and operators. Understandably, despite occasional family quarrels, an identity of outlook has grown up among industry, local leaders and service officials. The result is not corruption as it is commonly understood, but the public implications are nonetheless serious.

These implications did not become evident until rather recently. The forests were large and it appeared that they could offer something for everybody. The service coined the phrase "multiple use" to symbolize its past easy successes in keeping everyone happy. With a growing population, affluence and accelerated travel, however, the easy solution to conflicting demands is no longer available. "Multiple use" has been a pleasing slogan, but as a policy it is largely meaningless. It suggests that a given piece of land can be made to serve an array of different purposes. Sometimes this is possible; some purposes such as protection of water and scenery, for example, are compatible. Under such conditions there is no problem and no policy is needed. With other combinations such as scenery and logging, however, the conflict is serious and policy is needed if decisions are to be anything more than the expressions of the personal tastes and prejudices of the bureaucrats making them. As things stand, with "multiple use" as the only guideline, decisions on land use are resting on nothing more substantial or defensible.

So far the Forest Service has adamantly refused to face its problem. Its response to questioning and criticism has been the P.R. campaign and the iteration of the slogan of "multiple use" (latest variant: "Land of Many Uses"). It relies even more heavily on its longstanding political allies in the lumber industry and the local elites. It also attempts to gain popularity among the throngs of visitors now coming to the forests for their holidays. This takes the form of road building (paid for by logging in the areas "opened up"), roadlike trails comfortably available to motorcycles, and similar facilities for mass use. This latest and somewhat desperate phase of the struggle for political support only accelerates the destruction of the essential values of the areas in the forests which have drawn the new visitors in the first place. This, however, is beside the point of the effort, which is preservation not of the nation's scenic heritage but of the political system of which the Forest Service is the culminating part.

The stakes in this contest are large. They involve the survival or destruction of some of America's finest scenic areas. Ironically, however, they do not involve vast amounts of potential lumber, for the timbered valleys of high scenic quality are generally very narrow. The North Cascades fight is by all odds the biggest item in this struggle, but there are numerous other splendid areas within the vast empire of Forest Service lands which are under imminent threat of spoliation at agency fiat. In some areas, groups of outraged citizens have banded together to forestall the destruction until the public can be alerted to its stake. Often, however, it turns out that roads have already been pushed to the heads of timbered valleys at the very heart of scenic areas and logging started from the top downward. In such areas, the too-often-justified expectation of the Forest Service is that, with the finest parts of the scenery destroyed, there no longer will be any point in a public fight for preservation, and the lower valley points can then be logged at the industry's convenience. A few picnic tables along polluted streams then can give whatever substance was ever offered by "multiple use."

It is one of the tragedies of political life that a one-time crusading agency of government should become a major threat to the public interest it was created to defend. Yet this has happened before and we have not yet learned how to deal with the disease which brings it about. It is an even greater tragedy that just as prosperity and increasing population pressure are sending hundreds of thousands of Americans out in search of some more permanent values than dollars or board feet, the greatest resources in which those values are to be found are marked for quick destruction.



AIR SAFETY

The Lethal Lapses . . . . **Karl M. Ruppenthal**

n imminent catastrophe stopped at ragedy earlier this month when two ommercial air liners collided in nid-air. Had it not been for a miaculous combination of circumtances, two large planes might ave gone down in flames in a ensely populated area. It is not leasant to contemplate the holoaust that was narrowly averted.

Now that the wreckage has cooled nd grateful thanks have been iven, some serious probing should egin. Skilled investigators from he CAB are already on the scene. ecause one plane is largely intact nd most of the crew members survived the ordeal, they should be able o determine what actually occurred nd why. In due course, the board vill publish an accident report detailing the event and describing vhat went wrong. If it is well done, t may minimize the possibility of ther accidents arising from similar ailures.

It would be pointless to speculate t this time about what this investigation may reveal. There are too nany possibilities that have not yet een fully explored. But one thing s certain now: the official accident eport will not go far enough. By nd large, the CAB investigation eams do a creditable job, but the act is that several important areas re completely beyond their purview and responsibility.

Several of our major airports nd nearby airways are completely aturated with planes at certain ours of the day. The congestion is o great at prime departure hours rom New York that dozens of lights each day are delayed from wenty minutes to an hour or more. ne suggested solution is to build nore airports. This course of action vould solve part of the airport congestion problem, at least on a temorary basis, but might do little to educe congestion in the air.

An alternative is to decrease the mount of air space allocated to each plane in the sky. Obviously the atmosphere can physically accommodate more planes, but the collision hazard would be increased.

A third possibility would be to provide better transportation on the ground. The Japanese have proved what many have long believed: high-speed, safe trains can haul thousands of passengers quickly over medium and short distances. It is feasible to operate attractive, frequent, high-speed trains between Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. If all such medium-range transportation were adequately served by rail, airway congestion could be greatly reduced

Better scheduling practices could eliminate some of the crowding. Today it is common practice for competing lines on the San Francisco-New York run to fly in virtual formation: you can use any air line you wish, provided you leave San Francisco at 9:00 A.M. Most airline schedules are dictated by economics; the planes depart when the passengers want to leave. But if there were greater experimentation in differential fares, so that a passenger could save substantially by leaving at a less desirable hour, the traffic could be more evenly distributed.

In an effort to speed traffic (and perhaps to reduce the burdens on the traffic controllers) certain changes were recently made in the Civil Air Regulations. It had been standard practice for commercial air liners to fly "IFR" (in accordance with Instrument Flight Rules), thus operating in clear weather as they would operate in the clouds. In this way they were afforded the protection of airways traffic control, which provides traffic separation for the various planes.

Under the new system, once a pilot sees the airport, he may be cleared to make a *visual* approach. This means that the pilot himself assumes primary responsibility for watching out for traffic. It is true that he may get some traffic advice from the radar operators on the ground, but the reliability of separation is substantially reduced. Visual approaches are now common even in Los Angeles, where visibility is seriously restricted by haze and smog. Under this system a jet flying from San Francisco to Los Angeles may save a minute or two in landing procedures.

Although major air lines spend thousands of dollars and a good many man-hours training their hostesses in emergency procedures and the use of safety equipment, the training is uneven. Some of the carriers give too little attention to these matters—scanting items that can be critical when a perilous situation arises.

Instead of giving real attention to the adequacy of emergency training and equipment, some (not many!) inspectors content themselves with minutiae. One FAA employee actually devised a scheme whereby regular commuters might spy on the crew, reporting in Gestapo-like fashion whether the cockpit door appeared to be locked and whether the pilot appeared to spend too much time in the galley, the cabin or the lavatory.

The air transportation industry, cooperating with the military, has made impressive studies of the results of airplane crashes, using obsolescent and unmanned planes on high-speed surface tracks. These experiments, scientifically controlled, confirm some hypotheses that accident investigations have developed. Much useful information has been gained, and many safety devices have been invented.

But we have not gone far enough. These investigations clearly demonstrate the need for a well-trained crew and the critical importance of time. If fire breaks out (and there is more than a possibility that it will), ten seconds may make a difference in the number of lives that are saved. High-test gasoline thrown on hot engine wreckage will quickly burst into flame. Time is important. With good equipment, a competent crew may help all on board to survive.

In this respect the jets are much safer because the kerosene they use is less volatile. But the possibility of explosion still remains, and more than one tragedy has occurred from the explosion of kerosene fumes in a near-empty tank. Substantial

Karl M. Ruppenthal, an air-line pilot or more than twenty years, is director f the Transportation Management rogram at Stanford University. His nost recent book, Issues in Transportation Economics, *was published by Merrill.*

progress has been made in developing a substance that may one day inhibit the formation of kerosene fumes.

For more than a generation warehouses have been equipped with automatic sprinkler systems to minimize the damage to goods if fire should inadvertently break out. In the middle of the Arizona desert, astute cattlemen have installed overhead sprinklers to ameliorate the effects of the noonday sun on the beasts in their modern feeding pens. But in this age of rockets and space travel, we have not yet developed an automatic system to quench the flames in a plane.

We rely heavily on prosaic safety equipment—extremely common, seldom used, but vital in an emergency. And here the story is sad. On some air lines "safety" equipment is scarcely worthy of the name. Escape chutes are a case in point. These slidelike devices were developed when planes grew so tall that there was danger in jumping from the cabin to the ground. Stowed compactly in the cabin, they can quickly be inflated with the pull of a cord and provide an easy slide to safety—if all goes well.

But in the sixth year of the jet age, these chutes are still not standardized. It is bad enough that some of them are stowed overhead and some are attached to the door. (Valuable seconds may be wasted looking for them in an emergency in the dark.) Even worse, one type of chute requires that the door be opened before the chute is locked into place, but if the door should be opened before another type is affixed, the chute goes helplessly out the door. Some of the overhead chutes are beyond the reach of a small hostess; and if she manages somehow to grasp it, it may knock her to the floor as it falls from its stowed position.

Too few mechanics know anything about chute operation, and far too many chutes are incorrectly installed. Placed upside down (and many are), their usefulness is seriously decreased. On two successive safety demonstrations on a major air line the chutes were improperly installed. In four recent accidents, at least one chute did not work properly.

And even when chutes are in good shape, they are really not good enough. These ingenious slides essentially are inflated balloons. The standard emergency instructions call for all passengers to remove their shoes before using the slides, lest a woman's high heels, or a nail in a sole, puncture the chute. Can one really expect a person to take off his shoes before jumping from a burning plane? Less fragile material is indicated.

Chutes have other limitations. If they are overheated they may explode; if the wind is strong they may blow away; if it is raining they will not permit a passenger to slide. On at least one occasion the inflation hose broke loose and flailed about the cabin, adding to the terror and danger.

Engineering genius has been used in the design of our superb planes but glaring oversights remain. It is still inadvisable to suffer an accident at night!

Until the advent of the jets most

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

fortable evidence"? I certainly do not deny the *facts* about Negro family structure; I question the methods by which these facts are *interpreted* as *causes* of other phenomena. Now, this may put me in the same bag with the tobacco companies, but it is true that, in scientific discourse at least, a correlation is not, by itself, acceptable evidence of cause-and-effect relationships.

4. Do I miss the point and hang on to old myths? I didn't miss the point that Mr. Callahan underlines. I just don't accept it, and I particularly don't accept the method used to make that point. I do plead guilty to the charge that I cling to the old "myth" that ending discrimination will go a long way toward ending inequality. Of course I don't mean by this that we should pass laws, give them token enforcement, and then say with great wonderment that Negroes still don't seem to make much progress after all we've done for them.

Contrary to press reports, the White House Conference had presented to it literally dozens of proposals by which real equality might be achieved. A few touchy ideas that might be considered are: putting registrars in Georgia even if this might threaten the election of one or more of Mr. Johnson's buddies; decertifying some of Mr. Meany's craft unions that discriminate so blatantly; following through on the *de facto* issue in the schools of Mr. Daley's Chicago; and taking away urban-renewal money from Mr. Johnson's allies in the big cities if they don't meet requirements for code enforcement and decent relocation.

Surely we ought at least to try out the idea of putting an end to discrimination before we dismiss it as inadequate.

Finally, may I suggest that it is not the business of Moynihans, Callahans and Ryans to tinker with the Negro family. Why don't we put our energies into ending racism and see if then the Negro family is not able to take care of itself? *William Ryan*

The Rosenberg defense

Northampton, Mass.

Dear Sirs: In his review of *Invitation to an Inquest* [*The Nation*, Nov. 15] on the Rosenberg-Sobell case Fred J. Cook states:

> *From the first, there were implausibilities that challenged belief but they never had a chance to register with the jury because Emanuel Bloch, the Rosenbergs' attorney, incredibly chose not to challenge a single item of the Gold story.*

I followed the Rosenberg-Sobell case closely from the beginning. There was only one trial and until they were in court neither the accused nor their attorneys knew what they were charged with. No honest lawyer challenges evidence until he can prove it false. Bloch did obtain all the evidence to prove the Rosenbergs innocent, but that evidence could never be presented in court because all appeals for a new trial were refused.

Emanuel Bloch literally gave his life for the Rosenbergs and before he died he had seen to it that their children were well provided for. He left nothing undone and to slur his memory is shameful.

Margaret A. Fellows

lanes were inadequately provided ith internal emergency lights. rue, the pilots carried flashlights, ut those could hardly be considered adequate to guide exiting passengers in a rush. Today there are some emergency lights in the cabins. Designed to operate automatically n the event of impact, they can provide assistance, but not enough. Much emergency equipment is not lighted, and no lights are available o flood the exterior of the plane. The emergency cabin lights are removable and may serve as portable lamps, but even here there is no standardization; at least three types of switches are in use.

Some lines have worked out elaborate procedures for the emergency coordination of the crew. But these assume the presence of the captain and a functioning communications system. They do not take into account that a single broken wire may disable the public-address system, nor that modern jet planes are so well soundproofed that if the captain were to yell at the top of his voice, he could not be heard from one end of the giant plane to the other.

While agents, clerks and baggage handlers on the ground are provided with portable walkie-talkie units, plane crews have no such device for emergencies that may develop in flight. Recognizing at least part of the problem, the FAA has ruled that all flights must carry a megaphone, but even this requirement will not become effective until July, 1966. Jet planes worth $5 million are not yet equipped with pre-recorded tapes that might alert the passengers in the event of certain types of emergencies.

Today, many incidents can occur in a plane without the knowledge of the pilot. A passenger may go berserk; a drunk may become obnoxious; a fire may start in the galley. On one flight, after heavy use of the brakes following a difficult landing, smoke poured from the overheated brake drums. When the plane came to a stop at the end of the runway, the hostess—properly alert—took emergency action. The pilot was completely unaware that she had extended the integral ramp from the tail of the ship and was busily discharging the passengers. Thinking that the plane was on fire, she was "saving" them from nonexistent flames.

These incidents occur because the communications systems are frail, and because the pilot often cannot see what is going on. In one real emergency, a hostess in the rear of the plane made three round-trip tours through the coach compartment, oblivious to the fact that passengers were being evacuated from the forward cabin. Surely closed circuit television could be used to advantage, at least to allow the pilot to scan the interior and exterior of his plane.

In the event of an emergency at sea, life rafts may be of critical importance. Here again there are numerous malfunctions. Some lifeboats will not inflate; some have holes; on some moorings are improperly fastened. These are small mechanical details, but they may be important in saving lives.

Everybody connected with an air line is concerned about safety: operations executives and pilots; maintenance supervisors and hostesses; union officials and others. Many competent men devote their lives to it, but still not enough is being done. At the average air line, no one really has full responsibility for safety. Too often complaints about malfunctioning equipment get snarled up in channels. Too often new, proved safety devices must await installation until the next budget is approved.

Good training and adequate safety devices are expensive, and much money spent in this area will be "wasted." But is this not the case of a policy for fire insurance? Do you not hope that these dollars, too, will be unnecessarily spent?

COPS, GUNS AND HOMICIDES . . . Sol Rubin

The 1960s — or at least the first five years of the decade — will be remembered as a period of serious riots in the Negro ghettos. Many factors underlie these riots, but prominent among them is the relationship of the segregated population to the police. The riots are a more explosive demonstration of, in some places, almost daily incidents of noncooperation, or worse. [See "The Language of Watts" by Stanley Sanders, *The Nation,* Dec. 20.]

In Los Angeles, a police shotgun figured prominently in the arrest of a traffic violator that precipitated the riot. Guns were used freely in the several days of violence that followed. Of the thirty-four persons killed, thirty-one were Negroes. In Harlem the fatal shooting of a 15-year-old Negro boy by a white police lieutenant brought on the violence. In the few days after July 16, 1964, thousands of rounds were fired by the New York City police in response to rioting and looting.

But it is the everyday use of guns by the police that raises the bigger question. The shooting of a fleeing suspect is a common occurrence, and killings are not infrequent. In

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many instances off-duty policemen pull the trigger; and police guns are often used in noncriminal situations — quarrels, suicides and accidents. Inevitably innocent bystanders—as well as innocent suspects — have been wounded and killed.

Some moves have been made to control the resort to guns. A New York State Senator has introduced a bill to prevent off-duty policemen from carrying service revolvers. It is a good proposal. Why should not the officer leave his gun in the locker at the station house when he goes off duty? Nor is legislation needed to accomplish this, but only an administrative order by the police commissioner.

If guns were hung up with uniforms, tragedies like the following which occurred in New York would be averted.

- A Bronx youth is fatally shot by an off-duty policeman who says his gun went off accidentally after he was punched outside a neighborhood bar.
- A patrolman shoots and seriously wounds his neighbor, a fellow member of the force, in an argument in which each allegedly attempted to shovel snow onto his neighbor's property.
- An off-duty patrolman fatally shoots a man in a tavern argument. The patrolman says the shooting was accidental.
- A retired police sergeant shoots and kills a peddler after being punched during an argument.

These serious incidents are selected because they have nothing whatsoever to do with law enforcement. It may be noted in this connection that the shooting which set off the Harlem riot was by a police lieutenant who was off duty and who intervened in an argument between an apartment house superintendent and some children.

However, restricting the possession of guns to police officers on duty is not enough. I suggest that the police here, as in England, not carry guns while on ordinary police duty. It is doubtful that the gun protects either the police or the public, or that it controls crime. Certainly it is the cause of needless killings and woundings of civilians, police and criminals. These conclusions stem from a study of typical events that occur in the police work. The following incidents are drawn from reports in the New York press during 1964. They are in no way unusual. Rather, they are typical of occurrences in other cities and at other times.

Shootings related to law enforcement fall into two categories: incidents at close quarters, and those in which the fleeing suspect offers no threat to the officer or anyone else. The second category first:

- An 18-year-old Puerto Rican youth, father of an infant and named Boy of the Year two years before, was shot and killed. He was said to have attacked the off-duty patrolman, in civilian clothes, with a knife and then fled. He was shot when he failed to halt at the officer's command and warning shot. Protests and demonstrations by the Puerto Rican community followed.
- A taxi pulled alongside a patrol car. The cab driver jumped out and shouted that his two passengers —who fled—had taken his money. The police called on them to stop and fired over their heads. When they kept running, the patrolman took aim and killed one of the fugitives.
- A pedestrian was shot and killed on Madison Avenue near 37th Street when a patrolman used his pistol to try to stop a fleeing motorist. The traffic officer had ordered the driver to stop, and reached in to take the ignition keys, but the motorist drove off and the officer ran alongside for one block and was dragged another block with his arm caught. While in this predicament he pulled his gun and fired four times, one shot killing the pedestrian.
- A 23-year-old suspect was seriously wounded by four bullets from the gun of a detective who said the man had struck him and fled after being stopped for questioning. He was not the man who was being sought.
- An 18-year-old youth was shot and killed while fleeing from police who were investigating an alleged burglary attempt.
- A patrolman accidentally shot a bystander in the thigh while pursuing a man who had just robbed a food shop.
- A patrolman approached two men who had been pointed out as men who had just stolen a wallet. When approached, one of the men swung a blackjack at the officer and ran. The patrolman fired two shots, one of them striking the fugitive, the other went through the hat of another patrolman who had been attracted by the sound of shots and was running toward the suspect. He was slightly wounded.

These are not examples of dangerous criminals whose capture must be attempted at all costs lest they commit serious injury to others. In some instances the crime was minor; in others there may have been no crime at all. But even if these were undoubted felons, it would seem more prudent to allow them to escape—as many criminals do anyway—rather than to attempt their capture at the risk of death for criminal, officer or bystander. It is difficult to justify gunfire directed at fleeing men. The police are not expected to be executioners.

There remain the other cases, in which the police officer has cornered an armed suspect, or is at close quarters with him. Whatever questions may be raised about the use of guns in the situations cited above, or about the need for officers to be armed in such situations, surely a gun is needed for the officer's self-defense or to overcome the resistance of armed robbers with the goods?

Two armed men, who within fifteen minutes robbed three stores, were shot down by the police during yet another robbery, one being killed and the other critically wounded. As the robbers entered the store, two patrolmen stepped from the shadows outside the building, moved in behind them and asked for identification. One of the suspects drew a gun and seven shots were exchanged, one of the officers being hit in the hand.

Was this effective police enforcement? Was it desirable police practice? For one thing, it might easily have resulted in the death of one or both of the officers. The desirable result would have been capture of the suspects without shooting.

Such situations offer the best argument for the police gun, but even in these situations, as often as not, there is time for a radio call to headquarters, bringing to the scene a special armed squad trained to handle such affairs — and without shooting if possible.

A study of a national sample of episodes in which police officers had been shot, showed that in approximately three-fourths of the cases the officers knew, or had good reason to believe, that the suspects were armed. More than half of the susects were barricaded and there was no need for impulse activity. But in three-quarters of these cases officers were shot when they rushed the premises without use of special weapons or tear gas. It may well be that possession of a gun leads a police officer to act with needless impetuosity in a dangerous situation; he thus greatly enlarges the danger to himself as well as to the suspect. A reasonable amount of ingenuity and perseverance will apprehend violators without recourse to guns. Furthermore, it is likely that the police pattern in the use of guns tends to generate lawlessness and violence, rather than the opposite. Certainly there is no evidence that crime is being deterred.

In addition, condoning current practice opens the door to abuses. On August 29, 1963, the New York police learned that one of two killers of two New Jersey policemen was in a New York hotel. A lieutenant, a sergeant, two detectives and three patrolmen of the city police department entered his room with a passkey, while he was in bed asleep in his underwear. *The New York Times* reported: "Although awakened with a revolver pressed to his throat, he fought desperately before being killed by seven bullets. He died snarling at the police and cursing them." Sixteen hours later, the second man surrendered, accompanied by a lawyer. The Civil Liberties Union asked for facts which would dispel the suspicion that the officers may have executed the man in the hotel.

On November 17, 1963, two Puerto Ricans were shot and killed in a police patrol car when they allegedly attempted to break loose as they were being taken to the station house on disorderly conduct charges. One was said to have fired a shot which passed between the two patrolmen in the front seat and lodged in the floor of the car. How, under arrest, did the captives retain a gun? It was explained that they were not searched on the spot because a crowd had gathered. The two officers were in the front, the two captives in the back. The patrolman was stopping the car to search the two men when, he said, one pulled a revolver and fired the shot. The other, police said, grabbed the second officer around the neck from behind, but this officer freed his right arm, pulled his gun and fired two shots at his assailant, then two at the other man who was struggling with the other officer.

The killings were protested by 600 Puerto Rican demonstrators at the police station. Their leaders asked why the patrolman drove to the scene of the shooting, a highway underpass, which was not on the direct route from the site of the arrest to the station house.

A police commissioner's statement condemning the Civil Liberties Union position pointed to the tragic fact that nine New York City officers had been killed in the line of duty since 1961. But the number of policemen killed in all England averages less than one a year.

Presumably the relative safety of British officers is due to the fact that the British criminal is less likely to shoot, or even to be armed. Why should that be so? At least in part it is because the British police are not armed; a criminal facing a British police officer does not fear an assault on his life, and behaves accordingly. Gertrude Samuels, writing on crime and law enforcement in England, referred to a rise there in crimes of violence. But when she asked a constable whether he wanted to be armed he said no; he "explained in tones of pained surprise: 'It isn't safe.'"

Then what reason remains for the American police to carry guns? I can think of only one—the weapon maintains a certain "image" of the police officer. The picture is that of a strong man, one with the power to kill. For many years, every police commissioner in New York has publicly proclaimed to his men and the public that the police must use force. Usually the sentiment has been reiterated by mayor and governor. A police officer who has used his gun is often among those receiving police department citations of honor. Michael Banton, in his recent book on the British and American police, writes: "To the visiting European it appears as if the revolver is the prime symbol of virility: a man without a gun who cannot shoot is a poor creature. When people possess guns there is a standing temptation to use them even when circumstances do not justify their use, and this increases the policeman's burdens considerably."

Police officials talk about, and believe in, good relations with the community. But the image I have just suggested is precisely the one strongly held by the Negro and Puerto Rican community in New York—and is an underlying factor in the riots, and in the attacks on individual policemen that occur from time to time. A study in Philadelphia police records revealed that the average annual rate of Negro and white victims of police guns was 22 to 1. The situation involved by this statistic becomes in itself an incitement to violence.

Learned Hand once said: "If you are able to shoot a robber [are you] less likely to have a robber? I question that. I challenge it altogether. I don't believe that possibility figures at all in the commission of crime." The removal of his gun would go a long way to improving the policeman's image—with greater safety to the citizen and the police officer, and with no loss, with probably a gain, in police efficiency.

Perhaps there is an analogy in the experience of Warden Duffy of San Quentin, who disarmed the guards as one of his reforms. He writes: "To me, guns inside the prison meant a constant show of force, a Damoclean sword dangling over the inmates while they worked, ate and slept. It has taken almost ten years to eliminate most of these threatening rifles, but the upsurge in morale was worth it. . . . There are still riflemen on some of the wallposts, a few strategically located towers, and in the maximum-security sections, but I cannot remember when the last shot was fired."

Silencing the Children of Sanchez

Joseph Sommers

To most North Americans, nationalism in Mexico evokes the Mexican Revolution of 1910-40, incarnated by such figures as Zapata and Pancho Villa, the great muralists Orozco, Rivera and Siqueiros, and the image of President Cárdenas in the 1930s expropriating American and British oil holdings and distributing land to former peons.

But nationalism in Latin America has many faces and many ideological bases, depending upon time and place. Radical movements for reform and revolution, directed against Yankee imperialism, have traditionally relied upon popular aspirations for national independence and self-determination. Cárdenas and Castro stand as examples. On the other hand, right-wing dictators like Stroessner of Paraguay, aware of nationalism's appeal, constantly evoke chauvinist sentiments of patriotism, glorifying the national past in order to set up political barriers in the present. Nationalism in Paraguay insulates against "foreign" ideologies and influences, whether they stem from *Das Kapital* or the Alliance for Progress.

A classic instance of reactionary nationalism, complete with openly demagogic anti-*yanquismo*, was the recent attempt to condemn and to ban officially the Spanish translation of Oscar Lewis' *The Children of Sánchez.* The attack upon this widely known study of Mexican poverty provides an index of the contradictory climate now prevailing in post-revolutionary times. Twenty-five years after Cárdenas, dominated by the new and powerful middle class which the revolution spawned, a decidedly less radical Mexico today is experiencing a new set of tensions.

The dramatic circumstances of the case and its wide impact in intellectual circles call for an extended study in depth. In a period of forty-six days in February and March of 1965, the editors of the Fondo de Cultura Económica, who had published the authorized translation of *The Children of Sánchez,* amassed in their files a collection of 583 newspaper articles, commentaries, cartoons and editorials on the controversy. It is to be hoped that Mexican and United States scholars will concern themselves with the broader implications for cultural activity and research. A review here of highlights may serve to challenge the current journalistic trend toward easy generalizations about Latin America.

The translation of *Los Hijos de Sánchez* was published in August, 1964, and sold out almost immediately. A second printing followed, and also disappeared rapidly from the bookstores.

On February 11, 1965, the Executive Committee of the Mexican Geographical and Statistical Society (MGSS) submitted to the Attorney General of the Republic a list of charges, alleging that the publication of Lewis' study was a criminal act. Citing the penal code, the charges referred to sections covering "social dissolution," defamation and offenses against public morality. They called specifically for a judicial investiga-

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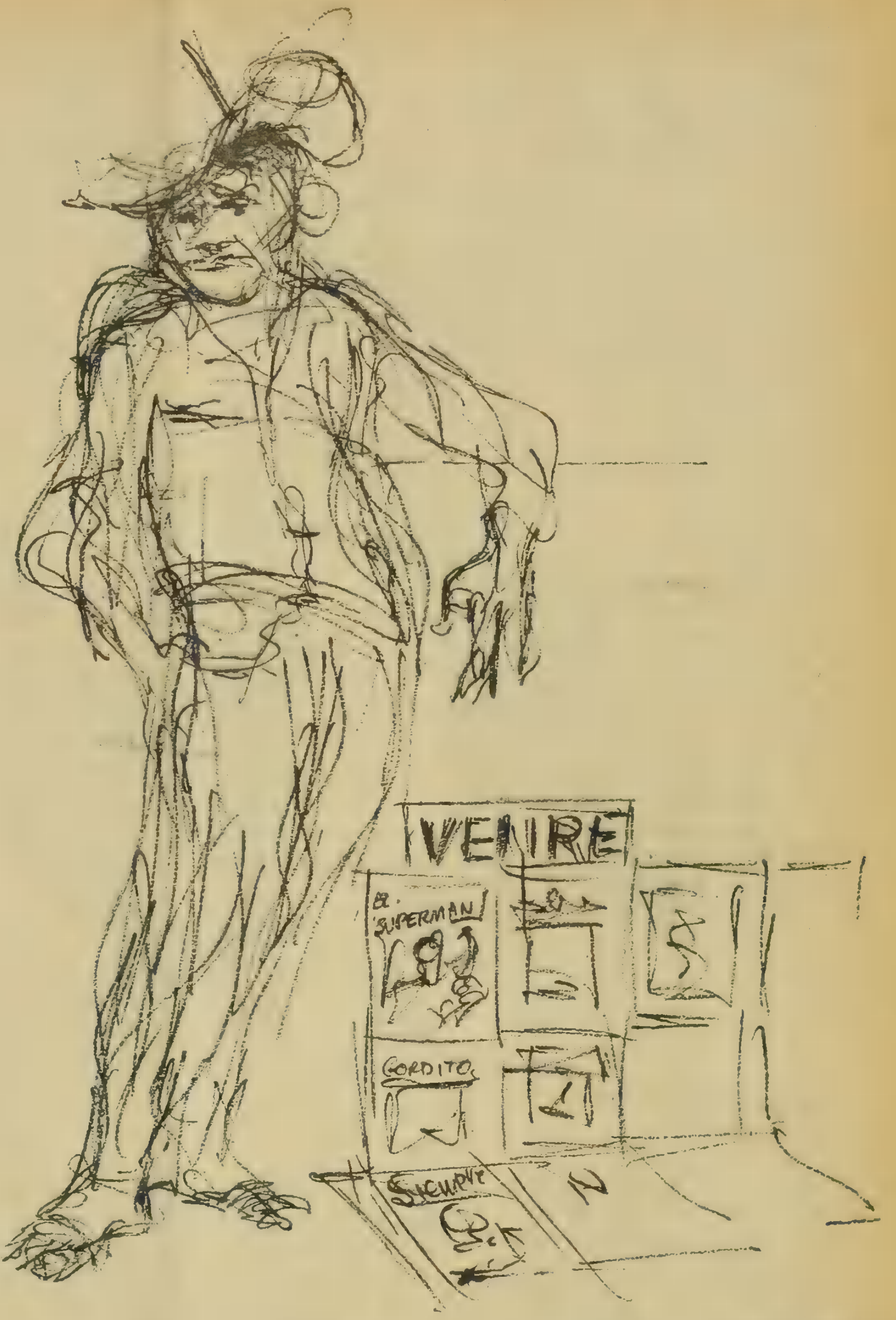
ion in order to assess proper punishment against the Fondo de Cultura Económica and Oscar Lewis. The MGSS, an old and distinguished society, commands influence in government and political circles which far transcends its apparent concern for geography and statistics. Composed of important figures in government and industry, its program and political positions have consistently supported "official" governmental policies, presumably dedicated to implementing the platform of "institutionalized revolution."

The MGSS officials stated as the basis of their formal charges "the base and obscene language used by the author; the description of improper scenes together with opinions which are slanderous, defamatory and insulting to the people and the government of Mexico." (Translations are my own. Those below from *Los Hijos de Sánchez* are taken from the Spanish translation as quoted in the actual bill of particulars.) Among the specific passages cited as proof of the charges were the following quotes from members of the Sánchez family: "I'd like to have laws here like those of the United States. There wouldn't be as many scoundrels as we have, and there wouldn't be as much out-and-out thievery." "The Mexican people are going under for lack of leadership, lack of manliness, and because of all the filth that you can see. . . . " "I wish we had an American president here in Mexico." A paragraph from Lewis' own introduction, attributing Mexico's political stability to the capacity of its ordinary citizens to withstand poverty and suffering, was also cited, as was his statement that unless means were found to distribute national wealth more equitably, social upheavals would occur sooner or later.



The widespread discussion which followed in all communication media is interesting partly because of what was not discussed. For example, only rarely was there any reference to the central theme of the Lewis book—the profound impact of poverty upon the personalities and lives of an ordinary Mexican urban family. When poverty was mentioned—usually by someone opposing the charges against the book—it was dealt with as a social ill which the government is now eliminating.

The bulk of published opinion on the controversy expressed opposition to the action of the MGSS. It was an opposition springing more from a desire to protect freedom of expression in the abstract than from a realization that hunger and misery are mass phenomena in Mexico, revolutionary achievements and reforms notwithstanding.

A high point in the formation of public reaction to the case against *Los Hijos de Sánchez* was the roundtable discussion on March 4 at the National University. Organized to take

Last spring, when Harold Barnell was planning his trip to Mexico, The Nation *suggested that he visit the neighborhood in Mexico City where the Sánchez family lived when Oscar Lewis studied them. The sketches on these pages are from the portfolio which Mr. Barnell compiled on that assignment.*

Mr. Barnell reports that, although the Mexican Government has tried to do a great deal to improve the situation in the city's slums, the public programs too often do not mesh with the needs of the people. For example, new housing is pushed on an impressive scale, but the rents are too high; a project near the Sánchez area was 80 per cent empty when Barnell visited it. Similarly, municipal markets are not patronized and new schools, which are free but not compulsory do not enroll children who are needed to earn food money.

The Children of Sánchez *is still a chronicle of our times.*

place in an auditorium with space for 400, the debate attracted an audience of some 700 students, and yielded a significant insight into student opinion. Lone spokesman for the MGSS was its secretary, Luis Cataño Morlet. The society president, Sr. José Domingo Lavín, scheduled to appear, sent a last-minute message. Under the impression that Oscar Lewis would be present, Lavín refused to share the same platform with such a *delincuente* (roughly, lawbreaker).

The remarks of Cataño Morlet, calculated to appeal to well known anti-gringo sentiments of the university students, failed completely. When he stated that he would not quote defamatory passages from *Los Hijos de Sánchez* because there were women present, he was subjected to catcalls of derision. Attempting to illustrate how some Mexicans sacrifice national pride for U.S. dollars, he then asserted that the *braceros* who go north to work in Texas and California are lacking in patriotism. The response was laughter mixed with hoots of scorn. A student shouted, "They go because they're hungry," and received a round of applause.

Contrasting in intellectual tone were the comments of three spokesmen who defended publication of the book. Ricardo Pozas, anthropologist and university professor, while disagreeing with the Lewis methodology, praised the scope of his endeavor and called for new and more scientific works along the same lines. In one of the few references to subject matter, he asserted that there are population sectors in Mexico subsisting on a much lower economic level than that of the Sánchez family, and cited certain Indian groups. Rosario Castellanos, widely respected novelist, poet and literary critic, read a prepared te which discussed seriously the academic importance of freedom of speec and the press. The broad implication of her comments reflected the concer of many intellectuals. If the Lew book were banned, the next attac might well be directed at many contemporary novels. In indirect but meaningful terms, the social and historica cast of the novels written by Carlo Fuentes, Juan Rulfo, Sergio Galind and Rosario Castellanos herself frequently convey a more sweeping indictment of Mexican values and more than the sharply focused work o Oscar Lewis.

Third speaker for the defense wa Francisco López Cámara, professor i the university's School of Politica Science. Aside from demolishing th logic, or absence thereof, in the arguments of Cataño Morlet, López Cámara read to the audience a notarize affidavit from a member of the actual Sánchez family. Lewis had bee accused in the press both of exploiting the family financially and of distorting their statements. The affidavit attesting to the author's good fait on both counts, helped dissolve a secondary but inflammatory argumen which had made the rounds on th gossip levels.

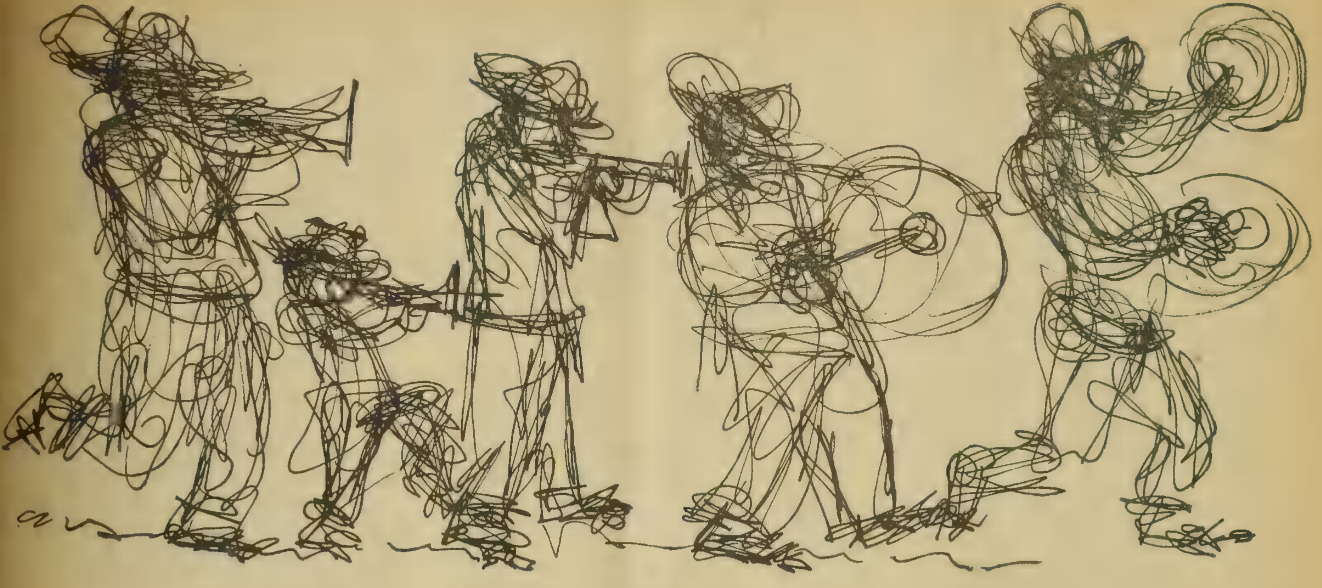
Student response was overwhelmingly on the side of the free currenc of ideas, and against false and emotional pseudo-patriotism. This example of maturity is worth noting, sinc the uniform image of the Latin American student in the U.S. press is precisely contrary.

On March 29, 1965, charges agains Lewis and the publishers were throw out of court, the attorney general' statement explicitly denying any "subversive" qualities in the book. A salutory precedent for freedom of the pres in Mexico was established.

However, analysis of the current underlying the case, and of the aftermath of this apparently clean-cut victory indicate many unresolved complexities.

At this writing, some eight month after the ruling, there has not been third edition of *Los Hijos de Sánchez* Also, it is now definite that th Fondo de Cultura Económica, a government-subsidized institution, wil not publish the new edition. A privat company, Editorial Joaquín Mortiz has acquired the rights, thus permitting the government to avoid any further embarrassment.

A project to produce a motion picture based on the Lewis book lies still



born. In late 1962, plans were announced for the film by Carlo Ponti, the renowned Italian producer, who arrived in Mexico prepared for a major undertaking. Sophia Loren, his wife, was to play a leading role. Carlos Fuentes and Abby Mann were contracted to write the script. When first plans were submitted to the government, which approves all scripts, it became clear that a combination of resistance and bureaucratic entanglement implied a hopeless future. As of now, with producers, writers, technicians and actors scattered in four countries, chances of resuming production are minimal.

Finally, it remains to be seen whether *Pedro Martínez,* the most recent Lewis publication, will see the light of day in Spanish translation. Delving as it does into an example of poverty and frustration in rural Mexico, it touches an even more sensitive political nerve than did *The Children of Sánchez*. Most political observers agree that peasant dissatisfaction is the most grievous problem facing the "institutionalized revolution" today.

One significant question for interested Americans which must arise from a post-mortem analysis of the controversy is the following: if, in the most politically stable country in Latin America, the nation with the most solid achievements and traditions of reform, repression of ideas in the name of nationalism can gain such important support, what are the prospects for meaningful research and exchange of ideas in, say, Brazil, Argentina or Guatemala?

A second question is suggested by the nature of the victory itself. Young Mexican intellectuals apparently reject false new applications of a nationalism which in the past was constructive, but in the present is clearly ambivalent. Recognizing the revolution's validity as a historical phenomenon, they nevertheless scorn the most extreme of its current standard wavers.

Many of Mr. Lewis' most outspoken defenders (writers like Juan Rulfo, Carlos Fuentes, Salvador Novo, Rosario Castellanos; academicians such as Daniel Moreno, López Cámara, Emilio Uranga, Victor Flores Olea, Ricardo Pozas, Ramón de Ertze Garimendi, Henrique González Casanova; journalists including Rubén Salazar Mallén, Emmanuel Carballo, Roberto Blanco Moheno, Gastón García Cantú and Jaime García Terrés) are those in Mexico who have deep questions and criticisms concerning the role of the United States in Latin America. Are we as willing to hear and to publish their ideas as they have been to defend the right of a United States scholar to be published in Mexico?

Joseph Sommers, assistant professor of Romance Languages at the University of Washington, is spending a year studying the contemporary Mexican novel under a grant of the Social Science Research Council and the American Council of Learned Societies.

The Good Grief

DEATH, GRIEF AND MOURNING: A Study of Contemporary Society. By Geoffrey Gorer. Doubleday & Co. 205 pp. $4.50.

Jessica Mitford

In recent years the American death industries (to whose door we must all eventually beat a path) have cleverly invented a new and better mousetrap—the concept of "grief therapy." This phrase, with its plausible psychiatric overtones, is used to sell all manner of merchandise at fantastic markups. Grief therapy works like this: the finer and costlier the casket, the more therapeutic for the bereaved. The public "viewing" of the embalmed and restored corpse is a key part of the therapy. Funeral flowers, the florists tell us, are therapeutic. So are elaborate headstones and everlastingly secure vaults, say the monument makers and vault men.

To confer learned authority on these profitable contentions the National Funeral Directors Association has developed a stable of writers and lecturers with dubious titles like "pastoral psychologist" whose task it is to bolster the sagging image of the contemporary American funeral. I heard one of these tell an audience of Midwest college students that a person who is stingy in his purchase of a casket for a deceased relative is likely to be suffering from "anal-regressive tendencies." Books and pamphlets

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Jessica Mitford is the author of The American Way of Death *(Simon & Schuster) and* Daughters and Rebels *(Houghton Mifflin).*

sponsored by the trade stress the same idea. Dr. Edgar N. Jackson, whose book *For the Living* was distributed free to 100,000 clergymen by the National Funeral Directors Association, says: "If we make any part of man's experience cheap we cheapen all the rest of it." To the charge that expensive funerals are a waste of money, he answers: "It is like saying that it is a waste of money for a bride to spend all that money on a beautiful white dress that she will never wear again."

Having waded through formidable stacks of similar nonsense while writing *The American Way of Death*, and having found very little in the way of scholarly discourse on bereavement, grief and mourning, I find Geoffrey Gorer's book particularly welcome. While I disagree with his conclusions, it is nevertheless the most thoughtful text I have seen on the subject, written in proper English rather than the jargon of sociology or the terrible lowest-common-denominator prose of the undertakers' grief therapists.

Mr. Gorer descries radical changes in English mourning customs over the last fifty years. He believes that the modern tendency to discard all mourning ritual, combined with English stiff-upper-lipism in the face of personal tragedy, is costing heavily in mental distress and maladaptive behavior of bereaved persons. In his preface to the American edition, he says: "The main theme of the book, the social denial and the individual repudiation of mourning is, I believe, as apposite to the majority of the inhabitants of the United States as it is to the majority of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom."

The chief difference, in fact, between death customs in the two countries seems to center on the funeral itself. "I found no analogue in Britain to the beautifying and rejuvenating of the corpse, and embalming still seems to be a very uncommon practice." Funeral costs in England (he says) are not a problem even to the very poor, those living on old-age pensions or National Assistance: "The display and expense of a 'lovely funeral' seem to be completely things of the past." Unlike in America, where the undertakers have arrogated to themselves the role of guide and counselor to the family in all that concerns the funeral, in England their role is minimal, and Mr. Gorer mentions them only in passing. He does, however, give a rather endearing description of two ex-nurses sent by the undertaker to lay out the body of his brother: "They imparted a somewhat Dickensian tone; they were fat and jolly, and asked in a respectful but cheerful tone, 'Where is the patient?' . . . I gave them a pound for their pains; the leader, pure Sarah Gamp, said 'That for us, duck? Cheers!' and went through the motions of raising a bottle and emptying it into her mouth."

The Gorer study is based on interviews with several hundred English people who had recently suffered a death in the family. They were closely questioned about their religious beliefs, the duration of their mourning and the forms it took, the effect of bereavement on their health, the behavior of friends and relations toward them during the period of mourning. Religious belief is on the wane in England; only 49 per cent of his sample believed in the afterlife. Of those who do, only the Orthodox Jews and Roman Catholics follow a specified ritual of mourning; Mr. Gorer (himself an atheist) is inclined to think that bereaved persons of these sects fare better because of the concentrated, overt mourning prescribed by traditions of their religion.

The most vivid and moving part of the book is Mr. Gorer's autobiographical introduction, in which he describes his own early experiences with death and mourning, and contrasts the customs as he recalls them fifty years ago with those of today.

In 1915, when he was 10 years old and away at prep school, his father was drowned in the sinking of the *Lusitania*. "I was treated with great kindness, but like an invalid; no demands were made on me, I was indulged, conversation was hushed in my presence." His mother came down to see him, "a tragic, almost frightening figure in the full panoply of widow's weeds and unrelieved black, a crepe veil shrouding her (when it was not lifted) so that she was visibly withdrawn from the world." She continued to wear mourning, modifying it at the proper calendrical moments by shortening the veil or adding a touch of white, for the customary two years: "It would have been unthinkable at that date for a respectable woman to do otherwise."

After World War I, English mourning customs underwent a radical change. Perhaps because all England was in mourning for the war dead, black arm bands and widow's weeds went out of fashion; no longer was the mourner distinguished and set apart by his clothing as a person in a special situation. When Mr. Gorer's brother died in 1961, the widow "did not wear black clothes nor ritualize her mourning in any way; she let herself be, almost literally, eaten up with grief, sinking into a deep and long-lasting depression." The attitude of family friends was one of embarrassed evasion. When Mr. Gorer declined an invitation to a cocktail party, explaining that he was in mourning, the response was "shocked embarrassment, as if I had voiced some appalling obscenity." The widow was treated as though she were a leper. "Only if she acted as though nothing of consequence had happened was she again socially acceptable."

The conclusions that Mr. Gorer draws from these experiences and from the extensive interviews seem to me to be farfetched and unsupported by his own research. For example, he links the campaigns against smoking and against nuclear war to a general tendency to deny the reality of death. To replace the vanished mourning customs of the early part of the century he suggests establishing a secular mourning ritual—something analogous to civil marriage. Such an effort to regiment the behavior of mourners with artificial

Prayer

Give me a death like Buddha's, let me fall
over from eating mushrooms provençal,
a peasant wine pouring down my shirt front,
my last request not a cry but a grunt;
kicking my heels to heaven, may I succumb
tumbling into a rose bush after a love
half my age. Though I'm deposed, my tomb
shall not be empty, may my belly show above
my coffin like a distant hill, my mourners come
as if to pass an hour in the country,
to see the green, that old anarchy.

Stanley Moss

rules would surely be doomed to failure; no amount of invented ceremony would overcome the appalling mixture of embarrassment, false reticence and callousness that Mr. Gorer met with when his brother died.

Like American undertakers (although obviously not for their reasons) he seeks a solution in terms of ceremonial procedures and outward trappings. Yet one would expect that his experiences would lead him to the opposite view. Was the important element in his own mourning for his father the fact that his mother wore widow's weeds, or was it rather the compassionate attitude toward him of schoolmasters and schoolmates? Did his brother's widow suffer so bitterly because she did not wear black, or because her friends shunned her company? Do Orthodox Jews adjust better to bereavement because of the ritual shaving of heads and rending of clothes, or because their tradition encourages them to weep freely and includes the gathering of friends to help and comfort the grieving family?

From my own observation, individual reactions to a death in the family are as varied as human nature itself —and so are ideas of appropriate expressions of mourning. The latter can range all the way from elaborately ritualized religious services to throwing a bash in memory of the deceased. (I know one family that actually did this; and while it seemed awfully peculiar to me, they apparently found it comforting.)

Freedom of choice (not easily come by in America because of the stranglehold of undertakers on our funeral customs), flexibility, and above all the ordinary human kindness of friends would seem to be what is called for when there is a death in the family. For those inclined to this view I recommend Ernest Morgan's *Manual of Simple Burial*, obtainable from Celo Press, Burnsville, N.C.

No Man's Land

THE COLONIZER AND THE COLONIZED. By Albert Memmi. The Orion Press. 153 pp. $4.50.

Paul F. Semonin

When Albert Memmi's *The Colonizer and the Colonized* first appeared in 1957 during the Algerian War, a number of French critics applauded the author's restraint. In the introduction Jean Paul Sartre classed the work among the "passionate geometries," for "its calm objectivity represents a transcendence of suffering and anger." Being a Tunisian-born Jew, Memmi belonged neither to the world of the colonizer nor to that of the colonized. He was, the critics felt, eminently qualified to diagnose the ills of colonial society objectively.

Memmi's "impartiality," more than the French are likely to admit, stems to a great extent from his experience with "assimilation," the liberal notion underlying what the French described as their "civilizing mission" in the colonies. As an "intellectual" Memmi was schooled in the universalist philosophy of the French democratic tradition. He felt most at ease in his early years with the philosophy professors in Tunis, the "colonizers of good will," as he calls them, who were among the chief propagators of the doctrine of assimilation. Eventually their political ineffectiveness became unacceptable to him. Writing about the period before the Algerian War, he says, "it became clear to me that a real life for a cultured man was impossible in North Africa at that time." The poverty of the colonized floated like an iceberg in the sea of democratic ideals, so Memmi had to explain to himself why the hope of "equality" and social justice through assimilation was in vain.

A note of regret lingers, therefore, when Memmi says his book was "born out of a reflection of an accepted failure." His motive for writing the book was admittedly very personal. "I undertook this inventory of conditions of colonized people mainly in order to understand myself and to identify my place in the society of other men." He makes the inventory, however, with the hand of a logician. The personal intensity yields quickly to a general tone reminiscent of the philosophers in Tunis. It is not a book of protest nor a search for solutions, Memmi assures us, but rather an "affidavit," not to be confused with the "'sentimental projections or demagogic deceits on which politicians too frequently rely." Why does the author choose to elevate

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Paul F. Semonin received his M.A. at the University of Ghana and spent an additional year in French-speaking West Africa under a Ford Foundation fellowship.

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his argument to the plane of rational discourse? Who read legal briefs in the colonies? One finds the answer in Memmi's personal experience. His audience was not the fellah or even the revolutionary Arab intellectual but the "colonizer of good will," the original source of his regret.

Being stranded in the no man's land, between the colonizer and the colonized, Memmi's view of colonial society has a predictable symmetry. The plan is simply to "reproduce completely and authentically the portraits of the two protagonists of the colonial drama." He views the colonizer and the colonized as the two extremes, dialectically opposed, yet bound together by the perverse logic of the colonial situation. Contrary to the colonizer's wish, the racial order is rife with contradictions. The essential contradiction lies in the inability of the colonizer to eliminate the colonized. He can go only so far as to impoverish the colonized and subject him to racial contempt because, in the final analysis, the settler's own ego and well-being depend entirely on the subhuman existence of the colonized. "If the colonized is eliminated, the colony becomes a country like any other, and who then will be exploited?" In a country where extermination eliminated the "Indian problem" and assimilation of the Negro has failed, Memmi's point has impact.

The colonizer is portrayed as a Nero, the typical model of a usurper in Memmi's eyes. "Accepting the reality of being a colonizer means agreeing to be a non-legitimate, privileged person, that is, a usurper." In the colonizer's portrait Memmi touches other deviant types: the "leftist colonizer," for example, who rejects colonization but generally either leaves the colony or is cowed into silence by his powerlessness. His discussion of the European Left's response to the colonial situation, however, suffers from an excruciating brevity and a superficial grasp of doctrinal questions involved. The dominant features of the colonizer's portrait remain those of the *pied noir* or settler, whose mediocrity and racism set the tone of the colony and control the local power structure. "Racism sums up and symbolizes the fundamental relation which unites the colonialist and the colonized." A cycle of oppression and justification perpetuates the settler's racism. Poverty reinforces the image of inferiority in the eyes of both the colonizer and the colonized.

Memmi is projecting the perversity of this situation on to the conscience of the colonizer. "It is impossible for him," says Memmi, "not to be aware of the constant illegitimacy of his status." Surely Memmi exaggerates the moral consciousness of the colonizer but, more important, he fails to emphasize or analyze adequately the other forces underlying the colonizer's attitudes. The moral question of legitimacy prevails too easily over material circumstances. One feels Memmi has lost sight of the latter altogether when, speaking of the colonizer, he concludes: "But what privileges, what material advantages are worth the loss of his soul? In short, if the colonial adventure is seriously damaging for the colonized, it cannot but be unprofitable for the colonizer."

A certain deference to the colonizer persists too in Memmi's portrait of the colonized. He begins with a "mythical portrait of the colonized," the image of the lazy, irrational thief common to all racist ideology. Although Memmi debunks the colonizer's logic, an obsession with the negative image of the colonized thoroughly colors the portrait. "Everything in the colonized is deficient, and everything contributes to this deficiency." Or similarly, "the body and face of the colonized are not a pretty sight." He recalls stopping in a crowd of poor Tunisians: "I looked uneasily for a non-diseased glance on which to rest my own." One looks in vain for an image of their dignity. Memmi readily agrees that only revolt dignifies the colonized but he fails to develop a positive image of their refusal. The negative moment of revolt, says Memmi, gives birth to a mythical portrait too. The colonized becomes a xenophobe and racist himself while defending his own dignity. Like the colonizer, he accepts a Manichaean division of the world. "In order to witness the colonized's complete cure," Memmi says, "his alienation must completely cease. We must await the complete disappearance of colonization—including the period of revolt."

Ultimately, the symmetry of Memmi's analysis is misleading, for it underemphasizes the most essential aspect of colonialism. The portrait of the colonizer in Paris is missing from Memmi's gallery. Although he notes in passing that "the colonial privileges are a function of the Mother country and its citizens," there is no full portrayal of the French military, the colonial administrator or the metropolitan businessman. Colonialism, like segregation in the South, required the compliance of the liberal establishment or central government. Memmi's attitude toward the role of the French in colonization reveals the underlying weakness of his argument: "Let us put aside the problem of initial responsibility for colonization. Was it the result of capitalistic expansion or an accidental venture by voracious businessmen? In the final analysis, all that is not important. What does count is the present reality of colonization and the colonized." Anyone who tries to explain the colonial reality while eschewing capitalistic expansion certainly begs the question.

A wholesale criticism of Memmi's dubious "impartiality" or his indulgence of the "colonizer of good will" is unfair. The book was published at a critical moment during the Algerian conflict, when even a patronizing analysis of the situation was a blow to the colonialists. However, it comes to America eight years later, when the redneck white supremacist is on

Myth: Mantle

My brother I must prick my finger
every minute on these sticking needles
to make your coat; or you go forever
to live in the white bird.
But I am tired, and the whole coat
hurts my arms with its weight and sharpness
as it drags me, as I add
another stitch, collar, one arm done.
Why you're so big, when my arms ache,
I will never finish it. Or would you have,
would you like
one wing to half-fly sometimes, or sweep
the ground as you walk, one white
broad sweep or wing left, wouldn't you have that?
So not to forget it all.

Irene Schram

the run and the bandwagon of the Great Society rolls through the South carrying everyone from priests to investigators. Memmi's views, therefore, are likely to be more popular than revealing. The American Negro is colonized, as the dedication of the American edition of Memmi's book tells us, but the dialectics of racial domination in this country now are far more complex than the geometry of his book suggests.

LETTER from POLAND

Maria Kuncewicz

One of the first long words that struck my ear in my father's house, when the century was as young as myself, sounded particularly odd: *païdocracy.* I asked him what it meant and, obviously embarrassed, he said, "Oh, it's when children imagine they can rule the country." The scene was Warsaw, 1905, the time of the Polish students' strike against the Russian-language school system imposed by the Czarist regime. My father, a teacher, went all the way with the movement till its eventual triumph over the enemy administration, but he felt uneasy about youth's being asked to shoulder political responsibilities.

The incident often comes back to me as the involvement of the present-day youth in world politics becomes more and more pronounced in the United States. During my long stay in Poland in 1964-65, I had many opportunities to speak to children in their classrooms, university students in their clubs, and my own young relations in their homes. And often it occurred to me that, were my father still alive, this time he would be embarrassed not so much by its problematic value, as by the total absence of *païdocracy* in his country.

Just as it had been when I reached school age, education now is Polish; what is more, it is free at all levels, with the state further helping the scholars by running hotels and cafeterias where they can live and eat at a nominal price. The society, however, in which they move, as well as the political sphere outside their immediate reach, remains full of conflict. Yet they do not seem eager to join in the adult world's antinomies and struggles.

This is a new development in Polish history: something the rebellious ancestors would contemplate with amazement and misgiving. All through the 19th century and well into the present one, Polish students fed their elders uncomfortable ideas and belligerent attitudes. Disregarding harassment and reprisals, they conspired, they plotted, they led processions and demonstrations in defense of various national and social causes. They fought desperate guerrilla wars against the forces of the three Imperial Majesties responsible for partition. Within the nation, they represented the spirit of protest and the taste for romantic pathos.

The part which Polish academic youth and the school boys and girls played during the Second World War, in the underground movement and the 1944 Warsaw rising, is recorded on too many gravestones. On All Souls' Day, year by year, flames flicker, kindled by mothers, as far as the eye can reach at the Powazki cemetery, and childish faces look at passers-by from photographs set into marble and granite and bearing the inscription: "So and so, a boy scout, a student, a girl guide, died gloriously for his or her country."

Against such a background I was surprised to hear a budding producer at the Warsaw School of Dramatic Art say: "You ask me what is the young generation's ambition in Poland now. It would be easier to tell what is *not* our ambition. We do not want to be heroes. Neither do we want to be sacrificial lambs. Look at the Danes. They specialize in butter, and are left alone. With no bang and a bit of luck, we might specialize in art." The fact that a young Pole should choose, for a comparison with his country, Denmark and not one of the great powers in Europe seems a tremendous departure from the mentality of the unrealistic youth of prewar days.

What is the reason for such a drastic change? Besides the natural weariness of the nation after the immense bloodshed and material ruin of World War II, I think that social revolution can be held responsible for the sober mood. Heroes, prophets and lambs of the past were mostly the offspring of the intelligentsia, a class of impoverished country gentlemen turned urbanites. Their philosophy, if any, was a mixture of romantic idealism and national vainglory. Today, schools are filled with the sons and daughters of workers and peasants whom a long tradition of poverty and degradation made impervious to illusion. Once the Communist state had assumed the role of defender of the Marxist faith, those boys and girls — as they profit by free schooling — seem to wash their hands of politics and doctrines. Let the adult politicians play the risky game; we want cars, intellectual cafés, television, hot jazz and sophisticated art, everything our elders could not enjoy in their miserable past.

Without being spiritless, this kind of attitude narrows the field of ambition almost completely to its economic aspects. I do not call it spiritless because, in modern life, economy engages so much scientific and artistic talent, and the young producer who dreams about Poland's specializing in the export of fine arts, also thinks in economic terms. The Chopin Competition held in Warsaw every five years is considered by the young to be an international market for pianists. The same applies to the annual festival, the Warsaw Autumn, which tends to become a showcase

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Maria Kuncewicz is the editor of The Modern Polish Mind *(Little, Brown) and author of the novel,* The Olive Grove *(Walker & Co.). She is visiting professor of Polish Literature at the University of Chicago.*

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for *avant-garde* music. Film industry, architecture, the theatre, abstract painting, mathematics, sociology, etc., are so many tools of economic progress in the hands of the upcoming scientists and artists. Polish students are prepared to fight against censorship, the claustrophobia of party bureaucrats and the low standard of living, but the great moral ideals leave them cold—a disposition only slightly affected by the zeal of the Catholic intellectual elite as well as by a group of Communist humanitarians.

In Poznan, where I was asked to read some of my recent writings in a big university students' club, question time expanded into a three-hour conversation with an audience of some 200 young people. But the questions were aimed less at the secrets of a literary workshop than at my experience as teacher at the University of Chicago. America to them is the land of supreme technical achievement and fabulous wealth. They are curious about how such results can be achieved, what is a student's curriculum, and what makes him tick. They seem to go along with the American youth as far as the practical objectives are concerned, but as soon as I mentioned the Peace Corps, pacifism and the Rights of Man, they responded with incredulous smiles and condescending shrugs. "Americans have no historical sense" — a girl wound up the discussion.

This left me with the unsolved problem: which is worse, too much historic sense, which leads to skepticism where political means are used for moral betterment; or too little of it, where wealthy philanthropists are trying to help those who fight for a chance to help themselves. Since in Europe history was transformed into one endless lesson of cynicism, while in America public morality has been for too long a matter of hypocrisy, in both cases former generations seem equally at fault.

During a debate on romanticism, one of my Chicago students, a New Yorker, declared that he was not prepared to die for New York, but he would certainly die for the American way of life. Polish students are now averse to dying for any way of life, be it national, regional or Communist. They have simply ceased to believe that a way of life can be exported, enforced or defended against the evolutionary processes of time.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE COUNTRY WIFE

Shall we be grateful to the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center for having produced Wycherley's *The Country Wife* as its second offering of the season? I am rather inclined to think so, despite the heavy burden of the production's faults. For *The Country Wife* is a masterpiece, champagne of English late 17th-century jest.

Unless you were present in 1936 to see Ruth Gordon's performance in the comedy (I was not), or Julie Harris' in 1957, you could not have seen the play at all, for it is rarely given even in England. Ruth Gordon is said to have been delightful in the role of Mrs. Pinchwife, the lively and candid country girl happily seduced by Mr. Horner, a London rake who is the greater moral menace for having let it be rumored that he is impotent.

For all the excellence of the cast in which Julie Harris appeared with Laurence Harvey and Pamela Brown, that production failed to come alive. Nor does the present one at Lincoln Center. But somehow we do get a sense of the play's natural vigor beneath the shimmering surface. One is not often provoked to laughter—long sections of the play fall flat—but the audience is at least made aware of the reasons for laughter!

It is too early to say what the new company at the Lincoln Center can do well, but its failure with *The Country Wife* cannot be the subject for condemnation. The play's style is no easy one to capture even by an expert English company. While Wycherley's play undoubtedly mirrors the mode or essential tone of Restoration high society and is in that sense "realistic," its artistic character is hardly that. Not only was life itself a game among the fashionable folk under Charles II, but art—particularly the theatre—became a further refinement, a brittle stylization of what to begin with aspired to artifice. The Restoration stage was an exquisite falsification of a reality which aimed at the "false," the un*natural*. Looking at the period drawings in the Repertory Theater program, one gets a vivid sense of the ideal projected by the court and courtesans of the time. The lewd postures and gestures of the figures are rendered as baroque arabesques in finery, foliage and anatomical fantasy more rarified than robust. It is as if participants in an orgy proposed to cut elegant patterns for a dainty etching of the occasion. It is a mixture of fun and finesse, sensuality whittled to a fine point of irony, high-spirited leer and depreciating grace. It is the metaphor of a haughtily smiling self-consciousness.

That is not at all in the vein of our day. Certainly it has no relation to the company which now plays *The Country Wife* at the Vivian Beaumont Theater, a company which may be called anything but airy or carefree. It is both too young and too old for such dispassionate frivolity. Accord with or practice in the Theatre of the Absurd is hardly preparation for the humors of Restoration licentiousness That genre was glassily wicked; our counterparts are bitter and tormented heavy with grim mockery.

So we get a production on West 65 Street which, because the text itself is informed with brilliant verve and is dramatically sturdy, has a few merry moments. The actors are sufficiently energetic; they pound away at all the points with enough intelligence, if not with ease, for all of the play to be heard and, at least theoretically, appreciated. It is wide of the mark to say that they do no speak well; their spirit, not to mention their skill, is alien to the material. Yet I venture to suggest with some trepidation that if you hav

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never seen the play you may still take pleasure in seeing it now—you are not likely to have another opportunity for a long time to come.

All this raises important questions: should such a company choose to do this play in view of its technical and environmental lack of aptitude for it? What sort of plays should a repertory theatre, housed as lavishly and auspiciously as the one at Lincoln Center, produce? There is a trend of opinion in certain critical circles which would unhesitatingly respond — "masterpieces!" Masterpieces of dramatic literature of which *The Country Wife* is no doubt an example. But this answer—like its more modest (and ambiguous) equivalent, "good plays"—seems to me to take little account of the theatre's special nature. The theatre is not a vehicle for the delivery of fine literature; it is the art of making meaning from the concordance of text, actors and audience at a particular time and place. When such a fortunate conjunction occurs a lesser text often will possess richer substance than a masterpiece done at the wrong time and/or place by the wrong group of people for the wrong audience.

These crucial considerations constitute a problem I hope to probe when the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center has completed its first season!

FILMS

Howard Junker

THE UNDERGROUND RENAISSANCE

With the advent of discotheques and drag Superstars, with the hyper-publicizing of Camp, the glamour of Underground Cinema, at least for the poor little rich girls and their magazines—and even for most film people—faded. The *avant-garde* is always a tough row to hoe: how long could it have been fun to trek around downtown, following the film makers in their bedraggled search for the Promised Land? How many ill-conceived, half-baked, technically incompetent, faggoty, poetic films can anyone see before announcing: "I've made that scene. And never mind about the art form of the age."

The Underground, which can be dated from the founding of *Film Culture* ten years ago, or from the exposition of New American Cinema at Spoleto five years ago, has produced a little good work and a few substantial directors: Kenneth Anger, Stan Brakhage, Robert Breer, Bruce Connor, the brothers Kuchar, Jonas Mekas, Jack Smith, Stan Vanderbeek, Andy Warhol and a few others, including Gregory . Markopolous, who does not consider himself Underground.

Yet, as Pauline Kael said with such grace: "The underground cinema is largely a fabrication of publicity . . . parodies of Maria Montez movies, Andy Warhol spoofs of experimentation and variants of exploitation films."

The Museum of Modern Art, under the progressive leadership of the new Film Libary head, Willard Van Dyke, offered a weeklong exhibition of underground classics last month. However, the tone of the museum's seminar on the Underground matched Miss Kael's for pious disapproval of the dimly perceived. Judith Crist and Susan Sontag scratched at each other and alternately faint-praised and belittled the Underground. Robert Osborn, cartoonist, said he had seen more exciting stuff in Paris decades ago.

Osborn's comment is almost perceptive. Independent films have changed so little in the past forty years because film makers are, literally, still working in the silent era. Sound equipment rents for $100 a day; a moviola costs $12 a day. Plus lighting, processing, sound transfer, mixing, and so on. A rule of thumb for industrial film production figures a budget at $1,000 per minute of finished film. So that even with foundation grants of as much as $10,000—the sum the Ford Foundation gave to each of twelve film makers last year—sound is barely feasible. As a consequence, the most exciting Underground work is done in animation, frame by frame, no crew, little unused footage. Live-action film poems have moments in the Underground, but cutting and photography, except for Ed Emshwiller, are not Underground strong points. At one stage, Andy Warhol had developed the perfect solution to the Underground dilemma by never moving his camera, never cutting—that is, Warhol made the most of the most primitive conditions: he did as little as possible.

If the Underground film makers have thus made a virtue of technical incompetence, who can blame them? "Any sophomore with a pencil," says one Undergrounder, explaining why we must be patient, "can write poetry. Some day everyone will learn to express themselves with a camera. But it may take a hundred years or so!"

In the meantime, enter John Brockman, who has managed the Underground headquarters, the Filmmakers' Cinematheque, for the past three months. Brockman may be the only entrepreneur now on the art scene with a master's degree in business from Columbia. His father, a proper Bostonian, once cornered the New England gladiolus market, and Brockman *fils* in his three-piece suit and wing-tipped shoes looks like nothing so much as the Underground's answer to Joseph Levine. Brockman was once assistant china buyer at Bloomingdale's and is still involved in A and B Leasing Corporation, which arranges cash-flow deals for rich people. He is involved in the Underground because it is an enterprise, an opportunity, a chance to wheel and deal and make something work. And after all proper credit is given to Jonas Mekas, who has fought for and led the Underground

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Howard Junker is a free-lance writer.

all these many years, whatever the new renaissance brings—and there's a chance of big money from you know where—it will be in large part due to the opportunistic arrival of Brockman.

In Brockman, for the first time, the Underground is represented and organized by someone with business sense. He has tried to eliminate bohemian sloppiness, clubhouse paranoia and *avant-garde* incest. Shows at the Cinematheque now start on time. They are properly projected. Film makers are admitted free, but everyone else must have a Cinematheque membership or pay. The press is kept well informed. And a new, one hopes permanent home, one which is truly underground, has been found at 120 West 41 Street in New York. It is convenient, neat and comfortable. Even the lobby soft-drink machines work.

Further, Brockman has already earned a page in cinema history by explaining that the Underground film makers are not, after all, making movies. Whereas Mekas has consistently refused to acknowledge the constraints of necessity, Brockman says, straight out: "The Underground film makers are artists. And they happen to use film. But they are not even trying to duplicate Hollywood. Film is just the most appropriate medium for what they want to say."

Brockman documented his understanding of the new possibilities with the November-long Expanded Cinema Festival which featured a couple dozen experiments with multiple projections and with film-plus-live-action. Of the pieces of expanded cinema that I saw, the following remain with me (experiments can never be adequately described; as spectacles they are frequently boring even when their ideas are intriguing):

¶ Nam June Paik's manipulation of the video image on a dozen old TV sets. Paik changes internal circuitry and uses magnets to roll up the image, press it into a single line, invert it, shimmer it, make it go negative.

¶ Don Snyder's psychedelic film-plus-slide show which beamed sometimes hallucinogenic, sometimes "optical" images onto a translucent net screen in front of a screen wall made of whitewashed cardboard boxes which black vinyl clad dancers built and dismantled, sometimes waving the boxes to catch and disperse the images. All this was in front of a shredded or venetian-blind screen. Many levels; very beautiful.

¶ Arthur Sainer's film-loop which, in hyphenated form, showed action which was spelled out in greater, if not complete, lucidity by actors and a dancer on stage. This idea of a double level, of film-mimicking stage action, is around in plenty. Some day, as Robert Edmond Jones suggested in 1941, a director will use film to display the unconscious background to what will be played out, normal style, on stage.

¶Standish Lawder, an art instructor at Yale, used slide-sandwiches filled with paint, plus Unguentine, butter, lipstick, which melted under the heat of the projector, causing the colors to run, burble, pop. Very biological.

¶Stan Vanderbeek, now on a junket to a Berlin cine-seminar with Amos Vogel, Shirley Clarke, Brakhage and Carmen D'Avino, is still working on his movie-drome or planetarium theatre in which he will present a multiple-projection image-bath. At the festival, Vanderbeek had people carrying portable 8 mm movie boxes, flipping the image wherever they wanted.

¶ Aldo Tambellini projected fantastic slides onto a balloon which was slowly inflated, bobbing and tossing the image around, until, at about 6 feet in diameter, it burst.

¶ USCO (see *The Nation*, July 5) used several slide and film projectors, strobe light, diffraction hexes in a psychedelic/McLuhan manner to achieve an image-deluge, an enormous number of images to look at all at once.

¶ Andy Warhol, who showed a single-screen film, made this statement: "Everyone is being so creative for this festival that I thought I would just show a bad movie. The camera work is so bad, the lighting is awful, the technical work is terrible—but the people are fantastic." The cast included: Baby Jane Holzer, Mario Montez, Mar-Mar, Jack Smith (who had a presentation of his own that I didn't see), Donyle and Gerard Malanga.

¶ Robert Rauschenberg offered a happening which included a film-mimics-live-dancer piece and a marvelous piece of electronic music—two men walked around with their feet in old tires smashing against and upon a bed spring wired for sound. Very Cagey.

¶Robert Whitman covered a girl clad in white with a same-size film image, against a background screen covered with another image. The film-image girl matched the real girl perfectly, so the reality was blended and multiplied. When the film image was that of a nude girl, it was hard to believe your eyes. This piece and Snyder's were the best of the festival.

Just as the festival was ending, who should appear but Murray the K and Michael Myerberg, the producer. Looking for ideas! It seems that *Michael Myerberg presents Murray the K's New World* will open sometime this spring at Roosevelt Field. And this total-theatre-discotheque will have top talent plus at least nineteen screens for film and slides and closed circuit, and several other media. Murray the K counts five altogether.

So this is what's happening—the expanded cinema. Even the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts library has a multi-screen film wall. Even N.B.C. has tried split-screen video for the Gemini launch/football game. And just wait until Montreal's Expo '67. Francis Thompson of the Johnson's Wax film, Disney, the National Film Board of Canada etc., are busy preparing cinema dreams.

Single-screen movies are well and good, but the art form of the age is something else. Too much is happening; we have too great a data-processing capability, for the single image to monopolize our eye. We need something bigger, more complex, more satisfying to the total sensorium. And whatever stimulation the Expanded Cinema Festival may have given the Underground, it also pointed the way to the spectacle of the future.

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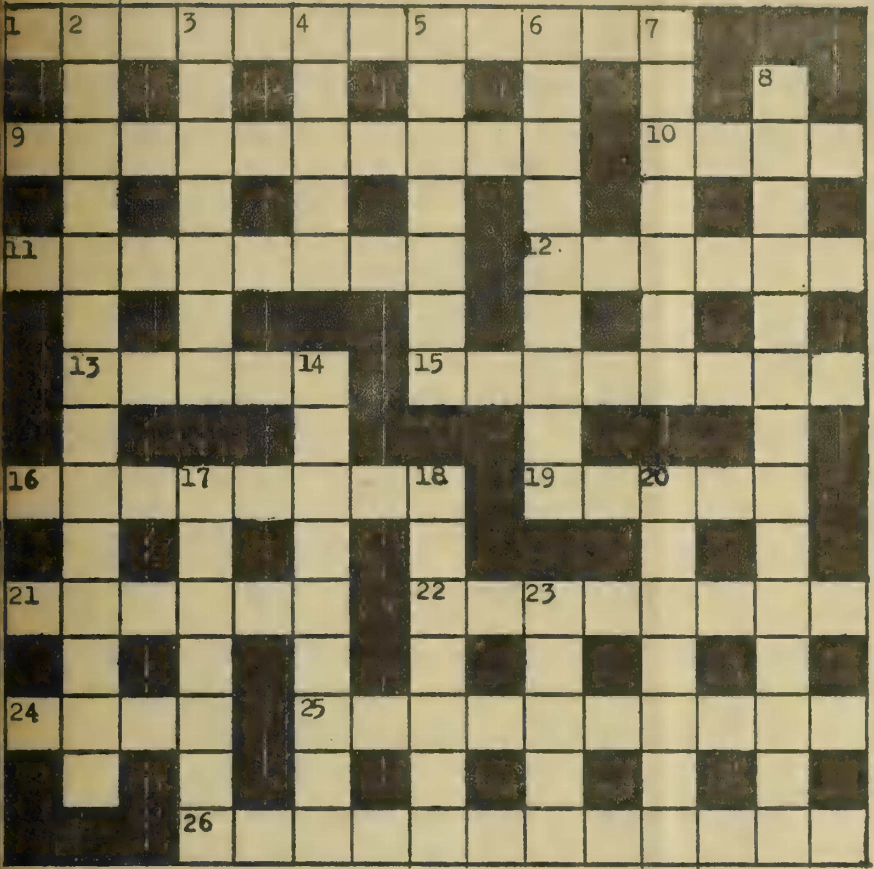

ACROSS:

1 What those who try to impress are? (They might be lingering.) (12)

9 Like a father pulled along by a child? (It might be given a good going-over!) (10)

10 Does one lose face by finding a less imposing restaurant? (4)

11 Evidently I am in the confused state that might be complex, but full of vitamins! (8)

12 More than one left because of the revolution. (6)

13 Pardon, but you can send money this way! (5)

15 Not exactly a legal version of the fur trade! (4-4)

16 Does more than one person get credit for discovering what Dvorak wrote? (3, 5)

19 A tung product of one place in Central America. (5)

21 The output of a great man is done awkwardly, however. (6)

22 Put new life into, but not in person, if separated. (8)

24 Not, by the sound of it, something that might have to be undone. (4)

25 Heedless—possibly suggestive of Old Cole. (10)

26 Does it suggest a plank made appropriately of deal? (One sounds tired with the business!) (5, 2, 5)

DOWN:

2 Moot practice of the comforter? (7-7)

3 The Tribe of Israel traditionally descended from him. (7)

4 Filled with this, one is the head of 26 as a sound conclusion. (5)

5 Do they prove a strain for smokers? (7)

6 Do you have to beat your opponent to give him one? (9)

7 One can't say looting isn't material here. (7)

8 A word of warning said to be brought up previously. (14)

14 Not the right family to be considered a dance bug? (9)

17 But Shaw and your grandmother might have slaved over it! (4, 3)

18 Was carried along as a medicine man, if spread out. (7)

20 One might get ideas! (7)

23 Firm hand to deal with. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1132

ACROSS: 1 Gas mains; 11 Starves; 13 Universal; 14 Eagle; 16 and 18 Electric blankets; 19 Hurdlers; 22 Legal; 24 Title page; 26 Rosin; 28 and 12 Blessed event; 29 Pottage; 30 Easter; 31 Presides. DOWN: 1 Gathered; 2 Serge; 3 At wit's end; 4 Nurture; 6 and 10 Flame-thrower; 7 Investing; 8 Hustle; 9 Aspire; 15 Gauntlets; 17 Tolerates; 20 Elands; 21 Sleeper; 23 Stable; 25 Ensue; 27 and 5 Standoffish.

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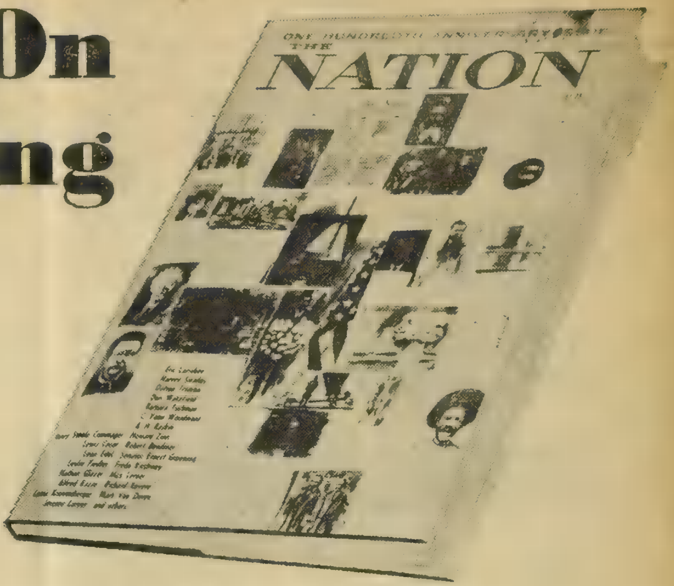

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